



Patrick "Pat" Henry Clay

August 18, 1942 - March 29, 2022

Patrick "Pat" Henry Clay, 79 of Springdale passed away Tuesday, March 29, 2022 at Northwest Medical Center in Springdale. He was born August 18, 1942 in Helena, Arkansas to Charles Vance Clay and Mary Louise Clark Clay.

Pat served in the United States Navy for four years. He enjoyed golfing, fishing and watching the Arkansas Razorbacks.

He was preceded in death by his parents.

Survivors include his wife, Karen Clay; his siblings, Larry Clay, Sharon Farris, Melba Moore, Mary Jane Heger; his children, Patty Sue Salamo and Marcia Martin; two step-children, Julie Roberson and Jana Bius. He has several grandchildren.

No services are planned.

A private interment service will be held at Zion Cemetery in Springdale.

Online condolences may be made at www.siscofuneral.com

Cemetery Details

Zion Cemetery

5705 N. Old Wire Road
Fayetteville, AR 72703

Tribute Wall

“ I was blessed to have a Dad and a bonus Stepdad to raise me; grow me, make me into who I am today. This weekend, I'll say, “Catch ya later” to the one who taught me to be a dreamer, a lover of music and travel, how to play chess, to question everything and always challenged me to back up all of my opinions and beliefs. He was tall, dark and handsome with a private and quiet disposition but still so charismatic. Conversations were always interesting; intriguing, thought-provoking. He was THE original conspiracy theorist, decades before it became so mainstream. He was a hippie at heart, a rebel and maker of his own way. He truly chased every dream; eventually moving to Florida to live at the beach, starting multiple businesses throughout his life- the last one, on the internet, at aged 78! He had so many various interests; investing in real estate, playing guitar, writing a novel and even directing, producing and starring in his own screenplay! I nicknamed him “Patty Short Stacks” because he made THE best pancakes ever! SO sweet, with the perfect amount of crunch around the edges. You could never just eat one so you always ordered a “stack”. He loved coffee and rolling his own smokes. He often found himself in the quiet solitude of nature or on the open road. Two of his signature quotes were, “When you stop doing, you stop living.” And “Something’s gonna get us all.” The last few years, he battled cancer and COPD. He was blessed to be able to “stop doing”, return to, and spend the last of his days at his family home in Springdale, Arkansas. Surrounded and cared for by his younger brother and sisters, daughters, and nieces, he drew nigh to his beloved family and Our Redeeming Father. His baby brother lovingly provided excellent care for him on a daily basis and was by his side when he passed this life. While there is great heartbreak, there is also great blessing in leaving so many loved ones behind. I take so much comfort in knowing that he left the quirkiest and absolute best parts of himself, in me. ❤️

Because of his time spent in the Navy, he often started telephone conversations in Japanese. “Mushi mushi, ding ywah doka desuka”, translated “Hello, hello. The telephone is for you.” And he often said goodbye with a calm and cool, “Catch ya later.” A couple of days ago, God came calling and our Pattycakes heard the most beautiful, “Mushi, Mushi”.

And tomorrow, with heavy hearts, those who loved him best will gather together to say, “Catch you later” for the very last time. 💔😭

