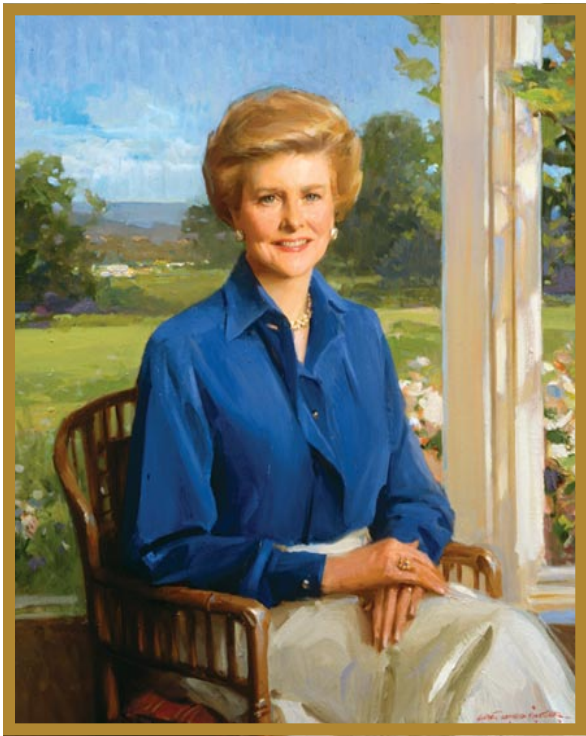




Elizabeth Bloomer Ford 1918 - 2011

A Celebration of the Life of Elizabeth Bloomer Ford



Portrait by Raymond Everett Kinstler

Elizabeth Bloomer Ford was born in Chicago, Illinois, on April 8, 1918, and was raised in Grand Rapids, Michigan. She was the daughter of Hortense Neahr and William Stephenson Bloomer and the sister of Robert Bloomer and William Bloomer. A youthful passion for dance took her to New York and led to a long, cherished friendship with the legendary Martha Graham. Returning to Grand Rapids, Betty Bloomer formed a dance group and taught rhythm and movement to handicapped children.

In 1947, she met a young Navy lieutenant named Gerald Ford. Their October 15, 1948, wedding took place just two weeks before the bridegroom's election to the U.S. House of Representatives. During her husband's thirteen terms in Congress, the Fords lived in Alexandria, Virginia. The family grew to include four children - Mike, Jack, Steve and Susan. A newspaper profile of this period depicted Betty Ford as a classic suburban mom and Sunday school teacher and noted her taste for "quiet suits" and "slightly more talkative hats."

In 1973, when her husband suddenly was appointed to the Vice Presidency of the United States, Betty Ford found herself in the national and international spotlight. She also found her voice. Having long been an advocate for women's issues, she now had a platform from which to champion those issues. Her advocacy became even more forceful when less than a year later her husband became the 38th President of the United States.

Within weeks of moving into the White House, the new First Lady was diagnosed with breast cancer. Following a successful mastectomy, she discovered a strength and an influence that she utilized unceasingly to assist others. "Lying in the hospital, thinking of all those women going for cancer checkups because of me," Betty Ford would later say, "I'd come to realize more clearly the power of the women in the White House - not my power, but the power of the position, a power which could be used to help."

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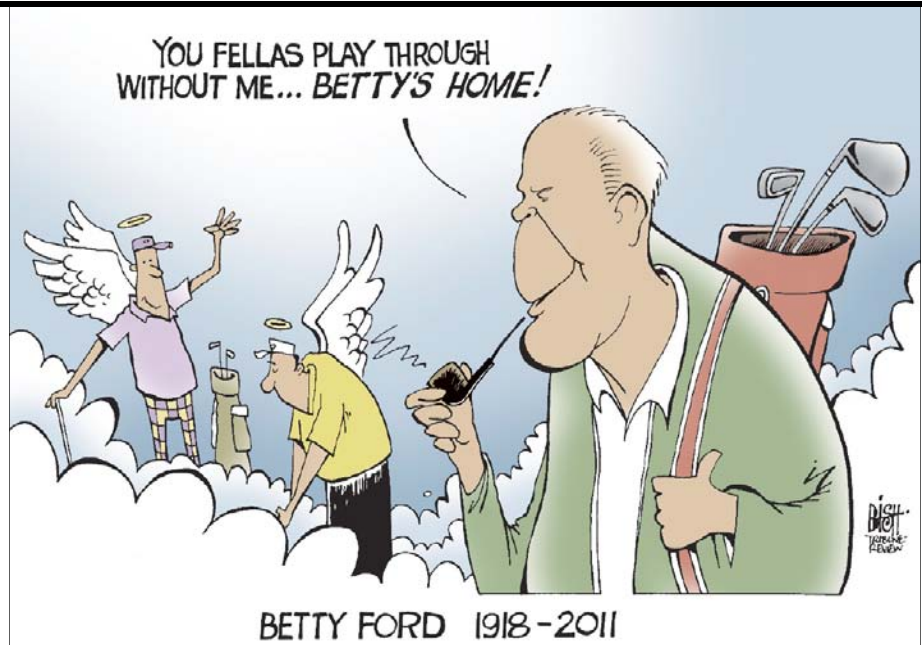
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Courtesy of Randy Bish, Pittsburgh Tribune-Review.

Courtesy of the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

Continued from page 1

It was a power and conviction she would use for the rest of her life. As First Lady, Betty Ford shone a national spotlight on the arts and served brilliantly as the Nation's hostess during America's Bicentennial. But it was as a pioneering advocate of women's rights and health initiatives that she made her greatest contribution. Her support of the Equal Rights Amendment and her plain-spoken approach to life and all its challenges earned her millions of admirers - and not just a little controversy. Yet, by the 1976 presidential campaign, buttons had sprouted across the land declaring, "Betty's Husband For President!"



After leaving the White House, her personal recovery from addiction to alcohol and prescription drugs opened the doors on another health issue that was previously



Photo Courtesy of the George H.W. Bush Library.

mentioned only in hushed tones, especially for women. Her courageous and forthright public discussions of her recovery in the founding of the Betty Ford Center. The Center is at the international forefront in innovative treatment methods and was the focus of Betty Ford's devotion from the day its doors opened until her death.

In 1991, President George H. W. Bush presented Betty Ford with the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the Nation's highest civilian award. The citation spoke for all Americans: "Her courage and candor

have inspired millions of Americans to restore their health, protect their dignity, and shape full lives for themselves."

For her years of service as America's First Lady and for her courageous leadership in health issues for women and men in the years that followed, Betty Ford will forever have the respect and admiration of a grateful Nation. She will long be remembered as a beloved wife and mother and as a treasured friend for her unconditional love, her unceasing joy in life, and her readiness to lend an ear - and a hand. But she will most love being remembered simply as Grandma.

