



Patrick Anthony Podsaid

APR 8, 1937 - SEP 5, 2020



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With great sadness, the family of PATRICK ANTHONY PODSAID, Esq, age 83, announces his passing on Saturday, September 5th, 2020, at his home in Coral Gables Florida. He was surrounded by his loving family.

Pat was born in Syracuse New York on April 8th, 1937 to Anthony and Natalie Podsaid. He attended Eastwood High school, and Syracuse University before moving to Florida and earning his law degree at the University of Miami.

Pat married the love of his life, Melinda Coyne in 1957.

As a young adult, Pat had the chance to move to a warmer climate (golf mecca), and he didn't hesitate to move his young wife and daughter to Florida. By the time he graduated from U of M in 1963, they were a family of five with three beautiful daughters.

The game of golf was a significant influence on Pat's life. A life-long pursuit and true passion! He learned the game with his dad and caddied at the local country club. He loved the game with all its challenges and the camaraderie. He made so many friends and thoroughly enjoyed playing courses all over Florida, the United States, and the world!

Pat enjoyed a long and successful career as an attorney. He began work in Boca Raton but returned to Miami when he was offered a position with the Public Defenders office. He worked as the In House attorney for The Florida Bar for many years before starting his own private practice. He loved being independent and business thrived.

Pat worked hard and played hard too. His many interests included collecting wine, obtaining his pilot's license, and traveling with family. He was also an avid sports fan, crazy about the Miami Dolphins and the Miami Heat.



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Pat was a very positive person. When anyone asked him “how are you doing?” His upbeat response was “FAAAANSTASTIC”, or “WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL”. He was quick with a smile, a good listener, and problem-solving was his forte.

Pat is survived by his devoted and loving wife, Linda, their three daughters, and their husbands... Debbie (Jonathan), Brenda (Neil), and Kimberly (Robert) 6 grandchildren: Matthew, Andrew, Katherine, Melissa, Christopher and Sarah (with an H), and 3 great-grandchildren: Kaysea, Triton, and Kennedy. He is also survived by his sister, Mary Ann of San Diego, California.

Pat was a family man. He loved babies and took great interest in the children of his family. Together, Pat and Linda created endless opportunities for each of them. Activities like golf, swimming, tennis, snow skiing created strong bonds, important life lessons, and beautiful memories to be cherished forever.

“He instilled confidence in all of us. He taught us to be true to ourselves, stand up for ourselves, and not back down. He taught us to work hard and not quit. He empowered his three daughters before it was fashionable. And he was ALWAYS there for our family when we needed a hand up.” - The Podsaid Family

A family memorial was held on Sunday, September 13th at Van Orsdel, Coral Gables. The family looks forward to hosting a celebration of his life at a future date when it is safe to gather, and we can all raise a glass to toast Pat’s amazing life and the legacy he leaves behind in all of us.

Memorials may be made to Alzheimer’s Association. alz.org

Patrick Podsaid eulogy delivered by Kim Sanchez

Whenever anyone asked my dad how he was doing, he always answered Faaanstic or wonderful, wonderful!

Our family wishes that all those who loved Pat could be here with us today to celebrate his life, share their memories, and give us comfort as we grieve the loss, but celebrate the huge presence my father had in all of our lives. So today, we want to celebrate Pat’s Faaantastic wonderful, wonderful life.



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Patrick Podsaid was a husband, a father, a grandfather, a great grandfather, a brother, an uncle, a business partner, a golf buddy, a fellow wine connoisseur, and to many, a dear loyal friend. HE HAD ROOM IN HIS HEART FOR HIS THREE SON IN LAWS, BEFRIENDING EACH OF THEM.

(but) In the beginning, he was the very proud, proud son of Anthony and Natalie Podsaid. They adored and loved him so much, and they gave him the confidence to be all that he became.

For those of you who don't know me, I am Pat's youngest daughter, Kimberly. My dad usually called me Kimmy, but he also called me "The runt," I was a skinny kid and he always said I was the "Runt of the litter". I eventually outgrew that nickname. My sister Debbie always relished in thinking she was his Number 1 daughter just because she was first born. Of course, I knew different because I was his baby. Dad never minded all of us girls fighting over him. Little did we know, my sister Brenda was blowing right by all of us with milk shakes and cookies. Dad sure did have a sweet tooth!

