



Patricia Sue Brewer

November 4, 1936 - January 9, 2024

Patricia Sue Brewer, 87, entered eternal rest on January 9, 2024, in San Antonio, Texas. She was born November 4, 1936, in San Antonio, Texas to her parents John Locke and Annie Burkhardt.

Patricia is survived by her daughter; Jodee Stanush (Paul M. Stanush), her sisters; Carol A. Kendall, and Cecilia Botticella (Louie Boticella), her grandchildren; Crystal, Tony, Cheryl, Mitchell, Christopher, and Rachel, and her 7 great-grandchildren.

She is preceded in death by her son; Robert William Brewer, her parents; John Locke and Annie Burkhardt, and her brother; Jack Locke.

A visitation will be held on Friday, January 19, 2024, from 12:00 pm – 1:00 pm at Mission Park South with funeral services beginning at 1:00 pm. Interment will follow at Mission Burial Park South.

Cemetery Details

Mission Burial Park South

1700 SE Military Dr.
San Antonio, TX 78214
<http://www.missionparks.com>

Previous Events

Visitation

JAN 19. 12:00 PM - 1:00 PM (CT)

Mission Park Funeral Chapels South, Cemeteries & Crematories
1700 SE Military Dr
San Antonio, TX 78214
(210) 924-4242
<https://www.missionparks.com/>

Funeral Service

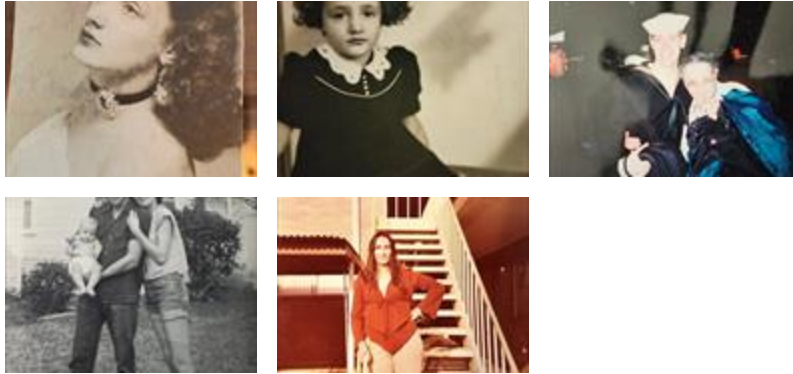
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Tribute Wall

TO

“ 6 files added to the tribute wall



Tony - May 03, 2024 at 12:54 PM

TO

“ As we bid farewell to my beloved Mamaw, let us honor her memory by holding onto the love she gave us, the lessons she taught us, and the memories we created together. Let us find comfort in knowing that she is now at peace, free from the confines of her illness.

In parting, I want to express my deepest gratitude to my Mamaw for everything she was and everything she did. Thank you, Mamaw, for your unwavering love, for your strength and resilience, and for the beautiful legacy you leave behind. You may have left this world, but your spirit lives on in me.

Rest in peace, dear Mamaw. You were, and always will be, deeply loved and forever remembered. - I Love You Forever - Tony

Tony - May 03, 2024 at 12:45 PM

TO

“Family and friends, it took me a while to come to terms with my Mamaw’s passing. We had gathered a few months back, not just in sorrow, but also in celebration of her, a woman whose life was a testament to love, strength, and resilience. Her journey with dementia was a part of her story, but it was not her entire story. I want to honor all aspects of her life, remembering her as the vibrant, loving person she was.

My Mamaw's life was hard and filled with abandonment, anger, and neglect in her early years. Through all that she had to endure in those times, she still built a close-knit community around her, where she was surrounded by loving family and lifelong friends. From her earliest days, she was known for her bright smile, her boundless energy, her artistic talent, and unwavering kindness. She was a beacon of light and joy in the lives of those who knew her, her laughter a familiar and comforting sound that echoed through our lives.

Mamaw was spirited and adventurous. She embraced life with open arms, never missing an opportunity to learn, to explore, or to help others. She met challenges head-on, her resilience and determination shining through even in the toughest of times.

Motherhood did not come easy and brought many challenges, and she did her best to pull through. Her love for her children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren was profound and unconditional. In my experience, Mamaw raised us with a gentle yet firm hand, guiding us with wisdom and compassion. She was our teacher, our confidante, and our biggest supporter. Her lessons were not just about right and wrong, but about kindness, empathy, and the importance of living a life of purpose.

In her community, she was a beloved figure. Her willingness to lend a hand, to listen, and to share her warmth made her a friend to many. She believed in the power of community and in the importance of giving back, dedicating her time and energy to God and church. Her impact on those around her was profound and lasting.

The onset of dementia was a gradual and heartbreaking process. As the illness progressed, we saw changes in her that were difficult

to comprehend and accept. Yet, through it all, glimpses of the vibrant woman she once was shone through. Her smile, though less frequent, still had the power to light up a room. Her moments of clarity, though fleeting, were cherished gifts that reminded us of the person she still was inside.

Navigating the journey of dementia with her was not easy. There were days of frustration, sadness, and overwhelming helplessness. But there were also moments of profound connection, of deep understanding, and of unconditional love. In caring for her, our family learned about patience, about the depth of our own strength, and for some of us, the unbreakable bond of family.

My Mamaw's journey with dementia taught me about the fragility of memory and the enduring power of love. Even as her memories faded, the love she had for us remained. It was evident in the way her eyes lit up when we entered the room, in her attempts to communicate with us, and in the peaceful moments we shared in silence.

As we remember her, we choose to celebrate her entire life - the vibrant years of health and the challenging years of illness. We remember her not for the struggles she faced, but for the courage with which she faced them. We remember her not for what she lost, but for what she gave us - a lifetime of love, laughter, and invaluable lessons.

In reflecting on her life, I am reminded of something she used to always tell me: "I'll be the first one to greet you at the gates of heaven and welcome you home, I promise you this." This message encapsulates the essence of her spirit - a spirit that remained unbroken and strong, despite the challenges she faced.

Tony - May 03, 2024 at 12:44 PM