

Betty Chipman Pesek

Memorial Service

The Celebration of a Great Life Lived and Completed



June 12th, 1925 - March 24th, 2015

July 11th, 2015

ICA

4750 N Sheridan Rd, Chicago, IL 60640

Officiant: Rev. John Patterson

Betty Chipman Pesek

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For meditation upon entry:

*As long as we can love each other,
and remember the feeling of love we had,
we can die without ever really going away.*

*All the love you created is still there
all the memories are still here.*

*You live on – in the hearts of everyone you
have touched and nurtured while you were here*

from Tuesdays with Morrie, Mitch Albom

My Obituary – Betty Pesek

We are gathered here to mark the sojourn through life of Betty Chipman Pesek. Betty was sent by God to live in this world and now she has been removed by God from her station. She was sent to be part of the family of mankind. She was born in Harlan, Iowa, the third child of Guy Harold and Anna Laura Chipman, born on June 12, 1925, and died her death on March 24, 2015 in the city of Chicago.

Betty was a wife, mother, sister and grandmother. She was bound in covenant for thirty-nine years of marriage to Martin George Pesek, and was mother to Kathleen and Geoff, George and Lynn and Chris and Sheilah. She was the sister of Lois, Wilma, Harold and Robert. She was grandmother to Anne, Matthew, Nicholas, Maria, John, Alexandra, Martin and Frederick.

Betty was a citizen of the globe and of Chicago. She attended elementary school and high school in Omaha, Nebraska. She attended Drake University, and the University of Nebraska for her undergraduate degree in teaching. She attended the University of Omaha, and received her Master's degree in Speech Therapy from the University of Michigan. She taught English in High School in Nebraska, and practiced speech therapy in Saginaw and Dearborn in Michigan and in Lake Forest, Illinois.

As a member of First Presbyterian Church of Lake Forest, she served as deacon, and also as President of the Women's Association. Upon moving to the city of Chicago, she transferred her membership to the Fourth Presbyterian Church. After moving into Westminster Place she joined Northminster Presbyterian Church in Evanston.

She served in the role of assistant to Joseph Mathews, Dean of the Ecumenical Institute and the I.C.A. Later she was Administrative Assistant to Raymond Spencer, Chairman and CEO of Kanbay International Inc.

2:00 PM Daily Office

Opening song - 'Amazing Grace'

Introduction - George Walters

1st liturgist - John Patterson

2nd liturgist - Karen Troxel

3rd liturgist (Old Testament: 23rd Psalm) - Charles Lingo

4th liturgist (New Testament: John 5: 1-13) - Laura Spencer

**5th liturgist (Testimonials) - Annie Nixon Cacchione
(granddaughter), Chris Pesek (son), Kay Nixon (daughter), Pat
Moriarty (friend)**

Eulogy - George Pesek (son)

6th liturgist - Beret Griffith

Closing song - 'Those Who Wait on the Lord'

3:00 PM Reception and conversation - Elise Packard

5:00 PM Global Archives Open House

*Altar symbols - The Mystery of Life (rock), Eternal Light (candle), Ascending
Prayers (incense), Holy Presence (bread and wine), Creatures (bowl and
stones).*

*Betty's symbols: Marriage Vows (wedding ring), Commitment to be the Church
(cross), Commitment to be the Order/ICA (wedge-blade), Family Symbol (tree).*

*Name tags - blue: the Order, green: the family, yellow: Kanbay employees, red:
the current ICA*

Hail to volunteers Betty and Pris

By **Jaime R. Vergara**

Posted on **Apr 02 2015**

Tag: **Fifth City, Iron Man, Kemper Insurance, people**

Betty was married to a dentist. At 89, she died this week in Metro Chicago. A “sister” of hers who married a railroad man lives the sunset of her years in Kansas. What brought them together was a human development project on the Westside of Chicago in a predominantly black community.

