



T. Robert Patterson

July 13, 1924 - February 27, 2022

Patterson, T. Robert

Died peacefully at St. Joseph's at Fleming on February 27th, 2022 in his 97th year. Rob was the beloved husband of Roberta (Bobbie) Wilcox Rowland Patterson for 42 years. Rob was the brother of Jean Maines, the father of Stephen and Jimmy Patterson, the stepfather of Catherine, Christopher, and James Rowland and the proud and loving grandfather to seven grandchildren and six great grandchildren. Rob was born in Parry Sound, Ontario on July 13th, 1924. He proudly served his country in the European Theatre of World War 2 in the Royal Canadian Signal Corps. After working for many Toronto based companies, he moved to Peterborough and married Bobbie in 1979. Rob was a member of Trinity United Church for 43 years. He and Bobbie were avid supporters of the Kawartha Artists' Gallery and Studio for many years. A Celebration of Rob's Life will be held at Ashburnham Funeral Home, 840 Armour Road, Peterborough on Sunday, June 26th at 3 p.m. Visitation from 2 p.m. In memory of Rob, donations may be made to the Alzheimer Society of Ontario or to the Canadian Red Cross Ukrainian Humanitarian Crisis Appeal. Online condolences may be made at CommunityAlternative.ca

Tribute Wall

AM

“ Thank you Peter! What a nice tribute. :)

Angela Rowland MacKinnon - March 21, 2022 at 08:00 PM

WP

“ Marilyn and I came to know Rob shortly after he and Bobbie got together in Peterborough. That was some time after Bobbie had trained herself to become a dedicated art teacher, strove to support her three young children and carved a career for herself in the world of art. As a couple, Rob and Bobbie were pretty good for each other. They managed to support each other and find ways to enjoy life together no matter what difficulties the world had to throw at them. I sometimes thought that adversity was their most inspiring challenge; they never failed to overcome it and go on to generate happiness around them. Everyone always had fun in their company. Rob was always interested in trying to be helpful to everyone he met. He encouraged a context of positivity whatever the problem one was engaged with. And probably because of the variety of experiences he had been through in his own life, he really knew quite a lot about a lot of things. He always had an interesting story to tell, and he enjoyed telling it. I think his positive outlook was an encouraging inspiration to Bobbie in her endeavours. Of course, there were lots of times when his imagination went frustratingly beyond Bobbie's practical intentions of the moment, but somehow they always resolved the differences and got done what they wanted to get done, usually on time. They both had a high appreciation for things done well. There was never any doubt in my mind that Rob was as devoted to Bobbie as she was to him. He was a loyal friend, and I will miss him. Peter White.

White Peter - March 11, 2022 at 07:14 PM

AM

“ When I was little, grandpa Patterson spoke French to me, when we would visit. I was only in grade 1, and I remember telling my teacher that my grandfather could speak French! It was so cute though, because I think he could only say a few sentences and was just trying to play around, trying to speak French to me as a kid, because he thought it was fun, and wanted to connect with his grand-daughter. One day, he picked me up from school and I told my French teacher that he could speak French too! I remember him laughing and telling her that he really could not speak French. I was confused at the time, because...grandpa was always saying a few French things to me. Looking back now, he was probably trying to just encourage his grand daughter to use as much French as she could, when she was at school, and saying the simple things that he did know, to spark some excitement from his grade 1 grand-daughter. Whenever I would visit my grandparents, I would always ask to play around with the flute. He would let me every time, and would show me the scale, and how to blow across the flute hole. Years went by, and I did not care about the flute. As a grown adult, one day I went to visit my grandparents. Grandpa had been showing major signs of dementia at that point, and I was not sure if he would remember me. But the sweetest thing happened. He pulled out that flute and gave it to me, telling me that he had a professional restore that flute and clean it. I was not even sure if he would remember me, but he did remember how much I loved that flute as a kid. :) This was an important reminder to me as a parent. Those precious moments with our kids, when they are asking questions and trying to learn something, will be moments that, even in days of dementia, we will remember (sometimes). Connect with your grandparents, your family and put away your cell phone. People matter and they do not forget the moments you made them feel like they mattered. Goodbye grandpa, we lost you a while ago to dementia, but you were sweet, caring and you deeply loved grandma with every inch of your heart. Love Angela (Rowland) MacKinnon

Angela Rowland MacKinnon - March 11, 2022 at 02:44 PM