



Patricia Claire Cetko

October 18, 1930 - November 2, 2018

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Patricia was born to Anastasia and Robert Curran, October 18th, 1930. She and her sister Peggy were born the youngest of ten children and were given the name ""the darling twins"" at birth. Patricia lost her mother at a young age to tuberculosis and always looked up to her older sisters that helped raise her in Freeport, California.

As a young adult, she married Jack Cetko where they settled in Yuba City and raised their only son Curtis. Yuba City would be her home where she spent her time involved in many areas: she volunteered as a Pink Lady at the local hospital, she was a member of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, a member of the Racquet Club where she spent over forty years playing tennis with some of her best friends, a member of the Mariners Group, and she had several close friends that were very dear to her.

Patricia, Pat, Patsy, Mom and the tennis jock were some of her lifelong nicknames - later in life she would earn her most beloved name of Baba. This is the name that her grandchildren called her. Baba was thoughtful, witty, social and wise. She paid attention to the small things and through sharing her wisdom she taught us how to be better people. Baba was a pillar of strength. Her strong legs carried her through life as did her strong faith.

Wrapped up in our Baba was a lifetime of memories that she enjoyed sharing with us. She had several sayings that we will continue to say and pass on to our children. ""The hardest part is getting started. Buckle up windsockies. Here's your hat, what's your hurry. What's the best thing that happened to you today? A kiss in the eye.""

She was a precious lady that made our lives more special. But most importantly, she loved her family. In her own words, ""my claim to fame is my family. I am blessed.""

She is survived by her faithful, loyal and devoted son, Curtis; her forever favorite daughter-in-law, Laura; her grandchildren, Justin, Ryan, Sarah, Angela and their families; and her twin sister, Peggy.

Baba, you always taught us to pretend the Queen was at the dinner table so we would have good manners. Now you get to sit at the banquet table of The King - save us a seat!

XoXoXo - Love from your Family

Patricia will be remembered privately by her family.