

Patricia Anna Elizabeth Bowles

My Personal History

I* was born the third child of Frances Ewell Massey and Thomas Holland Bowles on July 31, 1927. My birthplace was in the home where I spent the next fifteen years, namely 722 Marshall Street in Little Rock, Arkansas.



Above: Pat with her mother, Frances Massey Bowles; 1928. Top right: Pat with her father, Thomas Bowles in 1930. Right: Pat at about five years of age in 1932. Far right: Pat with her baby sister, Nancy Bowles in 1931.

running beside our home and brick streets. We could walk or ride the twenty blocks to Main Street and sometimes spent all day at the movies.

We attended the Second Presbyterian Church and went nearly every Sunday. My siblings and I went to

**Patricia Anna Elizabeth Bowles was the third child of Thomas and Frances Massey Bowles. She is the mother of four children: Cathy Ann Martin, Ronald Marion Martin, Nancy Carol Martin, and Richard Thomas Martin.*



I and my older sister, Mildred Jane Ellen, and John Massey “Buddy” and my younger sister, Nancy Virginia Lee, all had a good time, for the most part, because of the many relatives of my father (eleven living children) and some cousins of my mother who visited often and sometimes lived with us. The home was just two blocks from the beautiful state capitol and buildings and we often played on the large grounds there. We had streetcars



Patricia Anna Elizabeth Bowles

Centennial Grammar School, West Side Junior High and Little Rock Senior High.



Above: Pat in her teen years. Right: Pat, my mother, when she was about fourteen years old in 1941. Below: Age 16. Lower right: Patricia reading a comic book with her sister, Mildred.



I did not have many friends my age there, but did enjoy Milly and Nancy's friends. At the age of sixteen we moved to 4123 Shackelford Road, seven miles from Little



Above: Pat and Mildred during World War II. Right: During her teen years, Pat worked on her father's goat farm.



Rock. We had to ride the Greyhound Bus home each day from school (Dad took us mornings). I missed being close to everything in town, but enjoyed the country atmosphere on Shackelford Road. I have always loved trees and the country.

Dad started a small goat dairy and had success selling the milk in Little Rock. Bud had gone to the service and Nan and I helped our folk's milk, etc.

After graduating from school I decided to move into town and work. I could have gone to college, but had no transportation from the farm and so had to make a living. My dad figured a girl got married anyway and didn't need further education. I got a job at Liberty Mutual Insurance Company and mostly typed and filed for them. I had a sweet boss name Peggy. I worked just six months because I married Marion C. Sharp, Jr., whom I had met at fourteen, but didn't date until he came out of the service at twenty-two. We dated two months and had a simple ceremony at the church with about forty people attending.

We lived at 722 Marshall (Dad still owned it) for about two months and then when I became pregnant with Cathy—we moved to Junior's grandmother and aunt's place on Arch Street Pike on the east side of Little Rock eight miles out. We moved there

because I became quite ill and since there was no air conditioning it was cooler on their back porch in the country.



Above: Patricia Anna Elizabeth Bowles, age seventeen.

I enjoyed having Junior's grandmother to talk to and also her crippled grandson and the other relatives. It made it less lonesome when Junior and I began to have problems. He had a drinking problem and even though we had four children, never put it down.

After Cathy was born there was Ronald Marion and Nancy Carol born just thirteen months apart. We lived for a time in a travel trailer that my sister, Milly, and Edwin had at college in Austin. I bought it from her and we lived for over a year in it. Then we moved into town and sold it and got enough money to pay down on a small brick home in Little Rock on the west side.

We lived at 2608 Boulevard Street for three years with a school for Cathy just two blocks away. But

Junior kept drinking heavily and staying out every night late, and so, not having any luck changing him after several separations, I decided to leave and live with my sister, Milly (who had divorced her husband and secured a job in Houston, Texas).

But before that could happen, I became pregnant with Richard Thomas and decided to wait and have the baby and stay until he was eleven months old as not to leave a tiny baby since I would have to work.

