Mary Patricia (Pat) Madsen (Jones), 82, of Presho, SD, passed away on April 21st, 2025. Pat was born to William A. Jones and Helen Rose Durkin in Pierre, SD, on February 26th, 1942. She lived at Fort George with her Grandma Lima Fallis and Grandpa Patrick Durkin until the 8th grade, when she moved to Kadoka to live with her parents.

Pat married the love of her life, Chris W. Madsen, on September 23rd, 1960, at Our Lady of Victory Church in Kadoka. To this union, seven children were born – Christine, Patrick, Carmen, Kelly, Willie, Kimm, and Michael. In 1965, they moved to Long Valley, and in 1969, they relocated to Fort George. In 1975, they settled at their lifelong home on the ranch north of Presho.

Pat worked at Lower Brule Elementary for a couple of years before beginning her long career with the Lower Brule Sioux Tribe Head Start program in 1973. She dedicated 47 years to the program, retiring in 2020. During her time at Head Start, she also served on the board for the National Head Start Association in Washington, D.C. She attended many national meetings and visited other reservation Head Start programs. Over the years, she became known as "Granny Pat" to many generations, remembered for the love and kindness she shared with all. Her well-known saying was, "If a child knew they were loved, they would make it."

In addition to raising her two grandchildren, Stormie and Dylan, she also cared for her nephews, Roddy and Randy, who lived with her. Many other children spent a great deal of their formative years in her household. Each one of them continues to hold a special place in her heart.

Pat loved to dance with her husband, read, write poems and stories, plant flowers, garden, and spend time with her grandchildren. She was also a renowned cook who loved to bake and prepare meals for others—especially her famous taco salad and crazy cake with homemade fudge frosting.

Pat leaves behind her husband of 64 years, Chris W. Madsen, and five children: Christine (Jim) Olson of Ft. Pierre; Kelly (Teresa) Madsen of Ft. Pierre; Willie Madsen of Presho; Kimm (Ron) Schweitzer of Presho; and Michael Shane Madsen of Presho. She is also survived by her sister, Kathy (Dave) Ling of Rifle, CO. She leaves behind 13 grandchildren—Stormie Madsen, Jami Larson, Patrick Olson, Andrew Madsen, Dylan Madsen, Ryder Schweitzer, Mariah Hoelscher, Kateri McManus, Maleah Tuttle, Briar Rose Schweitzer, Clare Madsen, Jameson Madsen, and Reva Madsen—as well as 11 great-grandchildren and many nieces and nephews.

She is preceded in death by her parents, William A. Jones and Helen (Teeter) Rose Durkin; her sister, Mickey Neuman; her newborn son, Patrick; her daughter, Carmen; her in-laws, Esther and John "Chris" Madsen; and brothers-in-law, Durward and Bruce.

Pat was kind, wise, nurturing, and loving to all she met.

In Loving Memory of

Mary Patricia "Pat" Madsen

February 26, 1942 ~ April 21, 2025

Wake Services
St. Mary's Catholic Church
Lower Brule, SD
6:00 p.m., Monday, April 28, 2025

Funeral Service
St. Mary's Catholic Church
Lower Brule, SD
10:00 a.m., Tuesday, April 29, 2025

Officiating
Father Jean Claude SCJ
Father Christianus Hendrik SCJ

Casketbearers
Kelly Madsen
Willie Madsen
Michael Madsen
Ron Schweitzer
Randy Jandreau
Roddy Jandreau

Honorary Bearers
All of her staff and graduates from her time at Head Start.

Interment
St. Michaels Catholic Cemetery
Kennebec, SD

Everyone is invited for lunch and fellowship
at St. Michael's Catholic Church following the committal services.

***Arrangements By**: Hickey Funeral Home, Chamberlain, SD*

Somebody's Mother

Mary Dow Brine

The woman was old and ragged and *gray*
And bent with the chill of the Winter's *day*.
The street was wet with a recent *snow*
And the woman's feet were aged and *slow*.
She stood at the crossing and waited *long*,
Alone, uncared for, amid the *throng*
Of human beings who passed her *by*
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious *eyes*.
Down the street, with laughter and *shout*,
Glad in the freedom of "school let *out*,"
Came the boys like a flock of *sheep*,
Hailing the snow piled white and *deep*.
Past the woman so old and *gray*
Hastened the children on their *way*.
Nor offered a helping hand to *her* —
So meek, so timid, afraid to *stir*
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' *feet*
Should crowd her down in the slippery *street*.
At last came one of the merry *troop*,
The gayest laddie of all the *group*:
He paused beside her and whispered *low*,
"I'll help you cross, if you wish to *go*."
Her aged hand on his strong young *arm*
She placed, and so, without hurt or *harm*,
He guided the trembling feet *along*,
Proud that his own were firm and *strong*.
Then back again to his friends he *went*,
His young heart happy and well *content*.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you *know*,
For all she's aged and poor and *slow*.
"And I hope some fellow will lend a *hand*
To help my mother, you *understand*,
"If ever she's poor and old and *gray*,
When her own dear boy is far *away*."
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her *head*
In her home that night, and the prayer she *said*
Was "God be kind to the noble *boy*,
Who is somebody's son, and pride and *joy*!"

In Loving Memory Of

Mary Patricia "Pat" Madsen

1942 ~ 2025