A First Lady's Farewell - St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, July 12, 2011



Ford family members during the Family Prayer Service in St. Margaret's Chapel.



Members of the Ford family gather in the Chapel at St. Margaret's Episcopal Church prior to the funeral service.



Mrs. Ford's casket in the St. Margaret's Church Narthex.



First Ladies Nancy Reagan and Rosalynn Carter. Back row left to right: Mike Ford, President George W. Bush, Jack Ford, Susan Ford Bales, Secretary Hillary Clinton, First Lady Michelle Obama and Steve Ford prior to the funeral service at St. Margaret's Episcopal Church.

A First Lady's Farewell - St. Margaret's Episcopal Church



Sergeant First Class Alvy R. Powell, Jr. sings "Amazing Grace".



Jack Ford's Reading.



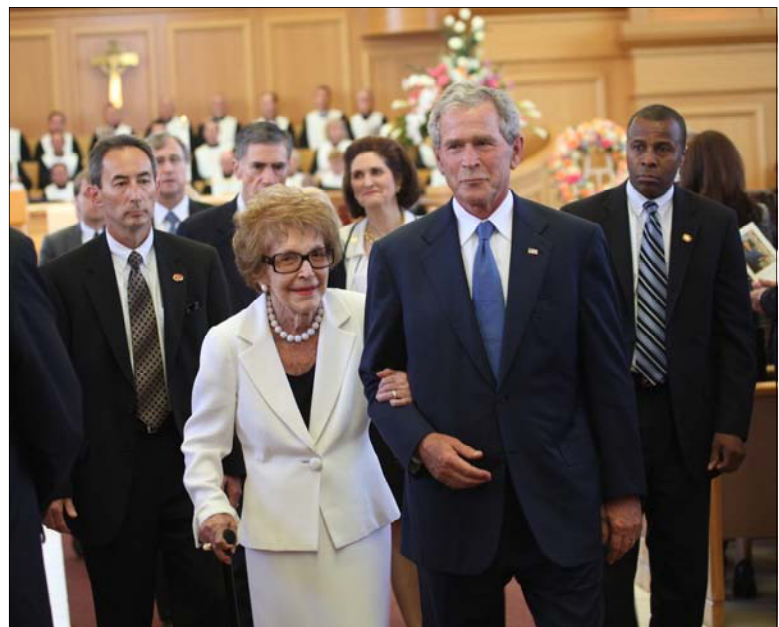
Mike Ford's Reading.



Lynda Johnson Robb, Senator Chuck Robb, Tricia Nixon Cox and Ed Cox .



Secretary Hillary Clinton and First Lady Michelle Obama.



President George W. Bush escorts Mrs. Nancy Reagan.



Mrs. Rosalynn Carter's Eulogy

Betty Ford was my friend...and I am honored to be here today to help celebrate the life of this truly remarkable woman.

I never imagined when we first met forty years ago that we would develop such a close personal friendship. At the time, Betty was the wife of the Vice President of the United States, she had danced with the Martha Graham Dance Company and performed in Carnegie Hall. I knew she was a leader in the fight for women's rights. And she had come to Georgia with the Michigan Art Train, a project taking six cars filled with great art to rural communities across the country.

Jimmy was governor, and we invited Betty to stay at the Governor's Mansion. I was nervous. She was the most distinguished guest we had ever entertained. But when she arrived, she was so warm and friendly, that she immediately put me at ease, and we had a good time together. Of course, I didn't tell her then that my husband was thinking of running for president!

The next time I met Betty was at the White House shortly after the 1976 election. It might have been a very awkward moment. I know from personal experience what a difficult time this was for her -- yet, she was just Betty, gracious as always.

As I assumed the responsibilities of First Lady, I had an excellent role model -- and a tough act to follow! Betty broke new ground in speaking out on women's issues. Her public disclosure of her own battle with breast cancer lifted the veil of secrecy from this terrible disease. She used the influence of the office of first lady to promote early detection,

and millions of women are in her debt today.

She was never afraid to speak the truth -- even about the most sensitive subjects, including her own struggles with alcohol and painkillers. She got some criticisms; I thought she was wonderful! And her honesty gave hope to others -- every single day.

By her own example Betty also helped me recover from Jimmy's loss in 1980. Having embraced the cause of better treatment for men and women recovering from alcoholism and chemical dependence, she worked tirelessly as former first lady to establish the Betty Ford Center...and showed me that there can be life after the White House.....a very full life.

In 1984 we both participated in a panel at the Ford Presidential Library on the role of first ladies. We found that our interests in addictive diseases and mental health came together in many ways and that we could be a stronger force if we worked as partners...and we did for many years, sometimes traveling to Washington to lobby for our causes -- especially parity for mental health and substance use disorders in all health insurance plans. (I'm so glad she lived to see this happen.) In Washington, she would round up the Republicans; I would get the Democrats...We didn't always get what we wanted, but I think we were fairly effective!

After the 1984 conference, Betty wrote me a note that I still treasure in which she expressed her admiration for women who had the courage of their convictions and "did what others were too timid to attempt." Surely this is a most appropriate description of Betty -- someone who was willing to do things a bit

differently than they'd been done before; someone who had the courage and the grace to fight fear, stigma and prejudice wherever she encountered it. And today it is almost impossible to imagine a time when people were afraid to reveal they had cancer or to speak publicly about personal struggles with alcohol or addiction. She was a tireless advocate for those struggling alone and ashamed to seek help. It was a privilege to work with her to bring addiction and mental health problems out of the closet.

Historians have said that our husbands, Jimmy and Jerry, developed a closer relationship than any other presidents after leaving the White House. I think Betty and I had a similar relationship.

In closing I just want to add that Betty and I shared another important passion -- our husbands and families. Her partnership with Jerry -- both public and private -- helped heal the country and strengthen the family unit -- in its many varied forms. Her love of her children --- Michael, Jack, Steven and Susan -- was unbounded, and her grandchildren were a source of constant pleasure. When we got together later in our lives, we often talked about our hopes and dreams for our children and grandchildren -- and even great-grandchildren.

To you here who mourn the loss of your mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother today, Jimmy and I extend our most sincere sympathies. We want you to know of the deep love and respect we have for this extraordinary woman. It was my privilege to know her.



Mr. Geoffrey S. Mason's Eulogy

overwhelming guilt.

But I remembered what you had told us - the first week we were here - back in September of 1983.

That it didn't have to be that way any more. That it had been that way for you. And that by listen-

ing to your counselors in Long Beach . . . and by opening up to the other patients who were there with you . . . and by speaking openly and honestly with your loving family and friends . . . each day began to get better. . . as you slowly learned how to peel away those horrifying feelings . . . of sadness, of anger, and of guilt.

