

A Clear Midnight

by Walt Whitman

*This is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson
done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the
themes thou lovest best,
Night, sleep, death and the stars.*

APPRECIATION

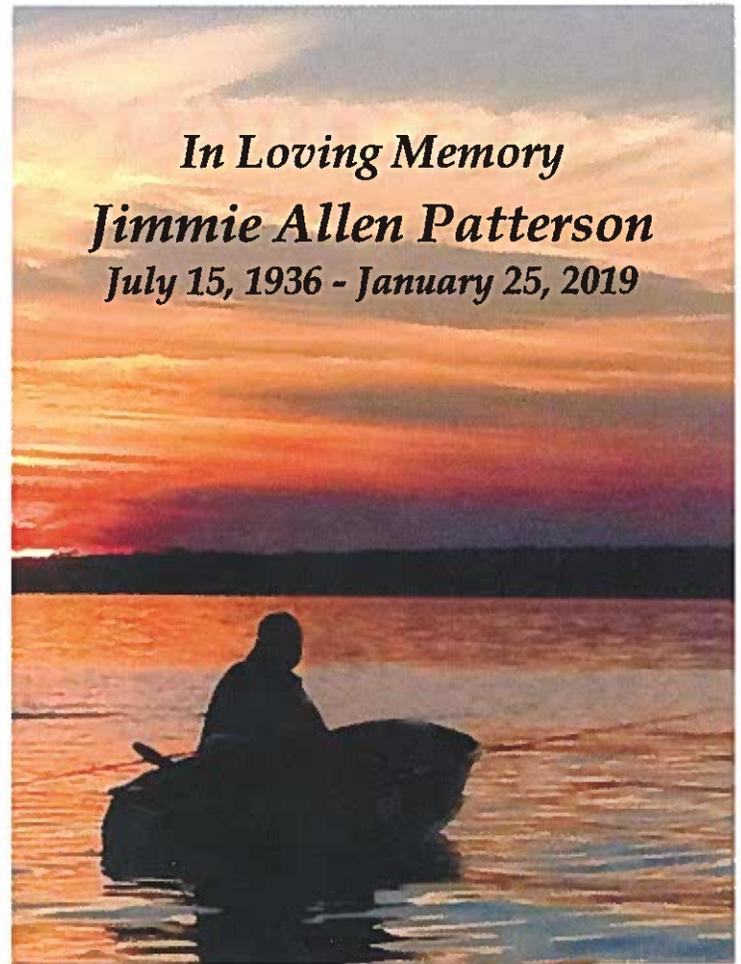
On behalf of the family, we wish to express their gratitude for your many kindnesses evidenced in thought and deed, and for your attendance at Jimmie's service.

Permanent online condolences, stories and photos may be shared at www.hhlohmeier.com.



Jimmie Allen Patterson was born in Urbana, Missouri in 1936 to William Dal and Nola Patterson. He grew up with his sister Evelyn in that small town playing around the gas station his parents owned, shooting hoops and cruising the town with his friends. After high school, he enlisted in the Army and married Linda Ann Patterson. Jim and Linda had one daughter Sandy Patterson Frye.

For the majority of Jim's life, he lived with Linda and Sandy in Cassville, Missouri. Over the years he owned the town's Sears and Roebuck Catalog Store, a trophy shop and sold cars. He worked at these jobs to make a living but he was only truly living when he was on the lake. Jim was a passionate but solitary soul; he could be found most evenings, at Big "M" boat dock or on Tablerock Lake, bass fishing. He was most alive when he was taking in the peacefulness of the lake and nature. Although he felt most comfortable alone, he also didn't pass up time with friends competing in fishing tournaments or pulling off a practical joke.



In Loving Memory
Jimmie Allen Patterson
July 15, 1936 - January 25, 2019

Jim was selfless when it came to Linda and Sandy, taking in countless injured animals and encouraging their daily hopeful whims and antics. Sandy could depend on her dad for everything - giving her the gift of a carefree childhood. He was eager to see what each day held - be it filling the bathtub with frogs, or taking a pickup truck full of teenagers to a drive-in movie. Not a day went by that he didn't do his best to make his family happy — and they were happy.

Linda died from cancer in 1996 and Jim never totally rebounded from that. He worked at the boat dock later in his life until moving to Springfield to be close to his family. He loved his granddaughters Olivia and Anna and his son-in-law Jeff very much. Jim was in awe of Olivia's intelligence, Anna's beauty, and moxie and Jeff's knack for business; not a conversation went by where he didn't ask about them.

Jim died on January 25th at the age of 82 of natural causes and leaves behind a daughter and son-in-law Sandy and Jeff Frye, granddaughters Olivia and Anna Frye, a sister Evelyn Pitts and a niece and nephew Terri and David Miller. A small graveside service will be held at Gunter Methodist Church Cemetery in Butterfield, Missouri on Wednesday, January 30th, 2019 at 2:00 p.m.