

IN LOVING MEMORY OF



SUNRISE
SEPT. 18, 1942

SUNSET
MAY 26, 2026

Patricia
HIBBERT

OUR LADY OF LOURDES CATHOLIC CHURCH
25 BOULEVARD NE | ATLANTA, GA 30312
FR. JEFFERY OTT, O.P. - PASTOR | FUNERAL MASS - 11 AM



Order of Service

Opening Hymn | Goodness of God
Sprinkling with Holy Water
Placing of the Pall
Opening Prayer | Fr. Jeffery Ott, O.P. - Pastor

Liturgy Of The Word

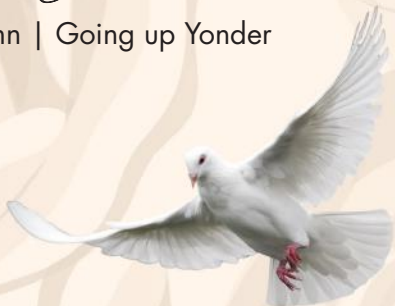
First Reading | Lamentations 3:17-26 - Noah Joseph Hibbert
Responsorial Psalm | Psalm 23
ALL: The Lord is my shepherd, there is nothing I shall want
Second Reading | Romans 14:7-9, 10C-12 - Marrisa Chai Hibbert
Gospel Acclamation
Gospel Matthew 25:31-46 | Deacon Lennison "Lenny" Alexander
Homily
General Intercessions
Sign of Peace

Liturgy Of The Eucharist

Preparation Hymn | Perfect Praise (Oh How Excellent)
Eucharistic Prayer
The Lord's Prayer
Lamb of God
Communion Hymn | Taste and See
Communion Meditation Hymn | Don't Cry for Me
Words of Remembrance | Kirk Ricardo Hibbert

Final Commendation

Closing Hymn | Going up Yonder





Obituary

Patricia Watson was born on September 18, 1942, in Accompong Town, a proud, historic Maroon village in the hills of St. Elizabeth, Jamaica. She came into the world at home, with a midwife, the firstborn child of Claude Watson and Gwendolyn Cross. Claude would ride his horse from White Hall to visit Gwendolyn, and from that union Patricia was born, carrying from birth the pioneer spirit that would define her entire life.

Patricia came of age in Kingston, raised by her Uncle Oscar and his wife, Nez. Their home on East Race Course with its wide veranda and garden was a model of grace and industry that Patricia absorbed deeply. It was there she began crocheting handmade pieces and raffling them off at parties, an early and telling sign of the creative, entrepreneurial spirit she would carry always.

At Grantham College she met Ruel St. Joseph Hibbert affectionately known as "Chubby", and the course of her life was set. They moved in a circle of young friends near Regent Street and understood, that life was lighter when shared. Patricia and Ruel married on March 3, 1962. Together, they were blessed with four children, Sandra Denise, Kirk Ricardo, and Andre Alexandro were born in Jamaica, while their youngest, Gregory St. Mark, was born in Queens, New York. As parents, Patricia and Chubby focused deeply on providing for their children's needs, while always making room for their wants and dreams.

Patricia was always a visionary. Her first trip to the United States came in 1966, years before the family permanently relocated. As a young mother, she brought Denise with her, already thinking ahead and planning for the future. The family eventually settled on Long Island, while Patricia commuted daily into Manhattan for work. She first worked at Morgan Guaranty Trust on Wall Street before joining Pan Am initially at its Manhattan Data Center and later at its facility in Rockleigh, New Jersey. At both companies, she worked as a Key Punch Operator. Patricia's coworkers described her as quiet, dependable, hardworking, and always willing to help others.

Patricia's determination to provide was matched only by her boundless love for entertaining. A woman of vision, poise, grace, and drive, her presence was infectious both in the workplace and at home. Her passion for dance and music remained a constant throughout her life; when a song touched her heart, she could always be heard humming or singing along. She made sure her children appreciated the art of gathering, whether she was hosting quiet, intimate dinners or lively gala parties. Patricia was, in every sense, Martha Stewart before Martha herself.