And you said something then that I've never forgotten . . . you said you had discovered that you were allergic to alcohol. That - rang - the - bell - for - me. That made it understandable. I could grasp allergic. And so we began to understand that - what the heck - if you could do it - with all the pressures on you every day - living in the White House, for goodness sake . . . living with the leader of the free world!! . . . maybe - just maybe . . . if we worked at it . . . maybe we could also get some relief from the darkness that we had become *almost comfortable* with. From the abyss we had fallen into. From - yes, Hell. So . . . day by day . . . one by one . . . and in the loving care and protection of your amazing staff and volunteers . . . we began to understand . . . maybe . . . just maybe. . . if I do what they tell me . . . if I do as you told us you did, Betty . . . maybe there's hope. Maybe there's relief. Today. Tonight - when I finally go to sleep. If I can go just one more day without a drink - just one day - like you said . . . then maybe I will be able to feel just a tiny bit better. And so off we went . . . on this journey into the wilderness called "treatment." Off we went . . . Scared . . . Angry . . . Scared . . . Lonely . . . Scared . . . Terrified.

But the warm and loving embrace - *for us - of us* - that you and Leonard had envisioned so many years ago, at this incredible place of healing - began to take hold . . .

Lectures. Group. Meetings. Group. Jobs Group. Journal. Group. Pool Aerobics. Group. Feed the ducks. Group.

My goodness gracious . . . we were learning that it was actually okay to trust each other . . . and that it was actually okay to be ourselves. That the process of purging ourselves of those decades of poison . . . that it was actually possible to *walk away* from our toxic behavior. And the more confidence we were able to build within ourselves . . . and the more we watched - and listened - to your regular talks of reassurance and support . . . the more we began to understand what this thing called recovery was all about. And as the years have gone by . . . and the world has changed more than any of us ever would have believed, the wisdom and support we take - every day - from the rooms - has guided us . . . the right way. And you were the one who introduced us all to this, Betty. You were the one who helped us understand.

"We can walk with God." "We can walk together." "Each and every day." "And our lives will be better." What a gift. To us. And to several generations of those like us. Who need help . . . and just need to learn how to generate a little pride and self-respect. What a gift. What a profound legacy. I remember you saying so often . . . "Don't thank me. Thank yourself. You're the one who is doing it - with God's help . . ."

OK, then. Thank you. Thank you God for bringing this extraordinary lady - this brave and inspirational pioneer . . . into our lives. All of our lives - even those who haven't experienced the gift of treatment or recovery. All of us . . . are supremely better for having known you, Betty . . . for having been inspired by you . . . and for having shared love with you. May God now grant you the peace and reward that you helped so many of us learn about and experience.

Yes, God's grace. Upon you, dear Betty.

The world is so much a better place for your having been here. With us.

We miss you so much.

And oh yes . . .

Please give your boyfriend a hug . . . From us.

Lord knows, we miss *him* too.

Godspeed, Betty. Godspeed.

Good Afternoon. I'm Geoff. I'm an alcoholic. Well, Betty . . . We're all here now.

Some of us here have been working toward this day for quite some time, as you know. That's what happens when you're the First Family. People have to be ready. Ready to honor you in just the right way. Ready to remember you in just the right way. Ready to describe our memories of you in just the right way. Ready to pray for you, and your family, in just the right way.

But many of us here today . . . I dare say most of us here today . . . have no recollection at all of you as part of the First Family. Or - perish the thought - of you as First Lady. I never knew you that way. And I think I can speak for thousands of those of us who reclaimed our lives just a few short miles from here . . . we never knew you that way. We knew you as Mrs. Ford. Founder. Board Chair. Lecturer. The omnipresent face of recovery . . . Here in the desert . . . In Grand Rapids . . . In Vail . . . and on Larry King, Good Morning America . . . and so many other television shows. . . and then . . . on campus . . . we got to know you . . . as Betty. We saw you "in the rooms." We listened to you tell stories about your own feelings . . . your own guilt. Your own ups . . . your own downs . . . your own memories of loneliness . . . and fear . . . and shame. And we could relate to that, Betty . . . we felt close to you for that. All of a sudden, it was okay for us to have those feelings . . . because you made us understand - that it didn't have to be that way - anymore!!! And so we were embarking on this journey - together. With you. But it was very scary.

We had no clue how to operate - or do anything - (me, without vodka). I had no clue that it was possible to feel any other way than scared to death - hysterical. I had no clue that there was a way out of my desperate loneliness - and



Mrs. Cokie Roberts' Eulogy

Congressional Club, many of us put in time at its dancing school (Lynda, Tricia) – even some of the boys had to do that – and we all got

copies of the Congressional Club Cookbook as wedding presents. Mrs. Ford's Carrot Vichysoisse doesn't look bad. More wedding presents we all received: glass items with the names of members of Congress etched into them. It's nice in a way, I think of Tommy Kuchel every time I serve cake even though it looks like I stoke the plate from his office. The worst present: the Department of Agriculture Yearbook. We all had fathers who were away a lot and mothers who ran everything and we all grumped and giggled together about it because we were all friends. And that's what Betty Ford wanted me to talk about today.

A couple of years before he died I came here to the desert to interview President Ford for a series on former Presidents and the Constitution. When we turned the cameras off, the president turned to me and sighed, "You know Cokie; I just don't understand what's happened in Washington. When your father was Majority Leader and I was Minority Leader, we would get in a cab together on the Hill and we would go downtown to someplace like The Press Club and we'd say, 'OK, what are we going to argue about?' Now, it was a real debate. We had different views about means to an end. We genuinely disagreed with each other, we were certainly partisans. But after we went at it, we'd get back in the cab together and be best friends." (They actually had drivers by that time and I think the cab part's an exaggeration and Douglas Frazier and Roger Brooks, the drivers, would be horrified but the point is the same.) That friendship made governing possible – they weren't questioning each other's motives, much less their commitment to country. Underlying many of those across the aisle, and even across the dome congressional friendships was the relationship among the wives. Over the last few days we have appropriately celebrated Betty Ford for her incredible courage in the face of her own challenges and the impact that courage has had on hundreds of thousands of lives. In her wisdom, she knew that the part of her life that would be given little notice would be her many years as the partner of a member of the House of Representatives. That's why she asked me to talk about it.

When Mrs. Ford assigned me the daunting honor of speaking at her funeral, it will surprise none of you to learn that the assignment came with instructions. Mrs. Ford wanted me to remind everyone of the way things used to be in Washington. I wouldn't be at all surprised if she timed her death to make sure she could convey the message of comity during this week when it seems so badly needed.

