

We gather today to honor the memory and celebrate the life of Patricia Pinney Arp. My name is Molly Newell. As the number #3 child and number #2 daughter, I share a perspective of Patricia on behalf of the “kiddos”: Gretchen Arp Higgins, Louis Croft Arp III, myself and my little brother, Charles Pinney Arp. Patricia touched many lives, and has been described by many as the most optimistic and positive person they ever met.

She was born a redhead in Clinton, IA, at a joyous time preceding the Great Depression. Her impressionable years taught her that everyone has dignity. Perhaps her greatest life-lesson: she learned to “accentuate the positives” of everyday life. She grew up with a sense of balance, responsibility, and an intuition that she described as common sense.

She was blessed with a baby sister, Margo, and after she was in college, a baby brother, John. On more than one occasion I heard the story of Mom being embarrassed when introducing her pregnant mother to her college friends. She met Louis Arp Jr. in Iowa City at a party with friends.

In 1950 she married our Dad, and travelled with him through his medical training, internships & residency. They lived conservatively in small walkup apartments until two years after the third child. I was told by my mother that that if you can handle one kid, you can handle two... but that third child complicates everything. Our father moved back to Moline with his family of five to begin his professional career as a surgeon. We moved to a modest house where my mother embraced her duties as a Doctor’s wife, and mother. And then there was the fourth child, four years after me.

Patricia put family first. She demonstrated unconditional love towards all of us before we knew what it was. She taught us (boys and girls) how to properly set a table, how to garnish a plate & to ask to be excused from the table. We couldn’t leave the table until we “cleaned” our plate, including vegetables. She loved to cook for us. We ate dinner around the family table together almost every night, except for a select number of years when Patricia cooked and served three dinners per night to accommodate kids at sports practice, school events or riding horses, and Dad working late or working “on call”. If we were still hungry after

dinner, she would make more salad “in a jiffy”. We had chores like most kids those days. We were taught to be respectful on the phone and to pray to God. I figured we didn’t pray to Jesus because we should go straight to the top. That’s what Mom did.

Mom cherished her relationships with neighbors. She taught us about violets growing in the ravine and May Day baskets for neighbors. She taught us when to come home from playing kick the can; and how to apologize with sincerity for the mischief of our numerous pets, especially the raccoons.

She was a reader, in more than one book club at a time. I think her favorite must have been the Power of Positive Thinking because she made me read it twice as a teenager. When I asked her about sex she answered: why do think we have all these pets?

She was a fabulous gardener, good golfer and tennis player. Her relationships with others were warm and open, because she was a great listener. She and Dad routinely socialized with four other couples, and friends of these couples, over a fifty year span of time through an organization they called Steak Club. Together they discussed and solved the world’s problems, and celebrated the accomplishments of each other’s children. That’s when I learned what caterwauling was. We thought everyone in our lives was an uncle or an aunt, because Patricia cultivated a culture of compassion, familiarity and inclusion.

When I turned 16 I learned it was not the “norm” for in-laws to be best friends. Our grandparents on my Dad’s side were best friends with our grandparents on my Mom’s side largely because of my mom. Her relationships with parents and in-laws were extremely special. She had a talent for bringing people together, and she loved making people happy. Her recipe for happiness included mutual respect and being fair. She believed in being “fair”, or “more than fair”, always giving more than you get, and as she often described it, “giving more than your fair share.”

Patricia could spot the good in everyone, and made each of her children want to be the best person we could possibly be. She always told us to “maximize the

potential” of every opportunity. It was her mantra. She concentrated on the “good” of every situation. She was a cheerleader for the underdog, and she could keep a secret, like a best friend, even if you weren’t her best friend. She had a picture ID in her wallet that allowed her to own firearms and purchase ammunition, and our Dad was really proud of that.

