



Betty Marie Borchering

May 22, 1932 - April 5, 2025

Betty Marie Borchering passed at age 92, on April 5, 2025, in Bonita Springs, FL. She was born to the late Carlos and Mary Magdalena (Lathouse) Chase on May 22, 1932, in Galion, Ohio.

Betty graduated from Galion High School and the University of Cincinnati. She was an artist for Gibson Greeting Cards. Her artistic talents and creativity brought happiness to family and friends, as she would paint a variety of art projects, create craft items, do ceramics, needlepoint, and more. Using a variety of mediums, from watercolors to oil paints, Betty was known for painting Cincinnati landmarks and scenes, purses, murals, clothing, and dishware, as well as designing personalized artwork.

Betty loved holidays, and she would paint and decorate cypress knee characters and hand paint ceramic Easter eggs and rabbits. She liked walking along Bonita Beach while collecting shells. She enjoyed dancing and playing tennis. Betty especially loved spending time with her grandchildren.

Betty is survived by her three children: Barry Borchering and his wife, Linda (Wrassmann) of Alva, FL, Barbara Reynolds and her husband, Doug, of Cincinnati, OH, Beth Wetzel and her husband, Jim Bucalo, of Fountain Hills, AZ, grandchildren: Ashley Wiggins, Zachary Wetzel, Emily Wetzel, Rebecca Borchering, Robert Borchering, great granddaughters: Gabriella, Madalynn,

Allison, Haley, Mille, and nieces: Karen Stokick and Jackie Hoover.

A memorial service will be at 11:00 on April 11, 2025, at Shikany's Bonita Funeral Home, 28300 S. Tamiami Trail, Bonita Springs, FL.

The family suggests donations to the charity of your choice.

Arrangements are being handled by Shikany's Bonita Funeral Home, Family Owned Since 1978.

Previous Events

Memorial Service

APR 11. 11:00 AM (ET)

Shikany's Bonita Funeral Home
28300 Tamiami Trail So.
Bonita Springs, FL 34134
(239) 992-4982
bonitafhbill@comcast.net

Tribute Wall

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“Before I share a few words about my Grandma, I want to start with a promise from Scripture—a reminder of where she is now, and where we all long to be someday.

In the book of John, Jesus says:

“Let not your hearts be troubled. Believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many rooms. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also... Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. Not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid.”
(John 14:1–4, 27 ESV)

These words bring me so much peace, because I know my Grandma is now with the Lord—in the place He prepared for her. She’s home. And one day, we’ll be there with her again.

But even with that hope in our hearts, it’s okay to feel the weight of loss today. It’s okay to grieve. Because love like hers leaves a space when it’s gone. And in those moments, I’m reminded of another promise from Scripture:

“The Lord is near to the brokenhearted and saves the crushed in spirit.”
(Psalm 34:18 ESV)

God is close to us now, in this sorrow. He sees every tear and stands beside us in the grief. And I believe Grandma would want us to lean on that comfort, just like she would always want us to lean on each other.

My Grandma was a true artist—not just in what she painted or created—but in how she lived. She loved family get-togethers, and her joy was contagious, especially when her grandkids were

around. Her greatest happiness came from our happiness.

I hold so many beautiful memories with her. She and Grandpa once took me on a trip in their motor home to Branson, Missouri. We saw so many shows, shared laughter, and I got to witness my very first solar eclipse. That trip was an adventure I'll never forget.

She used to take me to paint pottery at Southern Pines, where we'd sit side by side and create, laugh, and just enjoy being together. And I'll always remember walking with her down Bonita Beach, searching for seashells—especially the tiny ones that looked like little butterflies. She had such a gift for finding beauty in the simplest things, and for helping others see it too.

Grandma had a way of making you feel special just by being with her. She didn't need grand gestures to show love. It was in the little things—a warm smile, a quiet hug, a shared laugh. Her presence was a gift.

So while we say goodbye for now, we do so knowing this isn't the end. Her love lives on in each of us, and we hold to the promise that one day, we'll be together again.

Thank you, Grandma—for every moment, every memory, every bit of love. We love you so much. And we always will.

Ashley - April 11, 2025 at 08:14 PM

BR

“ *Barbara reynolds lit a candle in memory of Betty Borchering*



Barbara reynolds - April 10, 2025 at 06:15 PM

BR

“ *Barbara reynolds sent a virtual gift in memory of Betty Borchering*



Barbara reynolds - April 10, 2025 at 06:15 PM

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“ *Barbara Reynolds lit a candle in memory of Betty Borchering*



Barbara Reynolds - April 10, 2025 at 01:05 PM

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“ *Barbara Reynolds lit a candle in memory of Betty Borchering*



Barbara Reynolds - April 09, 2025 at 07:52 PM