

A Celebration of Betty's Life...



**Elizabeth Ann Franklin Jallings
June 9, 1916 ~ April 5, 2008**

Prelude: Prairie Musical Group

Opening Words: Susie Daniel

Betty's Life in Photos: to *Shepherd's Hymn* from Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*

Hymn: *From All Who Dwell Below the Skies*

Children's Voices: Susie ~ The Chicago Years

Prairie Musical Group: *Bread and Roses, We Shall Overcome*

Children's Voices: Nancy ~ The Oregon Years

Hymn: *For the Beauty of the Earth*

Children's Voices: Rebecca ~ The Adult Years

Prairie Musical Group: *Will the Circle Be Unbroken*

Grandchildren's Voices: Stacy, Claire, Lili, Jessica

Prairie Musical Group: *This Little Light of Mine, Down by the Riverside*

Betty as Neighbor, Friend, Social Activist, Teacher, Unitarian-Universalist:

Prairie UU Society: Metje Butler and Doleta Chapru

WILPF: Delores Grengg and Lea Zeldin

Those who would like to share Memories & Anecdotes about Betty would be most welcome to do so at this point.

Prairie Musical Group: *Oh Freedom*

Hymn: *O God of Stars and Sunlight*

Closing Words: Susie

Closing Images: Portraits of Betty, 1934 to 2006, to Handel's *Largo*

Postlude: *Prairie Musical Group*

*Please stay for refreshments, admire Betty's artwork,
smell a flower, laugh with others, hug a friend or relative,
and share your best "Betty memories."*

*Donations in Betty's memory can be made to the
American Indian College Fund,
PO Box 172449, Denver CO, 80217-9797
or [www. Collegefund.org](http://www.Collegefund.org)
or, as Betty would insist, donate to the cause
about which you are most passionate.*

With Special Thanks to:

*Family and Friends who joined us today...
bringing their memories,
their photos, their love....and even some
of Betty & Jack's great-grandchildren.*

*The Prairie Musical Group:
Ruth Calden, recorder; Lee Burkholder, autoharp;
Rosemarie Lester, guitar; Maggie Siegfried, bass;
Mary Mullen, guitar, Barbara Park, violin;
Doleta Chapru, accordion and piano accompaniment.*

*Doleta Chapru and other members of Prairie UU Society who helped to
organize today's celebration and provided refreshments.*

*Photo Montages: Rebecca Jallings, Jon Jallings, Zeb Page,
with contributions from family and friends
Videotaping and Photography: Rebecca Jallings, Jon Jallings
Program: Susan Jallings Daniel
Flowers: Claire Sandler ~ Display Book: Lili Sandler*

*This celebration of Betty's life is dedicated to
Jack Kirkland Jallings: loving husband,
best friend, fellow activist, patient partner,
nurturing father, inspiring grandfather
and affectionate great-grandfather.*

Betty's Life & Times

Betty was the oldest daughter of Newton (Jap) and Bertha Franklin, both of whom grew up in families which had homesteaded in the Vermillion, South Dakota area; she had two sisters, Ruth (1919-2001) and Susan (1920-1926) and the family lived on Emerald St. in Madison. Betty graduated from West High School in 1934, then Jap and Bertha built the family home north of Oregon over several years; three generations of the family have now lived in the house, which has been renovated by Betty and Jack's son Jon.

Betty graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1938, where she studied modern dance, music, and visual arts. She and her future husband, Jack Kirkland Jallings, met at a Spanish Club Halloween party at the First Congregational Church. Betty was dressed as a gypsy and Jack, always a romantic, went home that night and told his brother Charlie that he had met the girl he wanted to marry. And marry they did, on August 17, 1940, after which they moved to Chicago.