So that is what happened. We left (the children and I) on a train for Houston. We filled two duffel bags and took off to meet Milly and a friend from Austin who picked

us up at the station. I could not drive then so I had to depend on buses and others. Milly did not have a car either so we struggled together in a tiny apartment. Soon we decided to get a larger apartment (two bedrooms) on the other side of town (the only one on a bus line) large enough to accommodate us. But I could not get a divorce until I had established residency for one year. Junior kept calling and promising to change—so I told him we would try once more. In the meantime I had secured a job with McGraw Hill Publishing Co. on the Platt's Oilgram Publication (a daily). I had gone to an agency and had to get a job from 9:00 to 6:00 in order to get the children off to school and wait for the maid to get from her home (on the bus) before I left. Her name was Saraphine Ackley and she was a very sweet conscientious black woman. She would send her cousin Ilene when she couldn't come. Sometimes when I had to work late, I would call Milly to go by and check on the children until I could get there. Junior was so undependable to be at home. He acted better for two months then started his usual staying out.



Above: This photograph of Pat was on the cover of a national dairy magazine in 1944 or 1945.

We bought a small house on Keller Street near a bus line after selling our house in Little Rock to his aunt. It helped us get rid of the roaches, which plagued the apartments we had been in; plus gave us more room.

A year moved on and Junior became very abusive and drank more. I then took the children and moved to a boarding house and put the furniture in storage so as to obtain



Above: Pat, age 17 or 18. Top right: Pat with her three children in 1949. Left to right: Cathy, Nancy, Pat and Ron Sharp. Right: Pat with her brother and sisters. Left to right: Mildred, John, Pat and Nancy; 1947.

a divorce. We stayed there several months and then moved back into our house on Keller Street. I had the lady next door take care of Richard (the baby). He was three by then. But Junior kept bothering us periodically since he lived on that side of town. I did not date until I had been divorced over a year. I was still afraid of Junior's threats.



I had moved to an apartment because it was the only way to get away from Junior and live on the other side of town. I dated several guys and finally met a man named Glen Martin, who worked for Humble Oil (Exxon). His office was in the same building where I worked (Prudential Building). My company was there for nine years before moving to the 44-story Exxon Building downtown.

Glen and I became serious—he wanted children (he and his first wife had none), which was very unusual because most of the guys I dated wanted no part of someone else’s children.

So we married after a few months and seemed quite happy in our apartment (by then a fourplex). Nancy Carol and Cathy had gone to visit Mother and Dad in Little Rock that same summer.

The younger children were happy with my marrying Glen, but Cathy had doubts about him from the start. He decided after a few months he wanted to adopt them and I had trouble persuading Cathy and my Ex that it was for the best, but they finally recognized that it was.



Above left to right: Pat holding Cathy, Mildred with Johnny and Nancy holding Michael. Pat is pregnant with Ron. Left: Pat (center) with her sisters, Mildred (left) and Nancy (right).



We then bought a white two-story house on 2315 Swift Street in a great location near the Medical Center and Rice Institute and between both of us working, we managed to make a nice home for the children. Glen traveled a lot and it was hard to get adjusted when he returned home. I worked hard paying the bills, running the house and holding down a fulltime responsible job and keeping the children happy. After ten years I became manager of the Oilgram Houston office. The oil companies across the world based their oil prices on the Platt’s oil papers and stories.

In the meantime Glen showed signs he was becoming unhappy and we moved to another home on Murworth Street with more closets and baths and rented out the Swift house. That helped for a while (a new toy).