A position at JFK Airport in Queens, New York as a Passenger Service Agent opened the world to her literally. Her love of travel took her to many corners of the globe, from the comfortably familiar to the breathtakingly exotic. Pan American Airlines allowed her to explore the world alongside her beloved husband and children. She delighted in recounting stories of dancing with Chubby in the first-class cabin of a 747 enroute to Bangkok. Patricia later transitioned to Delta Airlines, where she generously shared her "buddy passes" with family and friends, opening the world of travel to many.

At JFK she built friendships that lasted a lifetime. She also earned her real estate license, because sitting still was never her nature. With Chubby, they ran a sneaker store on Long Island and later Angel Flakes, a Jamaican bakery in Brooklyn. Chubby was the face of those ventures, however Patricia was the foundation.

When Chubby fell ill, Patricia traveled between Georgia and New York, holding the family steady while tending to him. After losing him in 1998, she remained in Atlanta, GA and continued, as she always had, to move forward. Retirement was never a full stop for her — she returned to Delta in their claims and loss department and later worked as a bookkeeper for a daycare in Decatur, where she met Yvonne Latty-Forbes, a dear friend who loved nothing more than a Saturday at Macy's with Patricia. Yvonne was by her side on her final day.

Her faith was not confined only to Sundays. Patricia volunteered with the Society of St. Vincent de Paul at Our Lady of Lourdes, faithfully counting and depositing funds for a ministry devoted to providing the poor with food, clothing, shelter, and transportation — work that aligned perfectly with who she had always been. She also tended a vegetable garden, sharing its bounty freely, a gesture rooted in a Jamaican heritage she never let go of.

In her final years, Patricia faced illness with the same dignity she had brought to every season of her life. Her son Andre opened his home, ensuring she would never face those years alone. His daughter Sierra cared for her grandmother intimately and attentively every day until the very end, tending to her comfort and peace with a love that went far beyond duty.

On the day God called her home, our hearts ached deeply. Yet we take profound comfort in knowing she is now at peace, resting in the arms of our Creator, and joyfully reunited with her beloved Chubby.

Patricia is survived by her children: Denise (Randy), Kirk (Ernestine), Andre, and Gregory (Nathalie); her grandchildren: David (Shannon), Randi, Gabrielle (Colin), Sierra, Chai, Noah, Andre Jr., Amir, Joshua, and Jonah; her great-granddaughter, Lauryn; and her sister, Veronica, in addition to many nieces, nephews and friends. She was preceded in death by her husband, Ruel; her brothers, Victor, Roye, and Errol; and her parents, Claude and Gwendolyn Watson.







Memories To Cherish

Mom taught me that how you carry yourself matters. She had a special way of making a house feel like a home, and she took pride in everything she did. I will always remember her love of dancing, traveling, cooking, and creating beautiful spaces for her family. More than anything, I will remember her strength, determination, and the example she set for us to always strive for excellence. Her love and influence will remain with me forever.

— Denise

Mom's love was unintentionally confusing, often masked by pride and fear. It wasn't a lack of courage, but rather a fierce fear of loss—the loss of connection. To some, this might seem like a slight against her, but I assure you it isn't. Hang with me! It took courage to look behind her veil, things on the surface were just hints at something deeper, and for a long time I was disheartened by my own lack of courage to look beyond the surface. It was easy to fight back, but I had the vision of an adolescent.

Then came a fateful day when Mom, Dad, and I were heading to JFK to drop me off for a flight to RI, to compete for a Navy scholarship. Sitting in the back seat, barely out of the driveway, Mom started in on me. Unprovoked, I patiently waited for a chance to counter—not to her directly, but through Dad. I leaned forward and asked him, "Why is Mom like this? What did I do to vex her?"