OK. Let me get myself into the picture. In February 1967, a bunch of students that included me from the Philippines drove from Kentucky to Daley’s Windy City with a sociology mentor, professor to the police commissioner. We looked at the city’s attempts of church people serving the inner cities as others of the faithful retreated to suburban churches.

We laid our heads at night at a “soup and bread” storefront. Church folks of the Reformation’s quietist traditions sheltered and fed homeless people without much ado save a moment of prayer, a hymn sung, and a witness in Jesus’ name.

But in ‘67, MLK Jr. organized the ghetto community to assert their rights to services mandated by the War on Poverty. Saul Alinsky did the same in a feistier confrontational manner that got tenants standing up to their landlords with radical spunk. Alinsky’s geographical concentration would one day attract a young man as a community organizer named Barack Hussein Obama.

We visited the Fifth City project that lassoed the gifts of the cross-section of the inner city, the city proper, the suburb, and the exurb to form a “fifth” city. Well-meaning folks were in less fortunate communities to further church missions but retreated to their distant homes at night.

Fifth City, on the other hand, had Congolese cross-wearing “weird navy blue shirt” gringos, crazy utopian dreamers in my eyes at the time, facilitating the project and lived in the neighborhood’s dilapidated structures, delimited a geography, dealt with all the issues and all the people within simultaneously, identified and made the community conscious of the deep underlying contradiction they fought, and keyed on symbols for tactics. The Fifth City’s Iron Man statue still graces the community.

In the evening, we cruised in police cars to experience what the inner city was like. My team drove through uptown where immigrants from around the world congregated, driving the originals out to the suburbs, into the manicured lawns of Evanston and the lakeshore.

I remember an old theatre called Uptown, not too distant from where I spent considerable time later at the corner of Sheridan and Lawrence. A structure previously occupied by Kemper Insurance, donated to the Ecumenical Institute, it later housed the global staff of the Institute of Cultural Affairs that I joined in Manila in ‘72. A familiar Fifth City voice from my visit in ‘67 called after I returned to Pea Eye from studies. EI folks lived in a perennially flooded Manila slum and these utopian dreamers had me intrigued by their innocence.

Back in '67, Betty and Pris bathed in the Fifth City radical experiment on human expenditure. Not too long after, they become "volunteers" in a New Women's Forum that met on a regular basis in the Westside.

When MLK Jr. was assassinated, Chicago lit bonfires while locals joined the Black Panthers. The Democratic Party's convention that August in the city solidified a resolve that black folks were no longer going to be society's doormat without their consent, even if they choose to be Gandhian nobodies.

Betty and Pris' group continued to extend a helping hand to Fifth City but were stopped by the EI staff and were asked to let the "blue shirts" and the local community fend for themselves. Undeterred, Betty and Pris discovered that they carried their own gender contradictions on self-esteem and self-confidence in a predominantly patriarchal society. Their selfie birthed a Global Women's Forum.

With professional husbands, Pris and Betty, and the group they were a part of called EI Guardians, fanned out around the globe, enabling a Fifth City dynamic in every time zone across the planet including Majuro and Mactan, Kelapa Dua and Kreuzberg, Caño Negro and Sungai Lui, Maliwada and Vogar, Ijede and Azpitia de Conacaste, Mowanjum and Sol de Septiembre.

I won't bother giving Pris and Betty's last names. The folks of their kind are legion, with names like Vinod and Kamela, Aimee and Frank, Kang and Park, Charles and Doris, Eunice and Sherwood, George and Wanda, Symond and Dharma, Addi and Elsa, Lynda and John, etc. They were like ordinary volunteers in today's Saipan, Lynn and John, Tony and Janet, Vivian and

Frank, Bobbi and Vince, etc., save for the monastic intensity of their corporate discipline. They nursed here-and-now requirements. They held the future in their hands, or at least, in their minds.

Rest easy Betty. Si Yu'us Maasi.

j'aime la vie

yesterday, appreciate; tomorrow, anticipate; today, participate! in all, celebrate!