



Patricia G. Edwards

September 11, 1946 - December 26, 2010

Patricia G. Edwards, 64, of Manteno, died Sunday (Dec. 26, 2010) at Riverside Medical Center, Kankakee. Visitation will be from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. Tuesday at the Clancy-Gernon Funeral Home, Manteno, where funeral services will be held at 10 a.m. Wednesday. Memorials may be made to AMVETS. Ms. Edwards was retired from Brach Candy Co. She was born Sept. 11, 1946, in Narrows, Va., the daughter of James and Mary Robertson Blankenship. She enjoyed crocheting and reading. Surviving are one son, Ross Edwards, of Lombard; one daughter, Mary Kus, of Berwyn; two grandchildren, Sarah Kus and Abigail Edwards; and two sisters, Ann Bedford, of Schaumburg, and Brenda Carr, of Bourbonnais. She was preceded in death by her parents.

Previous Events

Visitation

DEC **28**. 4:00 PM - 8:00 PM (CT)

Manteno - Clancy-Gernon Funeral Homes, Inc.
291 N. Main St.
Manteno, IL 60950
(815) 932-1214
cgfuneral@gmail.com

Funeral Service

DEC **29**. 10:00 AM (CT)

Manteno - Clancy-Gernon Funeral Homes, Inc.
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Tribute Wall



“ 1 file added to the album *Pictures*



Ross - April 20, 2011 at 04:25 PM

“ My mom was born in Virginia on September 11, 1946 — one of the country’s first baby-boomers. She was a country girl who just happened to grow up in the big city. She liked crocheting and reading. She liked watching true crime stories, histories, and biographies on TV. She loved learning new things. She loved her cats. And, of course, she loved her family more than anything.

From the outside, Mom didn’t seem very complex. Go down the list of her interests and it seems to add up to a woman who would probably have little effect on the world around her. “Typical grandma,” you might say.

But nobody who knew her would ever say she was “typical” anything.

She was exceptional — so much more than the sum of her parts. And she couldn’t have had more of an effect on her children. She was always at the center of our thoughts. She was our guide and inspiration even when we probably should have been too old to need it. And Mary and I both know how bad it felt to disappoint her. But she was never disappointed for long. She loved us too much for that.

She wasn’t someone who was easily won over to the other side of an argument. She was stubborn in so many things, but that just helped make her an even fiercer protector of her family.

The Mom I knew was a woman who valued her independence above just about anything. She never wanted to inconvenience anyone else with things she needed — even in her last months when she needed help the most. Every one of us would have done anything for her if she’d only asked. And I think that part of the reason she waited so long to go to the hospital was that she was hoping against hope that she wasn’t going to ruin Christmas for us. And don’t worry, Mom; you didn’t ruin it. We still got to spend all of Christmas Day with you. And you spent your last Christmas with

people who loved you more than anything and surrounded by thoughts and prayers from those who knew you from all over the country.

She never liked to be the center of attention, and that probably would have made her VERY uncomfortable today.

It was often hard to know exactly what she was thinking at all times because she would only open the door a little bit at a time.

But she was never a closed door. When she laughed, she could laugh 'til she cried.

And when she was mad, she could seethe better than anybody.

I remember several times I came home late at night (or early in the morning) — living room dark except for the glow of one of Mom's cigarettes — and listen helplessly as she would go into a very punctuated account of how she'd been up all night worried sick. "You can't pick up a phone?!" As a self-absorbed 20-year-old, I didn't understand — why would I bother her when I knew she was sleeping? Now that I'm a father, I understand exactly how she felt; she couldn't help it: when it came to her kids — and her granddaughters Sarah Sweet Pea and Abby Pumpkin Butter — she was just a worrier.

Even on Christmas Eve at the hospital, and even though she was gasping for breath and in terrible pain, she still asked how Abby was and whether she was excited for Christmas. And when I went home for a few hours that night to try and get Christmas morning ready for Abby, she pulled her breathing mask aside and said, "Be careful on the roads." Her last words to me. A mom until the end.

My mom passed away on December 26, 2010. But she didn't die. As long as those of us here have memory, her influence is going to go on long after today.

I plan to remember her forever.

I love you, Mom.

Ross Edwards - January 02, 2011 at 07:23 PM