



Patricia Ernst Bevan

April 2, 1951 - July 3, 2025

Patricia Ernst Bevan of Blacksburg, Virginia passed away on July 3, 2025. She died peacefully at home after a long illness. She was born on April 2, 1951 in Reading, Ohio to John W. Ernst, Sr. and Mary Rita (Koenig) Ernst. She is survived by David, her husband of 40 years, as well as by her brother John (Kathy) and sisters Eugenie (Tom) and Judy (David), and many nieces and nephews. She also is survived by her faithful canine companion, Lola. A woman of many talents, Pat was known to many people as a visual artist. The subjects of many of her paintings were horses, and she was part of the local equestrian community. She also was a practitioner of nonviolent communication and provided guidance to others who sought to advance their interpersonal communication skills. In her last years, Pat undertook a focused study of Tibetan Buddhism, which brought great comfort to her as she approached death.

A memorial service will be held on July 12, 2025 at 2:00 pm at the Unitarian Universalist Congregation of the NRV (uucnrv.org). You are invited to attend in person or via Zoom using the link on the uucnrv.org web page. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to the Good Samaritan Hospice (GoodSam.care) or a charity focused on social justice or animal welfare.

Previous Events

Memorial Service

JUL 12. 2:00 PM (ET)

Unitarian Universalist Congregation
1301 Gladewood Drive
Blacksburg, VA 24060

Tribute Wall



“ Tribute to My Teacher and Friend, Pat

For nearly ten years, Pat has been my teacher, my guide—my lama. She was like a lighthouse, steady in the fog, shining through the storms of my life. Through the chaos of those years—my husband trudging through medical school, the uphill path of earning tenure in a new job, and the countless days of solo parenting young children while managing my own anxiety—Pat was there. Quietly, unwaveringly, she stood with me through moments of deep vulnerability.

I remember calling her in tears—sometimes ashamed, often overwhelmed. I would pour out my hardest truths, and she would receive me with warmth and deep presence. Her first words were often a gentle, familiar, “Oh, kiddo...” That simple phrase held oceans of compassion. In those moments, I felt seen—not judged, not fixed—just fully held.

Pat made me a better person.

She introduced me to NVC—Nonviolent Communication—but taught me that it wasn’t simply about words. It wasn’t just a tool or a framework. It was a way of living: of listening deeply, of speaking from compassion, of tuning in to the needs and feelings beneath the surface. It was through Pat that I learned to pause, to breathe, and to respond—not from habit or fear, but from clarity and care.

In the last few years, Pat immersed herself more deeply in Buddhist practice. But she didn’t just study it—she became it. She lived the path. For Pat, there was no division between Buddhism and NVC. They were expressions of the same truth: compassion, right speech, wise action, and the sacredness of human connection.

I wouldn’t call myself a Buddhist—not just yet. I feel like I’m still at the beginning. During one of our arguments, my daughter once told me, “You are NOT a Buddhist and you never will be.” And she might

be right. I still have plenty of temper to temper, and plenty of cooling down to do. But deep down, I remain fiercely committed to what Pat embodied—mindfulness, presence, curiosity, and care. Her grace, her patience, her unshakable empathy—these have become my compass.

One day, I was out mountain biking—something I often do to clear my head—and I suddenly needed to stop. I got off my bike and just cried. The emotion came without warning. I later realized that it was around that time when Pat’s health had taken a sharp downturn.

Another time, I had checked myself into a spiritual retreat. That night, I felt restless, unable to settle. Again, I cried for no clear reason. The next morning, I received an email from Dave letting me know that Pat had passed. We had tried to make plans for me to visit, but the last one fell through because of my travel. And yet... I believe that was her, reaching out. I think it was a sign—she was there with me on that journey. And she is still with me, on every journey that is called life.

You may call me delusional, but I truly believe I was that connected to Pat. And I always will be.

I want to share a short poem by Thich Nhat Hanh that reminds me of Pat and the way her presence still lingers, gently and everywhere:

*“I am not in here.
I am not out there.
You may find me in your way of breathing and walking.
In the wind, in the sunlight, in the turning of the leaves.
If you look with the eyes of understanding,
You will see me in every moment of your life.”*

She is not truly gone—because she was never only here.

I will see her in the morning dew

*I will see her in flower bloom
See her
in kindness, in stillness,
in the present moment.
-SHU WANG*

Shu Wang - July 10, 2025 at 02:33 PM



*So sorry to hear of pat's death—and yet with this tribute she lives.
Thank you.*

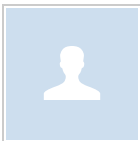
Louisa Davis - August 04, 2025 at 08:07 AM



“ *Country Basket Blooms was purchased for the
family of Patricia Ernst Bevan.*



July 07, 2025 at 09:44 AM



“ *A [Memorial
Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) was planted in honor of Patricia Ernst Bevan.*

July 07, 2025 at 09:44 AM