

## Betty C. Kibbe

October 31, 1930 - July 30, 2014

Betty Jenkins was born a "coal miner's daughter", just one of 11 children born to Rose Edith (Bolen) and Frank Frazie Jenkins of Bolt, West Virginia. Betty lost her mother at the age of 3 and was raised mostly by an aunt and her older siblings. Being born on Halloween, her brother, Frank Jr., often teased that she entered the world on a broomstick!

For years Hallmark Cards has coined the phrase "when you care enough to send the very best" but we tend to believe "American Greetings says it best". In 1957, Betty Jenkins met her future husband and soul mate of over 50 years, Marlin Kibbe, a native of Lake Orion, Michigan. Both were employees of American Greetings in Cleveland, Ohio where their story all began. Betty & Marlin married and greeted their first child, a daughter, while living in Ohio prior to moving to Michigan where they welcomed their only son and a second daughter to their lives. In addition to their own children, they also provided foster care for countless children and teenagers.

Before dementia and Alzheimer's had robbed her abilities, Betty enjoyed attending church, playing card and board games, sewing, crocheting, knitting, cake decorating, solving puzzles, carpentry, singing, playing piano, and organ. She was always tinkering with things and would try to invent items from time to time, back in the 1970's she even tried to create a "super fan" by wiring an old washing machine motor up to an old fan...everything was fine until she hit the power switch...it would empty a room in 30 seconds flat, including the curtains on the wall!

Mom instilled in us to live by the Golden Rule and to try to always treat others as you would like to be treated, and that is a lesson we carry within us still.

Betty is survived by daughters, Carolyn (Eugene) Hartsuck of Rochester Hills, MI, Teresa (Charles) Riddle of Owosso, MI, Grandchildren: Kenneth (Amanda) Hartsuck, Sterling Heights, MI, David (Kristina) Hartsuck, Rochester Hills, MI, Joshua (Anne Teensma) Wells of Lakeside, CA and Aaron Wells of Howell, MI. Great grandchildren: Brittany, Wesley, and Kaitlyn Hartsuck and Gabriel VanDyke. Step Grandchildren: Adrian and Aaron Aguila and Andrew Riddle. Predeceased by her husband Marlin R. Kibbe, Sr. and son, Marlin R. Kibbe Jr., and all of her full siblings

Betty will be laid to rest at Great Lakes National Cemetery in Holly, MI where her husband

and their son already reside.

# Cemetery Details

## Great Lakes National Cemetery

Holly, MI

# Previous Events

## Visitation

AUG 5. 8:30 AM - 10:00 AM (ET)

Dryer Funeral Home  
101 First St  
Holly, MI 48442  
(248) 634-8291

## Service

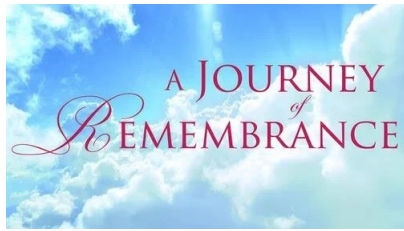
AUG 5. 10:00 AM (ET)

DryerFuneral Home, Inc.  
101 First St  
Holly, MI 48442  
(248) 634-8291  
bgdryer@hotmail.com  
<https://www.dryerfuneralhomeholly.com>

# Tribute Wall



“ Dryer Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Betty C. Kibbe



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Dryer Funeral Home, Inc. - August 11, 2014 at 10:02 AM

“ *The Rose Beyond The Wall*  
(written by A. L. Frink)

*Near a shady wall a rose once grew,  
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,  
Watered and fed by the morning dew,  
Shedding it's sweetness day and night.*

*As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,  
Slowly rising to loftier height,  
It came to a crevice in the wall  
Through which there shone a beam of light.*

*Onward it crept with added strength  
With never a thought of fear or pride,  
It followed the light through the crevice's length  
And unfolded itself on the other side.*

