



Patricia LaVerne Rasmussen

March 11, 1931 - April 5, 2010

Story of Grandma Pat,
compiled by her granddaughter, Tami Lyman

Patricia LaVerne Scott was born March 11, 1931 to Virgil and Winifred Scott, at the beginning of the great depression. Despite much hardship that came with that time, she enjoyed a wonderfully happy childhood with her younger sister Phyllis. They spent the summers helping on both grandparents' farms, spending extended periods of time in Eastern Oregon with grandma and grandpa Scott, and enjoyed many warm days exploring their Zylstra grandparents' farm in Perrydale, Oregon. At the small age of six her mother became very ill, and battled Cancer for three long months in the hospital before she could return home. Pat and Phyllis stayed most of the time with her Zylstra grandparents, but they were too young to realize the trauma that was going on in their family.

At Grandma and Grandpa Scotts, they would gather round the table for dinner and listen to Granddad read a verse from the Bible or an inspirational poem or thought, and then he would say grace. While visiting they would make sure to spend time at each of her aunts and uncles homes. Uncle Noel gave the animals the run of his place and she was afraid of them all. This gave her cousin Harlan lots of ammunition for teasing. Once while they were playing in the timber he told her that there were "Wild Boar" in the woods. After hearing rustling in the brush she went running and stumbling down the hill as fast as

she could go, ending up at the pigpen. It was quite a dilemma, wild boars behind her or pigs in front of her. She found a way around the pigs and ran for the safety of the house. She wrote that she was thankful that they were able to spend enough time with all their grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins to really become close to them.

She recalled memories as a small child listening to the radio in the Zylstra's kitchen and hearing Hitler's voice, and even though he was speaking German she said there was something unforgettable about his voice. Years later, she was on the Ross Island bridge when it seemed that every siren, whistle and horn in town began blowing. There was no doubt that it meant the war had ended. During that time they had moved into the Romona St. house, and after 46 years of her Daddy working on the house, she claimed it was still unfinished.

She met her lifetime sweetheart, Everett Rasmussen at the end of her Freshmen year of high school at the age of 14. I remember Grandma telling me she saw him walk into her class and knew that he was the one she was going to marry. They started dating, and he was included in the family activities. Grandma Pat was involved in a "whirl" of activities through out her high school years at Commerce, which is now Cleavland High. She played her accordion and danced at a place called Jack and Jill's, and continued to be good friends with many of the gals through out the rest of her life. Because of her busy schedule she wrote that, "Mother made sure Everett knew how to drive well, and then turned most of the transporting of me around over to him." Grandpa Razz tried teaching Grandma to drive when they unknowingly passed their friend who was a police officer. He decided to have some fun, and with lights and sirens pulled them over. It Scared Grandma so bad she never drove again. They became engaged her senior year, and were married exactly one month after graduation on July 11, 1948. They were blessed with two wonderful children that were admired greatly by grandparents. Scott was born on August 17, 1951 and Janice was born on September 9, 1953. Grandma Pat tells the story of Grandpa taking a Salmon that he had just

picked up from his parents' house, and wrapped it in a baby blanket. When they arrived at her parents' house, her folks came out on the porch waiting eagerly to hold their new little grandson. Grandpa handed the wrapped fish to his mother-in-law, who was expecting little Scotty, and the "devilish idea" created "quite a laugh when the blanket fell away, revealing a fish face."

Grandma Pat grew up to be a very attractive, charming and classy lady, which is how she, as a young ten-year-old girl, viewed her Unk's new bride Isabel as. Isabel was just one of the many women she admired, and tried to emulate. This is obvious in how she always carried her self, and how everyone admired her. It also shows in all of her photos both as a young bride, and up through her grandma years. In a picture I found she was wearing a stunning red dress on a cruise ship with her sweetheart by her side. She was gleaming with life, and carried herself like royalty. Up through even her later years she shined with life and beauty. Everyone remembers her smile and kindness she shared with everyone.

In the early 1950's two LDS Missionaries knocked on her door, and introduced her to the gospel. Since Grandpa didn't join right away, and Grandma didn't drive, Grandpa bought a house within walking distance to a chapel where they lived for 53 years.

