



## Betty Lou Light

July 13, 1922 - October 6, 2019

Betty Lou Rosenthal Light died October 6th, 2019 in Tucson, AZ. She was 97.

She is survived by her three children, Patty Hayes (Larry), Ken (Marcia), and Rick (Morgan), 7 grand children and 12 great grandchildren. Her brother and sisters preceded her in death as did her beloved husband of almost 60 years, Dr. Mason M. Light.

She was greatly respected and loved by her children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, who feel so very thankful to have had such an elegant lady as their guiding light. Her smile, her wisdom, and of course, her puns will be sorely missed.

Betty was a matriarch in Gunnison, Colorado for over 7 decades before moving to Tucson in 2013. Her smile, generosity, and humility will be deeply missed by those who came to know her at Handmaker Jewish Services for the Aging.

Private family burial services will be held in Gunnison with a community memorial service scheduled at a later date.

In lieu of flowers donations the family requests that donations be sent to the Mason & Betty Light scholarship fund at Western State Colorado University (P.O Box 1264, Gunnison, Colorado 81230), or to Handmaker Jewish Services for the Aging (2221 N. Rosemont Blvd. 85712) in Tucson, Arizona.

The family will be receiving visitors on Sunday, October 20, from 4-7pm at the home of Marcia and Ken Light

# Comments

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“ All of us here who knew Betty are saddened to hear of her passing - and perhaps more sad because she wasn't able to get back to the valley again although her last note said she would like to. I recall with pleasure the afternoons I spent with Betty working on her collection of poetry, and also the more raucous meetings cogitating on lyrics for Sonofagunn songs. A poem for Betty, and all of us:

## AFTER LIFE

After we wake up from living  
We no longer need to make fire  
For the heat we no longer need  
In the bright crystal morning ahead.

Unseen but felt we mourn our loss  
With those we've lost, till we wake up  
Again to all possible, and leave wondering then,  
On the back of a deer or a hummingbird.

And we go till, freed, we forget our selves  
In places so lovely, so fine, we want to be  
Everywhere there for a while, a night or a moon,  
Or to maybe be somewhere a tree for a life.

And something of us is that tree, then, for a fractal  
Leaving of time, and, if doubly blessed, something  
Of those we loved will come to lie under us,  
Or in our branches build nests, or just sing.

**George Sibley** - October 12, 2019 at 11:00 PM



“ Thank you, George. She often told us of her times working with you on her poetry and how much she valued your input.

Ken

**Ken Light** - October 14, 2019 at 07:50 PM

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“ I worked with Betty on songs for the annual Sonofagunn show at the Gunnison Arts Center. We tried to out-goofy one another as we wrote lyrics to ridiculous songs. Her sense of humor was infectious. And her poetry. And her stories about the early days of being a doctor's wife in Gunnison. And especially her stories about the Gunnison Navy. A candle in the world has been blown out. Even though she hasn't been back in town for years, I will miss her tremendously. Maryo Ewell

**Maryo Ewell** - October 11, 2019 at 09:16 PM



“ Much appreciated, Maryo. She sure enjoyed those days!  
Ken

**Ken Light** - October 14, 2019 at 07:50 PM