

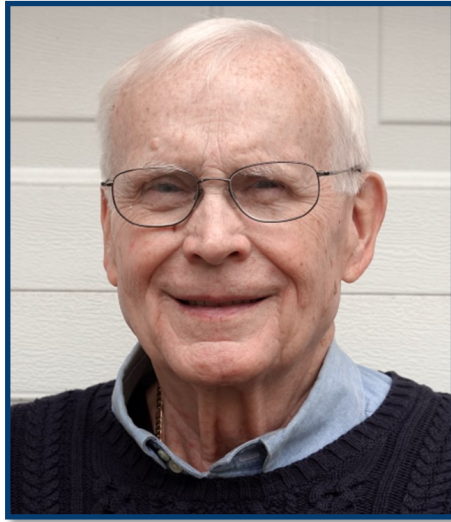
IN LOVING MEMORY

*Patrick John Tyson*

APRIL 28, 1953 - AUGUST 5, 2024

# Patrick John Tyson

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## *Memorial Service*

2 p.m., Saturday, August 10, 2024

Munden Funeral Home, Morehead City, NC

Officiant, Mr. Carl Tilghman / Pianist, Gaye Atwood

WELCOME & PRAYER

“AMAZING GRACE”

Congregational Hymn # 293

EULOGY

TIME OF REMEMBRANCE

Open For Congregation To Share

LETTER FROM PATRICK

SPECIAL REMARKS

“WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS”

Congregational Hymn # 293

BENEDICTION

Charlotte invites family & friends to join everyone at the  
Morehead City Train Depot 1001 Arendell St, Downtown (Approx. 1 Mile)

Patrick John Tyson, 71, of Morehead City, North Carolina, passed away on Monday, August 5, 2024, at ECU Health Medical Center in Greenville.

Patrick was born on April 28, 1953, in Richmond, Virginia, to the late Norton and Monique Tyson. Patrick's passion for knowledge led him to pursue higher education at Kenan-Flagler Business School, UNC-Chapel Hill, where he earned his Master of Business Administration. His dedication and hard work paved the way for a successful career in the property management field.

Patrick's life was intertwined with a remarkable love story as he married his high school sweetheart, Charlotte; they shared 51 wonderful years of marriage filled with travel and adventure. Their journeys took them to over 25 countries worldwide where they embraced new and exciting experiences. Patrick particularly loved scuba diving and boating. They both loved taking pictures and collecting memories from all of their vast and amazing adventures.

Throughout their lives together, Patrick and Charlotte lived in various places including West Virginia and Washington DC before settling in Raleigh, NC for 35 years. In 2018, they made Morehead City, NC their home. Patrick actively participated in the Morehead City Chapter of the Antique Automobile Club of America where he continued to serve his third term as President; he was recently elected as Vice President of the statewide organization. Additionally, he contributed to his community by serving as the Architectural Committee Chairman for the Brandywine Homeowner's Association.

Patrick was a strong supporter of the Oxford Houses of North Carolina, demonstrating his commitment to aiding individuals recovering from substance abuse issues or reentering society from post-treatment programs or correctional facilities.

His various hobbies included his beloved car collection which ranged from a vintage 1960 Triumph TR3A to a modern 2020 Dodge Challenger Hellcat Red Eye wide-body. Patrick had an eye for capturing special moments through photography with his extensive camera collection and sharing those photos with friends. He held a particular fascination for watches. He delighted in wearing and displaying them.

Patrick will be remembered not only for his professional achievements but also for his unwavering dedication to his beloved wife, community involvement, and passion for life. His memory will live on in the hearts of all those who had the privilege of knowing him.

Those remaining to cherish his memory are his loving wife of 51 years, Charlotte Ann Tyson; sister, Evelyn Felts of Kent, England; and aunt, Catherine Tyson of Mattaponi, VA.

As an expression of sympathy, memorial contributions may be made to the Oxford Houses of North Carolina, 9016 Mustard Seed Lane, Garner, NC 27529.

## Letter from Tom

Our life together began in high school, as Juniors and Seniors we were inseparable until it was time for college. Pat headed off to Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh in the fall of 1971 and I stayed in our home town of Richmond to attend the University of Richmond. We talked on the phone constantly but then I received my first and only love letter from Pat. If that first love letter encompasses all of the feelings, hopes and dreams of the person you love you have no need for another love letter.

Sometime in the fall, 1971  
from a dorm room at Carnegie Mellon...

Dear Charlotte,

I promised I'd write you a letter, and so I am. It's Sunday night, eleven o'clock and I'm listening to the Moody Blues sing to me under the headphones. I certainly hope we get to see them.

Tonight I thought about old times. Our trips to Gatlinburg, Nags Head, Delaware all coursed through my mind. They were wonderful times; as I look back they seem as if enchanted, unreal.

There are so many things I want to say to you that I can't even begin to put into words. Suffice it to say that you love me, and understand. Your understanding has been a heaven-sent gift to me, for no one knows better than my deep-down inner self that I am difficult. I depend on you and I love you. One day I'll buy you a boat, because somehow you belong on one. You are free and happy, with no worries to anchor you in place.

I miss you so much sometimes it hurts. The worst part is, it often shows. I guess I'm just not a very strong person. You are on my mind every minute of every day, and in all I do or say. If you ever left me I'd be completely lost.

You might call this a love letter. That is what it's meant to be, at any rate. You wonder why I don't say these things more often, I know. I wonder too. Maybe I'm just not very emotional. Some beautiful words by a man called John Sebastian: My darling be home soon, I couldn't bear to wait an extra minute of the day... it's not just these few minutes but I've been waiting since I went away for the great relief of having you to talk to. I need you Charlotte, to talk to, to be with, to look at, hold, confide in.

One day maybe I can make you as happy as you make me. Together we'll make it. And if you want me, I'll stay with you until the end. No matter where or what. Without you life is meaningless to me. Perhaps that's why it's such a struggle up here. It seems like it's raining or snowing all the time. If only you were here to smile at me everything would be all right. All you have to do is smile and it helps so much.

I'm sure by now you think that I've gone completely crazy and that I'm not even really writing this letter. But it's really me. I really love you. I guess it's like the song goes:

Admit what you're feeling  
and see what's in front of you  
It's never out of your sight.  
(Moody Blues – Never Come the Day)

All my Love,  
Pat

*And that is how we lived our lives for the last 51 years.*

# Our Wedding Song - 1973



... If a picture paints a thousand words  
Then why can't I paint you?  
The words will never show  
The you I've come to know  
If a face could launch a thousand ships  
Then where am I to go?  
There's no one home but you  
You're all that's left me too

... And when my love for life is running dry  
You come and pour yourself on me

... If a man could be two places at one time  
I'd be with you  
Tomorrow and today  
Beside you all the way  
If the world should stop revolving  
Spinning slowly down to die  
I'd spend the end with you  
And when the world was through

... Then one by one the stars would all go out  
Then you and I would simply fly away

SONGWRITER: DAVID GATES OF BREAD