



Carolyn Dorsey Bertrand
December 28, 1938 - June 30, 2017

Celebrating the Life of
Carolyn Dorsey Bertrand
Monday, July 3, 2017 10:00 a.m.
First United Methodist Church
Winnie, Texas



Pre-service Music Bonnie O'Quinn

Opening Words Rev. Kevin King

Prayer

Hymn Sanctuary Congregation

Scriptures Romans 10:10-13; Joshua 24:14-15; John 14:1-4 Grandsons

Obituary Rev. Jim Daniel

Hymn My Tribute David Hillyer

Message Rev. King

Hymn Precious Memories Congregation

Benediction Rev. King

Recessional "I'm Gonna Sing"



Carolyn Dorsey Bertrand, 78, of Winnie, took her last breath Friday, June 30, 2017. She was born December 28, 1938, in Richmond, Texas to Ila Belle Mayes Dorsey and Clarence Dorsey. She was a longtime resident of the Winnie area, retired from East Chambers ISD as a teacher after 27 years of service.

Carolyn was very active in her church where over the years she served as pianist, choir director, bereavement coordinator and many other ways she felt led. She was a woman of sincere faith in the Lord. Her character reflected His love. This was evident in the way she invested her time, energy, and her heart into the lives of others. She will forever be remembered by her family and loved ones as a devoted wife, a selfless mother, and a hero to her grandchildren.

Survived by husband of 59 years, Sidney Paul Bertrand, of Winnie; daughter, Fran Bledsoe and her husband, Tom, of Sour Lake; sons, Wesley Bertrand and his wife, Monte; Casey Bertrand and his wife, Cindy; Vince Bertrand all of Winnie, Lane Bertrand and his wife Ashli of Anahuac; grandchildren, Randi, Bailey, Collin, and Tracy Bledsoe; Greg and Skipper Bertrand; Maegan and Jacob Sonnier; Tristan, Peyton, Travis, Samantha, Cameron, Sydney, and Brady Bertrand; great-granddaughter, Layla Grace Bertrand; brothers, James Hulme and Jim Dorsey; and sister, Sharon Dorsey; many other family members; and many friends.

She was preceded in death by parents, Ila Belle and W.T. Hulme; Edith and Clarence Dorsey; and brother Jerry Hulme.

Sanctuary

Written by Randy Scruggs and John W. Thompson

Lord, prepare me to be a sanctuary
Pure and holy, tried and true
With thanksgiving, I'll be a living
Sanctuary for You

Lord prepare me to be a sanctuary
Pure and Holy, tried and true
With thanksgiving I'll be a living
Sanctuary for you

Lord prepare me to be sanctuary
Pure and holy, tried and true
With thanksgiving, I'll be a living
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Precious Memories

Precious memories, unseen angels,
Sent from somewhere to my soul.
How they linger, ever near me,
And the sacred past unfolds.
Precious memories how they linger,
How they ever flood my soul.
In the stillness, of the midnight.
Precious sacred scenes unfold.
Precious father, loving mother
Fly across the lonely years
and old home scenes of my childhood
in fond memory appears
Precious memories how they linger,
How they ever flood my soul.
In the stillness, of the midnight.
Precious sacred scenes unfold.
I remember Mother praying
Father too, on bended knee
the sun is sinking, shadows falling
but their prayers still follow me
Precious memories how they linger,
How they ever flood my soul.
In the stillness, of the midnight.
Precious sacred scenes unfold.
Precious memories fill my soul.

Written by Johnnie R. Wright ● Copyright © Universal Music
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"The Mimi"

You really can't believe it as
the house is quiet and still,
but looks like a tornado came
and went and had it's will.

There are baby clothes and diapers
anywhere you care to look,
and "The Mimi" sits with coffee
simply reading a good book.

Does the calmness really last long?
Goodness no! That you can bet!
Three crying babies heard from
while Samantha's getting wet.

Babies yelling, ducks floating in a
bathtub you thought dry,
while Travis needs to tee-tee
in the twinkling of an eye.

Wouldn't really be a problem if his
clothes were not beneath
fourteen layers of Power Rangers
that won't come over his shod feet.

When at last he's on the potty
stripped and naked, as your fear
Samantha's clothes are wet now,
but a peacock does appear.

Tracy, Collin, and then Bailey
Are immediately charmed.
Then "The Mimi" drinks her coffee

and know she is well armed.

Has she had time to dress
or fix her lovely face.
Oh hell no! "The Mimi" looks
the worst of all the race.

While she's making many bottles for
the triplets, loving dears
she feels old beyond all measure
and looks bad beyond her years.

Tracy, Collin, also Bailey
are asleep and taking naps,
but there's water flowing everywhere
from both the bathroom taps.

Travis and Samantha are having fun
guess they'll play in there a while.
Then "The Mimi" breaths a sigh
as she wears a loving smile.

It is really quite a blessing to have
all of them so near.
To see their loving faces
and to wipe each tear.

And the time will come when all will
leave "The Mimi" old and dear,
and she'll sit out on the porch
and wait for peacocks to appear.

Pallbearers

Travis Bertrand
Greg Bertrand
Bailey Bledsoe
Collin Bledsoe
Tracy Bledsoe
Tristan Bertrand
Peyton Bertrand
Jacob Sonnier
Brady Bertand

Honorary Pallbearer

John Wesley Bertrand, Jr.

Interment

Fairview Cemetery
Winnie, Texas



Please sign Mrs. Bertrand's guest book and share your memories at
www.broussards1889.com