



Betty Marie Napier

DEC 7, 1931 - NOV 20, 2015



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Betty Napier, 83, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, went to heaven November 20 after a long illness. She was born in Kansas in 1931. She attended high school in Chelsea, Oklahoma. When she was 16, Betty left school to marry her sweetheart, Babe Ruth Napier. Several years later, she studied hard and earned her GED. They lived in Phillips and Borger, Texas, for 24 years where she helped her husband run his television repair shop. After that, they moved to a farm in Bristow, Oklahoma, and later to Tulsa where Betty worked for the Tulsa Post Office for at least 15 years. Even though she worked, she was always a wonderful homemaker who took great care of her family, providing them with the warmth, love, and spiritual guidance that they needed. And hugs...lots of hugs! Betty was preceded in death by her husband, Babe, of 49 years and her grandson, Bryan Luster. She is survived by her daughters Janice Luster, Patti King and her husband Pat, Donna Miner and her husband Glenn; her son Gary and his wife Margaret; grandchildren Shelley Luster, James King, Susan (King) Kishk, Kevin and Andrea Miner, and Jenny Wimer; and great-grandchildren Matthew and Sarah Kishk and Riley King. The funeral will take place Tuesday, November 24, at 12:30 p.m. in the Floral Haven Funeral Home chapel in Broken Arrow.



Tribute Wall

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PK

Patrick King posted:

My sister Kathie left a comment about Betty taking pictures that prompted me to write this. Oddly enough it was my first feel of acceptance when she asked me to stand with Patti for a picture. Being the "new son-in-law" I had a difficult journey to please Betty. I had been in pursuit of Patti since love at first sight when she was 14. I do understand Betty's reasons. Add to that the fact that Betty was stubborn. But after 31 years she and I discovered we liked each other while abroad. On the way to the airport for her flight home she told me she loved me and in my normal fashion I cried and returned the same, telling her I loved her. I came to love Betty like my own mother as we became closer. I looked forward to every visit and it was often my idea to have her visit for a month. Betty only took pictures of things she liked or loved so inclusion was recognition. For me, a proud moment of recognition. After my return from the service and my first knock on the front door her words were, "So you're back and alive, well, thank you for your service. Patti will be out in a minute." It's odd what we fear, I was scared to death standing there on the porch, so I just stood. Then Betty said "well come in or are you going to just stand there" so I came in and just stood, not wanting to mess up. She said, "Are you okay? Sit down!" I messed up by not wanting to mess up. I was startled to say the least, but that was Betty, she could say a lot with little. Especially with her perfected smirk and crooked smile. After raising a daughter of my own I do understand her reluctance to see me. I tell this because she was the first person to thank me, a rare occurrence for returning Vietnam Vets. One more little thing about Betty, she would do hidden things for you that most didn't see. When Patti and I were dating after my discharge I was commuting every weekend from DFW. A very long drive to Borger. I used every spare penny to travel, I often arrived very hungry. One afternoon I arrived around lunch and Mr. Napier was cooking an egg sandwich, let it be known that egg sandwiches are right near the bottom of my list of food I eat. He asked if I wanted an egg sandwich to which I replied quickly with a "yes!" Cooked in bacon grease the odor and extreme hunger overrode my taste buds. "Here, have the first one" it was wrapped in mayo and white bread. I strongly dislike mayo but I put that egg sandwich away in record time. "Wow! You must be real hungry or really like egg sandwiches!" "Have this one" as he had just finished coating another with that raw egg concoction mayonnaise. I ate seven or more egg sandwiches as quick as Babe could cook them. He was laughing saying "you must really like Patti, you're starving to death!" Betty came in from grocery shopping and made a comment that she didn't buy eggs and that she should have plenty for the cake I'm baking. Then she saw the empty carton. B. R. made a comment about feeding me and laughed at how hungry I was saying "he is starving, he must really like Patti. He only had one Snickers bar since yesterday." Her response wasn't nice and she doesn't deserve it being written because she paid attention. Often when I was there at lunch time there would be an egg sandwich with mayo awaiting me. Years later she would be cooking breakfast asking each how many eggs they wanted, for me she didn't wait for an answer but said "a lot". She secretly cared and was secretly kind. I'd always get several scrambled eggs for breakfast, I always ate it all and the myth grew. Every sandwich she made for me was covered in mayonnaise. never told her or anyone other than Patti. I came to miss those sandwiches so powerful in mayo that the true of "which" its made couldn't be tasted. As her memory started to fade from Alzheimer's she continued to recognize and know me when she wouldn't remember her other loved ones. For that I am honored and grateful. May God be with her. Pat King



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June 12 at 6:44 AM



Kathie King posted:

I first met Betty in the early 60's. She's my friend Janice's (and my now friend & sister in law Patti's) mother. She treated me like family. I remember how she loved her camera and loved to take pictures. She made me feel special when she wanted pictures of me. She was special.

November 22 at 6:06 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Betty by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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