

Patricia Ann Lynch

July 11, 1939 - May 24, 2025

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Patricia Ann Lynch, of Ogilvie, Minnesota, passed away on May 24th, 2025 at Welia Hospital in Mora, Minnesota. She was Born in Chicago, Illinois on July 11th, 1939 to Joseph Edward Lynch and Pearl Clara (Vik) Lynch.

She was known for her independence, sense of adventure, her quick wit, contagious laughter, and so many other wonderful things.

She loved her family, her siblings, and all of the holidays and reunions that brought them all together. While the adults would visit, she could often be found in deep conversation with one of the children, she always wanted the kids to know that they were seen and heard and that they were important. She looked forward to every event that involved the young people in the family. From her children and grandchildren and great grand children to her nieces and nephews and all of their kids, she found joy in everything that brought them joy.

Her interests were many, from watching TV (Reuters, David Muir, Colbert, Big Bang Theory, Seinfeld, Mash, The Office, anything from BritBox, everything Alfred Hitchcock) to reading (anything she could get her hands on, mysteries,

textbooks, biographies, fiction, non-fiction, she read War and Peace when she was 14 and then four times more as an adult), she loved riding her bike (she wasn't able to pop wheelies but she gave it her best shot). She enjoyed wildlife so much, sitting by the river or lake, watching the birds, rabbits, deer, chipmunks, squirrels, turkeys, and the occasional bear that wandered through the yard. She loved flowers, dandelions, lilacs, lilies, roses, she appreciated them all (except hollyhocks, she didn't love hollyhocks). She loved to travel (every state in the US, Canada, England, Norway, and she always wanted to see Russia). She kept herself busy and when she couldn't think of anything to do, she'd get in her pickup and drive north to Duluth for a few days.

In 1943, when she was 4 years old, her family moved from Chicago to Minneapolis, then later to Crystal, and Brooklyn Center. Growing up, she dreamed of becoming a vet, owning her own dog kennel and small farm with goats, chickens, and horses. She attended Sacred Heart Catholic School until the 8th grade, then to Anoka High school where she graduated. After graduation, she moved into a little apartment on Chicago Avenue in Minneapolis and worked for a lawyer as a transcriber and also at the front desk.

She met her husband, David Kallenbach, and they married in 1960. They moved to Coon Rapids and had four children, where she acquiesced in her new roles regarding family and home life. She became a Sunday school teacher at Zion Lutheran in Anoka, a den mother for her boys in cub scouts, a den leader for her girls in Girl Scouts, and provided daycare for the neighborhood children. In 1973, she attended Anoka Ramsey Community College where she earned her AA. Later in life, she attended the U of M where she took Physics and numerous math courses. She loved to learn and challenge herself.

In 1975, she began driving school bus for the Anoka-Hennepin school district.

Somewhere in all of that she got her pilot certificate as well as a CDL. She began driving 18-wheelers, over-the-road in 1976. A pioneer for women in the trucking industry, she worked hard and received multiple safety awards for her driving. She had never personally been involved in an accident the entire 45-ish years she had driven truck. She drove, first, for Nationwide and then for Dart Transit where she bought her own truck and started her own company (PaLyn Inc.). She traveled with her dog and various children in the family during their summer breaks from school (children, grandchildren, nieces, nephews). Showing them the sights, sharing the music of Hank Williams Sr., George Jones, Merle Haggard, and whoever was on the only radio station that would come in clearly on a particular stretch of highway as she made her way to and from one loading dock to another across the country. After retiring and returning to trucking a few times, she finally hung up her keys at age 75. She lived out the rest of her life in Ogilvie, Minnesota, where she enjoyed spending time with family, and her dogs and cats, and all of the nature that surrounded her.

Pat was preceded in death by her parents, Joe and Pearl Lynch, and her youngest siblings, Susie and Larry.