My father had a very strong work ethic; and he had to work hard, because by the time he graduated law school, he was married with three children. Pat was a very successful lawyer and invested in many businesses. He was quick to learn and smart at solving problems. He was a great judge of character and rarely ever second guessed himself. Dad always took care of everything, and provided us a nice and comfortable life. He supported us through college and always encouraged us to continue our education. Dad was always very generous with us, yet not in a crippling way that we were not able to take care of ourselves or be successful on our own two feet. He wanted his girls to know that we could do anything we wanted or set our minds to.

Dad had a great sense of humor and was always very playful with us girls. I remember when I was a little girl, he used to tease me that I had ancestors until I would cry. I didn't know what ancestors were, but they didn't sound good. He loved getting down on the floor with us and chasing us around the house playfully torturing us. He even had names for his favorites: like "The Podsaid Pressure or Pop's Breastbone Popper, or the claw." When we became too old to chase us around, he delighted in moving on to the grandchildren who loved his attention and how much fun he was.

He taught us life lessons when we were young and reinforced them throughout our lives. When we were little kids, we wanted to jump off the high dive at the Kings Bay swimming pool. He



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climbed up the ladder with the three of us. He walked us to the edge of the platform. We all looked down and got scared and didn't want to do it. We were up there a long time and he told us all kinds of encouraging things, but, ultimately he said, once you are up here, the only way down is to jump. Eventually we all jumped. As the three of us turned to watch my father jump off, instead, we watched him climb down the ladder. He simply said, "Don't ever let something that scares you stop you from doing something you want to do!" My poor mom paid the price on that lesson, because she had to listen to us yell from across the pool a hundred times "Mom, watch me" every time we jumped.

There were things that my dad just expected from us. Like wearing shoes. I don't know why, but it really bothered him to see us barefoot and we would get in BIG trouble. He expected us not to touch his things. Not touching his things was a pretty big deal. But that didn't stop us from doing it. My father always had the best tweezers in the house. He used them to take the splinters out of our feet from not wearing shoes. When we would borrow them, we would try to put them back exactly how they were. Somehow my father knew every single time we touched his things. He would always start out our punishment with the simple question: Is there anything you want to tell me?" "Uh, No". Dad, you didn't raise no fools.

Dad was very athletic and loved sports. He was the quarterback of his high school football team back in Syracuse; but it was when his father introduced him to golf that he found his real passion. Everyone who knew dad, knew he was an avid golfer. My mom always joked that if she let him, he would play on Christmas day. He really enjoyed playing, and you could tell that he was very good because he had so many trophies that my mom didn't know what to do with them. Between Deering Bay, Aspen and Pebble Beach, my father was living his dream. He loved playing at Deering Bay and in California, and at Maroon Creek and places like Casa de Campo, and Puerto Rico and Ireland. Us girls never really had any interest in golf and my dad was probably secretly very happy about that.

He was also a great skier, both on the water and snow. He taught us how to water ski and even taught my mom, who doesn't even know how to swim. If my mom ever doubted how much my dad really loved her, she found that out one day when they were out water skiing. My mom was being pulled behind the boat, skiing along very nicely, when another boat yelled to them that there was an alligator in the water. Well, my mom, being my mom, let go of the ski rope and sank into the water and froze from fear. Pat immediately jumped in the water to save her. He swam out



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to her and brought her safely back to the boat never thinking once about that alligator. Although, later, he did get upset that he lost his sunglasses when he jumped in the water.

My dad's passion was golf, but the love of his life was Linda. They first met at Eastwood high school in Syracuse, NY. After their first date, my dad knew that he was going to marry her and they were together ever since. I am not trying to say they were perfect, but I can honestly say that I never once heard my mom and dad fight or argue or say an unkind word to each other. They made marriage look so easy and enjoyed a life together with family and so many friends.

We jokingly referred to my dad as the "Mayor," because it would take him so long to get through a room of people. He had so many wonderful and dear friends and acquaintances. He had this charisma and charm, that made total strangers feel at ease with him. You could drop my dad in a room full of strangers, and he would leave with new friends. He always had just the right thing to say to everyone and made people feel special.

