



Patricia Anne Redmond

September 20, 1948 - December 18, 2018

Patricia Anne Redmond, age 70 of Nokesville, VA died on December 17th, 2018 at home with her family by her side.

She was born on September 20th, 1948 in Munich, Germany to the late Thomas Ervin Anthony McKeage. And Anne Manjak McKeage.

She was preceded in death by her loving husband of 49 years Roy Allen Redmond, Jr.

She is survived by her daughter Amy Kathleen Boazman-Steele and husband William; Her sister Kathleen McKeage Hesse and husband John; her three grandchildren Ryan, Joseph and Kyle Boazman and her nephews Benjamin & Thomas Hesse.

Trish's ashes will be spread over the mountains of her home state Colorado at a later date.

Tribute Wall

GF

“ Please accept my family’s heartfelt condolences on the loss of your dear loved one, Mrs. Redmond. May you find comfort in fond memories of her, and hope in God’s promise to restore those asleep in death to perfect life on a paradise Earth, fulfilling his original purpose for humans.

Greene Family - December 26, 2018 at 05:46 PM

ST

“ Trish was always the life of the "party" for me - her smile, her gift of love, and at the same time she meant what she said and let you know. I met Trish over 10 years ago while working in the disaster community. She was the Chair of the Northern VA VOAD and then the Chair of the VA VOAD loving every minute and we loved working with her. She was amazing at growing the VA VOAD all over the state.

She was an incredible leader in the field and I was sorry when she retired. We missed her so much.

We would always see her at the National VOAD conferences and laugh and talk and then when we returned to the DC area it was back to work.

I loved her laugh and her fiery intention and I so very much respected her leadership and her ability to include everyone so they could help those in need.

One thing I will regret - she would talk about her horses but I never had the opportunity to visit.

She will be very much missed but still loved and she is still with us!

Sue Taylor
Chair DC VOAD
National Director Churches of Scientology
Disaster Response

Susan Taylor - December 19, 2018 at 11:32 AM

DR

“ I first met Trish in 2004. I had just changed careers and thought I might like to work in disaster management. I took a job as an AmeriCorps member and found myself in a meeting amongst volunteer centers of the Washington region. I remember it vividly-- she was fierce. I was also shocked by her candor- as she announced a "power surge" (read: hot flash) and started to fan herself right in the middle of the meeting. I wanted to be her. I have been chasing her shadow ever since.

Everything I know about disaster volunteer and donations management (and I know a lot) I learned from her. She advocated whole community before it was cool. She took on politicians, suits, "subject matter experts," and emergency managers with a scrappiness that was enviable. Nonprofits and faith based organizations were relief and recovery to communities whether or not they were acknowledged. These organizations have been doing the work of rebuilding communities and lives before the government and deserved a place at the big kids' table. And they all damn well better recognize. She took no guff, no pats on the head, and no credit.

I went from my local volunteer center to national organizations. She stayed with me as a volunteer, as a mentor, and as a friend. She cheered me on when I needed encouragement and called me out when I needed to settle down. I have spent these last 15 years hoping to have made her proud. Her love for her community and her passion for civic engagement filled any room where she was present. I am going to miss that. We all are. But I am going to miss her laugh most of all.

Trish, rest in peace my dear friend. The rest of us will take it from here.

"Though she be but little, she is fierce!" William Shakespeare.

Diana Rothe-Smith - December 19, 2018 at 10:06 AM



“ *Arrive in Style was purchased for the family of Patricia Anne Redmond.*



December 18, 2018 at 07:38 PM



“ *there are no adequate words to describe the shock upon learning of your passing. May it be of some small grace to your family to know how much Trish was loved, respected, and sometimes feared.*

I will never forget all the times you offered professional mentoring, friendship and comisserating, a blunt “suck it up lady!”, and (most of all) the laughter and eye rolls. Go Nats! Miss you eternally Witchie-Poo



Jane Prinz - December 18, 2018 at 03:46 PM

BF

“ *My partner in crime, my best friend, speaker of Trish-isms, brilliant, passionate in her work, feisty, kind, lover of horses, cats and dogs, caring, compassionate, keeper of secrets, keeper of promises . . . You have left us for your next “excellent adventure” and I am at a complete loss. I am sure Roy needed you in Heaven to tell him how to back-up his golf cart! Nats fan forever. The person who said “alpacas” to me and got me hooked on cranberry wine. You brought so much into my life. I could always depend on you – even to call me out when I messed-up. Thanks for everything but mostly, thanks for being my friend. You will be missed more than you could possibly know. God speed, my friend.*