A couple of months ago when the statue of President Ford was unveiled in the regal, though republican (with a small r) Rotunda of the United States Capitol, the Ford "children" recalled happily their days playing hide and seek under the watchful gaze of George Washington in Heaven high above. Times roaming the secret spaces of the Capitol, sometimes coming upon something truly spooky, form some of the most vivid memories for many of us Congressional brats, as we are not so kindly called, -- but there are many others that we share. We all, for instance, have Strom Thurmond stories -- after all he was there most of our lives. Al Gore tell about Senator Thurmond stepping on his truck when he first met him; we girls have "different" sorts of Strom stories.

Since she came up in the 60's rather than the 50's I don't think Susan had to parade down runways at the fashion shows Congressional wives staged for good causes. (One time one of the women snagged Robert Goulet to croon *If Ever I Should Leave You*.) But Susan's mother escaped none of those 50's rituals. My mother remembers that the reason she and Betty Ford performed in *every* fashion show was that they wore the same size the models did – meaning small. Looking at those retrospectives over the weekend, didn't you gasp, "Betty Ford was so beautiful!"

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Congressional Club Cookbook as wedding presents. Mrs. Ford's Carrot Vichysoisse doesn't look bad. More wedding presents we all received: glass items with the names of members of Congress etched into them. It's nice in a way, I think of Tommy Kuchel every time I serve cake even though it looks like I stoke the plate from his office. The worst present: the Department of Agriculture Yearbook. We all had fathers who were away a lot and mothers who ran everything and we all grumped and giggled together about it because we were all friends. And that's what Betty Ford wanted me to talk about today.

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Continued on page 8



Cokie Roberts' Eulogy continued from page 7:

It was a tough job, more often political widow than political wife. The duties ranged from showing visiting constituents around the Capitol – it was a big deal when someone traveled all the way from Michigan or Louisiana – to helping run the social service programs in the District of Columbia. In the days before home rule, it was the political wives working with the African American women who lived there who stitched together a safety net for the citizens of the Nation's Capital. There was always the challenge to the political wife of figuring out how to entertain on no money at all. And of course, she was expected to be the perfect wife and mother. Mrs. Ford played all of those roles – Cub Scout Den Mother sounds so sweetly innocuous, unless you've actually tried it, Sunday School Teacher, Leader in the Congressional Wives Prayer Group.

And yet her official "title," as it was for most political wives, was housewife. It was a title she shared with many American women and it gave her a great understanding of what their lives were like. "Being a good housewife seems to me a much tougher job than going to the office and getting paid for it," Betty Ford once said, giving words to the dirty little secret men always knew. Over the years, as she spoke out more forcefully for women's rights, Mrs. Ford strongly defended the housewife's role: "Downgrading this work has been part of the pattern in our society that downgrades individual women's talents in all areas." No wonder women all over the country have spent this past weekend remembering how much they loved her.

One talent political wives were expected to cultivate, that they didn't share with most women, was that of first rate campaigner, especially wives of House members – the House Wives – who faced an elected every two years. By the time he ran for President, Ford supporters sported, "Elect Betty's Husband" buttons, but people in Michigan had been doing that for decades. It was another activity that brought political wives together – even if they were on different sides, they had the same complaints – and forged tightly joined connections that extended to the men as well. They would bring the men together, serve them some drinks and a good meal, listen to their stories and make them behave.

And some of that good behavior carried over to the corridors of Congress. It was the role political wives had played since the beginning of the Republic and it worked.

The friendship between my mother and Betty Ford spanned more than sixty years. But it became especially close when the Ford and Boggs couples made their historic trip to China in early 1972. I asked my mother yesterday about what she and Mrs. Ford did on that trip. At first she joked: "I'm not sure I want to tell all those people." But then she lit up, remembering one day when just the two of them were off without a good interpreter – this was 1972, remember. They were getting frustrated at their inability to communicate when Mrs. Ford turned to mamma and said with a shrug, "What difference does it make?" As mamma laughed at the memory, she added, "of course she was right, as she was about everything." It was only a few months later that my father was lost in that airplane over Alaska. Betty Ford was devastated, but she put her own grief aside to stand by my mother, who said softly yesterday, "she was a great help to me."

That's what these women did – they helped each other, they helped their husbands, they helped and hounded us children and they helped the Nation. They regularly conspired to convince their lawmaker mates to pass legislation that would help educate and care for children; house old and poor people; improve health outcomes for all and yes, give equal rights to women. Betty Ford's support for the Equal Rights Amendment did not arise full blown after she became first lady, she had been pushing it for years – and making sure her husband got the message. As President Ford told me years later: "I had a lot of pressure not only politically on the outside but inside my own family. Mrs. Ford was a very ardent supporter of equal rights for women and I used to get a lecture quite frequently and I got pushed to act on the floor of the House in favor of it and I did, I voted for it and I think it's a good approach, but it was a very controversial provision." There's your Midwestern understatement. As Susan said in an interview, being First Lady didn't change her mother, rather it gave her a "podium to stand on" to express the views she had formed in her

years as Congressional wife.

But Betty Ford always knew when to step off the podium, how to avoid that worst of labels for any woman of the era, especially the political wife – she was never "strident". She could use her candid good humor to diffuse any discussion about whether she was overstepping her role as First Lady. At the National Press Club she told the men assembled (The women in the press were consigned to the balcony) that they had often heard her say, "Whatever makes Jerry happy makes me happy. If you all *believe* that you're indeed unworthy of your profession." She *had* them and she made it look easy. Of course it wasn't easy and through Betty Ford's courage we later learned just how hard those years were. But Mrs. Ford had something very important going for her: She knew who she was. Before her sudden ascension to First Lady she said: "I'll move to the White House, do the best I can and if they don't like it, they can kick me out, but they can't make me somebody I'm not."

And she knew, like her friends the other Congressional women, she knew that her husband could not be who he was if she were not who she was. President Ford gave me a glimpse of the importance of that strength when he told me: "The night before I took the oath of office, I held Betty's hand and we repeated together our proverbs." I made the mistake of failing to ask which proverbs, but I know which one he and all of us say today. It is, of course, the Good Wife:

"She opens her mouth with wisdom,
and in her tongue is the law of kindness.
She looks to the ways of her household,
and eats not the bread of idleness.
Her children arise up, and call her blessed;
her husband also, and he praises her.
Many daughters have done virtuously,
but you excel them all.
Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain;
but a woman that fears the LORD,
she shall be praised.
Give her the fruit of her hands;
and let her own works praise her in the gates."

Your works – all of them over many years – praise you Betty Ford. And this Congressional brat along with the rest of the country, especially the women who have been keeping this Republic, thanks you.

A First Lady's Farewell - California Departure, Grand Rapids Arrival, July 13, 2011



Casket being placed aboard United States Air Force C-32 aircraft.



Top Right: Ford Family on tarmac at Palm Springs International Airport as casket is placed on plane.