They lived first on the North Side, where the Jallings family had roots, and then on the South Side, in Trumbull Park Homes, where they were involved in working for social justice, racial and religious tolerance, and community support for families. Betty ran the Tenant Council, wrote and illustrated the community newsletter, ran many rummage sales and organized a food sharing bank, while advocating for the many refugees who had come to the US after World War II. Jack was a labor union organizer in the steel and car plants on the South Side, and an unofficial worker with teenagers in trouble with schools and courts. The girls were encouraged to sample various Sunday Schools, and soon the family settled on the Beverley Unitarian Church—the girls liked most that it looked like a castle! -- where Betty sang in the choir.

At home, Betty created a world full of the arts for her three girls—Susie, Nancy and Rebecca – with music, art and crafts, puppetmaking (for the puppet theatre Jack built) and a doll house (which their Grandpa built and furnished, with tiny dolls their Grandma made and dressed)swimming and dance classes at the nearby park, creative drama with a wonderful costume box, and storymaking—a series of original illustrated tales about a mouse family which inhabited their doll house at night--all enhanced by visits to museums , parks, art galleries, and time spent with their Jallings grandparents and family in Oak Park, and summers spent in Wisconsin with their Franklin grandparents, Betty's sister Ruth and her family, and Jack's brother Charlie and his family.

The family moved to Oregon in 1954, where their only son, Jon was born. Betty was involved in community groups, especially 4H and Girl Scouts, worked at the State Training School for Girls, cultivated large vegetable gardens, and collected a menagerie of assorted animals, and took up square dancing. A lifelong bookaholic, Betty read aloud at bedtime to various children and far into the night for herself—a habit picked up from her mother and passed to her daughters. Jack and Betty loved classical music as well as folk music and protest songs spanning many decades and social movements.

Betty was a talented artist whose work included sculpture, bas relief, woodcuts, ink and water colors; her art was featured in a number of Madison exhibits, and she illustrated two books of Wisconsin pioneer stories. Her art was last seen at the West High School 75th Anniversary Alumni Art Exhibit in 2005.

Betty, who had taught in a nursery school briefly as a young woman, submitted to the Englund family tradition and returned to the UW Madison for a Master's in Education in 1964. She taught English briefly at Central High School, then English and ESL for many years at Madison Area Technical College, where she remained active as a volunteer tutor for ESL students for years after she retired.

Betty was an active member of the American Federation of Teachers, a board member of the YWCA in Madison, and president of the local chapter of the Women's International League of Peace and Freedom. She spoke articulately and worked with total commitment for peace and justice, taking her children and then her grandchildren on various marches and demonstrations across the country. Both Jack and Betty were members of the First Unitarian Society and founding members of the Prairie Unitarian-Universalist congregation. They travelled the world after their kids grew up, taking photographs and collecting art, crafts and books of every description. In 2000, they moved to the Meriter Retirement Center.

An intelligent, independent, artistic and articulate woman, Betty was very much her mother Bertha Englund Franklin's daughter. In turn she raised her children to value family, education and the arts, to believe in and think for themselves, and to work for positive change in their society and the world.



Route One, Schneider Drive, Oregon, Wisconsin

*The jack pines and white oaks whisper
high overhead as I pull into the noisy gravel drive.*

*My windows rolled down, the scent of
smushed crabapples tickles my nose and I smile.*

*The tree from which they have dropped is
difficult to see, despite the overwhelming evidence
it has scattered on the ground.*

Climbing the cement stairs—eleven in all—

*I pass ferns, lilies and what she calls
panda ears, fuzzy and soft.*

*The plants clinging to each other, growing ever higher,
and the sight of broken lawn chairs
stirring up images of well-kept lawns
and girls playing with paper dolls
on a porch that no longer exists.*

*Inside, the familiar smell of Grandma's house
flows through the air, as dusty dogs and skinny cats
saunter up to welcome me.*

*The plants are as overgrown here as outside,
and the dirty green shag carpet looks a lot like grass.*

*Treasures from near and far line the window sills,
fill the cracked display case, and make a noble attempt
to fit in among the mountains of books.*

*Before she comes to greet me, her hands overflowing
with radical, well-meaning pamphlets,*

*I smile once more, and breathe in,
hoping to hold on to that smell forever.*

~ Lillian Jallings Sandler