



## Patricia Louise Pollak

May 31, 1929 - March 28, 2020

Patricia Louise Pollak Born May 31, 1929 Left this earth on March 28, 2020

Born in Pocatello, Idaho, to Linnea Hildegard Johnson Pollak and Ludwig Pollak, joining two older brothers, Donald Johnson Pollak and William Dean Pollak.

Pat completed her undergraduate work at the University of Oregon. She moved to NYC and after working for a few years, was accepted in Teachers College, the Graduate School of Education at Columbia and earned her masters on May 16, 1973. She began work on her PhD, proposing field work to study Gullah - its history, development, and continuation as its own special form of English - on the Sea Islands of South Carolina and Georgia.

Long interested in literacy, particularly among immigrants, she taught English as a second language to adult immigrants at Rutgers in NJ. She became involved with a Literacy program in NYC which eventually came to be affiliated with the NY Public Library. After retiring, she relocated to Flagstaff, AZ, where she loved the wide open spaces and bought acreage on which to plant trees and with room for her dogs to roam. She also volunteered for years on a local level in Flagstaff teaching adults to read.

Pat eschewed formal dogmatic religion, preferring the quiet spiritual aspects

of the Quakers. She was very engaged in politics and was an Unabashed! Progressive! Democrat! living her values and contributing to organizations aiding the homeless, the hungry, the illiterate, and the oppressed. Additionally, she was very concerned with preserving the environment, giving to societies dedicated to protecting our natural habitat. She loved animals and supported numerous groups devoted to their care.

Survivors include two nieces, Katharine Pollak and Dawn Cwynar; two nephews, Terrance Pollak and Dean Pollak; one cousin, Buff Bethlen; and two sisters-in-law, Barbara Pollak and Dorothy Pollak. Treasured friends include Elise Prayzich, Mary Jo Hernandez, Becky Ebersole and Amanda Blanco. Her two brothers, Donald Johnson Pollak and William Dean Pollak, and one niece, Kelly Ann Wilkins-Bower, preceded her in leaving this earth.

Informal Celebration of Life in the Rose Garden on George Fox Campus at a later date. Rain option: to be announced if needed.

Memorial contributions may be made in Patricia's honor to the following:  
Guide Dogs for the Blind, 32901 SE Kelso Rd, Boring, OR 97009, [www.GuideDogs.com](http://www.GuideDogs.com) - Ph: (503) 668-2100

NW Senior and Disability Services, 300 South Hill Road S, McMinnville, OR 97128, [www.nwsds.org](http://www.nwsds.org) - Ph: (503) 472-9441

Oregon Conservancy [www.oceanconservancy.org](http://www.oceanconservancy.org) Ph:800-519-1541

Oregon Food Bank [www.oregonfoodbank.org](http://www.oregonfoodbank.org) Ph: 503-282-0555

Center for Biological Diversity, PO Box 710, Tuscan, AZ 85702-0710 - [www.biologicaldiversity.org](http://www.biologicaldiversity.org) - Ph: 520-623-5252 Toll Free: 866-357-3349

Habitat for Humanity, 620 N. Morton St., Newberg, OR 97132 [www.newberghabitat.org](http://www.newberghabitat.org)

Newberg Habitat for Humanity, PO Box 118, Newberg, OR 97132

# Tribute Wall

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“ Pat and I first met at our grandmother's 80th birthday party. We saw each other periodically over the next several years and shared a room together in Pocatello ten years later, staying up half the night, reading and smoking Lucky Strikes. She moved to New York shortly afterwards and I came to visit many times. We'd go out to eat and to the Rainbow Room, theater and museums. When I moved to New York in 1968, she asked me to stay in her apartment and take care of things while she was teaching in Vermont. I had found my own apartment but couldn't move in for a few weeks so when she returned, we were roomies again, this time in a studio apartment. It worked out fine because she was at work all day while I was in school all day from 9 in the morning until 9 at night. I can never express my gratitude to her because she was a wonderful "sister" to me, taking care of me in her apartment when I injured my back and helping me in many ways through my long chronic illness. We each had a wild sense of humor and shared a lot of laughs together. We also scouted the neighborhood churches together in an attempt to find one we'd like to join. If we liked the people at fellowship hour, we'd return. If we didn't, we'd try another church the next week. We took sewing classes at Singer and stop-smoking classes at SmokeEnders. I became friends with her friends and she with mine. We would make long lists of things we'd like to do on weekends and did most of them. I can't even express how much I will miss her because my life is filled with so many happy memories.

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Buff Bethlen - April 01, 2020 at 07:35 PM