I did not realize why he was unhappy—he had started an affair with a friend of ours who already had a nice husband and three children. She had promised to have more

children for him if he would divorce me and marry her. She was thinking we were well



Top right and above: Pat in 1951 after having three children. Top left: Bowles family reunion at Little Rock in 1957. Left to right: Mildred, Frances (mother), Pat, Tom (father), Nancy and John. Left: Pat with Marion Sharp "Junior" about 1950. They were married for ten years.

off because of our two houses and cars. Glen had taught me to drive and helped me in lots of ways. I had never had a husband that took me on trips or out to dinner and parties. But he always had thoughts of having some children of his

own and I could not have anymore and had told him that when we married. So we separated for a year (he wouldn't get a divorce) and by then I was ready for one myself feeling that I could never trust him again. We finally agreed to it.



Above: Pat with her mother, Frances Bowles in 1970. Frances was a wonderful person, who made friends easily. Top left: Pat traveled with her family to Little Rock at Christmastime in 1962. Her brother and sisters joined her at the home of her parents for a happy reunion. Left to right: John, Mildred, Pat and Nancy. Left: Pat with Glen (center) in Mexico City, Mexico, in 1964. Glen adopted Pat's children changing their surname from Sharp to Martin. He later divorced Pat and married Alicia (far left), whom he later divorced as well.



After the divorce I went out a few times, but found no one I could be interested in until I met Vester L. Crocker by accident with his sister and brother-in-law at a club. I was waiting for a friend there. We exchanged numbers and I started dating him and gradually it led to marriage after a year or more. I did not realize he had five children and probably would have run if I had known it at first. But by the time I found out I was very fond of him and dependent on him.

We combined households and had a few problems, but they worked out okay for the most part. We moved into his house because he had four bedrooms and a large attached garage, which we made into a big TV room for the children. We later sold my Murworth

home. When Glen and I divorced we divided the proceeds from the Swift home, but I wish I had kept it because it became very valuable later on.



Cathy stayed with us and helped a little on expenses. She didn't make enough to live alone and didn't want to marry right away.

My career went pretty well—I worked 26 years—fourteen after marrying Vester. I should have had a larger salary from McGraw-Hill, but women were not paid as well as men in those days. I was my own boss in Houston

(bosses were in New York City) plus lots of benefits (six-week vacation, ten holidays, free insurance, etc.). Also, my boys could work part-time to help in college.

It was wonderful to have my sister, Milly, to talk to in those days of trial. She was so kind to us.

Shortly after we were married Cathy started looking for a church to join and after searching many of them decided the Mormon Church (The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints) was the true, restor-

ed church of Christ on earth. She took the lessons and joined (March 16, 1968) and then Richard decided to join (July 19, 1968) also. Later, Nancy Carol, while at the University of Arkansas, decided to investigate the church because of their joining



Top left: Pat in front of her parent's home on 4123 Shackleford Road in Little Rock, Arkansas; 1973. Above: Pat with her mother, husband, children and stepchildren in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1971. Left to right: Frances Bowles (mother), Cathy Martin, Debbie Crocker, Richard Martin, Pat, Nancy Martin, Vester Crocker, Vickie Crocker and Ron Martin.

and she also was baptized (October 29, 1968) into it. Ronald was in the Army and he also took the lessons and joined (December 14, 1968). So all four children were now “Mormons.”

It was curious to me and Vester that in those days they went to church nearly all day Sunday. That was my only day off after working five days and cleaning, etc. on Saturday, so I was not too enthusiastic about even hearing the missionary lessons. But after two years of having missionaries in the house (Cathy was busy bringing young men into the church), Richard made me feel guilty one day about my “sins” so I decided to at least go and see what the church was all about. I loved the talks and one



Above: Pat with her husband, Vester Crocker, at the wedding of her stepdaughter, Vickie Crocker, in 1982.



Above: Pat at her farm in east Texas in 1983. She was sitting on the porch with her daughters, Nancy (left) and Cathy (right).

Sunday some general authorities visited and I really enjoyed everyone speaking and the music and friendliness, etc.

At first it was hard to accept some of the doctrines, but later I realized the truth of it all after three sets of missionaries had taught me (baptized April 25, 1970).

