

Betty McLean

November 10, 1935 – May 21, 2019

Service of Worship
To Honor and to Celebrate the Life of

Betty Welch McLean

Thursday, May 23, 2019 2:00 p.m.
Broussard's Chapel
Silsbee, Texas
Reverend Brenda Griffin Warren

Prelude and Seating of Family

"Amazing Grace"

Welcome and Greetings

Eulogy

Reverend Homer Looper

Prayer of Thanksgiving

Responsive Reading

Psalm 23

The Lord is our shepherd; we shall not want.

People: He makes us to lie down in green pastures: He
leads us beside the still waters.

He restores our souls: he leads us in the paths of
righteousness for his name's sake.

People: Yea, though we walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, we will fear no evil: for You are
with us; Your rod and Your staff they comfort us.

You prepare a table before us in the presence of
our enemies: You anoint our head with oil; our cup
runs over.

All: Surely goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our lives and we will dwell in the house of the LORD forever. Amen.

Solo

"If Heaven's a Dream"
Reverend C.M. Duplissey

Meditation

Reverend Brenda G. Warren

Benediction

Recessional

"Beulah Land"



Betty Welch McLean, 83, of Lumberton, died Monday, May 21, 2019. She was born on November 10, 1935, in Memphis, Tennessee, to Myrtle Hodges Welch and Winston Welch.

Survivors include her children, Michelle Brewer and her husband, Charles, of Silsbee and James McLean and his wife, Lorrie, of Lumberton; grandchildren, Chad Brewer and his wife, Amy, of Evadale; Kaylee Barnhart and her husband, Caleb, of Buna; Blake Brewer and his wife, Jordan; and Dollie Willis and her husband, Chris, all of Silsbee; Grace McLean and Colton McLean, both of Lumberton; and seven great-grandchildren.

Betty is preceded in death by her parents; and brother, Winston Welch, Jr.

Our mom was a strong and courageous lady. She was no wimp and fought through a hurtful divorce, raising 2 children as a single parent, ovarian cancer and most recently a life-changing car accident that took her independence but not her spirit. We wanted to share some of our favorite memories of Mom:

We enjoyed a yearly Christmastime shopping trip to the Galleria in Houston with Mom. She was a “shop till you drop” kind of girl, but before she took off, she dropped James and I off at the ice-skating rink where we skated for hours and had great times. Our visits always ended with a trip to Farrell’s Ice-Cream Parlor for a special meal and we got to bring home what was a holiday tradition, Sees Candy.

We don’t know how, but our mom managed to afford a membership to the Beaumont YMCA. During summers, she would drop us off at the pool and James and I would swim all day long. She taught us to mind and respect adults, so we never caused any trouble. We enjoyed the privilege so we took care of it. Another favorite summer activity was our big summer vacation. We took these big trips every summer. James and I were drug all over the United States and have many great memories of riding in the back of our station wagon (with no seat belts of course) in sleeping bags with tons of games, puzzles and books. We’ve been from one side of the country to another and mom insisted that we mark our trips by buying landmark pennants that we hung all over our bedroom walls.

Our mom made Christmas mornings very special. We weren’t spoiled kids. During the year it was frugal, and this is probably what really made Christmas mornings so magical. Mom never disappointed. James and I had a pact – whoever woke up first, woke the other one up. I can’t describe how special seeing all of those gifts, wrapped so meticulously and sitting under the tree did to us. Then we did what all good 80’s kids did, we hit the back door with all of our loot and played outside the rest of the day, only coming in for Christmas dinner. My most memorable Christmas was when I received an 8-track tape player with a shoulder strap and a pair of new white skates with glow-in-the-dark orange wheels. I got 2 8-track tapes to go with this: Bee Gees Staying Alive and Donny and Marie Osmond’s Going Coconuts. James and I skated in thousands of circles to those songs and we’ll never forget it.

It wasn’t unusual for mom to drag us out of bed before sun up on a Saturday morning so she could be first in line at the local farmers market in Beaumont underneath the I-10 overpass next to the Babe Zaharias soccer fields. We hated going but once we got there we enjoyed walking through the rows of fresh produce, touching things we’d never seen before, and watching her wheel and deal. Our mom was a master at the bargaining table and she walked away a winner every time. James and I have many memories hand-shelling peas and snapping beans from the farmer’s market.

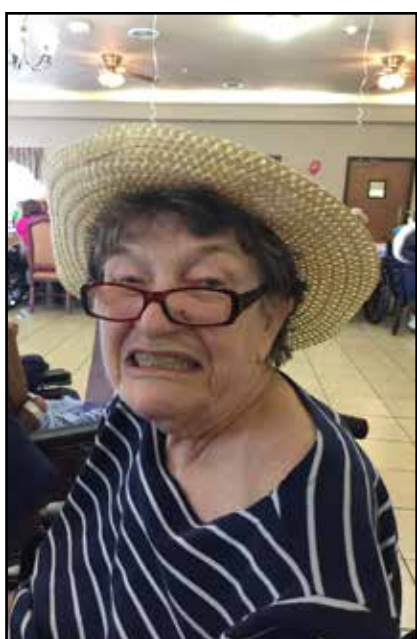
Our mom was many things but lazy wasn’t one of them, so it makes sense that she instilled in us a very strong work ethic. We were required to do very specific chores very specific ways and if they didn’t get done and done right, she made good on her promise – we lost privileges. When we turned 16 we were required to get jobs. She got us nice vehicles to drive but we had to work to pay the insurance.