*The light, the dew, the broadening view  
Were found the same as they were before,  
And it lost itself in beauties new,  
Breathing it's fragrance more and more.*

*Shall claim of death cause us to grieve  
And make our courage faint and fall?  
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive--  
The rose still grows beyond the wall,*

*Scattering fragrance far and wide  
Just as it did in days of yore,  
Just as it did on the other side,  
Just as it will forever-more.*

CH

“ *Would you please send your best angel for my mama  
I don't want her to make that journey all alone  
Would you send the same one you sent for daddy  
To make sure that my mama makes it home*

*And when it's time for you to call home my mama  
Would you please take special care with her  
And Dear Lord would you let her die easy  
She has suffered so much on this earth*

*And I know that she'll be a perfect angel  
She has been a perfect mama to me  
And when it's time for me to come home and join them  
Lord just send that same angel for me*

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**Carolyn Hartsuck** - August 07, 2014 at 04:43 AM

SH

“ *I will never forget all the wonderful times spent with the family at Stoney Lake!!  
The best times of my childhood days. God Bless you all, Love & Prayers.??*

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**Sandy Hunter** - August 05, 2014 at 08:09 AM

  
Teresa  
Kibbe-

*Thank you Sandy. Carolyn and I really appreciate you and Bob coming to the funeral and luncheon afterwards. Mom always stressed the importance of staying connected to family which is why she wanted to make sure the family had a reunion every year. We owe you so much for continuing that tradition for as long as you could. It is the legacy she left for our family and together, we can keep it going. It was so nice to sit and talk to you, Bob and Michael. We definitely need to do this more often under happier circumstances!*

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**Teresa Kibbe-Riddle** - August 07, 2014 at 03:42 PM

FB

“ Teresa and Carolyn,



*While it is, without a doubt, extremely hard to bury our parents, can you imagine the reunion taking place in Heaven right now? Your Mom, Aunt Anna, Uncle Hank, my Dad - your Uncle Frank -. their in-laws, their parents, their children, their grandchildren.....and GOD! Now that's a reunion I am looking forward to one day.*

*No more pain. No more suffering. No more sorrow. No more regrets.*

*You girls have been through enough pain and sorrow. Tomorrow will be yet another painful day for you. Please know Beth and I, John and Patsy, Mildred and David and the rest of our families will all be thinking and praying for you and your families. While we may not be there in body, we will all be there in spirit and love.*

*Grant unto Aunt Betty eternal rest oh Lord, and let Your perpetual light shine upon her. Amen.*

*We love y'all!*

*Skeebo, Beth and the rest of your Texas Connection*

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**Frank Jenkins - Nephew of Aunt Betty** - August 04, 2014 at 08:56 PM



Teresa  
Kibbe-

*Thanks, Skeebo. Even though we miss her, I know that she is up there with all the relatives and friends that have gone before. She is whole, complete, healthy, no pain, disease or suffering. It's a great comfort to us to know that our parents are up there in a joyous reunion.*

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**Teresa Kibbe-Riddle** - August 07, 2014 at 03:48 PM

“ Mom didn't realize how much I learned by just watching her hands, including learning how to tie my shoes by the time I was 4, I just had a problem getting the shoes on the right feet!

Yesterday I spent the afternoon with my daughter in law, her sister and my oldest granddaughter teaching them how to make frosting roses for a marriage rededication ceremony taking place this Saturday. While we were sitting there making the roses it dawned on me that this, too, was the fruit of my mom. Mom had taken a cake decorating class back when I was a child, possibly before Teresa was born, I used to sit and watch her hands as she created the flowers. I remember one year she was hosting the Kibbe family reunion while we were living at the lake in Oxford, her hands were getting sore from making so many roses for the cake she created, seems like she wanted hundreds of them for that cake. Mom had set the pastry bag down and walked away for a bit, I picked the bag up and started making roses, when she walked back into the room she was shocked and delighted to see me making flowers myself, so, I got to make the rest of the flowers she needed so she could dedicate herself to other projects she was trying to take care of.

