



Acknowledgements

The family sincerely thanks the staff of Burlington House Healthcare Center who showed Patricia so much care, understanding, and compassion during the 6.5 years she lived there. The family is grateful in particular to Sara Osborne and Charity for their excellence during those years in daily care and interaction with Patricia and for their kindness to Patricia's family. We are also deeply grateful to the chaplains and hospice nurses of Dignity Care Hospice for their kindness, compassion, and advocacy for Patricia and her family as they sat bedside during the week of Patricia's journey home.



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IN LOVING
Memory



Patricia Anne Cameron Lang

March 24, 1942 - May 9, 2026



Obituary

Patricia Anne Cameron Lang, 84, of Cincinnati, Ohio, passed away peacefully on May 9, 2026 at Burlington House Healthcare Center from complications related to dementia and COPD. She had been a resident at Burlington House for 6.5 years. By Patricia's side were her daughter Lisa Howe, son Rick Phillips, and granddaughter Jesselyn Alvarado Ballestero, as well as Jesselyn's wife Monique.

Born March 24, 1942 in Little Rock, Arkansas to Clyde and Dorothy Cameron (née Walls), Patricia grew up playing with her siblings in the soft dirt around her neighborhood, where many extended family members also lived. In the mid-1950s, her parents and siblings relocated to Alhambra, California, where Patricia attended Alhambra High School. At age 15, she left school without graduating to enter the workforce.

In 1965, Patricia married Richard Gerald Phillips in Alhambra, and together they had three children: Lisa Amber, Richard Eric, and Shanna Leigh. Though they divorced several years later, Patricia made every effort to make space for Richard in the lives of their growing children, including him for years in birthdays and extended family holiday celebrations. As a single mother, Patricia raised her three children, making sure they had a safe home, nutritious food, clean clothes, and basic education. They did not have material wealth, so she taught her children to cultivate and appreciate the riches of nature, art, literature, and music. She sought out free and low-cost museums, concerts, books, beaches, forests and programs to enrich their lives and show her children what was possible for those with few resources but great ingenuity.

In 1975, Patricia accepted Jesus Christ as her savior and became a born again Christian. She leaned heavily on her faith to navigate life's joys and difficulties. Patricia extensively studied the bible scripture-related books of reference and commentary that she read with an intensity bordering on obsession. Her bible was precious to her, as it contained a great deal of her underlining and many notes written in her hand. For decades, she watched her favorite television channel, Trinity Broadcast Network, singing along with the gospel musicians that appeared on the network's shows.

Despite leaving school early, Patricia never lost her interest in education. She took a few courses when her children were young but was largely self-taught. Patricia spent many hours reading, writing stories and poetry, making art using charcoal, pastels and paint, and playing her guitar and singing. She had an extensive vocabulary, prized verbal wit, and read lots of literature as well as books about nutrition, chemistry and biology.



Swiftly the Eagles Fly by Night
By Patricia Anne Cameron

I've seen... slaves upon swift horses
While chained princes walked alone
Folly reigns in palaces
While wisdom has no home.
I've seen... wickedness in high places
And righteousness cast down
Synthetic stones are mounted up
While diamonds go unfound.
I've seen... darkness being lifted
By artificial light
As true beams of heaven's glory
Are shadowed by the night.
I've seen... pure gold being locked up
In vaults so cold and bare
While dross is housed in castles
So high up in the air.
I've seen... poverty upon thrones
While riches dwelt in caves
Ignorance has been exalted
Truth thrown down by waves.
I've seen... innocence go naked
And trembling in the street
While evil covered up its head
In robes of dark deceit.
I've seen... the face of pride and greed
Mouth wide each way it turned
While humbleness sat silently
For fear of being spurned.
I've seen... jesters in the King's court
And justice left undone
For mercy triumphs o'er judgment
When all is said and done.
And though I've seen... such great high things
I've been too weak to climb there
Through prison walls... I've viewed it all
Out in the world somewhere.
But... I've also seen... The Glory
Of the Coming of the Lord
When He Alone is Lifted up
Then Truth shall be restored.
October 23, 1982

In 1984, Patricia self-published a chapbook of her poetry titled "The Voice of One Crying." She sold some of her artwork and crafts at a local gallery and in hometown craft shows. As she loved doing and making things with her hands, Patricia pursued her many other interests when she was able, exploring cooking, crafts, auto repair, antique and furniture restoration, and gardening. She loved baking bread and crocheting. She was proud she could change the oil in her car and resented that her high school had prevented her from taking Auto Shop because she was a girl. She taught herself how to refinish furniture bought for a song from thrift stores and yard sales. She had an extraordinarily green thumb, growing so many ferns and flowering plants from cuttings given to her by family and neighbors that she became known for her little garden's density and beauty. Her love of nature extended to rocks and minerals of all kinds. Patricia's favorite places for rock-hunting were Emma Wood State Beach and Jade Cove. Few things beat an afternoon with family members, searching for pretty stones from California's beaches, forests, and deserts. She accumulated so many books and rocks that those family members dreaded every time she had to move house.