If we wanted to run the roads, we had to have our own money or we stayed home. That's how it was for most kids in the 80's and that's how it was in our house. James and I credit our professional successes to these strong values that were instilled in us by our mom.

Many of you may not know that James and I are both adopted. Our mom was a stay-at-home mom until my parent's separation in 1983. I was 12 and my brother was 9. One morning she was packing our lunches and waiting for us with a home cooked meal on the table, and the next morning that life was over. She had to go back to work at 48 years old and she never complained about it. I remember her calling her old boss from the only job she ever had, Gulf States, and explaining her situation then asking for a job. The very next week she went back to work and our lives completely changed, but she rolled with the punches and never looked back.

On July 12, 2015, our mom was with her very good friends, Siggy and Clarence Kessler. They were very faithful to pick her up for church on Sundays and this Sunday was no different. As they were leaving a restaurant after Sunday dinner, they were involved in a very serious car accident. Our mom sustained the worst injuries including multiple thoracic spine fractures. In the ER that night I'll never forget what the doctor told us. His exact words were "your mom will never recover from this. She will never walk again. The spine is too injured to be repaired and she's too advanced in age for the surgery. She will be bed bound the rest of her life. In other words, your mom is screwed." James and I didn't accept this and neither did she. Two days later she had major surgery by another local specialist to repair her spine and it was successful. A few days later she went into respiratory distress and had to be put on a ventilator. She was in ICU for 30 days and on a ventilator for over 60. Many times, we were not certain that she would pull out of this, but we held on to our faith and prayed for God to make a way. He answered our prayers. Our mom was discharged from the hospital to a rehab unit and in less than 6 months was walking again with a rolling walker. She thrived for a good 2 years beyond her accident. She began having some setbacks a couple of years ago but even this didn't stop her from maintaining her reputation as the "life of the party." She loved being the center of attention. She loved going on day trips with her fellow nursing home friends. I have never met a more social person than our mom. She didn't meet a stranger. She didn't embarrass easily and was loud and boisterous. She was proud of her kids and grandchildren. She lived life to the fullest and if she had any regrets, she never expressed them to us.

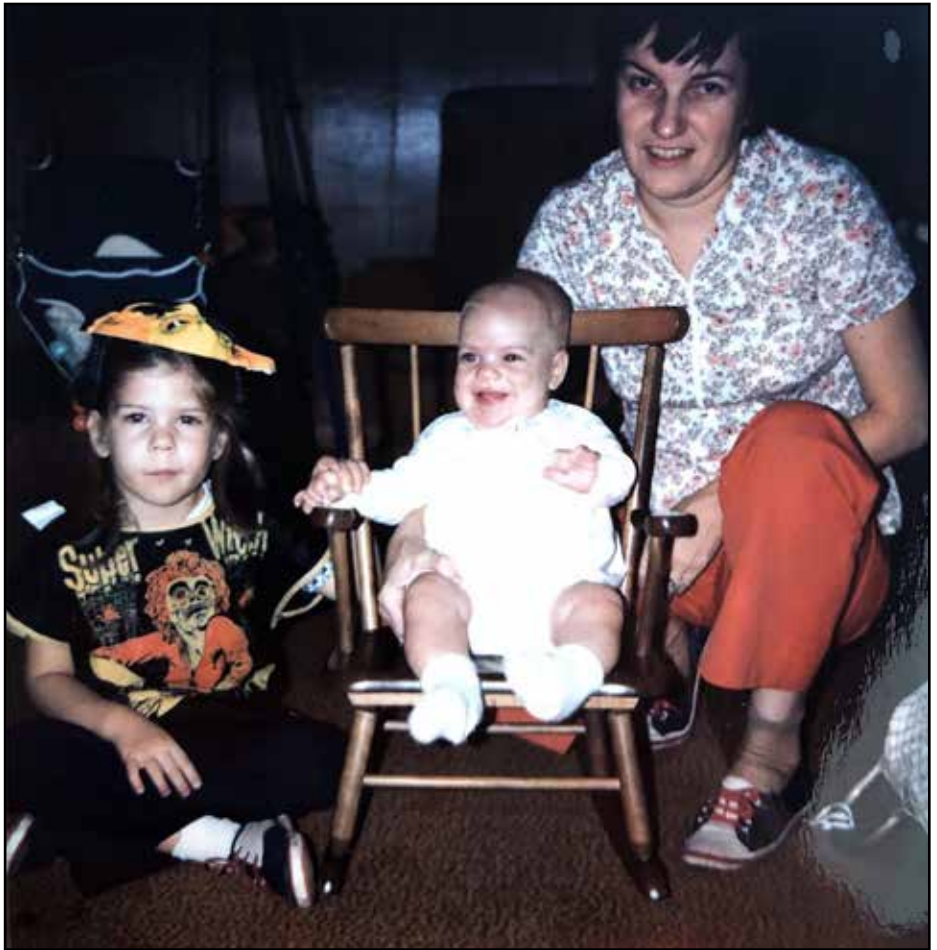
We want to thank every person here today that was touched by our mom. We thank you for being here to support us during this very sad time. We are choosing to think about the happy Betty that commanded a room, laughed loud and enjoyed life. This was our mom. And somehow, we hope that the Lord is allowing her to listen to our words so that she's reminded how much we loved her.









