

Ms. House was my first grade teacher in 2002 and I have a memory of her graciously dealing with an escaped scorpion in our classroom while she told us all to stand on our seats. I will always remember her gentleness and genuine care for those around her. I will miss her smiling eyes and warmth but am grateful she is Home in the arms of a knowing and loving savior.

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Betty was the best storyteller. The moment she said she had a story to share, our ears perked up and our hearts opened wide. Recently during our women's Wednesday evening group, Betty, in her unassuming way said, "I have a story to tell you." We were discussing how God in His infinite mercy gives us gifts beyond our imagination. Betty told us about the time she was retiring from Regents. She had saved some money, but not much, and she wondered how she was going to live after that money was used. She said she was looking out the window taking in the scenery of Regents and reflecting on her time there. It was then that she had a visitor. A father came to visit and told Betty that she had been the topic of conversation while he and his wife were folding clothes. They had decided to support Betty financially for the rest of her life. Upon hearing those words, she said she was speechless, literally speechless. She never dreamed of God providing for her in such a miraculous way. We were all just as speechless as we listened to her miraculous story.

Not too long after she shared this story, she told us that her landlord was selling her condominium and she was going to have to move. The whole idea of looking for a place to live, leaving the home she had known for 15+ years and packing was more than overwhelming. She shared how she felt great anxiety, despair and loneliness even though we were there to support her. I know that moving causes great stress for anyone and can only imagine how much more stressful for someone who was nearly 80 years old. Our hearts were heavy with Betty. But God, in His infinite love and mercy, said, "You don't need to look for a home. You don't need to pack. I've come to take you to your perfect home with Me." I imagined her sitting at home and reflecting upon her time in her condo like she did when she looked out the window at Regents. And then God walked in, like that father walked into Regents that day, and He carried her home.

Betty House was not only our good friend we loved to laugh with at brunch or church, she was Joseph and Hannah's 1st grade teacher and our prayer warrior who has prayed for our children for 20 years. We miss her already but can only imagine her bright smile and laugh being HOME with Jesus! And telling Jesus one of her great stories in her soft-spoken voice!

Betty was not one to delay identification and correction of inappropriate or unsuitable behavior. One we recall is when Hannah put her feet on her desk in Betty's 1st grade class. Betty looked at her in shock and exclaimed "Miss Edling!", which corrected Hannah to put her feet on the floor. Hannah put her hand over her mouth and giggled a bit. Betty was so surprised at Hannah's apparent failure to appreciate the gravity of her unsuitable behavior and at her obvious lack of immediate repentance that she arranged for a separate meeting with Matt to make sure we could make suitable correction in response.

Betty not only loved her 1st grade kids, she protected them and was brave, determined, and would persevere through difficult circumstances to do so. When Hannah sliced her knee on a large nail sticking out of the railroad tie that bordered the small playground at school, Betty snatched her up and carried her running the entire distance from the playground to the nurse's office! Hannah still has a scar as a testimony to Betty's love and courage.

Betty had a grateful heart and was always thoughtful of others. She would write the most lovely personal notes and letters. We cherished receiving Betty's handwritten notes. They were always composed with her most beautiful penmanship! So glad we saved them.

Did you ever hear our sweet Betty calling the birds? She was like a sweet sounding bird in the sky! What utter JOY especially with her first grade class running around the bird sanctuary at the San Antonio Zoo.

Our dear Betty was a PURE example of FAITHFULNESS to her Lord and Savior and also a faithful and true friend! We will treasure her as part of our family forever!

Betty always had kind words, and was such a gracious saint. Barely a week before her passing, she attended the yearly fundraiser for Side By Side Kids. The opportunity to meet Laura Bush and have her photo taken with her was met with Betty's usual enthusiasm. Betty took Laura's hand and seemed to have a very nice and warm conversation. I feel certain that it was a blessing for our former first lady to be encouraged by one of God's own who always knew that she was continually 'Heading towards Home'.

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I can't carry a tune in a barrel. When we were about 8 Betty said she could teach me to sing. We would go in her bathroom and didn't matter what time of year she always picked jingle bells to try. Her sweet auntie Mae finally told her it was a lost cause. I will be 80 this birthday and still can't sing. Sorry my sweet friend of 75 years maybe when I join you in heaven HE can teach me to sing. I love you Bet.