Without taking his eyes off the road, maintaining his usual calm demeanor, Dad replied matter-of-factly, "Son, your mother loves you and is going to miss you."

Up until that point, my life felt opaque, full of scattered dreams and uncertainty about where I fit. In that single moment, everything became clear. No matter where I went or what happened, I had the foundation. The baton had passed; it was now my sprint.

That journey culminated fourteen years ago with a phone call. "Mom," I said, "I just flew over the house in Jamaica." Without hesitation, she replied, "Son, I knew someday you would."

— Ricky



Mom was a woman of great pride, generosity, and heart. She loved her family deeply and showed that love through her cooking, her guidance, and the countless ways she cared for others.

One of the greatest gifts she gave me was my entrepreneurial spirit. Long before I understood what it meant to hustle, I watched her do it every day. Whether she was finding opportunities, making something out of nothing, or figuring out how to stretch a dollar further than anyone thought possible, she taught me that success comes from determination, creativity, and hard work. Much of the drive and hustle that people see in me today came directly from watching her.

She taught me the importance of hard work, presentation, and taking pride in who you are. I will always cherish the lessons she shared, the stories she told, and the joy she found in dancing, gardening, traveling, and bringing people together. I am grateful to have been her son, and I will carry her lessons with me for the rest of my life.

— **Andre**

I am in awe of your courage, sacrifice, and unwavering commitment to your family. You left your beautiful island and came to cold New York in search of a better life and greater opportunities for those you loved.

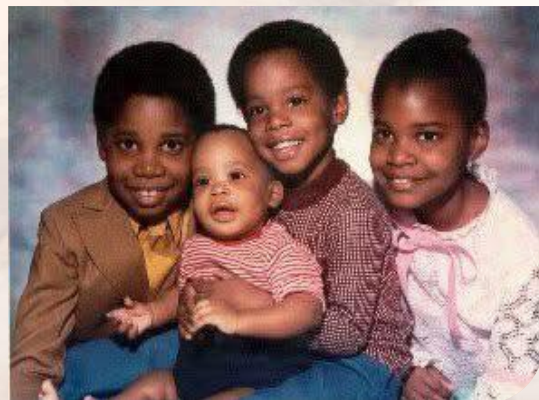
Because of that decision, you gave us so much more than a new home. You gave us your determination, your resilience, and your spirit.

As a child, I hated when you would make me waltz with you. All I wanted to do was watch my Saturday morning cartoons. But now I understand that, in your own way, you were teaching me something far more important—that family comes first, and that the moments we share with one another matter. You taught me that it is easy to snap a single pencil, but nearly impossible to break four pencils bound together. It was your way of teaching us that our strength would always be found in each other.

Everything I am is rooted in the values you lived every day. Those same values have been passed down to your grandchildren, ensuring that your legacy will continue long after all of us are gone.

I am going to miss you more than words can express, but I am forever grateful that I was blessed to call you my mother. Thank you for the lessons, the sacrifices, the love, and the foundation upon which our family stands today. I love you, Mom.

— **Gregory**





Desiderata

Poem By Max Ehrmann

Go placidly amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons.

Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here.

And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.



Pallbearers

David C. Pinckney | Noah J. Hibbert | Andre A. Hibbert
Amir M. Hibbert | Joshua A. Hibbert | Jonah G. Hibbert

Repast

Immediately following Service
Parish Hall | Our Lady of Lourdes Catholic Church
25 Boulevard NE | Atlanta, GA 30312



*Thank you for your love and support during this time.
We humbly ask that you pray for our family and the soul
of our mother, Patricia.*

*With Love,
The Hibbert Family*

In honor of Patricia Hibbert's life and faith, the family invites you to consider making a donation to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul whose ministry is devoted to aiding the poor with food, clothing, shelter, and transportation. Please scan QR code to contribute or mail check payable to:

Our Lady of Lourdes | 25 Boulevard NE | Atlanta, GA 30312.
In the memo field please specify St. Vincent de Paul.



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