Right: Susan Ford Bales aboard the aircraft enroute to Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Below: Michigan Governor and Mrs. Rick Snyder join the Ford family at the Gerald R. Ford International Airport.

Below Right: Susan Ford Bales, accompanied by Steven Ford, thanking the Air Force crew members who flew the casket from California to Grand Rapids, Michigan.



A First Lady's Farewell - Museum Prayer Service and Public Repose, July 13, 2011



Ford family arrives at the Museum for the Prayer Service.

Dr. Robert M. Humphries



Governor Rick Snyder speaks at the Museum Prayer Service.



Lt. General Guy Swan presents the Ford children's wreath at the start of the Museum Prayer Service.



Jan Hart places casket flowers prior to Museum Prayer Service

Dr. Robert M. Humphries



Ann Cullen presents the grandchildren's wreath at the start of the Museum Prayer Service.



Grand Rapids Mayor George Heartwell delivers Invocation at the Museum Prayer Service.

A First Lady's Farewell - Museum Prayer Service and Public Repose, July 13, 2011



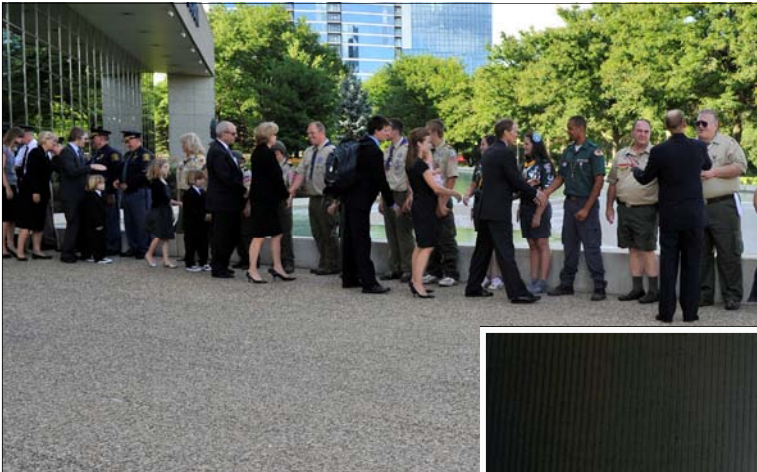
Dr. Robert M. Humphries

Granddaughter Tyne Berlanga thanks members of the public at the Public Repose.



Dr. Robert M. Humphries

Ford family members thank the staff of the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Museum.



Dr. Robert M. Humphries

Ford family members thank Law Enforcement and Scouts.



Dr. Robert M. Humphries

The public waits to pay their respects to Mrs. Ford during the Public Repose.



Law Enforcement Vigil at the Public Repose.



Dr. Robert M. Humphries

(l-r) Steve Ford and Joe Calvaruso visit with Rich DeVos next to the newly installed statue of President Ford following the Museum Prayer Service.

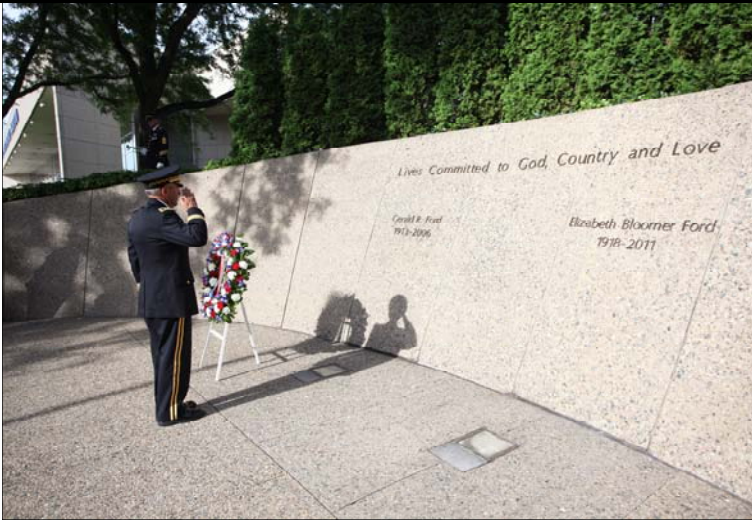


Memorials



Dr. Robert M. Humphries

Annual Wreath Laying Ceremony at the Tomb of President Gerald R. Ford, July 14, 2011



Major General Gregory Vadnais presents the wreath from President Barack Obama at the tomb of President Gerald R. Ford.



Ford family members presenting the family wreath at the tomb of President Ford.



Lt. General Guy Swan and Susan Ford Bales following the wreath laying ceremony.



Soldier from the Michigan National Guard observes a 38-second moment of silent tribute to President Ford.



Randy Bumgardner and Richard Wennkamp at President Ford's tomb.



Ford family during the playing of "Echo Taps".



Mark Jonick



Lt. General Guy Swan and Mrs. Annie Willard



Joe and Donna Calvaruso



Mrs. Lynne Cheney's Eulogy

Dick Nixon was the saddest day she had ever known. And no one acquainted with her character and kind heart had any doubt that she meant it. Mrs. Ford was not only elegant and graceful, she was delightfully honest—and modest. When she rose high in the world, she observed, "It can happen to anyone. After all, it has happened to

for the better, and even saved, by her example and efforts. She not only became her own woman, she showed a lot of others how to do the same.

When Jerry Ford was president and reporters wanted to know the first lady's opinions, they didn't get demure evasions—they got the full dose. When a visiting prime minister confessed at a White House dinner that he didn't know how to dance, he got his first lesson then and there from Betty Ford. And when her husband lost his voice at the end of the 1976 campaign and was unable even to read his concession statement in the press room, it was the first lady who stepped forward to read it for him. Looking back on all that had happened, she spoke of "living a page of history," and Betty Ford filled that page—she filled it with style and class and courage.

She hadn't expected her life to be part of history, much less the trials of her life. And yet when Americans remember Betty Ford, many will always think first of how she dealt with illness—and how she brought things out into the open, where they can be faced and fought and overcome. There are today uncounted thousands of women who have survived breast cancer—and in many cases you can draw a straight line back to the brave example of Mrs. Ford.

The same can be said of many who have struggled against the hurt and desolation of addiction, as she did. Mrs. Ford said, "I'm not out to rescue anyone who doesn't want to be rescued. I'm grateful to Jerry and my kids for coming to my rescue." But accepting help is sometimes a lot tougher than giving help, and Betty Ford became a witness to the wonderful possibilities of recovery and renewal. She not only sought and found the best treatment; she built something grand and permanent for others in need. Her husband's legacy is a time of healing. Hers, in part, is a place of healing. They taught us so much, that gracious couple from Grand Rapids who said their vows in this church more than sixty years ago. Betty Ford, dressed in navy blue satin and carrying red roses, walked through those doors with her handsome boyfriend Jerry into a future beyond anything either of them could have imagined. They walked together for so long, and they lived in the faith that promises reunion. Their story has come to an end, and now we have said farewell to both of them. But for the rest of our days, we will cherish all that was—and be thankful that we knew and loved Betty and Jerry Ford.