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My favorite memory of Betty was her quiet, thoughtful way of relating scripture and what we were studying in Sunday school to Jesus. She touched my heart, as she did for so many, and she will truly be missed.

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I met Betty at Bible study 7 years ago where she lead us in songs, prayer and more songs. She provided flags bearing scriptures for each of us, we waved as we marched around the little room, joyfully singing....songs like "Jesus Loves Me", "Whosoever Will To The Lord May Come ", "Onward Christian Soldiers " and "When The Saints Go Marching In". I am certain that she is now marching and singing, in praise to her Father...whom she loved with all her heart. What a dear loving friend she became to me. I love her so much.

Betty is very special to our family, meeting her 20 years ago at Redeemer Presbyterian here in Austin. Our daughters, just 1 year old at the time, were immediately drawn to her and sometimes sat in her lap during church. Five years later we were thrilled that she was Mary Frances's first grade teacher at Regents. She treated her classroom as a little family- no one took a bite of lunch until Betty prayed and took her first bite. The classroom had a gentle calm about it, and the children loved her! She was a prayer warrior - I will always remember one time she told me Jesus put me on her mind one morning during her prayer time, and at the time I was praying hard about a decision. Over the years we have loved getting to know her and most recently she asked Allen to go to brunch after church when she noticed he was sitting alone- this started a little tradition- she LOVED the brunch at Jack Allen's. Finally, my last wonderful memory was going with Betty to see the Mister Rogers Documentary two months ago - it really spoke to her (she could have been the female version of Mr. Rogers) and she insisted on treating me- movie ticket, popcorn and all. We had a great time and It was so special. I'll cherish the time spent with her forever, and I know she is where she wanted most to be- with her savior who she loved so dearly.

When my husband and I first moved to Austin and joined All Saints in 2009, Betty was one of the first people to invite me to lunch. "Meet me at Russell's Bakery," she said. We had a delightful lunch all during which she asked me multiple questions, showing much interest in a lonely, new comer. However, as I was getting into my car to leave, I suddenly realized that we had spent the majority of the time talking about me. I had not learned much about Betty at all, I came to find out that was typical of Betty.

We shared many more lunches together (as well as, Bible studies, retreats, Sunday School). County Line BQ was a favorite, but she really liked to go to Chez Zees, and I was happy to accompany her. Not too many months ago she asked the waiter if she could have 1/2 a piece of coconut creme pie and 1/2 piece of the Italian Creme Cake. Guess what? For Betty, the waiter made it happen! Her sweet tooth was something she didn't apologize for.

I'm going to miss her the most at 60+ SPF. She always arrived early, sometimes bringing her breakfast to eat while I finished getting dressed. She often asked about my children and grandchildren as she gazed at their photos on our mantel. Always sitting in the same chair, her presence was a huge support. Betty listened. She would stop me and ask what I meant by something I had said. She made me realize that I need to be more careful with my words. I loved how she would raise her hand and say, "Joanne, can we sing such and such?" And she'd burst into song. Or if someone mentioned a situation in their life that was challenging, she say, "Let's pray right now!" And we did.

Betty was the greatest testimony I have ever known of someone who lived by faith. Oh, the stories she could tell!--and I'm certain I haven't heard even half of them. I believe she is going to be shocked at the number of lives that she impacted. As unique as Betty's personality was, it wasn't just Betty that we saw. We were seeing Jesus shining through her childlike enthusiasm and incredible faith.

Betty, I am going to miss you terribly. However, I rejoice knowing that you are finally HOME.

I'll see you in a little while.

Betty helped lead a small group of women, gathered for prayer and support, a few years ago. She had a unique way of humbly encouraging us, realizing we all simply needed to be loved and nurtured in Christ. She instructed us in the elementary craft of making personal flags with Scripture verses. She taught us simple, childlike songs to fight our spiritual battles, and led us, banners flying, around the room, victoriously marching, singing, laughing, crying, loving. Betty was our “kindergarten teacher from Jesus,” freeing us to be childlike in our trust and love of our Father in heaven and with each other. We loved her so much.

- Debra Dalton

Most of my memories of Betty involve food. We enjoyed talking about cookbooks we had just purchased or wanted, what each other had cooked recently, and enjoyed meeting for dinner. One of her favorite spots was El Gallo before it closed. Several years ago, I helped her “spring clean” her condo one Saturday. She insisted we stop to have some lunch (Mexican food) and watch Tiger Woods as we regained strength to finish the job. Her many stories of the Lord’s provision, along with her faithful life in Christ, are a comfort and reminder to me. She is now enjoying her Father’s abundance with Glenn and all the others who have gone before us. Thanks be to God.