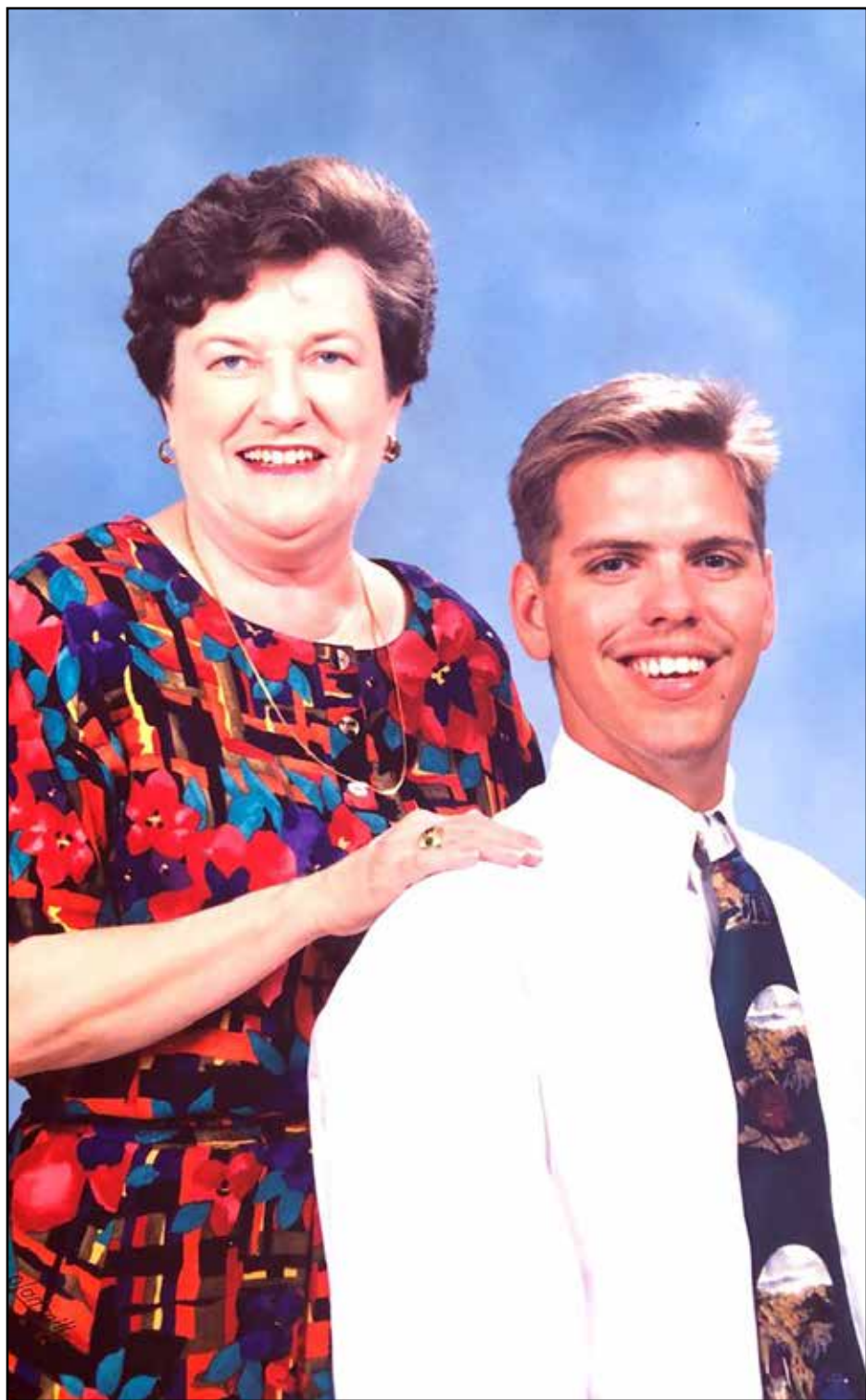












Pallbearers

Blake Brewer

Chad Brewer

Clint Price

Chris Welch

Chris Willis

Honorary Pallbearer

Colton McLean

Interment

Forest Lawn Memorial Park

Beaumont, Texas



Please sign Ms. McLean's guest book and share your memories at
broussards1889.com