

*In Loving Memory of*



*Buetta (Bee) Mable Harrington Norris*

August 8, 1932 - February 13, 2021

***Buetta (Bee) Mable Harrington Norris***

August 8, 1932 - February 13, 2021

**Memorial Service – Order of Service**

Trio in G minor

Rheinberger

*Kell Julliard, son in-law*

Gathering, The Word of Grace, Prayer

*Pastor Jay Hogewood Ph,D, Senior Minister*

*Rayne Memorial United Methodist Church, New Orleans*

Scripture Reading – Revelations 7:16-17

*Ben Segal, grandson*

Remembrances of Kiowa, Oklahoma A&M & Wesley Foundation

*Norma Biddle Casad*

*Willea Cason Atkinson presented by Wendy Atkinson Kueler*

You Are My Sunshine

Oliver Hood & The Rice Brothers

*Gina Forsyth, fiddler*

Remembrances of Dekalb

*Patricia Shaver Reininger & John Shaver*

Scripture Reading – Psalm 23

*Kimberly Norris Guerrero, niece*

Be Thou Vision

traditional Irish Hymn

*Cassie Segal, granddaughter*

Remembrances of family

*Nita Norris Melcher, cousin*

Scripture Reading – I Corinthians 13:1-7, 13

*Kristin Collins, niece*

Remembrances of grandchildren and children

*Ashley Segal, granddaughter*

*Harold Norris, son*

Bless This House

May Brahe - lyrics, Helen Taylor

*Steven Moore, baritone*

Homily – Her Eyes Said it All

*Pastor Hogewood*

Remembrances of Broken Bow

*David L Boren presented by Bob Burke*

*Kay Pratt - Cindy Sorrels*

Remembrances of New Orleans

*Betty Wells, Joyce Mathison*

How Great Thou Art

words by Carl Boberg - arr. C Leonard Raybon

*Eboneé Davis, Soprano*

Prayer of Commendation & Blessing

*Pastor Hogewood*

Graveside Burial

*Pastor Michael Dye, Senior Minister*

*Broken Bow First United Methodist Church*

Amazing Grace

New Britain - words by John Newton

*Gina Forsyth, fiddler*

# **Bee Norris / A Blessed Life**

by Lisa Norris, daughter

Most remembrances of loved ones who have died relate how the deceased loved one has blessed their lives. I would like to flip that tradition on its head and tell you how my Mom's life was blessed. Although when living her life, she may not have recognized most of these blessings, she told me on more than one occasion that she was "*Blessed*."

One of her greatest blessings was limitless energy. I can recall very few times in my life when Mom was not in motion. She could get more done before noon than most people accomplished in a week. This made it easy for her to say "yes" to almost everything (and then, get it done, and done well). Mom was the ultimate volunteer, not only for charitable foundations and civic causes, but she also seldom missed the opportunity to chaperone choral and band trips, and never missed a high school football game.

She was also blessed with an abundance of determination. My children often remind me that this is just another word for stubborn, and I will admit Mom would occasionally cross the line into stubbornness. But her determination allowed her to complete projects which seemed to have insurmountable challenges. When we moved from DeKalb, TX, to Broken Bow, Mom was determined to have a house that contained all the elements of convenience that she had studied in school. She drew up the plans herself (this drove the contractors crazy). She utilized every inch of space to give her as much storage as she could squeeze out of her design, and because she wanted the brick to have a certain "antique" look, she sat on top of the brick pile and handed the bricks to the brick layers so the end result would live up to her vision. This drive and determination made her a sought-after commodity for committees and administrative boards, especially if they were planning a big capital project or fundraising campaign.

Mom was blessed with the unique ability to pair the gift of hospitality with a lifelong practice of civic activity. I remember an incident when an obscure state representative who was running for governor called Dad. The state rep was going to be in our area of the state during the following month and wanted to stay at our house and discuss Dad supporting his run for governor. Dad said that would be fine and hung up the phone. Mom, only hearing one side of the conversation, asked Dad who was on the phone. Dad responded the next governor of Oklahoma and that he would be staying at the house next month. Since Mom knew that the 2 front runners in the gubernatorial race were not going to be in our area any time soon, she assumed that Dad was kidding and didn't think anything more about it. The subject doesn't come up again until Mom reads in the local newspaper that this state representative will be staying in our home while he is campaigning in the area the -- day before he was due to show up at our front door. When Mom questions Dad on when he was going to let her know about this visit, he reminded her that he had told her over a month ago. I think Dad really tested Mom's ability to extend gracious hospitality to anyone who entered her home and I don't mean the state representative. That obscure state representative was David Boren, who won that race for governor and later became a US Senator from Oklahoma.

I was privileged to witness Mom utilize all these blessings when she and Dad moved to New Orleans. My siblings and I were a little concerned that Mom and Dad might have a problem adjusting to life at Lambeth House after leaving lifelong friends in Broken Bow. We should have known better. After living there less than a month, Mom had created a circle of friends that included everyone from the daughter of a banking magnate to all of the dining staff. About six weeks after the move, I was having lunch with Mom and Dad after church. Mom had just finished attending a workshop Lambeth offered on how to adjust to senior living. She announced during dessert that many of the residents at Lambeth never had any friends or family visit them and how sad that must be. From that conversation, the Lambeth House Birthday Club was born. Mom found out all the birthdays for a particular month, sent those people birthday cards and organized a themed party. These monthly parties grew to take over half the dining room before Mom moved to the nursing floor. From the Birthday Club, Mom launched The Circle of Care. This was a group of ladies that sent cards to people who were ill, had landed in the hospital, or lost a loved one.

I could enumerate many more blessing and tell many more stories. Mom's best blessing was that she was loved by everyone who entered her sphere of influence. When Mom moved to hospice care, the nurses and CNA's related that she always asked them how their day was going, what was going on with their family, and always had her makeup on and her clothes picked out when they came in to help her get dressed for the day. My sister and I took great comfort in the fact that when we visited her the Saturday afternoon on the evening she passed, Jada the CNA had expressed how grateful she was to care for mom. She was surrounded by loving caregivers and experienced a blessed and peaceful death. She will be sorely missed by all who loved her.

## *Proverbs 31: 10-15, 18-24, 27-29*

A wife of noble character who can find?

She is worth far more than rubies.

Her husband has full confidence in her  
and lacks nothing of value.

She brings him good, not harm,  
all the days of her life.

She selects wool and flax  
and works with eager hands.

She is like the merchant ships,  
bringing her food from afar.

She gets up while it is still night;  
she provides food for her family  
and portions for her female servants.

She sees that her trading is profitable,  
and her lamp does not go out at night.

In her hand she holds the distaff  
and grasps the spindle with her fingers.

She opens her arms to the poor  
and extends her hands to the needy.

When it snows, she has no fear for her household;  
for all of them are clothed in scarlet.

She makes coverings for her bed;  
she is clothed in fine linen and purple.

Her husband is respected at the city gate,  
where he takes his seat among the elders of the land.

She makes linen garments and sells them,  
and supplies the merchants with sashes.

She watches over the affairs of her household  
and does not eat the bread of idleness.

Her children arise and call her blessed;  
her husband also, and he praises her:

“Many women do noble things,  
but you surpass them all.”