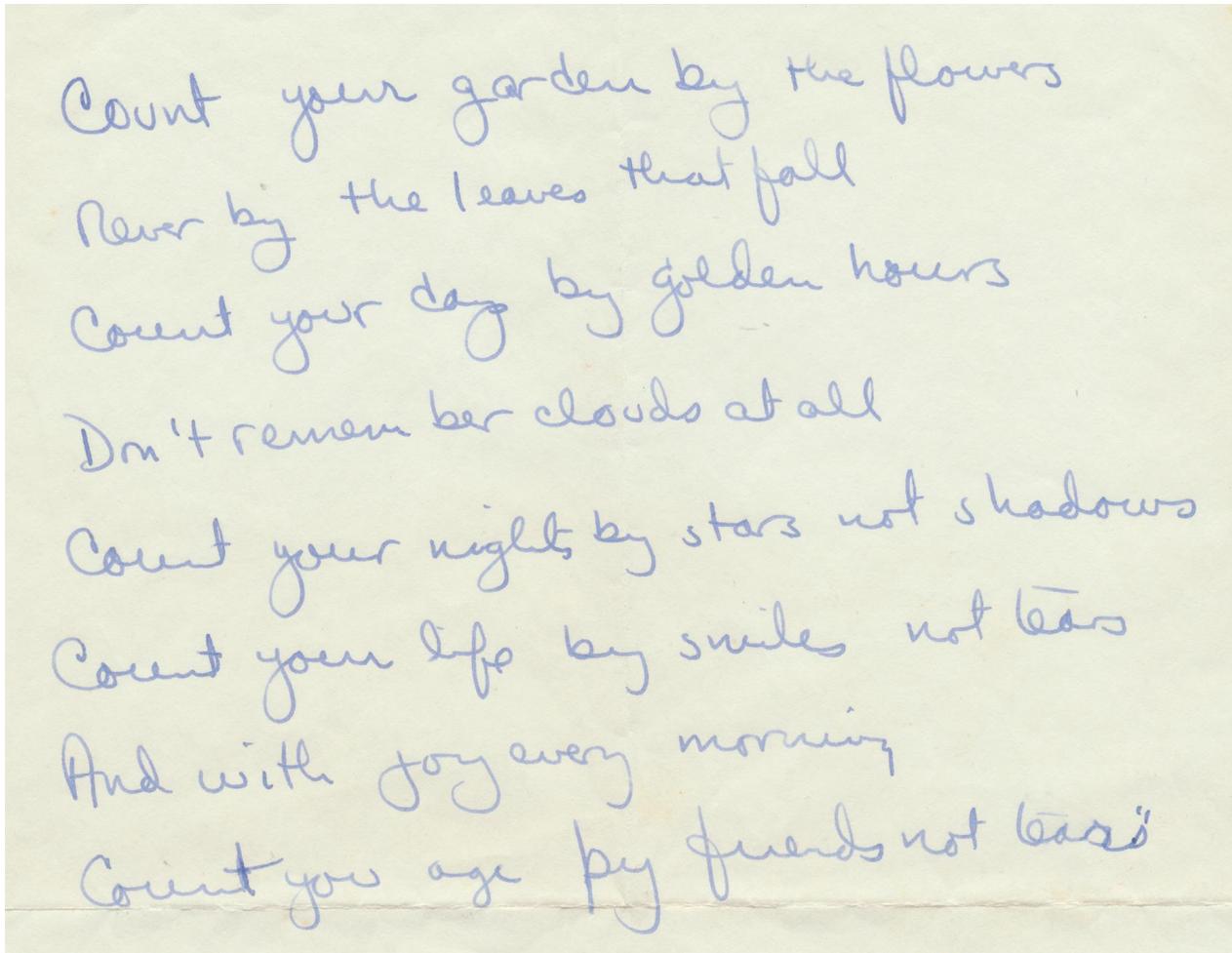
Patricia was extremely generous, especially with her time. She gave to others through friendship, through service, and charity. She liked being busy, and often said so. She walked the dog twice a day regardless of the weather. She considered the weather to be heaven-sent, and nothing to complain about. She loved spending holidays in Naples, FL with her in-laws, her children, extended family, friends, and the family dog. As an empty nester, she and my Dad resided in Naples during the winter. For family celebrations, graduations and anniversaries over the years, she was the glue. She used to sing this song “the more we get together the happier we’ll be”... If you know that song from the Barney show, we are pretty sure he got it from her.

Patricia was a willing traveling companion for each of her children and with our Dad, moving forward with us through transitions in our lives. She traveled to Africa, Alaska, Hawaii, Bermuda, New Zealand and Australia in addition to annual family vacations.

She remained positively elegant in her older years. She never gave up on anybody or any cause she cared about. The world around her continued to change but her values and her perspective remained timeless. She was happy. Her favorite saying of late was “HOOP de DO!” Our mother could say things like that and still sound graceful.

She was a true treasure on earth. May she rest in peace knowing she has made a positive difference here.

I would like to read a poem from my mother’s handwriting. She used a loopy script and a fountain pen for the following words:



so Patricia, if you are watching now, be assured that your children, " your Kiddos", are Maximizing the Potential! Please know that your kindness towards others, your compassion, and your values will live on through each of us.

HOOP de DO! Patricia,

and Tootle Loo!