Dad was a great father, and he was always there for us, but he really shined at being a grandfather. He loved his grandchildren, Matthew, Andy, Katie, Melissa, Chris and Sarah just as much as we loved them. He always loved having them around. My mom said the first time she ever saw my dad's eyes tear up was when Matthew, his first grandchild, was leaving to go back to Denver after his first visit. He spent time with all his grandchildren, played with them, took care of them, and made it a point to make sure they all knew how to swim. That was very important to my dad that the kids knew how to swim. Living in Florida, he wanted to make sure that they could take care of themselves. My son, Chris has such great memories of summers with Grandpa in Aspen and Sarah and him had such a sweet, playful bond. My dad's face just lit up every time he saw "Sarah with an H", as he always called her. He had a special relationship with each one of them. When his great granddaughter Kaysea was born, he just couldn't wait to hold her. And I remember him whispering over and over again in her ear how much he loved her. It's those things we should all remember,. Just spending time with dad, just being around him. We should cherish our memories as kids of our road trips back to Syracuse, our ski trips tovail, and Winter Park; and the good times in Aspen and California. I loved having our family dinners together, Friday Cosmos or just crawling into bed next to him to cuddle with him and Kit-Kat watching The Masters or Pebble Beach or the U.S. Open or maybe the stock market channel - that he always was watching.

We should take a moment to thank Aurora for being the loving, kind, gentle person that was genuinely the perfect person to take care of dad. Aurora, we all thank you from the bottom of our



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hearts for taking care of dad as if he were your dad. We all know how much my dad was comforted by you being there next to him.

I really want to thank Robert, the fisherman, as my dad would call him. Robert was especially there for my dad and us. I know dad always felt better when you were there. And when dad couldn't come to us, he'd say, "Let's take the party to Pat." There were many kind and generous times that you just handled things, and I want you to know how much we love you and appreciate how good you were to my dad.

Some things my dad taught me that I will never forget:

Always pay your bets

Finish what you start

Be loyal

Work hard

Make a good Cosmo

Eat Haagan daaz ice cream right from the container.

And everything is better with whip cream

What my father didn't teach me was how to say good bye.

After Dad suffered several strokes and began his battle with the onset of Alzheimer's Disease, saying good bye was something we had to learn to do on our own. After each stroke, my dad was no longer the man we always knew him to be. We learned to mourn that loss but also to embrace and cherish the man he became. There were always hard things to accept, like him suddenly putting catsup on everything and going from driving like Mario Andretti to driving miss daisy. But we always loved him. As Alzheimer's crept in, and he seemed lost or unsure, we would just look into those blue eyes and remind him that he was the best father a girl could have. I think, in the end, my mom was the one person he carried with him in his heart for his entire journey.



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My dad, up until the end, was really good with directions. Even from his wheelchair he would point the way to his room and to his bed where he liked to be the most. He was always the driver in the family and used to get us everywhere we needed to go. When he could no longer drive, he sat in the front passenger seat and told us or pointed to where we should go. When we came to an intersection, he would always, always, look to the right and say very loudly, "All clear on the right."

Well dad, you are back in the driver's seat, and on your way to heaven, and as you are stopped here today at this intersection, we want you to know, Dad, "it's all clear on the right!"



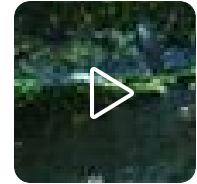
Tribute Wall

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Van Orsdel Funeral & Cremation Services shared a **Tribute Video**.



September 14 at 5:15 AM



Leslie (Lake Placid, Ny) posted:

Hello family of Mr. Podsaid, We're sorry for your loss. Although we did not know him, we bought a 100 yr old cabin in Wilmington, NY took it apart and reconstructed it in Elizabethtown, NY. It's been a family project with my husband, now 20 yr old son and myself for past few years. This weekend we worked on the interior and my husband came upon a probably jack-knifed carving in one of the walls, reading "Pat Podsaid, 1952 Syracuse, NY. We took a photo and didnt apply stain over it. It adds character to our one room cabin in the woods of the Adirondacks. After reading Mr. Podsaid's obituary, he sounds like a fine of a man, as was my father who passed away a few years ago, at age 91. We think both fathers had kindred spirits. If you want a photo of the carving in our log cabin, pls. contact me: Leslie Egglefield Brownell, Lake Placid, NY via e-mail: lebrownell@gmail.com. Best to all.

October 2 at 5:21 PM



Paul Anthony Lisanti posted:

So sorry to read this. I worked with Patrick's Wife at the courthouse in Miami when I was a court reporter for Judge Gerald Kogan, and she is a dear sweet lady, and her family is very lovely. I met Patrick on many occasions when he was either practicing in court, or passing by to say hello. His equally lovely daughter worked for our court reporting service for a short while, and she too is a delightful person. May he rest in Eternal Repose with God, Paul Anthony Lisantianthonypaul1@att.net

November 1 at 4:53 PM



Media

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Van Orsdel Funeral & Cremation Services shared a **Tribute Video**. September 14 at 5:15 AM

TRIBUTE VIDEO



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Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Patrick by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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