Reverend Holmgren, honored guests, Jack, Mike, Steve, and Susan, and all of Mrs. Ford's family and friends—In these last few days, so much as been written about Betty Ford, and the words have been wonderful and true. Yet still they are sad to hear, because they are also meant as a goodbye to one of the finest, dearest people any of us has ever known. For each one of us, what a joy it was that Betty Ford was a part of our lives.

The last time the nation saw Mrs. Ford, she was here in Grand Rapids on that long day when we laid her husband to rest. From then on, she was content to go her way and live out the days left to her in the company of a few friends and her loving children and grandchildren. But she remained among the most admired women in the world. Public life was behind her, but Mrs. Ford's reputation wasn't the kind that needed cultivating. Just the mention of her name brings good and hopeful things to mind.

I first got to know Mrs. Ford about the same time the whole nation did. She was the first lady who less than a year before had been a stay-at-home mother on Crown View Drive in Alexandria, Virginia. What had started out as the Nixon/Agnew years suddenly became the Ford/Rockefeller years—and the times brought a few unexpected turns to my own family as well. My husband was called into service by President Ford, and before long I had the privilege of knowing the first family. When I was around Mrs. Ford, what always struck me was how so many incredible things could happen to one person—from suburban life to the White House in a space of ten months—and still leave her unchanged. Through it all, she kept her bearings. Across the years, she was the same candid and completely unpretentious woman.

Mrs. Ford once said that walking out on the South Lawn and saying goodbye to Pat and

anyone." Yet, when the attention of the world turned in her direction, Elizabeth Anne Bloomer Ford was ready.

Before December 1973, her life was all about home and family, and there was time for little else. In her memoir she recalled, "I was lucky enough to have these four children, and they were terribly interesting—at least to me. I was a den mother. I was a Sunday school teacher. I was an interior decorator and a peace-maker—and a zookeeper."

She loved those children. Susan's birthday was last week, and she told me that when she visited her mother, Mrs. Ford sang Happy Birthday to her from her hospital bed. Today, on Gerald Ford's birthday, I like to imagine her singing to him in heaven.

Mrs. Ford also knew how to serve a good meal, at least to judge by one story I've heard. It's from the time her husband decided to challenge Charlie Halleck for minority leader in the House. It was an intense contest, and the bright and intense young men working round the clock on Gerald Ford's behalf scheduled a six p.m. meeting. But Congressman Ford refused to stay for it. "Nope," he said, "I'm going home. Betty has made a pot roast."

She had the domestic arts in hand, and she was fierce about defending their importance. She knew how hard women work in the home and how important that work is. But in a way that many of us can relate to, there were times when she wondered what else she could contribute. She had danced at Carnegie Hall and sat for photographers before she was a congressman's wife. She had dreams of her own, talents of her own that went beyond being beautiful, though she was certainly that. Blunt as always, she said that sometimes "I felt like a nobody . . . like I was being left behind."

As it turned out, Betty Ford had much to give to the world. So many lives have been changed



Mr. Richard Norton Smith's Eulogy

their own expressions of love and gratitude to Mrs. Ford. The technology may be different, but the emotions are timeless. Millions who never met her felt as if they knew Betty Ford. Millions more wished they could. They identified with her struggles, and from her courage in the face of adversity they took inspiration to confront their own demons.

Little of this could have been predicted in the summer of 1974, when the Fords of Grand Rapids and Alexandria first attracted the public's interest. Many assumed them to be a family cut from the cloth of a 1950s sitcom. After all, hadn't an early *Washington Post* profile of then-Congressman Ford's wife singled out this onetime Cub Scout den mother for her taste in "quiet suits" and "slightly more talkative hats." ? More labels. More limits.

In Mrs. Ford's *Living Bible* for August 9, 1974 the day's recommended verse proclaimed, "I will keep a muzzle on my mouth." It was advice she conspicuously ignored. For by then this ladylike revolutionary once mistaken by the *Post* for June Cleaver, had long since found her voice. Among her milestones as First Lady was a history making appearance on the *Mary Tyler Moore Show*. If nothing else it showed how far Mrs. Ford – and the rest of us – had traveled from *Father Knows Best*.

Not everyone went along for the trip. Political advisors cringed over her famous *60 Minutes* interview, in which she candidly addressed such taboos as abortion, pre-marital sex, and youthful drug abuse. One irate viewer wrote in protest to remind Mrs. Ford of the obligations that went with what Margaret Truman once called the "second hardest job in America."

"You are *not* an individual," he informed her, "an American woman with complete freedom of speech and action – who has only to answer to the family unit, the social requirements of the neighborhood and the laws of her community, state and nation. You are, because of the position your husband has assumed, expected and unofficially required to be PERFECT! It is quite obvious you were never put in your place and told by your husband that in this great country of ours you must retain at all times a position of beauty queen, 'Mother of the Year,' high school prom sweetheart, 'Grandmother of the Year,' church leader, teacher, nurse, and counselor to American women and girls."

"To be remembered with joy," Betty Ford once wrote, "has to be a kind of immortality." In her ninety-three years Mrs. Ford imparted more than her share of joy. Her sense of fun was never sharper than when cutting through the gloom of self-absorption or disappointment. Not long after leaving the White House in January, 1977, she and the President found themselves on a plane bound for Houston and a dinner honoring the legendary Coach Vince Lombardi. It was exactly the sort of roadshow event Congressman, Vice President, and President Ford had graced thousands of times over thirty well traveled years.

And yet it was different, for tonight he was coming as Citizen Ford – a honorable title, to be sure, though one he would have gladly postponed in exchange for another four years in the Oval Office. As they neared their destination, Gerald Ford indulged in some very uncharacteristic brooding. He had accepted the group's invitation while still residing at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. He hoped his audience wouldn't feel let down, he said, hearing from a mere ex-president.

Cue Mrs. Ford, exuding sympathy while offering reassurance. "Don't worry, honey," she told her husband. "It's me they're coming to see anyway."

Instantly his doubts dissolved in laughter. How many times that scene must have repeated itself since the crisp fall day in 1948 when Elizabeth Bloomer walked down the aisle of Grace Episcopal Church with Grand Rapid's most eligible bachelor. Her bridegroom's idea of a honeymoon combined a Wolverine football game with an outdoor political rally addressed by Owosso, Michigan's favorite son, Thomas E. Dewey. Listening to a bunch of politicians declaim on a frosty Octo-

ber evening in Michigan was not an experience the new bride would remember with joy. But it was good practice for a life defined by the unexpected.