Besides bringing up her children, for many years Patricia was sole caregiver for her mother Dorothy, who suffered dementia in the final era of her life. She did this lonely and difficult labor without respite, relief, or complaint. They shared a home in Oxnard, California, where Patricia made sure her mother had everything she needed to live her last years with family and in the greatest possible health. When her own dementia made it impossible to live alone in her home any longer, Patricia relocated from Oxnard to Cincinnati, Ohio to be closer to her children.

Patricia's accomplishments in life were all the more remarkable because she carried the weight of a chronic and serious mental illness for most of her life. This disabling condition profoundly affected not only her relationships and ability to live a normal life but also the lives of her loved ones. The attention and care Patricia received from her immediate and extended family, although difficult to provide at times, contributed to her ability to live with maximum autonomy and in safety for a full life span, a rarity for persons living with her mental health diagnosis.

Patricia is survived by her daughter Lisa (William) Howe, son Richard Phillips, son-in-law David Alvarado, brother Charles Collins, grandchildren Amaryssia, David Jr., Jesselyn, Jurico, Sajannah, Aubrienne, and Yajirrah, and four (soon to be five) great-grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her father Clyde Cameron, mother Dorothy Heath, stepfather Robert N. Heath, daughter Shanna Alvarado, sister Amelia Croy, and brother William Cameron.



Scriptures

My flesh and my heart
may fail, but God is
the strength of my heart and
my portion forever.

Psalm 73:26

So it will be with the
resurrection of the dead.
The body that is sown is
perishable, it is raised
imperishable; it is sown
in dishonor, it is raised
in glory; it is sown
in weakness, it is raised
in power; it is sown
a natural body, it is raised
a spiritual body.

I Corinthians 15: 42-45

Come unto me,
all ye that labour and
are heavy laden, and
I will give you rest.
Matthew 11: 28-30

Memorial Service

August 1, 2026

2:00PM

Walker Funeral Home - Walnut Hills
2625 Gilbert Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206

Only Praise, My Thanksgiving Love
By Patricia Anne Cameron

Breathlessly I ran
Safe
In someone's arms, at last.
So dark
And cold,
Confusing out there.
The world running
To and fro.
Let's capture fleeting
Yesterdays
Or hold today real close,
Tomorrow might come
Too late
Or maybe
Not at all.
Hungry faces pretending
Satisfied lust hiding
Behind
Words of love
Would fill the emptiness,
Turned away so silently;
Hearts in tears
Stabbed sharply
Unfulfilled...
Looked so real...
Unbreakable not so.
Oh well...
Sweep it up
Shattered, yes, it fell.
Broken pieces,
Can't be repaired.
Throw it away
Disposable days
Trash day's Monday
Still is blue...
What to do???
Then I found you.
O'
Glorious, wonderful
Perfect Love! You
Without fault,
My life you bought
The blameless One
For worthless one
On a tree
Shame and pain
Suffered for me
Paid great price
And
Ransomed me.
How could you
Love me so? Please
Tell me!...
What can I give to you?
Only Praise,
My Thanksgiving Love.
February 27, 1983

Order of Service

- Welcome Lisa Howe
- Scripture Reading Jesselyn Alvarado Ballesterro
- Music Rick Phillips
- Poem Amaryssia Hale
- Acknowledgements Lisa Howe
- Special Tribute Sajannah Alvarado
- Sharing Experiences of Pat Family & Friends
- Music Group Sing
- Eulogy Lisa Howe
- Departing Family & Friends





The Eyes Have It! *By Patricia Anne Cameron*

Someone's body never turned me on
 Nor did man's great name impress me—
 Hearts always interest me.
 The pupil of the eye—Gateway to the soul
 Once true in love now easily deceives—
 Tidal waves on sand-rimmed shores
 Blown by wind's changing force
 Can surely pierce your heart
 As you gaze in a hard cold eye
 And if perchance, you
 Look fast enough
 To escape the hypnotic glance of love feigned—
 You've done well indeed.
 With mouths you also take a chance—
 A case of nothing or all—
 To set a heart on fire
 With words of hate or love...
 Buyer beware!
 After all, the mouth is just the end product
 Of what the heart's soul took in thru
 The seller's eyes... And
 Many phony products are on the market
 In these frantic money-grabbing days.
 So wear your crystal spectacles
 Or rosy-coated plastic lenses if you choose
 But if you look me in the eyes
 Please wear your mirror-shaded rims
 I'll just feel you out by heart—
 If that's okay with you.
 January 18, 1984