She is survived by her children, Randy (Rogina) Kallenbach of Mary Esther, Florida. Art (Mona) Kallenbach, of Ramsey, Minnesota. Cheryl (Kenn) Brown, of Athens, Alabama. Patti Kallenbach of Ogilvie, Minnesota; her siblings, Joe (Shirley) Lynch, Maria Lynch, Jim (Mary) Lynch, and Judie (Mike) Slattery; her 9 grandchildren, Lynae, Laurel, Eki, Travis, Luke, Isak, Eric, Adam, Katie and their spouses; her 13 great grandchildren, and so many nieces and nephews and grand nieces and nephews.

An After Party for Pat will take place on Saturday, August 16th, 2025 from noon - 4:00 at the home of her son, Art Kallenbach at 15940 Sodium Street

NW; Ramsey, Minnesota. Her final wishes will be carried out here, a gathering of friends and family with all of her favorite foods (which, she wrote, was also our favorite foods, so bring your favorite food to share... We'll take a short jaunt to Art's new house to release her ashes in the Rum River.

Thank you to the staff at Welia Hospital in Mora, who so lovingly took care of mom. They were so kind and attentive to us, also, as we stayed by her side during her final days and hours. Thank you to the Kanabec County Emergency Response Team and the officers who came out to the house for the care and respect you gave to mom. And thank you to Tom Haugen and Washburn - McReavy Funeral Home for the care and attention you gave to mom and to us as we navigated through this process.

Tribute Wall

“ To Pat Lynch

Pat is my sister. She was the second of seven children in our family and about ten years old when I was born. We shared some of the same experiences of living in Crystal Minnesota on what some might call a hobby farm today, but then, it was really a hard way to live. Pat was probably about 16 when we moved to a larger house in Northern Brooklyn Center. She always knew me better than I knew her because the older girls were always relegated to babysitting the younger kids.

When you grow up with siblings that are a decade apart in age, we get to know each other from five- or ten-minute sound bites at family gatherings. So, I really didn't get to know Pat until I retired from work and then we got to spend some time together.

I was always proud of Pat for being so independent and felt she was a leader in women's rights. Being one of the few women at that time to inspire other women to break barriers in the trucking and warehousing jobs. Men could and would make it very tough on women wanting to work in what they thought was a man's job.

I learned that Pat and I shared the same political views having to do with women's rights and helping the less privileged. We shared a lot of ancestral information too, about our family name and heritage.

I have to say, I appreciate my siblings a lot more after retiring from work and we try to see everyone when we visit Minnesota in the summer. I'll especially miss Pat because we would usually visit her first on the way to our cabin. Pat had a great sense of humor. We always shared some good laughs about dumb politicians, old family stories, or the trials and tribulations of getting old, while sitting for hours drinking coffee and eating donuts.

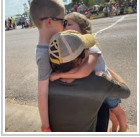
Remembering old times will never be the same as making new memories together, and it's especially hard to say, Goodbye Pat.

Jim Lynch - August 15, 2025 at 08:59 PM

DP

“ *I loved her as my own mother and I will miss her everyday for the rest of my life. My favorite thing is that she never figured out how her car got such incredible mileage, she never knew that I put gas in it from the gas cans in the garage. I miss you so very much.*

Dave Purdy - August 09, 2025 at 11:12 AM



“ When I think of Granny, I think of all the times when I was little when she made a war zone seem like a garden. I think of her dark blue comforter with the moon and sun pattern that we would snuggle under while she read my favorite books. Playing tic-toe-toe on the window pane of the front door when I was 9 and she patiently waited in the cold for me to get done thinking I was funny with my new found way of tic-tac-toe All the afternoon tea parties I used to set up for her and every. single. cup of watered down over sugared, black tea that she would happily drink (I now wonder if it was because I was busy while she studied??) She sure studied hard. A couple of weeks ago, I brought my kids now 9 and 6 to the Kanabec County fair as per our yearly tradition and a continuation of my yearly childhood traditions with my own mom. On the walk back to our truck on main street, under the dark, starry sky with my babies in each hand holding all their fair winnings, the memories flooded back. I remembered being 15 at that very fair and leaving with my mom and granny when a couple of boys close to my age whistled and tried to call me back to play the fair game they were posted at. Seeing that they were decently attractive in the low light, I turned to hear their sales pitch of how awesome their game was. It was at this point that I heard granny say, "oh Katie, did they just whistle at you so you could play their game?!" While simultaneously wrapping her arm around me and laughing that beautiful, comforting, contagious laugh of hers. Then she proceeded to spank me telling me to get in the car, while I ran away from her down main street (in the direction of the car) and we both laughed so hard I think I tore an abdominal muscle that night. At some point on the walk back to the truck with my kids, I stopped them at pointed at the big dipper, telling them about Granny and I looking at the constellations and how excited she was to me the big dipper. I'll never get over missing her love❤️❤️

