



Patricia Helen Renaud

September 21, 1929 - January 7, 2014

Racine, Wisconsin

Patricia Renaud, artist, writer, and adored mother of Patrick, Bay, and Peter Renaud, and their sister, Summer Graef, her life itself was a work of art and illumined the lives of family, friends, felines, canines, birds and flora who were her intimates. In September, the family celebrated her graduation from Goddard College, with an MFA in the Interdisciplinary Arts. For her thesis, she described her art process as follows, capturing so well the work and the life:

“My process, the wonder I have, is the ongoing living search for why the artist must, must paint, must write, must create, how and why we must. It is the irrevocable, irreconcilable, why does art matter so much to me, what and why the aesthetic importance of myriad detritus of life, colors and shapes, be it vegetables, chairs and tables, miniatures, vases of flowers, a fury face, the chaos of the garden, is meaningful to me, compels me to touch, to arrange or to paint. Marcel Duchamp’s art legacy, left to us to find inspiration in his aesthetic, hedonistic, ascetic life of lart pour lart, breathing in and breathing out, impels ardent research of my inner self for my own truths.”

All your friends, flora, fauna, and humans, miss your presence, dearest Pat, which lives on and flourishes in us all.

Her children will be posting more photos of her life and work in the days and weeks to come. Thank you all who have been so generous and supportive.

Farewell Tribute Information

Her family is hosting a memorial in the home of the artist for family and friends from 4pm to 8pm, to drop in or stay, Saturday, January 11th.

Tribute Wall

BQ

“ My sincere condolences to Patricia’s family and friends. May you find comfort in the promise of Revelation 21:4- “He will wipe out every tear from their eyes, and death will be no more, neither will mourning nor outcry nor pain be anymore. The former things have passed away.” I am truly sorry for your loss.

Babe Quintrall - January 07, 2014 at 12:00 AM

JR

“ I miss my grandmother more than anything. I have dreams about phone calls where she would grab the phone from Summer saying “Is that Jena” “WOW!” “JENNNNNNAAAAA” in a high pitch voice. I would almost respond outloud and then wake up realizing that it was a dream, but a vivid one. That is what my grandma was, vivid. Her walk, talk, look, and silence was a presence in itself. I have a memories of her getting dressed and saying to me “Do I look okay?”, and then looking at me and saying “Well aren’t you a doll.”. I’m satisfied in knowing that she passed willingly, and the fact that she visits me in my dreams. I beleive that I’m still her doll, and her buddah baby. I love you grandma!

Jenalyse Renaud - January 07, 2014 at 12:00 AM