

A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING  
TO GOD FOR THE LIFE OF



Patricia Mary de Koning  
1952 – 2024



# Order of Service

## Welcome

## Call to worship

## Prayer

**Hymn** Abide With Me

*based on passages in Matthew, Luke, John, Romans, 1 Corinthians, and Hebrews*

**Reading** Psalm 23, *a psalm of David* Miles Johnson

**Hymn** O God Our Help in Ages Past

*a paraphrase of Psalm 90, a prayer of Moses, the man of God*

## Remembrances by family members

Carolyn Johnson

David de Koning

Peter de Koning

Kathryn Dean

Charlotte Dean

**Hymn** How Deep the Father's Love

*based on passages in Galatians, Hebrews, John, Luke, Mark, Matthew, Peter, Psalms, and Timothy. Today we sing the version of this hymn as revised by Patricia de Koning.*

**Readings** John 14:1-7 Sophie de Koning

John 14:25-27 Adrien de Koning

## Sermon

## Pastoral Prayers

**Hymn** And Can It Be That I Should Gain

*based on John 3:16, Romans 8:1-2, Philippians 2:6-11*

## Blessing

*All are welcome to join the family for a reception after the service.*

# Patricia Mary de Koning

MAY 1952 - SEPTEMBER 2024

Patricia was born to Gordon and Mary Dean in 1952. The eldest of three girls, she grew up on the family fruit farm on Glover Road in Fruitland, Ontario. Full of energy and humour, she wrote poetry, played piano to the Grade 8 level, learned to count in Latin in the gladiolus fields, skated on the ponds and skinned a skunk. At 11 years, she insisted on being called Patrick Murray and led many a troop around the farm with the Windhorsts and Vantols. She wrote, directed, and starred in many at-home plays and was interested in Greek myths. She concocted theme dinners; most famously, the lime dinner where every dish and dessert contained lime. Her leadership and imagination were endless.

She attended Saltfleet High School and, after the setback of mononucleosis in Grade 9, went on to study Latin among other subjects and play Odysseus's cunning wife, Penelope, in the school play. She stage-managed and organized a touring magic show with friends and her siblings. She worked at Stoney Creek Dairy as a scooper and afterward could never eat mint chocolate chip ice cream again.

She matriculated at York University in 1971 and earned a B.A. in Psychology, followed by a Masters of Social Work at U of T. In 1972 she worked at a Christian Commune at Grand Bend. It was at York that she began attending InterVarsity Christian Fellowship where she put her faith in Christ, despite her initial skepticism about the resurrection. She also met a dark, bearded, curly-haired guy named Gerry and jokingly asked him, "Where have you been all my life?"

Pat and Gerry married on May 10, 1975.

They joined Knox Church the next year. Soon she was involved in Bible studies and many other events. For example, she organized an all-day Arts Festival with Aruna Alexander.

Pat finished her Masters and practiced social work at the Clark Institute (now CAMH) for several years, working in an out-patient unit. She was

a founder of the Canadian National Association of Christians in Social Work.

In 1979, shortly after moving to a fixer-upper on Wells Street near Bathurst and Bloor, Pat gave up being a social worker and gave birth to Carolyn, followed by David and Peter. She loved her family; birthdays and special occasions called for special cakes and parties.

A fiercely independent thinker, Pat challenged the status quo by breastfeeding, being a stay-at-home Mom, home-schooling the children in their primary years, and shopping at the health food store. She loved to read murder mysteries and read broadly in a wide variety of topics, marking up key passages with post-it notes. She had the most beautiful handwriting, thanks to her study of calligraphy.

The doors of Pat's home were open to many people; boarders lived on the third storey; she and Gerry hosted weekly home Bible studies; neighbours and friends were always welcome for a visit.

Pat was entranced by words. She wrote well, mostly poetry and short stories. She was curious about the definitions and origins of words. She loved puns. She rewrote hymns to improve their grammar and theology. To the very end of her life she could not resist exploring the history of interesting words in many languages.

In 1991, when Gerry was offered an assignment in France, Pat organized the move, found new schools for the children, brushed up on her French and bid au revoir to Toronto for three years.

In France, she and Gerry joined the ex-pat community at St. Michael's Anglican Church in Paris. They enjoyed dining at Gault Millau-rated restaurants and taking road trips to the Netherlands, the UK, Germany and the French Alps. Other highlights included trips to Portugal and Austria with her parents.

Back in Toronto, in 1993, Pat continued to be involved at Knox Church and the homeschooling community. She became interested in pro-life activism and supported many conservative women's organizations.

In the late 1990s, Pat's energy and digestive health began to decline, and in 2002 she had her first major health crisis, becoming bed-ridden for many months. The next year she received a diagnosis of myalgic encephalomyelitis, a debilitating multi-system disease.

Over many years, Pat was cared for by Gerry and a number of devoted Personal Support Workers, beginning with Ngawang and most recently Luz, Letty, Alma and Lourdes. We are most grateful for the kindness they showed Pat.

In December 2023, she poetically wrote,

The road is rough and hard,  
The destination splendid;  
How good to be at home,  
My painful journey ended.

Her painful journey ended when Pat passed away peacefully in her sleep at home in her 73rd year on September 1 after a lengthy illness.

WINTERGARDEN

Out in the garden  
under the dark earth  
all the long winter  
tulips are sleeping,  
sleeping and dreaming,  
sleeping and dreaming,  
dreaming of spring.

*Pat de Koning*

*Occasionally, sleep dysfunction has its compensations. One wakeful night, I happened to look outside and there, right in front of me, was the biggest, brightest full moon I had ever seen. Behind the moon stretched the midnight sky, pricked by distant stars. In front, raggedy clouds were whipping across the sky at a great rate, driven by a strong wind.*

*All of a sudden, I experienced a delightful optical illusion. The clouds appeared to stand still and the moon seemed to move behind them. A jovial smile on his face, he looked like he was bouncing through the sky on an invisible horse or an unseen pogo stick.*

*Here's how my imagination further changed the scene:*

#### THE RIDING MOON

The moon is riding far tonight, all thro' a tattered sky;  
Vast starlit darkness lines his path, as he goes swiftly by.

On open windows of the night hang curtain-clouds of lace—  
Like wind-torn strands of gossamer, they frame the traveller's face.

So round and radiant is the moon, so full of shimmering light,  
With joy traversing his domain, the glorious king of night.

*Some day I hope to write about another time, a time long-awaited, the product of neither illusion nor imagination—the time when darkened night will be no more. The time when a greater, more glorious king will come to rule his realm of endless day.*

*Pat de Koning*