On January 5, 1976, her mother died after, once again, battling the cancer she conquered years before. Before her death, Winifred was able to enjoy the birth of her first great-grandchild Jenni; Grandma Pat's first grandchild. She describes her mother this way, "Mother was beautiful, courageous, warm-hearted, very intelligent, and kind, and much loved by us all. The legacy she left us was her wonderful example. It was from her that we, her daughters, learned to be women, wives and mothers and to make a home for our own families."

Once the kids were out of the house, Grandma and Grandpa began a pass time of traveling. You could say they traveled around the world together. Grandma began dancing again at Marvel's Studio. Because of Marvel's ill

granddaughter, Grandma and Grandpa devoted many long hours raising money for Doernbecher's Children's Hospital. Which lasted until the new hospital was finally built.

Through out her life Family always held a great importance to her. There was always a birthday party, Holiday, or the Annual Scott Family Reunion that we all enjoyed together.

She was diagnosed with Alzheimers about nine years ago, but continued to do her daily routines. Having her bed made always seemed important to her. Grandma and Grandpa moved in with my parents at the end of 2008 where my Mom was able to care for them both, and give Grandma the loving attention she deserved. She enjoyed the many visits of her grandchildren, and especially her Great-Grandkids. She very much loved all the little ones. It was a sweet feeling to find Grandma and Grandpa sitting together hand in hand on the couch, still very much in love.

Pat Rasmussen, as a daughter, a sister, a wife, a mother of two, a grandmother of 8, and a great-grandmother of 12, with one arriving soon, and definitely more in the future, lived a life that emulated her mother and reflected the light of Christ. She was a friend to many, and shared her smile with all. It is fitting to describe Grandma Pat the same way she described her mother. She was beautiful, courageous, warm-hearted, very intelligent, and kind, and much loved by us all. The legacy she left us was her wonderful example. It was from her that we, her daughter [and granddaughters], learned to be women, wives and mothers and to make a home for our own families.

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Previous Events

Funeral Service

APR **10**. 3:00 PM (PT)

Oregon City Stake Center
14340 S Donovan Lane
Oregon City, OR

Tribute Wall



“ *Patricia LaVerne Rasmussen*

January 28, 2023 at 02:51 PM



“ *Grandma Pat was such a peaceful woman to share time with. And even though I only got to know her well in her later years, I always looked forward to having breakfast or spending the day with her. I feel better for having known her. My life would not be the same without her daughter Jan and granddaughter Tami. Thank you so much Grandma Raz, you will be missed.*

Maleah Hammons - May 28, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ *What a wonderful person and she will be missed by so many. In our high school years we were such great friends and Carolyn Coryell and I were so priveleged to be bridesmaids at her wedding and she was also my bridesmaid. Time has gone by so quickly but will never forget how much Pat loved Curly.*

Joyce Sterner Kenfield - April 10, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ *I have so many great memories of our summer trips to Oregon and picnics at Pat and Everett's. In later years, our family enjoyed her and Everett's company at our Arizona cabin. She always made the good times better with her fun spirit and warm heart. I will miss her.*

Monica Olson - April 09, 2010 at 12:00 AM

CH

“ Although I only met Mrs. Rasmussen a handful of times, I knew her family. Ms. Jan and Tami as well as all of the other family members were so kind to me. My thoughts and prayers go out to all of you at this time. Rest in comfort that she is in a much better place with no suffering. I love you all. Hugs and Kisses.

Courtney Horn

Courtney Horn - April 07, 2010 at 12:00 AM

MA

“ I have lots of memories of Aunt Pat. She and Uncle Everett were always so sweet and welcoming every time we came to Oregon, welcoming us with fun, laughter and puu puu platters. Also summer picnics in the backyard and trips to Wallowa. The one time when you could hear her voice raised was when she was interested in a political topic. I think she was a political model for me. She was always for the little guy and was indignant when politics veered toward the rich and powerful. I didn't have the good luck to live in Portland and to spend more time with her, but I treasure every minute I had.

Marla - April 07, 2010 at 12:00 AM