Katie Joy - August 08, 2025 at 03:19 AM

PP

Katie 😭 I remember that day at the fair with her 😭 that was so fun. She was so fun to travel with and I have sooo many pics of the two of you in the back seat of that van, laughing 😂 she was also the first person who showed me the Big Dipper 🍷 And I miss her laugh so much, you're right, it wasn't just contagious, it was warm and comforting, it filled you up and just made everything whole and fresh and new.

Patti Purdy - August 08, 2025 at 03:49 AM

JS

“ I miss my sister so much and my heart feels so broken. She was such an inspiration to me when I was growing up. She taught me how to be compassionate and still be able to stand up for myself. Her laugh was contagious and I hope I inherited that from her. I try to always see the good and positive in things that come up. Many times she would do that little phrase "oh Judie now now". To Randy, Art, Cheryl, Patty and all your families - with All My Love and Sympathy - Our Hearts are Broken but your Mom will be in our hearts forever.

Aunt Judie

Judith C Slattery - August 07, 2025 at 03:26 PM

PP

I remember hearing her sayi that to you when you'd both be sitting at the kitchen table, you would respond with, "well?" And then, "what do they expect?" Then the two of you would just laugh 😂 She sure knew how to make the little things count. I'm so sorry for you too, Aunt Judie, she loved you so much.

Patti Purdy - August 08, 2025 at 02:45 AM

SP

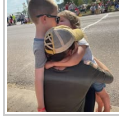
“ Steve P. planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Patricia Ann Lynch.

Steve P. - August 07, 2025 at 03:18 PM

PP

“ There are just so many wonderful memories I could share. She was so fun and funny and spontaneous and unpredictable. Not a day went by, when I was with her, that I didn't laugh about something she said or had done. She could turn a simple “hi” into the funniest thing I'd ever heard, it was the way she said it, her timing, her actions. Like when she went rolling around the back of the van after a sharp turn, I turned to see what all the commotion was and saw her sitting on the floor with a big confused smile on her face, all she said was “hi.” Or when I turned around to see what ran into the back of my bike and saw her and her bike sitting on the ground, glasses askew and all she uttered was “hi”, no explanation of how she ended up on the ground, or how she managed to exactly hit the back of my 1 inch back tire with the front of her 1 inch front tire with such force as to pop off of her bike and wind up on ground. Or when she'd quietly get as close to my ear as she could without being noticed, while I was deep in thought, she'd sweetly just say, “hi” and scare the b'jeezers out of me, then she'd laugh so hard. Or the way she would slide down the hallway in her stocking feet in a big production and when I'd look up to see what exciting thing was going on, she'd happily announce, “hi.” Then quietly turn around and walk like a normal person back down the hallway. Those are the least of my good memories with her, there are so so so many more. I could tell a different story about her everyday for the rest of my life and never run out of memories. I just miss her.

Patti Purdy - August 07, 2025 at 12:06 PM



Remember that time she dislocated a rib because she scooted around the house in an office chair all day for fun? 😂

Katie Joy - August 08, 2025 at 03:20 AM



I sure do. And I can't tell you how many injuries she incurred from trying to do tricks on her bike 😂

patti kallenbach - August 09, 2025 at 07:37 AM