

Betty Goode Justus

Mrs. Betty Goode Justus, 61, of 105 Washington Ave., Crab Orchard, died Thursday, July 18, at her home, following a long illness.

Born Jan. 10, 1930, at McGraws, Wyoming County, she was the daughter of the late Howard and Pearl Browning Goode.

Mrs. Justus was a teacher in the Raleigh County school system who re-



Justus

tired from Crab Orchard Elementary School in 1989.

She was a 1948 graduate of Mark Twain High School, where she was valedictorian of her class, and a graduate of Concord College.

Mrs. Justus was a member of the Hilltop Baptist Church, a member of the church's Adult Choir and a former Sunday School teacher.

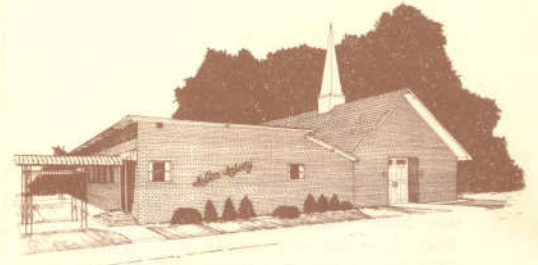
She was preceded in death by an infant brother.

Survivors include her husband of 40 years, Thurman Taylor Justus; four sons, Derek and his wife, Londa Justus of Virginia Beach, Va., Greg and his wife, Ann Justus of Bristol, Va., and Steve and David Justus, both at home; four daughters, Mrs. Donald (Dawn) Lindsay of Crab Orchard, Mrs. Eric (Pam) Evans of Shady Spring, Stephanie Justus at home and Mrs. Rocky, (Cheryl) Webb of Eccles; seven grandchildren; two brothers, Howard Goode Jr. of Tulsa, Okla., and Paul Goode of Nitro, and three sisters, Helen Smith of Port Huron, Mich., Jane Coyle of San Diego, Calif. and Shirley Dillon of Crab Orchard.

Services will be 3 p.m. Sunday at the Hilltop Baptist Church, Crab Orchard, with the Rev. Wayne Holder officiating. Entombment will follow in the Blue Ridge Memorial Gardens Mausoleum Building No. 2, Prosperity.

Friends may call from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. today at the Melton Mortuary, Beckley and one hour prior to the services at the church.

Men of the Hilltop Baptist Church will serve as pallbearers.



In Remembrance

IN MEMORY OF
BETTY GOODE JUSTUS

BORN
January 10, 1930

DIED
July 18, 1991

FUNERAL SERVICES
3:00 PM Sunday July 21, 1991
Hilltop Baptist Church

OFFICIATING
Rev. Wayne Holder

PALLBEARERS
Men of the
Hilltop Baptist Church

ENTOMBMENT
Blue Ridge Memorial
Gardens Mausoleum

Arrangements By
MELTON MORTUARY

HANDS OF MOTHER

There are many kinds of hands but none like the ones I know. They are the hands that guide me, the hands that love me so. They are always busy hands doing things for me and others. Once they were so young and pretty, the kind you like to see, but through the years these hands grew old, taking care of me. I will always love these hands like no other, for the hands I tell you about are the hands of my Mother.