Bonnie Fulford - December 18, 2018 at 02:46 PM

DB

Trish will be so missed. She was as brilliant as she was blunt. God Bless her & may God give her family peace.- Danitria Bradley

danitria bradley - December 18, 2018 at 03:12 PM

ST

*Trish,
We will miss you so much
I think about our many talks and how much you thought me.
Rest In Heaven Trish*

Shelley Tibbs - December 18, 2018 at 03:32 PM

JH

My best memory of Trish is in 2016 when she, her husband Roy, Bonnie, Kathy and I attended a Potomac Nationals game. I don't think Trish and I watched the game for 5 minutes because we were so busy gabbing and discovering how much we had in common and how many people we knew in common from our time in the nonprofit sector. I am so glad I got a chance to know this wonderful feisty lady, and she will be missed by all of us. RIP and Godspeed, Trish

Jan Hawkins - December 19, 2018 at 03:31 PM

JG

*Trish,
What a blessing to have met you, worked with you and gained some of your wisdom.
I will miss your free spirit.
I will always know you as "the boss", as you never withheld yourself.
I will miss your great laugh.
Godspeed my friend, see you down the line.
Joava Good.*

Joava Good - December 20, 2018 at 10:37 AM

MG

My favorite memory of Trish is hiding together in a bathroom while our conference hotel was surrounded by four tornadoes.

The luncheon ended and I went with Trish to her room to pick-up whatever she needed for the afternoon workshops. We'd no sooner arrived than the sirens began to blare, followed by a message - in English - instructing anyone currently in a room to close the curtains and hide in the bathroom until receiving the all clear.

Trish grabbed every pillow in the room and flung them into the bathtub. I grabbed bottles of water and searched futilely for a mini-bar. Once we closed the bathroom door, we felt the pressure begin to increase. Trish sat perched on a pile of pillows in the tub. I sat on the (closed) toilet seat. We both called our husbands to check in.

I'll be honest, here - neither of them seemed very impressed or even remotely concerned. Our worries were diverted by indignant outrage: didn't they realize the danger we were in?! Didn't they realize we could get smushed, or blown away into Oz? DIDN'T THEY READ BOOKS OR WATCH MOVIES? We began discussing ways - in case we did end up in Oz - that we could avoid the Scarecrow and Tin Man and Cowardly Lion and just hang out with Toto. The dog, not the band.

About ten minutes had passed since the first siren and message when another one started - WHOOOOOOP WHOOOOOOP WHOOOOOOP - followed by another message, this time in Spanish.

We looked at each other. We blinked.

"Wow. So do you think it took them that long to find someone fluent in Spanish or were they giving English speakers a head start?"

"We definitely need to write that down for the After Action report."

We both started laughing. How could we not? The situation was patently ridiculous: our hotel - and ONLY our hotel - was surrounded by a tiny cell of ultra-localized tornadoes. And our hotel was filled with attendees of the National Voluntary Organizations Active in Disaster (VOAD) conference, the best and brightest in the field of disaster management all huddled together, helpless in the face of a mercurial mother nature.

Spoiler: we didn't get blown to Oz.

That was our friendship in a nutshell: faced with absurdity, with bureaucracy, with the desire to do something good and helpful in a world that appeared to want to thwart that passion at every turn - we

laughed.

I admired her feistiness, her willingness to speak out in the face of nonsense and to speak up when her voice was most needed. She suffered exactly zero fools. She did the work - hard work, sometimes thankless work - and she most often did it behind the scenes, deliberately avoiding the spotlight. Trish empowered those around her and made them better and then held them up and encouraged them to shine. Then she'd step back and celebrate their achievements - she always loved a good celebration. She always loved celebrating friends.

Trish was my colleague. Trish was my mentor. Trish was my friend. She taught me about disaster management and networking and the power of relationships, selflessly sharing her incredible knowledge and hard-earned wisdom. She listened to me and advised me and challenged me to be the best person I could be, and then helped me become that person.

I'll miss her.

I've spent the past few days reliving memories large and small and feeling immensely grateful she was in my life.

Rest well, my friend.

Mickey Gomez - December 21, 2018 at 06:00 PM