My memory of our dear, sweet Betty is that she showed up and was present in the life of our church. For our four years at All Saints, her smiling face was always visible a row or two behind us on Sunday mornings. I got the privilege of seeing her every Wednesday for Morning Gathering as well. As an added blessing, Joe and I got to be with her in our small group for a while (she drove from South Congress to Bee Cave Road at night to be with us!). Her smile, kindness, and wisdom made any gathering special. I shall always remember how intently she listened to the speaker in those three areas. When she spoke, we listened intently to her. At her age, she maintained a teachable heart and a love for God's Holy Word and His church.

Betty was an encourager. Several times she pulled me aside to tell me what a wonderful husband I have. This was not news to me, but I so appreciated that she saw the good qualities in him and then made the effort to express them to me.

Betty was Salt and Light in the world. When you were with her, you just knew you were with someone very special. God's Presence radiated through her. She was someone we all want to be.

Joe and I will miss her immensely in all areas of our church. But, we rejoice. We know she is experiencing Eternity in full scope. We thank God for her beautiful life and for giving us a taste of Heaven on earth.

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I went to lunch with Betty a few years ago when I was feeling particularly lonely in singleness. I asked her what she did when she felt lonely and she said "Well, I just talk to Jesus." I asked her if that was hard for her... to feel his presence enough to talk to him and she paused and said "No." I stared at her and she smiled back at me. She encouraged me to always seek after him, that he is with me in my loneliness - he's right there. She also told me to make friends, to embrace my life and community in the church and to reach out in love to others. I pray I can follow her advise as well as her example. Her faithful, joyful presence in the church was infectious. You just knew when Betty was in the building. And you just couldn't help but smile when you saw her.

I've known Betty since Junior High School when we shared a class together. We both went to Austin High School then were roommates at UT and afterwards moved to Houston where we shared an apartment. She was maid of honor at my wedding. Somewhere along the way Betty became a member of our family. Mother and Dad sort of took her under their wing and my Sister and I were very close to her. She helped up immeasurably when our Mother was ill and we cared for her at home.

We've lost a very dear friend. Betty was the most gentle, sweet, forgiving, Christian person I have ever known. We miss her terribly already but know she is in a better place.

Well done, friend! We love you.

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I'm sure we can all recall stories of Betty singing praises to the Lord--a strong, sure voice of love resounding from deep inside her.

Betty was our son Landon's first grade teacher so we saw first hand how she loved these young people, and showed mercy and grace to them everyday! They all had sweet nicknames--she called Landon her "little man" and "Ben Franklin" because she said he was the epitome of the Renaissance Man. She loved the Lord, loved her kids, and loved Black Licorice!!!

I was overjoyed when Betty joined our women's bible study group. My two favorite stories about her are these:

She once left town to drive to see "The Sisters", got about two hours outside of town and couldn't remember if she turned the iron off. So she turned around, drove home and of course discovered that, as the responsible woman she was, she had indeed turned it off:)

The other story I loved was her desire to have a pair of red shoes. Betty loved the idea of wearing red shoes--she couldn't tell us why but I think it was because, just like Dorothy in Wizard of Oz, she was always ready to go home! She was a cherished friend and mentor who will be dearly missed.



Well I only got to know Betty about 2 years ago after moving to Austin but thankfully she has been in my small group bible study for those years. When Betty said anything in our groups, it was always honest and dripping with God's wisdom. On her 79th birthday I was honored to be included in a small brunch in her honor. At the table of maybe 10 women, there were various conversations going at the same time and Betty politely stopped us and shared that when she was recently visiting the Sisters, no matter how many were at the table, there was just one conversation going. She said it enabled everyone to hear and share and she encouraged us to do the same at her birthday lunch. Needless to say we did! The last evening session of our bible study Betty attended (9 days before she died), she shared that she had had a very blue and sad day. She said that she had lived much of her life alone but she had rarely been lonely. That day, she felt lonely. Then she broke out in song, singing these beautiful hymns with her blue eyes sparkling. She was honest and real but not without joy. The next evening (8 days before she went to be with Jesus), I got to see her and sit next to her at a benefit dinner. Prior to the dinner, she was about to have her photograph taken with former First Lady, Laura Bush. As Betty was about to step up for the photo, I said Betty, you may want to take your big dark sunglasses off your head and she laughed and said that she totally forgot she had them on her head! Later that night she confided that she had had a much better day that day but she did have a lot of trepidation about having to move in January. She said it was just tiring to think of it. I told her that she would have so much help she wouldn't have to move a thing. Little did we know THE GREAT HELPER was bringing her to her permanent home. Last story is about three weeks ago I saw her at church in between services. She was so animated and excited. She had just gotten to see a former student, Gentry Bowen and meet his new wife and she was so happy and pleased to get to see him all grown up and married. It spoke volumes to me about how precious her students were to her and how she was more than a teacher but a friend, mentor, aunt figure and sister in Christ. Betty impacted my life deeply. I miss her already and I thank God for the strong and enduring faith she had with Christ and shared with us in word and deed. I will miss her joy and her spunk. Until we meet again, I will carry her memory with me.