Then Vester became curious too after my going for six months and he decided to join

(February 20, 1971) and really went all out and changed his life completely. He had hardly been in the church, in fact, only for a few months, when one night after we had prayed for guidance about some problems we were having with his children—he had a manifestation.

It was mind-boggling. He actually left his body in spirit and entered a great light and was told of events to come upon the earth and also things that would happen to our family and some things we needed to do. We were to find a place in the country and prepare for ten



families. This shocked Vester and me both as we had been in Houston a long while and Vester had said he would never live on a farm again since his early life there had been so hard. But we started looking for a place and it took three years to find one.

In the meantime, in May 1974 my beloved mother passed away from a heart attack. She had heart trouble for twenty years. She was seventy years old. We were upset, but she had prepared us to know she was going to die so it didn't seem as tragic as not knowing. But we worried for my father to be alone. My brother helped him for several years.



Top: Pat with her four children in 1982. Left to right: Richard, Ron, Nancy and Cathy. Above: Pat ventured into the fast food business in 1983. She was only moderately successful so she closed the stand in 1984. Pictured with her is her daughter-in-law, Karen Martin.

I kept my job with McGraw-Hill in Houston, Texas, for three years while Vester went to Tyler, Texas, (forty minutes from the farm) to open a carpet business with a friend. This lasted

one year and then he closed it for lack of working capital (they had ventured into the swimming pool business and had problems).

Vester's brother moved to the farm with us (he had gone bankrupt in Mississippi). He moved his wife, Mary, stepson, Buster, and Ray, his four-year-old son. Mary secured a good job with Rusk State Hospital and Ray and Vester kept on for a year with the carpet company—moving it to Henderson, Texas. From there they both started working for S. R. Lanus, a church friend, who taught Vester the reclamation business.

We enjoyed the church in Henderson. We saw it grow from thirty people attending in a store front building to a beautiful large church (third phase) of over three hundred attending.

So finally after the end of my 26th year at McGraw-Hill, September 1980, I got them to buy out my job and pay me for every week I had been with them. The work was changing anyway because of the new equipment they had installed in my office, which reduced the need for typist. I needed to move anyway, but did not tell them that. The recompense added to a sum of \$23,000 (before taxes) and helped us to pay off the farm and after selling the house on Fontenelle Street in Houston, we were able to do some building and pay everything off.

We tried to raise on the farm everything from rabbits to chickens and sheep, plus peas and butter beans, etc.



Top: Inside Pat's home in Reklaw, Texas; 1987. Left to right: Jonathan, Pat, Karen, Vester, Sarah and Ron. Above: Williamsburg, Virginia; 1994. Left to right: Jonathan (grandson), Richard (son), Sarah (granddaughter) and Pat. This visit to Williamsburg was part of a trip with her family (including Cathy and Ron) to Baltimore, Philadelphia, Biltmore Mansion in North Carolina, historical sites in South Carolina, and other interesting places.

There were encounters with snakes, wildcats killing the chickens and turkeys and even a black panther. And always lots of deer. Dad loved the birds (especially the Martins)

and watching the sheep and dogs from his porch there at Reklaw. He seemed happy.



Left: Pat with her newest granddaughter, Rebecca Elise Martin, in 1995. Above: Pat at cemetery in Tyro, Arkansas, in 1997. She is standing beside the grave of William J. Bowles, her great-grandfather.

Then after six months of working on buildings, barns, fences and clearing land (seventy acres) Vester went to work for Lanius again. We worked there at Tatum, Texas, for Lanius until 1983, when he left to work for his nephew, Weldon Smith, in Houston in his carpet company. That did not work out for them—so he came back to East Texas and bid on a contract to do reclamation work at the Texas Utilities Mine in Tatum (fifty miles from our home). He got the contract, so he brought Weldon Smith and family to help him and we proceeded to secure equipment and start work as a contractor in September 1984. We sold thirty acres of land and borrowed money to buy tractors, etc. We had a friend that had moved to Reklaw named Barbara Lawrence, with her daughter and son, and she was a great help with my dad (for company) and also me, since Vester worked so much.

