



Betty Marie Pack

August 31, 1936 - March 3, 2014

Betty Marie Pack, age 77 of Warrenton, VA died on Monday, March 3, 2014 at Fauquier Hospital.

She is survived by her husband William H. Pack, Jr; her children Jeff Pack and wife Blair and Jane McMullan and husband Kerry and by her grandchildren Cory, Riley, Casey, Brady and Kolby.

The family will receive friends at Pierce Funeral Home, 9609 Center Street, Manassas, VA on Tuesday, March 11, 2014 from 6-8 PM. Funeral services will be held at Fairfax Presbyterian Church, 10723 Main Street, Fairfax, VA on Wednesday, March 12, 2014 at 12 Noon followed by interment in Quantico National Cemetery.

In lieu of flowers the family suggest that memorial contributions be made to the American Heart Association.

Cemetery Details

Quantico National Cemetery

18424 Joplin Road
Triangle, VA

Previous Events

Visitation

MAR 11. 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM (ET)

Pierce Funeral Home
9609 Center St.
Manassas, VA 20110
(703) 257-6028
pfh@piercefh.com
<https://www.piercefh.com>

Service

MAR 12. 12:00 AM (ET)

Fairfax Presbyterian Church
10723 Main Street
Fairfax, VA 22030

Tribute Wall

TW

“ (Part 2 of 2)

Or when I unwittingly scrubbed every bit of grease off of Betty's prized and well seasoned waffle maker and thereby rendered it useless. Unless of course someone was interested in a breakfast of shredded waffles that mostly stuck to the maker.

Betty simply gave the look, perhaps shook her head, said a few well chosen words and then got very quiet and left the room. Message received, back on track.

But what I saw firsthand every day in the Pack home, and recall and treasure the most is the love and dedication Betty and Buddy have for each other, which is rare, amazing and humbling. We are all the better for being reminded of their example, emulating it and passing it on to the next generations whenever and however we are able.

Tim Whitridge - July 13, 2017 at 09:07 AM

“ (Part 1 of 2)

Betty Marie Pack's family and friends love her. We are not alone, there are many of us. What is remarkable is just how many lives were influenced by Betty. Betty is an indelible part of who we are, who I am, and in turn who our children are and will become. Betty's reach and influence is great and continues through us and her example.

In 1980 I was 17 years old and had recently graduated from high school. I, of course, knew everything there was to know. How utterly charming, right? Particularly in a teenager! Today, as a father of 3 reasonably compliant and well behaved teenagers, I completely understand why my own parents moved 4 weeks after my high school graduation. No, my parents didn't simply downsize their home; or move across town to a better location; or even relocate to another state. They literally left America. Seriously, this is a true story.

I was a first semester college freshman at that time. As a freshman, I had a double major and focus: 1.) Perfecting my fake ID for the purpose of procuring cheap, cold beer; and 2.) Pursuing the love of my life, Laurie. Not necessarily in that order. The only message that I am able to recall from Orientation Day that summer was: "Take a look to your right; now look to your left; those 2 dopes you see won't be here for graduation day because they think this is one big party." I do recall thinking: hmm, sucks for you lefty and righty because I am staying at this crack-a-lacking place. Simply put, I thought my new freedom was simply The Bomb and I had it all!

Reality set in soon enough. Eventually, all of this became a bit overwhelming for this still very-wet-behind-the-ears kid. For me this was one of the key moments in every young life where the path potentially changes and a poor choice or a bad circumstance colors the rest of our lives.

Well, I did obviously survive to see my 18th birthday and well beyond.

My path those first fall and then spring semesters, that moment in time, was slowly but surely heading in the wrong direction. To my

incredibly good fortune, the Pack family obviously recognized something I did not, I could not. I needed help, their help. Over the next few years I received much more from them than I ever deserved or could repay.

Instead of me remaining just one more lost soul and casualty of college campus life, Betty, Buddy, Jeff and Jane made me a part of their family. There was no big discussion, no announcement. They just did it. Think about that for a moment. Who does that? Who takes into their home a punk, know-it-all, and literally transforms him and corrects the path he is on with their kindness, concern and love? They loved, encouraged, supported and occasionally (and completely understandably) got fed-up with me. In other words, they simply treated me like family. It was a transformational, magic formula.

What I recall most was that Betty was always the real boss. Sorry Buddy, you were more like Queen Elizabeth with a moustache. You had the official title and played the part well, but it was pretty much the Betty Show 24 x7. We all operated under the fundamental rule that if Betty wasn't happy, then it eventually had to be fixed. As it should be.

Betty was the calming and reassuring voice of reason and guidance that every kid needs.

Betty never lectured or rarely, if ever, raised her voice, even when we so deserved it. I mean REALLY deserved it.

Like when we discovered Wesley, the poodle, didn't really have the stomach to handle a full batch of peanut butter fudge that we allowed him to have his way with. FYI, a batch like that takes daaaaaays to fully clear a dog's intestinal tract.

Or when Jeff and Blair went "house hunting" and got the car stuck in the mud on the side of a dark, deserted road, presumably long after "the realtor" had closed up shop. I'm still not clear on how common it is for realtors to have an open house after midnight?

Tim Whitridge - July 13, 2017 at 09:06 AM



“ *Beautiful in Blue* was purchased for the family of Betty Marie Pack.



March 06, 2014 at 06:43 PM