Betty told us in 60+ SPF that she often prayed this prayer, “Lord, make me a blessing to someone today.” He answered her prayer “far more abundantly” than Betty could ever have believed or imagined. Thank you, Jesus, for the faithful witness and blessing of Betty House!

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Ten years ago, at a women’s study, she would mention her time with the sisterhood. She was so fond of the songs they would sing. One day, she mentioned they would wave flags as they sang... and I wasn’t completely sure what she meant! So she brought her songbook to study (she loved, loved, loved those songs!) and these small pennant flags! I can’t remember what was on them, but she waved them and sang to us and it was like, “Here is Betty House: God’s #1 Fan.”

Second story... She would ALWAYS wave at me when she caught my eye during the service. Not a small, simple wave. Big, enthusiastic hello, with a huge smile to go with it. (we visited a lot before service, because she was always early.)

I keep looking over to the side of the sanctuary where she used to sit... Gonna be a while before that thought doesn’t come to mind.

This past summer and fall, I had the immense pleasure of spending quite a bit of time with Betty in my home, almost every week. We prayed together, crafted together, shared devotions and meals, and laughed a lot! We discovered that our paths in life had many points of intersection, but even more importantly, we intersected in our love of Jesus. My story is about just that. Betty had invited me to be her roommate at an upcoming retreat with the Sisters of Mary, but I wasn't going to be able to go this year. She also shared that she had been asked to prepare a visual interactive centerpiece for the theme of the retreat.

She didn't know where to begin, so she called me and came over to my house. After doing some brainstorming, we had an idea of what to make, and I suggested that we meet at Hobby Lobby to purchase any supplies I didn't have. She said fine! On the designated day, when I got to Hobby Lobby, she was standing in the entry looking bewildered. I turned to her and asked if she had ever been here before. She said, "no!" Imagine my surprise!

So we began a journey of exploring Hobby Lobby! Every isle or corner we turned, she would turn her head toward the ceiling and say, "Thank you Jesus!" Then turn to me and say, "This is amazing!" And I would smile or laugh! She was indeed like a kid in a candy store! And she would sing occasionally to the instrumental music. Sometimes we sang together to help each other remember the words to an old hymn...in the middle of Hobby Lobby!

I told her how for me, a trip to Hobby Lobby was a worshipful experience, not just a shopping experience. And she understood. I also told her to be cautious...that all the beautiful things come with a price tag! And she was. She left with a front door ornament with birds on it. It was lovely! I said I couldn't wait to see it on her door, but then she said I couldn't come over because her house was so messed up. And I understood. Just to make sure she hadn't hurt my feelings and that we would still get together, she said, "After the retreat. I'm looking forward to worshipping with you here again!"

We made the centerpiece and she went to the retreat. After returning from the retreat, two days before her death, she emailed me to say how much the Sisters loved our centerpiece and interacting with it and they looked forward to seeing both of us next year.

Well, we won't be worshipping together in Hobby Lobby or attending the Sisters retreat together, but I'm looking forward to our time together in the presence of Jesus!

Sweet Betty. You will be missed but oh what joy you are experiencing now in Heaven. What a light and blessing you have been to me and to my family over these last almost 20 years; always an encouraging word, a beautiful smile, that sparkle in those eyes, your keen wit and such wonderful hugs. You've been a spiritual mother, spiritual sister and spiritual friend to so many. Thank you for your beautiful walk with the Lord through this life. I am thankful for the blessing of you!