Betty (Vester's daughter) and her daughter, Windy, moved up for about a year also and a friend from church, Jack Lane, and his wife and five kids moved there for a short time, also.

Vester and Weldon worked for Texas Utilities for four years and then bid on work at Rockdale, Texas, for Aluminum Company of America (ALCOA). He started in January 1989, and worked there until 1999. I stayed on the Reklaw farm until 1992 with Dad. We moved to Rockdale in 1992 and rented a lovely ALCOA rent house for five years. Dad was bedridden and had nurses there for a year and a half (who really liked him) before he died in 1993 at the age of ninety-one.

ALCOA informed us we needed to move because they intended to dig for lignite on the land surrounding the house we were renting (three hundred acres).



Above: Pat when she was about fourteen years old. Top left: Family reunion in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1997. Left to right: Nancy, John, Maxine, Ron, Mildred, Pat and Richard. Middle: Pat graduated from Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1944. Lower left: Arkansas State Capitol. Pat and her siblings lived near the capitol and played on the grounds when they were children.

We tried to find a rent house, but couldn't find one suitable, but we finally found a lovely rock house on a hill surrounded by oak trees and twenty-two acres (which we purchased from friends (Nelson and Charlene Muehler). We have improved it with gates, a barn, and a deck.

Cathy moved in with us in November of 1996 because she had a tumor that proved to be malignant. She had an operation November 6, 1996, to remove as much of the cancer as possible. She came through it Okay. She also brought her twenty-nine quarter horses. We have had them here for over a year.

Three of Vester's five children, Debbie, Randy and Wanda, have moved to Rockdale.



Above: Pat when she was about sixteen years old. Top left: Pat with three of her grandchildren: Gregory, Rachel, and Alex Lamb, about 1989. Left: Pat holding her grandson, Michael Martin, in 1990. Lower left: Pat's home near Rockdale, Texas; 1999. The house is situated on twenty-two acres and surrounded by ancient oak trees.



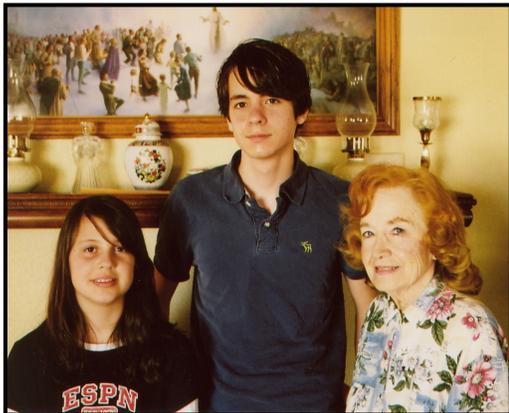
See the autobiographies of Patricia's children: Richard, Nancy, Ronald and Cathy Sharp Martin.

Epilogue

My mother was diagnosed with cancer a few days ago (August 2006) and it has made me think about how special she is and the profound effect that she has had on my life. There are only a few people who know our history and fewer still that have shared our experiences. It is sad to think that soon it will all be over and only memories will remain.

I quickly arranged for my sister, Nancy, and my two youngest children, Michael and

Rebecca, to drive down with me from Utah to visit her. We had a pleasant drive and my children were patient on the long journey. Mother was glad to see everyone for she had not seen Michael and Becca for about four years. Nancy, struggling with her MS, did a good job of making it from the car to the hotel rooms.



This page: Pat with her grandchildren, Jonathan (top right), Michael and Rebecca Martin at Rockdale in August 2006. Pat has seven grandchildren (Rachel Lamb, Gregory Lamb, Jonathan Martin, Alexander Lamb, Sarah Martin, Michael Martin and Rebecca Martin) and five great-grandchildren (Ashton Peterson-Lamb [born 2004], Ethan Richard Lamb-Yanez [born 2004], Asher Gregory Lamb [born 2014], Eli James Lamb [born 2015], and Houston Scott Martin [born 2016]).

