



Patricia A. Morrison

April 27, 2021 - April 27, 2021

Patricia Morrison of Florence, MA and Westbrook, CT passed away peacefully in her home on April 27, 2021 in Florence, MA surrounded by close friends and family.

Because I could see this day approaching, I've had the blessing of time, time filled with an embrace of beauty and impermanence: with the presence of those I love, with poetry, bird calls at first light, with sunlight through the forest in our backyard; with quiet observation, gardening, and a solemn reverence for each day.

During this time of reflection, I have composed my own unconventional obituary (since the world of work has never been at the center of my life). I say this with one significant exception: working together with Maren Brown, my wife, as an arts consultant for the past decade, has been a joyful extension of our relationship and a profound affirmation of the centrality of art in both our lives. So, with a peaceful heart, I want to express my profound gratitude for this life.

On Maren, my beloved wife: simply put, she is the kindest, most loving person that I have ever met, and I have been blessed to live most of my life by her side. My romance and marriage with Maren have been the single greatest achievement of my life.

Maren and I have essentially grown up together as adults these past three decades: We have healed one another many times over; encouraged one another to be more empathic, communicative, and thoughtful; we have

practiced gratitude together; and, we have played together in nature--so many kayak and biking adventures. We have taken risks together, such as choosing to live near the ocean for part of the past several years. And, we have cultivated the best in one another—a lovely project to sustain over thirty years. What we have shared over these decades is a very rare and precious thing, and we have always known this. Most recently, Maren has shown amazing dedication and love in caring for me these past challenging months. While we both had wanted many more years together, we have been blessed many lives over with this amazing love.

Through travel, Maren and I have made one another more adventuresome in exploring the world at one another's side. Two of our pilgrimages have meant the most to me: walking in Abiquiu upon the very rocks that Georgia O'Keeffe had stood as she captured nature's majesty in paint; and, standing alone in Virginia Woolf's bedroom, looking out the threshold of her door into her garden beyond. The luminous vision of artists has been a constant bedrock in my life. I'm thankful for my sisters, Terre Morrison and Holly Sparrow: Women who are loyal, fun-loving, and wise—true friends that have always been there, sustaining me through the challenging times and celebrating so many of life's joys together. I'm grateful that my sister-in-law, Karen Popovich, and my brother-in-law, Jay Sparrow, have been loving and dedicated spouses to my amazing sisters. I also appreciate the decades that I've had watching Holly and Jay's son, Devin Sparrow, grow to be a man with an effortless sociability, an eye for design, and a fierce devotion to experiencing it all!

I'm thankful for my Mom, Pauline Morrison and my departed Dad, William Morrison, who have both exemplified the beauty and endurance of true partnership and the regenerative gift of unconditional love.

I'm grateful for my grandmother, Anna Morrison, who passed on to me a love of language, a hunger for education and travel, as well as an appreciation for the immense value in stopping in one's tracks to search for four-leaf clovers in the grass.

I'm thankful for Maren's sisters, Lisa Brown and Suzanne Butz, and their

extended families, for the many years of love and shared adventure.

My life has been rich in friends—from my teenage years to the present: the most compassionate, intelligent, creative, and just, fabulously interesting women one could know. Thanks to you all.

Sonja Larson has been the most remarkable lifelong friend—her presence in my life has been distinguished by constancy, inventiveness, honesty, exploration, and fabulous garden excursions.

I'm thankful for the sanctuary and the intention of gardening: For the gift of this unique palette of light, form, color, and life—a restorative confluence of retreat, heightened attention, and artistic expression that has sustained me in a deeply spiritual way.

I'm thankful for the world of words that brought me to Smith College and opened my life to so much: art, gardens, music, and, especially, the constancy of women's friendship and love.

I'm especially grateful to the Smith College Poetry Center. To have been in the presence of Adrienne Rich, Jane Hirshfield, and Mary Oliver, and so many groundbreaking poets, has been among the greatest honors of my life. Please consider supporting their work in my name.

A private celebration-of-life service will be held in Florence, MA.

Dearest friends and family, care for one another and for Maren (I know you will).

To send a flower arrangement or to plant trees in memory of
Patricia A. Morrison.