At the time Betty Ford could hardly imagine that, while Governor Dewey would never live in the White House, she would. Once there she quickly established herself as a First Lady unlike her predecessors. Not content to make history, she became one of those rare figures who *make a difference*, a lasting difference, in our public culture and in our private lives. In time Betty Ford's name would enter the language, less for her activities while in the president's house than for her contributions after she left.

More than a liberated woman, Betty Ford was herself a great liberator. Next to the family in which she took a fierce, unbounded pride, perhaps her greatest accomplishment was to help liberate us all from the crippling limits of labels. At once a traditionalist *and* a trail-blazer, a Sunday School teacher and a Seventh Avenue model, Mrs. Ford was the feminist next door, a free spirit with a dress code. Above all, she was a wife and mother. If you have any doubt on that score, just ask Mike, Jack, Steve or Susan.

During his years on Capitol Hill, it was Congressman Ford's habit to work Saturdays at the Capitol. Often he brought along one or more of his children. Before they were released to play hide and seek in Statuary Hall, the congressman directed them to a nearby battery of manual typewriters.

"Write your mother a letter," he told them. "Tell her what a wonderful mother she is, and how much you love her."

All this week Americans have been sending

There you have it – the tyranny of perfection. Betty Ford helped to liberate us from that as well. As First Lady she opened a conversation on subjects once banned from the dinner table and around the water cooler. She confided feelings of emptiness while struggling to reconcile her personal needs against the obligations exacted of the political wife. She acknowledged seeking professional counseling. She distinguished vulnerability from weakness. And she transformed the role of First Lady to reflect not just a husband, but a country, that had come a long way, baby.

Where women's health issues are concerned, American history is divided into two unequal periods: Before Betty and After Betty. Once a lethal silence had enveloped the subject of breast cancer like a London fog. Before 1974 polite euphemisms found their way into newspaper obituaries. Victims died of "a lengthy illness." There were no 1-800 numbers to call, no patient support groups, no breast self-exam cards. Women visiting their doctor's office were never asked, "Have you had a mammogram?"

Encouraged by her family, Betty Ford broke the silence. Not for the last time, she became the face, not of a disease, but of recovery. And even as she inspired other women to emulate her example, so Mrs. Ford's sense of humor and perspective helped improve the quality of life for millions of cancer survivors. Again she was an agent of liberation, this time releasing women, and men too, from private cells of secrecy, shame, and fear.

Greater still was the stigma attached to alcohol and drug abuse, especially for women, whose illness was all too often confused with moral failings. From the start Mrs. Ford insisted that any treatment facility that bore her name must also reflect her special sensitivity toward women and their needs. She wanted it to be affordable, with charges kept low enough, as she put it, that a schoolteacher in Nashville, Tennessee could go there for treatment. She insisted that families be part of the solution, just as hers had been.

With the help of her friend, neighbor, and fellow patient Leonard Firestone, she mastered the not so gentle art of fundraising to create and sustain her vision. One day long before ground was broken, she was part of a group whisked off to Las Vegas on a private plane to see Frank Sinatra perform in concert. On the way back, Mrs. Ford told her captive audience about the un-built treatment center. Of course, she didn't stop there. Unfortunately there was nothing readily available on which her fellow passengers could write out a pledge. Ever resourceful, Betty found a substitute for pledge cards – and so it came to pass

that the first major donations to the Betty Ford Center were written on cocktail napkins after a Sinatra concert.

Her physical recovery was matched by her spiritual growth. Initially she resisted putting her name on the new facility – what if she fell off the wagon, she inquired? Later she went out of her way to disclaim personal responsibility for what everyone else regarded as her most tangible legacy. A higher power was responsible for the Betty Ford Center, she insisted; she was merely an instrument to be used in carrying out His plan. No one was prouder of her accomplishments than her husband, the first member to join the Center's advisory board, where he introduced himself to newcomers by announcing, "I'm a former president; she's the current one."

When he was on the road, not a day went by that did not begin, and end, with a call to the woman he called "my lovely bride." For him she would always be the glamorous young dancer he'd swept off her feet half a century ago. Mrs. Ford, the more practical of the two, embarked on plastic surgery – for a simple reason, she said. She wanted to look like her White House portrait. They had always loved New York, and on a theater visit in 1977 they fell hard for *A Chorus Line*, the frank, funny, poignant tale of aspiring dancers. They were especially fond of the show's great emotional anthem, *What I Did For Love*.

It could have been written with Betty Ford in mind. Just think of all that she did for love...

- Devoting six decades of her life to a man who adored her in return, sharing her sorrows and rejoicing in her triumphs.
- It was for love that she nursed and nurtured four children, carting them to ballgames and school plays; helping them over the hurdles of adolescence, life in the White House, life after the White House, parenting and grand-parenting.
- For love she reveled in her extended family, in the grandchildren and great-grandchildren who enjoyed nothing more than being in joyous proximity to their beloved G.G.

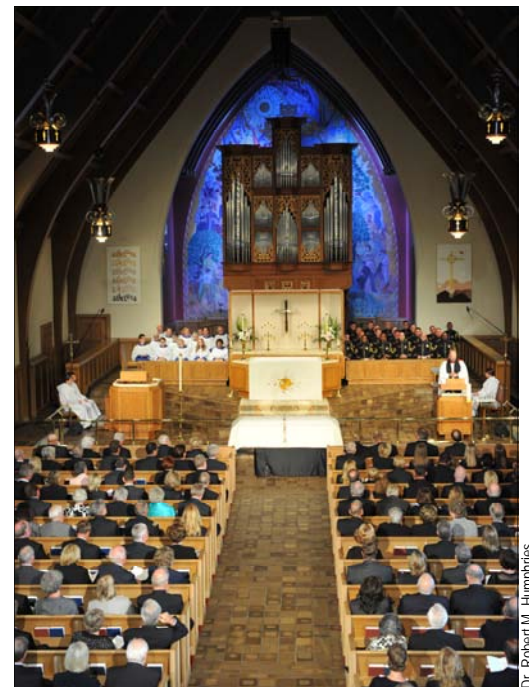
Of course, that is not all that Betty Ford did for love. Mining possibility from her own pain, she banished the darkness surrounding addiction. Simply by being herself, she made it easier for countless others to follow suit. The choices she made; the independence she exhibited; the leadership she provided – all entitle her to rank alongside other great champions of women's rights. In her last years she lived out the feminist credo first conveyed by her nineteenth century counterpart, Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

"In age," wrote Mrs. Stanton, "when the pleasures of youth are passed, children grown up, married and gone, the hurry and bustle of life in a measure over; when the hands are weary of active service, when the old armchair and the fireside are the chosen resorts, then men and women alike must fall back on their resources."

