



## Patricia Lou Vanzant Deen

September 25, 1931 - March 26, 2022

Born September 25, 1931, in Long Beach, California, Patricia Lou Vanzant Deen belonged to the generation that's been called "the Greatest" — and "Pat," as she was known, was no exception.

Her upbringing was split between the California boom towns of Long Beach and Bakersfield, where her parents went to escape economic hardship, and the tiny farm town of Sonora, near Springdale, Arkansas. Moving back and forth between these two worlds gave Pat a fiercely tenacious spirit, and her family's perseverance during tough times gave Pat her trademark optimism, which endured until her final moments.

Her parents — Henry Laverne Vanzant and Evalyn Marie Dickson — were among the early settlers of Sonora. Pat's grandfather started the Sonora Post Office; her parents owned and operated the family farm and the Sonora Store. After graduating from Springdale High, Pat met Jim Deen on a blind date; they married in 1949 and had two girls, Patti and Pamela. After a short stint in Bakersfield, Pat and the girls — the "Three Ps" — returned to Northwest Arkansas where Pat attended Fayetteville business college and worked as a bookkeeper at Hunt's Department Store.

When the girls were teens, the Three Ps moved back to Bakersfield for a job opportunity. (It's a good thing Pat loved to drive, as they liked to keep Route 66 hot.) Pat became a banker at a time when banking was still very much a man's world. Upon retiring after 26 years with Great Western Savings & Loan, she and her second husband, Cloyd Elgin Poindexter — better known as "Poppy" — came home to Arkansas to be closer to Pat's growing brood of grandchildren.

Children and family were Pat's purpose. Ask any family member, and they'll tell you she'd do anything for them. She was a giver without question or judgment — the kind who'd befriend anyone who needed someone. Her home was a home to many: family, friends, neighbors and kids. She was a provider through and through, and asked for little in return. She gave of her whole self, and her whole heart.

Her tenacious spirit gave her sass, spunk and a sharp tongue; her optimism ensured she never knew a bad day. She was full of juxtapositions: She loved her sparkly jewelry and salon visits but also loved to chat all things sports. She loved reading and crocheting, people watching, cooking and train rides. She was strong and independent, even into her nineties, of which she was immensely proud. She passed away peacefully at home on March 26.

She is survived by her daughter, Patti Gay; her grandchildren, Samantha Wood (Chris), Natalie Gay, Dominic Lopez (Lacey) and Anthony Gay (Julianne); her great-grandchildren, Erly, Lincoln, Adriana, Elwyn, Eva, Amalia and a new baby on the way; her brother, Kenneth Vanzant (Peggy); her stepsons, Charlie, David and Thomas McWhorter; and her beloved, Kaitlin. She was preceded in death by her second husband, Cloyd Elgin Poindexter; her third husband, John McWhorter; her daughter, Pamela Bachman; her grandson, Trevor Lopez; and her son-in-law, Chuck Gay.

Pat was a recipient of the Paul Harris Fellow from the Rotary Club Award and was a member of First United Methodist Church Downtown Rogers.

A visitation will be held 9:30 a.m. Saturday April 16, 2022 at First United Methodist Church with a memorial service starting at 10:00 a.m.

The family is grateful to Circle of Life for their compassion and love. In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to the Single Parent Scholarship Fund of Northwest Arkansas <https://interland3.donorperfect.net/weblink/weblink.aspx?name=E345053&id=13> , or to the American Lung Association [https://action.lung.org/site/Donation2?df\\_id=37359&mfc\\_pref=T&37359.donation=form1&s\\_src=PaidSearch&gclid=EAlaIQobChM Mn4uC9wIVlxXUAR35wAsnEAAYASABEgK6hvD\\_BwE](https://action.lung.org/site/Donation2?df_id=37359&mfc_pref=T&37359.donation=form1&s_src=PaidSearch&gclid=EAlaIQobChM Mn4uC9wIVlxXUAR35wAsnEAAYASABEgK6hvD_BwE) .

# Previous Events

## Visitation

APR **16.** 9:30 AM (CT)

First United Methodist Church  
307 W Elm Street  
Rogers, AR 72758

## Memorial Service

APR **16.** 10:00 AM (CT)

First United Methodist Church  
307 W Elm Street  
Rogers, AR 72758

# Tribute Wall

CF

“ Charlie & Jaye McWhorter family purchased the Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum for the family of Patricia Lou Vanzant Deen.