Mom’s positive attitude is remarkable and her faith and confidence heartwarming. She said, “Well, you got to go sometime,” and “At least I’ll miss the tribulation.” Her main concern is for Vester. She asked that we all remember him as she knows that he will face difficult times ahead. Nancy woke up at four in the morning one night and

could hear Vester and Mom talking with each other. It is wonderful to note how much they love each other and how much they have in common. When I mentioned this to Vester he said, “We do that all the time; we’ve talked like that together for years.”

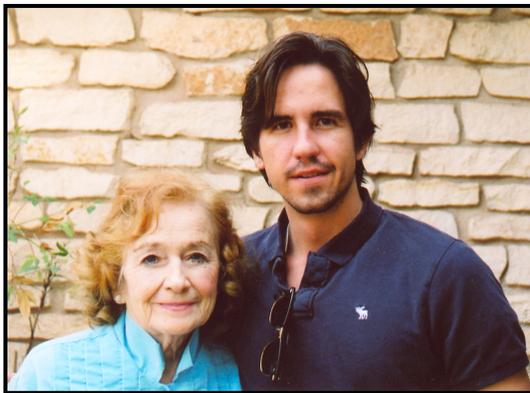


Top left: Pat with her son, Richard and grandchildren, Michael and Rebecca Martin. Above: Pat with Rebecca. Left, left to right: Rebecca Martin, Debbie Crocker, Kyle (husband of Rachel), Rachel (Debbie’s daughter), Pat, Michael Martin, Michael (Jay’s son), Vester, Vickie Sechrengost, Charles Sechrengost (Vickie’s husband), Michael’s sister, Wanda Crocker, Betty Crocker, Randy Crocker, and Jay Childress (Debbie’s son). Lower left: Pat, Vester, Vickie, Wanda, Betty, Randy, and Debbie. All photographs were taken in August 2006.

Mother had lost weight because she had little appetite for food. So she went to the doctor to see if there was anything they could do to help. She said she was surprised when he told her that she had cancer in seven places. He arranged for the hospice to be ready and she knew what that meant. “That’s your death sentence,” she said. So far she has not suffered any pain, but tires easily.

On our first Saturday at the Rockdale farm a party was thoughtfully arranged by Vester’s children. Debbie, Vickie, Randy, Wanda, Betty, Rachel, Jay and others were

all there to honor their stepmother and step-grandmother. Jay said, “I know I have other grandparents, but you are the ones that matter most to me. It was you that made me want to be a better person.”



This page: More photographs of Pat with her grandchildren: Jonathan, Michael and Rebecca Martin in August 2006.

Photographs were taken and Mom said, “Considering everything, I don’t look that bad.” Knowing that this was probably the last time my children would see their grandmother, I took many photographs of them together.

A day after arriving back in Utah I flew down with my oldest son, Jonathan. Mom had not seen him since before his mission to England so it was wonderful for me to see them together. The warm summer afternoon had its effect on Jonathan and he fell asleep as we all talked together.

Our family conversations are often of simple things and of experiences shared. Sometimes we report on family news or talk about people in and out of the family who have come and gone. Current events are covered, but for us the gospel and the church are the most important topics of discussion. This day Mom and I talked about the two and a half years we spent together at McGraw-Hill while I was working my way through college.

We all attended the branch together on Sunday. Mom said it was like hearing her eulogy. It was testimony meeting, so Ron, Nancy, Mom, Vickie, and I all spoke. Vester, as president of the Rockdale Branch, conducted the meeting. It was a good meeting and appropriate things were said.

While I was growing up, we journeyed every year to Little Rock to see my grandparents. This was always a fun trip. Grandmother would greet us affectionately and we would soon be sitting down with her as she would, in her interesting way, share stories about the family. One of our favorite pastimes was to look in the family photo albums, which contained many old photographs of our family and ancestors.



