

# A celebration of life Patricia Vera Barder

20 December 1927 – 28 April 2020

11.45am – 12.15pm, Friday 8 May 2020, Milton Malsor

*a personal goodbye*

Humanist  
*Ceremonies*

Pat was born on the twentieth of December, 1927, in Finchley, London to Charles and Dorothy Hyman. She had an elder brother, Neil, who died around fifteen years ago.

At the age of thirteen, Pat was evacuated to Berkhamstead where she attended Berkhamstead School for Girls, an experience she enjoyed, particularly on the sports fields and pitches; Pat was a keen hockey and tennis player and was in the school cricket team, which was a rare thing in those days.

After leaving school, Pat worked in a local car repairs garage as an administrator, until she married, two years later. She and Robin met at a youth club attached to the synagogue in St John's Wood where they married on November sixth, 1951. Pat and Robin made many friends at the youth club, friendships that endured through the decades. They also made lifelong friends in Northwood, particularly Dorothy and Sheila who were neighbours and at the cricket club which formed a large part of their social life and where they met another lifelong friend, Elizabeth. Pat and Robin enjoyed an active social life, going to London once a month, or so, to attend work-related dinner dances, and entertaining at home where Pat loved to cook for the dinner parties they hosted.

In 1953, Pat gave birth to their first child – Chris, with Jenny coming along in 1956 and Tim completing the family in 1959. They grew up in a lively, sociable home which smelled of chicken soup; there was always chicken soup which involved an whole chicken and seemed to do a meal for four days at a time. It was a closely guarded recipe which Pat refused to share, except with one of her grandchildren. Russell – your family wants the recipe – it's time to hand it over!

Chris, Jenny and Tim remember some excellent family holidays, of which there were seemed to be as many as there were school holidays, in Devon and Cornwall, in hotels and caravans, with friends and neighbours coming along, too.

Pat loved her garden in Northwood particularly the fishpond and the hammock. She wasn't a keen gardener, she had a husband to do all that, she simply liked to enjoy the fruits of his labour! Sadly, in 1982, Robin died and Pat had to face life without him.

She was a strong lady, though, and kept herself busy with an assortment of jobs and her love of sport which she followed on the radio, another love of hers. In the early days, she listened to LBC and later, Radio 5 Live. During the cricket season, she'd have it on the radio in every room and on the TV but with the volume turned down because she preferred to listen to the commentary on the radio.

Pat was also a big fan of Wimbledon for the tennis, Chelsea for the football and horseracing. She enjoyed a little flutter and had her own account with William Hill although it didn't see many big wins!

Radio didn't entirely dominate her house, she did put the TV on for detective dramas – Miss Marple and Foyle's war being particular favourites – and for Antiques Roadshow. Pat's inherited her dad's love for antiques and was convinced that every ornament in her house was worth a fortune, which they weren't – this became a standing joke in the family.

Pat also loved driving. She bought her first car for £500 which she paid for with a Premium Bond win. It was a cream mini; Pat only drove minis. Her last one was a black, limited edition Mary Quant model which was sold as a classic car when she finally stopped driving in 2011, aged 83. Pat did not want to stop driving, at all, and was only, finally, persuaded to when she couldn't remember how to put the car into reverse. The family had been trying to persuade her to stop driving for seven years but Pat was a stubborn lady.

She absolutely refused to go to the doctor for anything; no check ups or flu jabs – nothing. In fact, her time spent in hospital following her fall was the first time she'd used the NHS since Tim was born!

Pat may have been stubborn, but she was also kind and considerate, she'd be the first to send a card or flowers and the first to offer help when it was needed.

This may be, in part, because she always expected the worst. She was definitely a glass half empty person and believed everything she heard and read in the news. She was a real worrier.

When Pat lived in Towcester, she worried that Tim was not eating properly and, when he was due to visit, would send Jenny to the supermarket to get a load of food for him to take home in what became known by the family as his "Red Cross parcels"!

For her 90th birthday, Pat's grandson, Russell, organized a box for her at the races at Ascot. In the years following, she remained healthy but, if asked if she was okay, would always respond with "I don't think so!"

In her final weeks, she put up a real battle. Her fall down the stairs resulted in a broken neck which, remarkably, healed. This enabled her transfer from Northampton General Hospital to Burlington Care Home. Pat's family would like me to thank the staff at both the hospital and the care home for their care and support. Although her neck healed, Pat struggled with complications from her fall and died peacefully in the early hours of Tuesday, the twenty eight of April, aged 92.