More than once in recent years Mrs. Ford asked her children, "When are you going to let me go be with my boyfriend?" Today her wish is granted. "Parting is all we know of heaven," wrote Emily Dickenson, "And all we need of hell." For Betty Ford, the last four and a half years were a kind of purgatory, though one whose rigors were immeasurably eased by the loving presence of her family.

In the immediate aftermath of the President's funeral, friends had questioned Mrs. Ford's insistence on making the long and physically demanding walk to his gravesite. It was a walk along the banks of the Grand River that she had often taken with her husband. January 3, 2007 was the last time, she realized, that she would make it on her own. It was the least she could do to honor his memory.

Soon we will retrace her steps for ourselves, completing the journey begun so long ago by an ambitious young war vet and his elegant bride. Our sorrow is exceeded by our joy, for we know that the story of Elizabeth Bloomer Ford does not end in a Grand Rapids hillside. Even as we take leave of her physical presence, we take heart knowing that Betty Ford is where she wants to be – reunited with the love of her life, and radiant in the glory of her ultimate homecoming.



Grace Church Service

A First Lady's Farewell - Grace Episcopal Church



Ford family, accompanied by Mr. Mike Wagner, thanks Armed Forces Body Bearers.



Body bearers carrying Mrs. Ford's casket from the Museum for transport to Grace Episcopal Church.



Sergeant First Class Alvy R. Powell, Jr. sings "Lords Prayer".



Right: Processional at the start of the Grace Episcopal Church Service.

Bottom Left: Vaden Bales offering the Serenity Prayer with Gayle Ford and Juliann Ford.

Bottom Right: Susan Ford Bales' Reading.



A First Lady's Farewell - Grace Episcopal Church



(l-r) Rich and Helen DeVos, Doug and Maria DeVos at the Grace Church Service.



Japanese Ambassador Ichiro Fujisaki offers his condolences to Susan Ford Bales prior to the Grace Church Service.



President Bill Clinton, Ambassador Ichiro Fujisaki and Vice President Dick Cheney prior to the Grace Church Service.



Steve Ford remarks at Grace Church Service.

Front Row: (l-r) Lynne Cheney, Vice President Dick Cheney, President Bill Clinton, First Lady Barbara Bush, Richard Norton Smith. 2nd Row: (l-r) Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, Joyce Rumsfeld, General Brent Scowcroft, Ambassador Ichiro Fujisaki.

(l-r) Steve Ford, Ambassador Ichiro Fujisaki, General Brent Scowcroft, Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, Susan Ford Bales, Vice President Dick Cheney, Joyce Rumsfeld, Lynne Cheney, Mike Ford, First Lady Barbara Bush, President Bill Clinton and Jack Ford gather prior to the Grace Church Service.





Mrs. Ford's casket is carried to the Interment Service at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Museum.

United States Army Chorus at the Interment Service.

"Mother's love, candor, devotion, and laughter enriched our lives and the lives of the millions she touched throughout this great nation. To be in her presence was to know the warmth of a truly great lady. Mother's passing leaves a deep void, but it also fills us with immeasurable appreciation for the life we and Dad shared with her." ~ Mike, Jack, Steve and Susan

Interment Service.





Condolence Book in the lobby of the Museum.

Statements Regarding the Passing of First Lady Betty Ford

President and Mrs. Barack Obama

"Throughout her long and active life, Elizabeth Anne Ford distinguished herself through her courage and compassion. As our nation's First Lady, she was a powerful advocate for women's health and women's rights. After leaving the White House, Mrs. Ford helped reduce the social stigma surrounding addiction and inspired thousands to seek much-needed treatment. While her death is a cause for sadness, we know that organizations such as the Betty Ford Center will honor her legacy by giving countless Americans a new lease on life. Today, we take comfort in the knowledge that Betty and her husband, former President Gerald Ford, are together once more. Michelle and I send our thoughts and prayers to their children, Michael, John, Steven, and Susan."

President and Mrs. George H.W. Bush

"Barbara and I loved Betty Ford very much. She was a wonderful wife and mother; a great friend; and a courageous First Lady. No one confronted life's struggles with more fortitude or honesty, and as a result, we all learned from the challenges she faced. The Betty Ford Center, which already has helped change the lives of thousands of people, will be her lasting legacy of care and concern. We were proud to know her. We were proud to call her a friend. We will miss her very much."

President and Mrs. Bill Clinton

"We are deeply saddened by the passing of First Lady Betty Ford. As a staunch advocate for women's and equal rights, Betty paved the way for generations of women to follow. Her courage, compassion, and commitment to helping our nation deal with drug and alcohol abuse and addiction helped thousands of people to a successful recovery and in the process she helped to save countless families. We were honored to host President and Mrs. Ford at the White House in 1998 when they received the Congressional Gold Medal for their dedication and service to our nation. Betty was a remarkable woman whose legacy will live on in people around the country whose lives are longer and better because of her work. Our thoughts and prayers are with her children and grandchildren. We are grateful for her contributions and for her kindness to us. We will miss her."

President and Mrs. George W. Bush

"Laura and I are deeply saddened by the passing of Betty Ford. We admired her as a First Lady and valued her as a friend. She made countless contributions to our country, and we especially appreciate her courage in calling attention to breast cancer and substance abuse. Because of her leadership, many lives were saved. Tonight our prayers go out to Mrs. Ford's entire family."

Mrs. Nancy Reagan

"I was deeply saddened this afternoon when I heard of Betty Ford's death. She has been an inspiration to so many through her efforts to educate women about breast cancer and her wonderful work at the Betty Ford Center. She was Jerry Ford's strength through some very difficult days in our country's history, and I admired her courage in facing and sharing her personal struggles with all of us. My love and deepest sympathy go out to the entire Ford family at this very sad time."

Lynda Johnson Robb

"Betty Ford was a dear friend to all the Johnsons. Luci and I went to Michigan for an event that she hosted on First families. She knew that we all shared the same trials and triumphs. She was a joy to be around whether it was visiting with her in the White House or campaigning together for the Equal Rights Amendment in 1969. We will miss her touch."



Dr. Robert M. Humphries



Dr. Robert M. Humphries

IF I CAN STOP ONE HEART FROM BREAKING,
I SHALL NOT LIVE IN VAIN:
IF I CAN EASE ONE LIFE THE ACHING,
OR COOL ONE PAIN,
OR HELP ONE FAINTING ROBIN
UNTO HIS NEST AGAIN,
I SHALL NOT LIVE IN VAIN."

— EMILY DICKINSON

*Thank you for your sympathy and many kindnesses. We are deeply grateful.
Mike, Jack, Steve and Susan*



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