

WATKINS

by Lewis Bosworth

You ring her up, and
Almost majestically, in full,
Proud volume, in capital
Letters, you hear:
WATKINS. You stifle
A laugh.

She's sitting in her office
Chair, you guess, decked
Out in a colorful scarf with
A fedora perched atop
Her graying, frizzy hair,
Glasses hanging down.

WATKINS. It's a matter-
Of-fact greeting, not rude,
Not annoying – just her.
She could be replying to
A call about her garage
Sale or from the Mayor's office.

It's likely she's about to
Leave for a meeting at the
Library after which she'll
Meet up with Leslie to catch
An early show at Sundance.
A typical day for Pat.

If Pat were to credit some
Folks for part of her life's
Journey, it might be the
Gandy dancers – providing travel
For her and a life's occupation
For her father, George Gaines.

The journey was filled with
Critters such as Grimalkin,
Who scratched his way through
Pat's life, ever the bullheaded
Feline companion – living up
To his namesake's tale.

Gemütlichkeit! Your name
Is Pat. From Grand Rapids
To Frankfurt to Jersey –
What an amazing bundle
Of talent and energy you
Brought with you to Madison!

Norwood Place's rail tracks
Guarding your garden, and
Property line scrimmages
On Meadow Lane – life's
Little joys and annoyances
Kept you busy.

Places and people, parents
And purpose – the academy
Filled your life with writing
Tests in bluebooks, campus
Tours, a Master's degree in
English and retirement.... ?

Your schedule is so full, Pat,
Your dance card overflowing,
Even Leslie has to wait – old
Friends too, and memories of
SOAR and USAFI and Ms.
Pac-Man. Ms. Pac-Man??

On the phone, Mrs. Ramsey
Purring on your lap, you worked
Tirelessly for your community –
Advocating for politics, art, jury
Distribution: For arthritis
Sufferers, against the death penalty.

Women voters, the Urban League,
Watch out, folks, here she is
Again – bus tours to Chicago,
Play-reading, correspondence
Courses, whiz, zip, tempus
Fugit! Pat's up at bat!

Behind the scenes, perhaps
Only in the imagination of
Wolfe or on stage at the
Fireside – a locomotive starts
To get sidetracked and choo-choos
Start to chug for the last time.

The clouds of sifting and
Winnowing take hold, bridge
Games are postponed –
Maybe only 20 feet from
Stardom, a last lunch at the
Imperial Garden is had.

Here you are, Pat, an unsolved
Puzzle, a witness to meows in
The distance, to orchestra
Rehearsals, to the waves of
Doris, George and Gordon
On the platform.

When a train goes through
A tunnel and it gets dark,
You don't throw away the
Ticket and jump off. You
Sit still and trust the engineer.
Auf Wiederhören, WATKINS!



A Celebration of Life for Patricia Delores Watkins



Saturday, May 3, 2014
First Unitarian Society of Madison



900 University Bay Dr. • Madison WI 53705
(608)253-9774 • fusmadison.org

A Celebration of Life for
Patricia Delores Watkins
December 28, 1928 – December 12, 2013



Omega Omega Ceremony
Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Madison Chapter

Prelude

Which Side Are You On Appalachian protest song
Freight Train Libba Cotton
Joe Harris, guitar

Welcome

Rev. Kelly J. Crocker,
Minister of Congregational Life

Opening Reading

"Made from Bone" by Mark Nepo

Chalice Lighting

In this time of grief, we light this flame,
symbol of ongoing life.
At a time when we search for consolation
and serenity in the face of loss,
We kindle this light as a sign of our hopeful quest
for redeeming wisdom and healing love.

Reflections

Rev. Kelly J. Crocker

A Life in Pictures

Reflections

Nancy Graham
Barbara Meyer
Al Nettleton

Words of Committal

Benediction

Closing Song

So Long, It's Been Good to Know Yuh Woody Guthrie
(please see insert)

Postlude

Goodnight Irene Leadbelly
Joe Harris, guitar



We invite you to gather outside after our service for a tree
planting in Pat's memory. After that, please join us inside
once again for a reception and the continued sharing of
memories.