In Memoriam
Dr. Richard F. Patteson
August 23, 1946-June 20, 2010

We lost our dear friend and colleague Richard Patteson on June 20, 2010, after his year-long struggle with lymphoma.

During that struggle, Richard had bravely endured chemotherapy and radiation treatments, and his courage gave us hope, particularly as we watched him plan, with his usual exuberance, a trip to Mexico and new scholarly adventures in Caribbean literature.

Though the disease thwarted Richard’s plans, his death generated tearful but joyful celebrations of his life and work. Within a week of his passing, over 100 colleagues and students followed Richard’s friends Kelly Marsh and Pat Creevy to the Old Venice tavern, where we toasted stories about Richard as teacher, writer, and friend.

After cousin Joan Ashmore and her husband Robert buried Richard next to his mother in West Virginia, Richard’s dear friends Jack and Emilie White tended to Richard’s estate while the rest of us planned a more formal fair-well. That celebration of Richard occurred on Saturday, September 18, at the Hotel Chester, where a former student, Professor Eric Smith, introduced Robert Antoni, the Caribbean novelist featured in Richard’s recently published book, *The Fiction of Robert Antoni: Writing in the Estuary*. Dr. Antoni read from his recent work, weaving memories of Richard among the threads of his narrative; he then opened the floor to other memories of Richard and reflections on his work.

Knowing Richard would approve, we then adjourned to hors d’oeuvres and drinks, and I offer the photos below as proof of that approval. Both shots feature Richard in party-mode, first with Emilie and Jack White, then with Connie and Gary Myers and Pat Creevy.

I’ll close this remembrance with another, this one from Dr. Bryan Johnson, an associate professor of English at Samford University:

“I’ve known Richard since I was 18, when I walked into my first college class. I was a first-generation college student, had no idea what to expect from a college professor, and I was terrified. Richard’s gentle, sardonic humor was precisely what my shy, nervy self needed and he became something of a surrogate father to me. It is no stretch at all to say the evolutionary trunk of my education begins with Richard.”