If mom had not taken that cake decorating class I would not have had the opportunity to watch her hands and learn to create the beautiful roses, I got to pass that knowledge down to 2 more generations yesterday...mama liked the roses, and her legacy lives on.

Carolyn M. Hartsuck - August 04, 2014 at 08:56 AM

“ 26 files added to the album New Album Name



Teresa Kibbe-Riddle - August 03, 2014 at 01:24 AM

LC

“ Dear Teresa & Charlie,

*We are so sorry about your mom. What a nice write-up she has!! I would have loved to have met her. She sounds like a fun loving and wonderful lady! It is so hard to lose a parent, especially to watch them suffer. It is such a comfort for you all to know that she is in heaven now with no more pain and with Jesus and her husband and son. Please know that we share in your sorrow.*

*Truely good people are hard to find, difficult to leave behind and impossible to forget.*

*May all the wonderful memories comfort you and give you peace. You have so many fond memories of your parents. Keep them close to your heart and share them with the generations to come.*


*Please know that our hearts go out to you and all of your family.*

*Blessings,*

*Lynda & Wayne Carpenter*

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**Lynda & Wayne Carpenter** - August 02, 2014 at 05:50 AM

 Teresa Kibbe-

*Thank you so much. I know you've been in our shoes with your own parents, so I know you understand our mix of joy and sorrow. We have so many beautiful memories of her and many pictures to make sure we remember so I know we'll feel their love until it is our time to join the reunion on the other side.*

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**Teresa Kibbe-Riddle** - August 03, 2014 at 01:29 AM

 Teresa Kibbe-Riddle

“ *What a wonderful reunion Mom must be having with all the family and friends that have gone on before her. I know that she is no longer in pain and is exploring heaven. I will always love and miss you, Mom. I will see you again some day.*

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**Teresa Kibbe-Riddle** - August 02, 2014 at 12:20 AM

 Teresa Kibbe-Riddle

“ 13 files added to the album *New Album Name*



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**Teresa Kibbe-Riddle** - August 01, 2014 at 11:44 PM

“ *Her Hands*

*a tribute to Betty Kibbe, written by her daughter, Teresa Kibbe-Riddle*

*Her hands, empty for too long  
Finally cradle her children  
She comforts them, protects them  
And nurtures them with her hands*

*Her hands, soft and yet so strong  
Soothe a feverish brow  
No tummy ache known to man  
Can withstand her gentle touch*

*Her hands, so calloused and rough  
From hard work she did not choose  
Provide food, clothes, love, shelter  
And memories to cherish*

*Her hands, so busy and sure  
Give love and stability  
To other people's children  
Who seldom know how that feels*

*Her hands, from years of practice  
So proudly hold her grandsons  
Spoiling unabashedly  
Without an ounce of remorse*

*Her hands, older and wrinkled  
Now hold her great-grandchildren  
Another generation  
To experience her love*

*Her hands, trembling in her grief  
Shake as she buries her son  
And all too soon her husband  
It is more than she can take*

*Her hands, shaking, frustrated  
She tells me she can't touch me  
I walk to her and she smiles  
And she holds me with her hands*


*Her hands, so cold, frail and blue  
I hold them in mine and cry  
Because soon she will be gone*

*And I will not have her hands*

*Her hands, now clasped together  
Soon disappear from my sight  
Oh God, please grant unto me  
The legacy of her hands*

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**Teresa Kibbe-Riddle** - August 01, 2014 at 11:23 PM

 Teresa  
Kibbe-  
Riddle

“ 4 files added to the album *New Album Name*



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**Teresa Kibbe-Riddle** - August 01, 2014 at 03:32 AM

 Teresa  
Kibbe-  
Riddle

“ 5 files added to the album *New Album Name*



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**Teresa Kibbe-Riddle** - August 01, 2014 at 03:29 AM