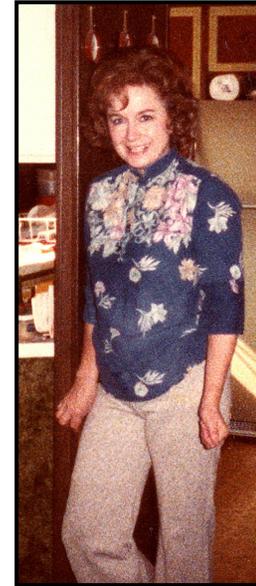
This page: Pat took a meaningful trip to Virginia with her mother, Frances Massey Bowles, and sister, Mildred Bowles Brooks, in April 1971. Pat and her mother at Jamestown (above); Williamsburg (top right); and Monticello (right), home of their relative, Thomas Jefferson. Top left: Pat (left) with her family in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1971.

Mom was always close to her sister, Millie, and they called each other every day at work. Millie died in 2000 and I know she missed her.

Mom wrote to me every week during the two years I served as a missionary in California. When I came home she met me with some of my friends at the Houston airport and she was so proud that she had tears in her eyes.

Mom almost died on February 28, 2005. A few weeks later I interviewed her over the telephone and recorded what she told me. She said, "I took a flu and coughed and coughed then got better, but took another flu and couldn't hear anything. I needed to go for a checkup at the hospital. Vester and Randy took me to the hospital and I went to

the desk. It was about 8:30 in the morning. I was trying to talk to her, but suddenly couldn't remember a thing. I couldn't even remember my name. It hit so suddenly. I



Top left: Pat with her children, Nancy, Cathy and Ron in California; 1959. Left: Cathy, Nancy and Pat holding baby Rachel; 1980. Above: Pat in Mexico in 1964 (middle) and in Reklaw, Texas, in 1980s.

started to see great clouds of beautiful colors above the ladies and I thought I was about to faint. The colors were everywhere. It wasn't a small thing, but extended in every direction. They quickly checked my pulse, but couldn't feel anything. My blood pressure was down to only 30."

Vester said that within an hour and a half they had her blood pressure back to normal.

"I didn't know what it was. But I almost died. The colors were so gorgeous. I was

on the verge of death and couldn't even feel my pulse. Vester never left my side the whole time."

"I gave my testimony the next Sunday even though I still wasn't completely well. Vester drove me back home."

It seems now that we were blessed to have our mother a little longer. The colors that she saw are probably only a hint of the wonders that we behold at the time of death.

Mom was never one to say she loved us all the time, but we knew it by the way she talked to us and her actions.

She allowed us to have our freedom and to choose for ourselves what we would believe and how we would live our lives. She was humble enough to follow her children into



Top left to lower left: Pat wearing a mink stole beside her red Chrysler Imperial in front of her teenage home in Little Rock; 1962. It was considered a special luxury car in its day, with white leather seats and air conditioning; with her youngest son, Richard, at Golden Gate Bridge; 1959; unusual snowfall in Houston, 1960/1961; with her family at Disneyland; 1959—it was the first big trip that they had ever taken together; with her family at home on 2315 Swift Street in Houston, Texas; 1961.

the church and good enough to strive to live the gospel. She goes with a clear conscience into that eternal world and her lack of fear is a wonderful example to all of us.

A thousand times is not enough to say how much we thank you for all you have done

for us, and for the eternal affect for good that you have had on our lives. May God bless you forever.

