



Betty Ann Bird

February 3, 2016

Betty Ann Bird was born in Rahway, NJ to the late Anna and Matthew Chrappo on January 27, 1940 and passed away on February 3, 2016. Betty was the beloved wife of Samuel Bird, III of Lawrenceville, GA for over forty years. She was the mother to seven children, grandmother to seven, and great-grandmother of two. Honoring Betty's wishes her body was cremated. A private family service will be held at a later date. Betty loved crafting and most enjoyed the company of the ladies of the Sit & Stitch Club at Bethesda Senior Center. Special "thanks" to Gwinnett Fire & Rescue and all the doctors, nurses and staff at Gwinnett Medical Center.

To express condolences, please sign our online guest book at www.flaniganfuneralhome.com. Arrangements by: Junior E. Flanigan, Flanigan Funeral Home and Crematory, Buford, GA (770) 932-1133.

Tribute Wall



“ *Betty Ann Bird*

November 08, 2022 at 07:37 PM



“ *May Jehovah God comfort you during this time of loss. Though there may be little that can be said or done to ease your pain, may you find comfort in knowing that many care and sympathize with your sadness. Always know that Jehovah God is with you to strengthen and guide you. May your trust in his promise of a resurrection bring you peace. - Acts 24:15*

K.L. Banks - February 06, 2016 at 12:00 AM



“ *Loved sitting with BETTY at the sit and stitch group. She was a joy to be around. Her smile and love of grafting was inspiring. Will miss her.*

Barbara shelton - February 05, 2016 at 12:00 AM



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Barbara shelton - February 05, 2016 at 12:00 AM

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“ *Death is nothing at all.
It does not count.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
Nothing has happened.*

*Everything remains exactly as it was.
I am I, and you are you,
and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched,
unchanged.
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.*

*Call me by the old familiar name.
Speak of me in the easy way which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.*

*Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed
together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow
upon it.*

*Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute and unbroken continuity.
What is this death but a negligible accident?*

*Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am but waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near,
just round the corner.*

*All is well.
Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it was before.*

How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!
Henry Scott-Holland (1847 - 1918)

*Condolences and Blessings from Andrea Sells & Ivy Falls Family
Medicine.*

Andrea Sells - February 05, 2016 at 12:00 AM