



Patricia Phillips

March 1, 1944 - April 18, 2022

Patricia Phillips of Woodbridge, NJ died April 18, 2022. Services are Pending.

Tribute Wall



“ *Nina E. Gruetzmacher sent a virtual gift in memory of Patricia Phillips*



Nina E. Gruetzmacher - July 11, 2023 at 07:43 PM



A little late for Patty, but was there up 'til the end of her mortal life in her support in prayer and for Kathy and today I lift up prayers for Kathy as she moves on to build a bright legacy of her own in the Lord. Patty loved Jesus for many a year and expressed it freely and without embarrassment. Though we were 3rd cousins we were close in age, spent time together as children and not so much as adults, but she always made it a point to keep those Christmas letters coming so we kept in touch. Kathy, I'm here for you, as you well know and, God willing will be for some time in the future. God Bless You and your Family. May you prosper ever as your soul prospers. Nina

Nina E. Gruetzmacher - July 11, 2023 at 08:04 PM



“ *Patricia Phillips*

September 22, 2022 at 02:41 PM

KB

“ Mom, I love you and I miss you!

I'm so thankful that we had some good conversations in the days leading up to your surgery. We never dreamed those would be our last conversations. Every time I get a message notification, I think it's you sending me one of your infamous book-length messages. I will always treasure your daily messages, writing chapters about your life before meeting Dad, how you met Dad, and the early years of your marriage before and after Tater and I were born. I'm going to try to print those messages and put them in a binder. Maybe some day, your granddaughters will be interested to know your story.

Last week, I listened to one of your favorite songs, Baker Street. You cried every time that song came on the radio during the time we lived down south in 1979/1980. I remember when Dad dragged us down to Louisiana and then Florida when I was 9 years old. You gave him one year. If you weren't happy after one year, you were going to pack us kids up and go back to New Jersey, with or without him. Exactly one year later, all four of us, plus a sedated Reilly the kitten, were on an Amtrak, going home.

I finally understood the lyrics in that song. They told your story.

Now, you're finally home.

Kathleen Bevins - May 04, 2022 at 10:33 PM

KB

I forgot to say that this past Saturday was my first birthday without you. It didn't feel right to not have my mom around on my birthday. I could barely even acknowledge it.

Kathleen Bevins - May 04, 2022 at 11:34 PM

SC

Wonderful!!

Scott - May 05, 2022 at 07:27 PM