The above was written in August 2006. Mother died at 4:15 in the morning on November 23, 2006, Thanksgiving Day. As mentioned above, Vester and Mom had a habit of waking up at 4:00 a.m. and talking for about an hour each morning. Vester said that she probably died at that hour because she knew he would be awake, which he was. Vickie, Ron, Nancy and I were in the next room and he woke us to give us the sad news. Mom could still talk until about five days before her death. When Nancy and I arrived from Utah she said, "Welcome to my pity party." She later told me, "People say I look nice, but I know they're lying." She told Nancy and me that we looked nice. She was very weak and could only talk for a short time. Her last words to me were,



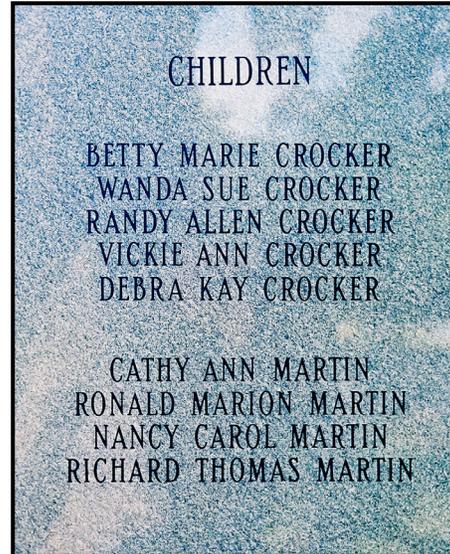
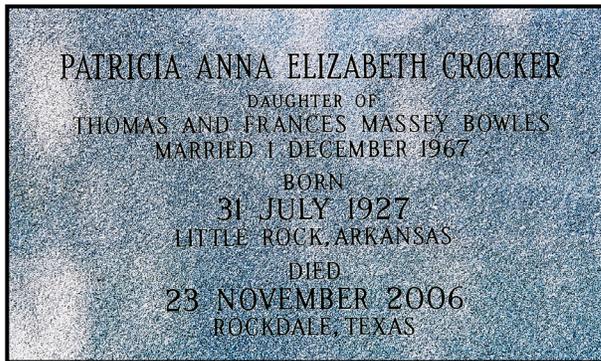
Above: Pat Bowles Martin with Glen Martin and Nancy, Richard and Ron at Golden Gate Bridge; 1959. Left: Pat with Vester Crocker about the time he was baptized in February 1971 (left to right): Ron, Pat, Vickie Crocker, Richard, Vester, Debbie Crocker (Vester's youngest child) and Elder Barlow. His companion, Elder Bean, took this photograph. These Elders taught Vester the gospel and they were loved and appreciated.

"My precious baby. I will always love you." This she said with a tear in her eye.

The funeral was held on Monday, November 27. The first speaker was Mom's stake president, who spoke about the plan of salvation. He said how much he admired Mom,

Patricia Anna Elizabeth Bowles

who always accompanied Vester to all of his stake leadership meetings. He said that no other wife in the stake did this. Debra next spoke and said how important her mother



Top left: Randy Crocker (Pat's stepson) standing between the monuments of two of the most important people in his life: Cathy Martin and Patricia Crocker; May 2007. He died six weeks later and was buried beside Cathy. Above and left: Inscriptions on monument to Patricia Bowles Crocker.

had been to her and her son Jay. She related that Jay was attacked by a dog and how Mom had saved Jay's life by holding his head, talking gently to him, and taking him to the emergency room, where he had to have 147 stitches. Nancy and Vickie followed with touching remarks about how much they loved Mom. Nancy played *Momma*, by Il Divo, which she dedicated to her. Eleven boys, aged 12 to 17, from the Rockdale Branch then sang a nice song, which was extra special because they had all known and loved Mom. I then spoke and related, among other things, the time mother walked into her in-laws house and saw a man/spirit who looked at her, seemingly startled, and then went through a wall, and the time two years ago when she almost died and saw colors like a rainbow, everywhere, in all directions. Vester was the final speaker and did an excellent job. He told about how they met, how close they were and how special their marriage had been. At the end of the service, while Josh Groban's, *You Raise Me Up*, was being played, everyone present went up in a line to view Mother's body. Every person either shook Vester's hand or gave him a hug. It was moving. The stake president's wife said that it was then that she began to cry. We then drove eight miles to Minerva Cemetery, where Ron dedicated her grave. Ron, Nancy and I stayed until her grave was entirely covered. She is buried next to her daughter (my sister), Cathy Martin.