



Elizabeth "Betty" Hemingway Watson

January 23, 1925 - November 24, 2012

Betty Watson, 87, of Salisbury, passed away November 24, 2012 at Trinity Oaks Lutheran Home.

She was born January 23, 1925 in Port Huron, MI. Betty was educated in Miami, Florida where she began her art studies. In Miami she met and married her husband Don Watson of Salisbury.

She was a homemaker and put her art to the side to raise a family, after the children grew up and left home she pursued her love of art once again. In Salisbury and North Carolina she was known in the art community as Elizabeth Hemingway Watson, her favorite medium was watercolor. She also enjoyed sculpting and other mediums.

Betty was a member of Franklin Presbyterian Church.

She was preceded in death by her husband Don Watson on June 25, 1992.

Those left to cherish her memory are two sons Bob Watson and wife Cathy, David Watson, two daughters, Mary Moline and husband Bill, Barbara Graham and husband Larry, six grandchildren, and ten Great-grandchildren.

Funeral Service will be held 2:30 PM Tuesday, November 27, 2012 at

Summersett Memorial Chapel with the Rev. Tom LaBonte of Franklin Presbyterian Church officiating, burial will follow at Salem Lutheran Church Cemetery.

Visitation will be held 1-2:30 PM Tuesday at Summersett Funeral Home.

In lieu of flowers memorials may be made to the Red Cross, 1930 West Jake Alexander Blvd Salisbury, NC 28147.

Summersett Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements. Online condolences may be made at www.summersettfuneralhome.com

Tribute Wall



“ Dearest Mary and Barbara,
The loss of your mother touches so many people who loved her as a wonderful woman, and artist. I'm thinking of you all at this time, and wish for you joyous memories of the special moments you shared with her. I have those memories of dear Betty, and will cherish them, myself. My deepest sympathy to you all.
Much love,
Carol Dorsett##imported-begin##Carol Dorsett##imported-end##

November 26, 2012 at 05:20 PM



“ You are all in our thoughts and prayers. My mother, Betty Lee, just gave a sigh, shook her head and said she hoped Betty was at peace. They have known each other since 1944. The Betty I remember will be missed.##imported-begin##Mary Lasris##imported-end##

November 26, 2012 at 08:27 AM



“ *I was fortunate and blessed to be able to see my grandmother just before her passing. I will hold my memories as tightly as she held my hand during that last visit.*

My grandmother taught me to look at the world with appreciation and awe, never taking it for granted. She taught me to color in the lines and paint with imagination. She encouraged my creativity and compassion. She even taught me to use chopsticks. She took me on my first overnight camping trip. We took trips to the mountains and found getting lost on the backroads just part of the adventure. We enjoyed conversations in the garden, watching butterflies dance in the flowers. I was always in awe of how nature and beauty just seemed to spring up around her.

She will always be a tremendous inspiration to me. I am blessed to have had her in my life and know that she is at peace.##imported-begin##Jenny Love##imported-end##

November 25, 2012 at 05:41 PM