

In Loving Memory

Patty Bouchard Sprigg

February 8, 1923 to March 23, 2019

March 23, 2019, my family and I lost our amazing, remarkable, loving, intelligent, opinionated, creative, resilient, thoughtful, and funny family treasure - my mom, our Gramma, our Gigi - Patty Bouchard Sprigg at the age of 96. After suffering a fall in mid-February, battling back over weeks in rehab to walk again, she had a second fall from which she couldn't be repaired. We are grateful to have her free from suffering and pain but so sad to let go of the most remarkable woman I've ever known. God blessed me with absolutely the perfect mom for me with whom I could go through my life. Dang, but we had a lot of fun together. Writing down all the memories or feelings is beyond my abilities and would be too much to read and too short to cover what she has meant to me and my family.

Patty was born on February 8, 1923, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin to Marion and George Bouchard, the younger of their two daughters. His practice as a tax attorney took the family to Southern California in 1928. Life in Southern California at that time was exciting with clear blue skies, a growing population, and burgeoning Hollywood.

Having skipped two grades, Patty graduated from University High School in West Los Angeles and went to Stanford University at the age of 16 where she was a member of the women's fraternity, Pi Beta Phi. In 1943, she graduated at the age of 20. Upon graduation she joined the U.S. Navy during WWII. After graduating #1 in her class at aerographer's (weather) school she was sent to Naval Headquarters



in Washington, D.C. Poor eyesight prevented her from being an officer but she soon learned that enlisted members of the WAVES worked with the actual 'hands on' war information. Utilizing all the tools of that day along with information from our Allies' embassies, she and her fellow aerographers predicted weather patterns in the South Pacific through the duration of the war.

After her discharge at the end of the war she moved to New York City where she was an advertising copywriter, briefly acted on Broadway and in Summer Stock, then was involved in the early days of television in New York. A brief marriage brought daughter Emily.

Patty moved home to California to have child care for me from my dear grandparents. Returning to work she started as a secretary for a team of comedy writers then advanced to story analyst and writer in Hollywood, working at a number of major studios including MGM and 20th Century Fox. She was a story analyst and script writer on "The Daniel Boone Show" in the 1960s. Her writing caught the attention of someone in the Republican Party in California and she was asked to write a speech for Ronald Reagan. She also performed in a "get out the vote" video with the future president and John Wayne. That speech is now in Reagan's Presidential Library.

After retiring she moved to be near me in Oregon, make new friends and begin a new life at the age of 64. She made wonderful friends playing bridge and joined the Lady Hawks at RedTail Golf Center where she played until she was 90. She had two holes-in-one, one when she was 70 and another at 80 years old. Using her writing skills she volunteered for years at Lakeridge High School on their school newspaper. She so enjoyed the kids she met.

At the time of her death she was working on her second novel. Her first, "Bel Air" by Patricia Bouchard, was written when she was 93. She was also listening to tapes to re-learn her high school French. She never stopped learning and working.

As a divorced single mom, she received no financial support so she went to work in the days where most moms stayed at home. Her life and career provided some



of the most remarkable stories to share. By example and from advice she encouraged us to go out and experience all you can in the world. Be brave, be adventurous, do what you say you are going to do, help others, and persevere through tough times.

Patty was predeceased by her parents and her sister Jeanne Bouchard Perry. She is survived by her daughter Emily Iverson, beloved son-in-law Dick Iverson, grandchildren Alison (Mitch) Thornton, Morgan (Cari) Benson, Courtney (Patrick) LeBoeuf, Ryan (Jody) Iverson, and Jeanne (Junior) Serra; and great-grandchildren Blakely and Finley Thornton; Kevin, Kyle, and Makenzie Benson; Owen and Georgia LeBoeuf; and Lewis and Rory Iverson; plus nephews Kent and David Hinckley and niece Hilary Hinckley.

A Celebration of Life will be held at Oswego Hills Winery at 450 S. Rosemont in West Linn, on Saturday, May 25th at 1 p.m.

Just as she passed, the teary-eyed nurses pointed to the sky as it lit up with a beautiful bright pink and red sunset. They called it Patty's sunset. For the rest of my life I will have the joy of seeing her in each dazzling sunset. The sweet nurse said it was her gift to me. Then that old adage occurred to me, "Red sky at night, sailor's delight." She was a Navy sailor and my absolute delight. I love you Mom.