

EULOGY – PATRICIA RUTH CAMERON (NEE CAMPBELL)

Patricia Ruth Cameron was born Patricia Ruth Campbell on September 17, 1926 in Little Bay, St. Mary. Patricia, or Patsy as she was affectionately called, was the second-born of three siblings: Gloria, Roy and Patricia born to Edward Campbell (also called Captain) and Henrietta James. Edward worked on the plantations of St. Mary whilst Henrietta was a factory worker. Little Bay, a seashore town, provided for a fun-filled childhood with fishing, swimming, and playing, although mum recounts many times fishing and cooking the fishes by the seaside alone. Patricia, mum, lost her mother when she was about eight years old and her dad when she was a young woman.

As a teenager, she migrated to Kingston where she attended Secretarial College and upon graduation, worked as a clerk/typist at the Ministry of Agriculture. She met Rodney Cameron, my father, during her stint at the Ministry of Agriculture. They got married, Gerald was the first born, followed by myself later.

She started working at the Ministry of Finance in the 60s and while there secured her Bachelors Degree in Business Administration. I can remember her family proudly congratulating her on her graduation. Another achievement was her finally passing her driving test to secure a driver's license late in life. She worked in the budget division for many years, retiring in the year 2000. She spent her free time gardening, helping Gerald with his business and enjoying life.

Mum had a servant heart and spent her days working and bringing up her children and pampering her grandchildren. Not only did she serve her family but was always volunteering her services to others. And there were times I would say 'Leave that alone, you need to rest!', but she would shrug me off and be about her business.

She always gave herself whole-heartedly to whatever she did, and her former co-workers testify to her high level of professionalism. Her dependability and professionalism resulted in her being highly respected among her peers. She was also a private person, people confided in her - a testimony of her trustworthiness and integrity. Her exceptional work ethic propelled her from middle to top management level while she was at the Ministry of Finance.

Mum was a strong motivator, always encouraging excellence in others, a discipline which came partly from having to mother her younger sibling Roy. Roy always mentioned how well my mother took care of him after their mother died. I recall while I was a student at High School, my mother brought home a book on 'Learning Touch Typing i.e. typing without looking at the typewriter keys' and encouraged me to learn to type. I did, and that is one of the many skills that she encouraged that has served me well. Mum was also a seamstress

and would regularly make clothes for family members so you would imagine that it wasn't long before I was doing the same. I chose engineering as a career and my mother being the motivator and well-wisher that she was staunchly supported me in spite of the profession being male dominated – thank you Mum.

Her determination was evident as she realized her dream of obtaining a university degree while working and taking care of two children. We were all in attendance at her graduation ceremony and shared in that proud moment when her wish came to pass. Mum got her drivers license in her early 40s. She was a fast driver and used to frighten us as we didn't think she could manage emergencies at those speeds. I don't know how many people are familiar with the Grand Prix motor car races which originated in France, but one day during summer when her grandson Mark, about ten (10) years old at the time, was visiting from the States, mum was speeding around the town with him and he exclaimed: 'What is this, Granmaprix!'

Mum was my friend and travelling partner – we travelled to Europe, USA, and Canada; we did island-hopping and vacationed at various spots across Jamaica; our most recent escapade was at Bath, St. Thomas – thank you Judy Mowatt for introducing ma to this unique experience. One summer, I was on an engineering project in Northern Quebec and mum came to visit. At the time, the buses were on strike so on weekends, we would walk many miles to the beautiful surrounding towns - nothing was going to stop us. She talked about that adventure for many years.

My mum was a super chef and I recall as a teenager, all the neighborhood boys would congregate in our yard to help my brother tinker around with his car and to help themselves to mum's cooking. Chris is here and could testify to that.

Patricia attended the St. Lukes Anglican Church as a young woman and was an active member for many years until her illness prevented her. She was a member of the Mother's Union and always attended meetings and assisted with their functions.

She was diagnosed with breast cancer in 2007 and succumbed after a valiant six-year battle on October 19, 2013.

And so, with all that is said mum, you did the most important thing in life by accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as your savior who is with you as you journey into the next chapter. You lived a full life and have left us a lasting legacy and a house full of laughter and love. Walk good and if you do have to drive, **please - don't speed**. We love you. Rest well.

Jacqueline Cameron, Daughter