Charlie & Jaye McWhorter family - April 12 at 12:52 AM

EM

“ Oh wow! Truly she was like my second mom always related to me and you and Pam were my sisters more than friends. Your mom had this spunk in her she made life fun. She let me drive that mercury comet convertible and trusted me! She made me laugh she made me feel loved and needed thru my teen years. God knew I needed someone. I called her last year and her mind was so sharp she was like I was talking to her back in the good old days. Her smile, her humor she was beautiful! You got to have her a long time sweetie, but sorry she had to go. I love you my dear Patti, so many memories. Hugs and prayers for hard times right now losing her and Pam and Chuck!

Edna May - April 11 at 12:21 PM

PG

Thank you Edna May.  
She always had a great day! Positive and a great attitude.  
We will all miss her!

Patti Gay - April 17 at 09:12 AM



“ Sentiments of Serenity Spray was purchased for the family of Patricia Lou Vanzant Deen.



April 11 at 09:39 AM



“ Full Of Love Bouquet was purchased for the family of Patricia Lou Vanzant Deen.



April 10 at 12:32 PM



“ *Beautiful in Blue* was purchased for the family of Patricia Lou Vanzant Deen.



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April 09 at 11:34 PM



“ *Small Garden Dish* was purchased for the family of Patricia Lou Vanzant Deen.



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April 09 at 11:39 AM

“Wonderful obituary! Pat, or Mrs. P as I called her, was hard to capture in words. I never met anyone who told better stories. In the early 2000s I moved across the street from her and Mr. P (Poppy). He immediately brought to my front door a plate of warm cookies, made from the recipe inside of the Quaker Oats canister but which he tweaked in his special way (extra chocolate, dried cranberries, etc.). When I returned the empty plate a couple of days later I met Pat, sitting at her kitchen table in a robe, her hair a mess, smoking a cigarette and drinking lukewarm black coffee. I would learn she sat at this table much of the day, surrounded by mail and magazines and, most importantly, the Morning News, where I was a reporter. Pat read EVERYthing I wrote, first thing every day, and she was always ready to tell me about it. I was magnetically drawn to her house every morning for coffee and to hear her talk (if she hadn't finished the pot of coffee the day before, she'd simply microwave the leftover). She always shot you straight. Her speech was peppered with old-timey vocabulary and I'd feel inexplicably transported to the time period and place of her experiences.

From her kitchen chair, Pat could directly see my front door and tell when I came and went and who visited. Nothing escaped her. "Who was that?" "Where have you been?" For a gal like me with no relatives nearby, she was instant family and I happily complied with her wish that I call her "Mama." I was (one of her) "brown-eyed girls." I took in foster children for a while and she was happy to report any errant behavior or things seemingly out of order. When I entered a hopeless marriage, she always listened, supported me, and never made me feel as foolish as I surely was. Though she was tough as nails, she never refused anyone; the person calling for a donation always received a check, and to a fault she always helped neighbors and friends who asked.

Those were amazing years and I'll never be able to replace her; I hung upon every word of her stories about growing up with a undiagnosed broken hip, her relationship woes, single parenting, her many lifelong friends, a long-ago boyfriend who took her across the globe but ultimately "got away" (but whom she'd go back to California and marry after Poppy died --- in his 90s that man was crotchety and confining, but she tolerated him and maintained a loving relationship with his sons). We all cheered for joy when she moved back to Arkansas after the passing of that third husband. Who else but Pat would tell you so plainly what you needed to hear? Her words were never tainted with propriety. Once, I hadn't seen her for a stretch; as soon as I came in the door she looked me up and down and said, "So, how much weight are you going to gain?"

Much love to Pat's family; you've had a difficult road with many losses. Patti, you are the most faithful daughter that I've ever observed, you were her greatest gift. Thank you for sharing her with us all.



Robin Mero Butler - April 08 at 11:47 AM

PG

*We'll said Robin. True to every word. She can never be replaced. My aching heart ❤️*

Patti Gay - April 18 at 10:21 AM