



## Pat McLaren

March 27, 1930 - April 16, 2026

It is with heavy hearts and profound sadness that we announce the passing of our beloved mother, grandmother, ggMac, aunt, and friend, Patricia "Pat" Fish McLaren on April 16, 2026 in East Wenatchee, WA at the age of 96.

Patricia (Pat) was a true valley girl, as she spent most of her life in the Wenatchee/Cashmere Valley. She was born to Carroll Raymond "Ray" Fish and Esther Newland Fish of Cashmere, WA on March 27, 1930. Pat attended school in Cashmere. In high school she was a majorette and as a junior, she was chosen to ride on the Applets and Cotlets' float, an honor usually bestowed on a senior. After graduation she attended Eastern Washington College where she was an honor student and participated in school musical productions as a lead dancer. She met her forever dance partner after being set up with Dick for the homecoming dance. According to Pat - Boy, could he dance!! After 2 years of college, Pat and Dick married and moved to Edwall where Dick was a teacher and coach. During their time in Edwall Pat gave birth to identical twin boys, Robert and Kenneth, and a year later a baby girl, Barbara. They moved to Cashmere where Dick continued to teach and coach and Pat was the Study Hall monitor. She was active in the Presbyterian Church and Den Mom for her son's Cub Scout troop. With her kids safely in Junior High, Pat continued her education at Central Washington College where she received her Teaching Certificate. She taught first grade at Cashmere Vale Elementary where she became known as the Frog Lady. Everything was frogs and over the years her collection of frogs grew and

grew. After teaching for a few years Pat became the elementary school librarian and then moved on to become the Cashmere High School librarian / media specialist. Being a librarian fueled her love of books and afforded her the opportunity to meet some of her favorite authors. During her time working in the high school, she was most proud of being the Knowledge Bowl team advisor. Upon retirement she spent a lot of time traveling with Dick. First boating around the San Juans and then trading in the boat for their RV to roam through 50 states, parts of Mexico and Canada. Square dancing became a passion for both Pat and Dick. She designed the official Washington State Square Dance dress for the 1982 national square dance. Pat was active in the Basement Belles of the Wenatchee Valley Museum and enjoyed working in the Washington State Genealogical Society Library. Pat passed in the loving care of Bonaventure's Memory Care and Confluence Hospice staff. She is preceded in death by her husband of 66 years, Richard "Dick" McLaren (2017) and her sister, Lenora Gail Fish Baird (2017). She is survived by her children, Robert McLaren (Terri), Kenneth McLaren, Barbara Anderson (Knut); grandsons, Marc and James McLaren; granddaughter, Heather Flatness (Shane); great-grandsons, Colt and Hudson Flatness; and great-granddaughter, Kendall Flatness; nephews and nieces, Roy and Tammy McLaren. Betty McLaren Benefiel, Scott Baird (Jill); cousins, Vivian Newland Cornelius (Jim) and Curtis Newland (Henri)

At Pat's request, no memorial service will be held. Should friends desire, contributions may be made to the Cashmere High School Scholarship Fund. Please express your thoughts and memories on the online guestbook at [jonesjonesbetts.com](http://jonesjonesbetts.com). Arrangements by Jones & Jones - Betts Funeral Home.

# Tribute Wall



“ *My heartfelt condolences to the family. Mrs. McLaren was my First Grade teacher and I couldn't have asked for a better, more patient and kind person to start my education. Later in middle school I was so blessed to serve as a teachers aide for her in the Library. I was older then and really started to understand what a truly exceptional person she was. She shared kind wisdom and thoughts to help me navigate middle school.*

*I consider my life truly better for having had the pleasure of knowing her. I have always thought of her often and will continue to remember her fondly.*

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**Louise Fletcher Johnson** - April 27 at 12:07 PM

“ *My Dearest Grandma,*

*The house is quieter now. The world feels heavier without you in it. You made it to ninety-six, and even though we all knew the time would come, it still knocked the wind out of me. As your oldest grandson—the one who always gave you that cocky grin and claimed the spot as your favorite—that grin is gone today. I’ve been sitting here with a tight chest and wet eyes, because losing you leaves a hole nothing else is going to fill.*

*When I look back, the memories hit hard. Those long summers at your place were the backbone of my childhood. I can still smell those pancakes and taste your homemade applesauce—that thick, cinnamon-rich stuff I couldn’t get enough of. I’d sneak extra bowls every chance I got, and you’d just shake your head with that quiet smile. Those days in the shop with Grandpa, covered in sawdust, building things out of wood, and then proudly showing them to you... and the art classes where you sat right beside me... you didn’t baby me. You taught me to put real effort in, to keep going even when it wasn’t perfect. You showed me it was okay for a boy to care deeply about something and still stay strong. Those summers built something solid in me that’s still there.*

*Then there were all those camping trips with you, Grandpa, and James. We’d pile into the truck with the fifth wheel in tow behind us, loaded up and ready to roll. No complaints, just pure excitement for the road ahead. I loved the crackle of the fire at night, your stories while we roasted marshmallows, and waking up in that comfortable rig, well-rested and ready for the day. Those trips were luxurious and easy—everything set up just right, good food, great company, and all the comforts that made the outdoors feel like an extension of home. They taught me how to truly relax and enjoy the simple pleasures, how family makes every spot feel like the best place on earth.*

*I’ll never forget all the soccer games you and Grandpa came to. Rain or shine, you were there on the sidelines, cheering me on. Just spotting you two gave me that extra fire. Whether I played great or got knocked down hard, knowing you had my back meant everything. Your steady presence taught me what real support looks*

*like—showing up, no excuses.*

*And those kite festivals at Long Beach... those were pure freedom. You and Grandpa would load everything up, and James and I would take off running the second we hit the sand. The sky would light up with color, wind howling, while you two stood together watching us like it was the best day of your lives. Those days felt unbreakable. My only regret is not being there in these past years for you. Life got busy, the miles added up, and the visits got shorter. I regret that every damn day. I wish I'd made the time to sit in the back patio with you longer, hear more of your stories, or just eat one more bowl of your applesauce with you. But hear this: you were never out of my head. You stayed in my prayers and dead center in my heart the whole time.*

*I know how much you missed Grandpa. What you two had was rock solid—deep, real, and built to last. It brings me peace knowing you're back with him now. No more waiting. I picture you two walking together again, maybe with kites overhead and a fire going, laughing like the old days.*

*Thank you, Grandma. For the applesauce that tasted like home, the art lessons that taught me patience, the comfortable camping trips that built so many great memories, the sidelines that gave me strength, the kite days full of joy, and every quiet way you showed up for me. You helped turn a kid into a man. Your lessons, your toughness wrapped in love, and your example are part of who I am now. I'll carry them forward and make sure my own kids hear about the woman who helped raise their dad.*

*You've got a permanent spot in my heart—one nothing can touch. I'll feel you every time I see a kite catch the wind, smell a campfire, or taste that familiar cinnamon sweetness.*

*Rest easy, Grandma. I love you, always.*

*Forever your favorite oldest grandson,  
Marc ;)*

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**Marc McLaren** - April 26 at 10:50 AM

JF

“ I have wonderful memories of the entire McLaren family. Mr. McLaren was very tolerant of my TA skills in his office! And Mrs. McLaren was our patient cheerleading advisor! I consider Kenneth, Robert and Barbara my friends...great memories - especially at the state basketball tournament. My condolences to the McLaren family for the loss of your mom, but I know you have many wonderful memories to cherish. God bless - Janet Quicksall Franz

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**Janet W Franz** - April 24 at 08:59 PM