

Joyce was born in Fort Worth on her mother's birthday, only child of Butler and Maxine (Ellis) Bean and a fourth-generation Texan. During those lean years of the Depression, the family moved to Texas City.



While still a child, she heard the gospel from her mother and trusted in Jesus Christ for salvation. When in high school she spied carrot-topped twins dressed in electric blue choir robes and laughed and laughed because they looked so funny. One of them, Jay, was introduced by mutual friends and they began to date while he attended A&M, and she studied at Sam Houston. After graduation, they married August 18, 1956.

Their daughter Karen was born in 1958, an hour late for her mother's and grandmother's birthdays.

Joyce was introduced to sound Bible teaching as a young girl, developing a lifelong love of Bible study. After Joyce and Jay moved to Houston, they found Berachah Church in 1959, attending for decades. After the pastor's retirement, they transitioned to West Houston Bible Church.

Joyce loved writing poetry, cooking, sewing, downhill snow skiing, and roller coasters. She enjoyed volunteering at church. Over the years she amassed several diverse collections—from antiques to Wee Forest Folk figurines. She also adored to travel. Her favorite places included Vienna, Austria; Estes Park, CO; Crossville, TN, and anywhere by Jay's side. She was an accomplished photographer, an excellent marksman, and loved cheering on the Houston Astros.



On June 7, 1998 she suffered a cerebral hemorrhage and was in a coma for ten days. Her family was told she wouldn't survive. God had other plans. During the next 20 years she fought and struggled to live as before, a caring wife and wonderful mother and mother-in-law. Because of her faith, Joyce maintained a positive attitude, quick with a smile, and tender look for everyone.

Joyce embodied the spiritual ideals of a godly wife expressed in Proverbs 31. Because she believed Jesus died for her sins, we know she has eternal life. She dearly loved her husband Jay, her daughter Karen, and son-in-law Steve, always putting their needs and dreams before her own. She wanted everyone to know:

“Life with Jay was never dull.”

Order of Service for Bettie Joyce Bean Collins

July 21, 2018
11:00 A.M.

Dr. Robert L. Dean, Jr. officiating

Welcome

Opening prayer

Scripture reading:

Proverbs 31:10–31; 1 Thessalonians 4:13–18

Opening hymn:

“The Old Rugged Cross” (#186 in the hymnal)

Remembrances:

Morgan Franklin
Rev. Orlando Salas

Message:

Dr. Robert Dean

Closing prayer

Closing hymn:

“Amazing Grace” (#202 in the hymnal)

A Mighty Fortress is Our God

Lyrics and Music by Martin Luther

A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing;
Our helper He, amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing:
For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and pow'r are great, and, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing,
Were not the right Man on our side, the Man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth, His Name, from age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us;
The Prince of Darkness grim, we tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure, for lo, his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly pow'rs, no thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours through Him Who with us sideth;
Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also;
The body they may kill: God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.



In Loving Memory

Joyce Bean Collins



July 8, 1933 – July 19, 2018