



## Rebecca Chudoba Beets

September 5, 1970 - January 3, 2026

Greer, SC – Rebecca Chudoba Beets passed away on January 3, 2026. She was the daughter of Dorothy Zeok Chudoba and the late Bernard W. Chudoba.

Rebecca was a truly phenomenal baker and home chef, famous among family and friends for her caramel apples. She brought joy to others through sharing her baking creations. In recent years, she spent time on the pickleball court, enjoying both the game and the camaraderie that came with it. Rebecca was deeply kind, endlessly loving, and devoted to her family. She also served her community as an assistant teacher in special education at a local school, where her patience, compassion, and gentle spirit made a lasting impact on the students she worked with. She had a natural ability to make others feel seen, valued, and cared for. She will be remembered as a loving mother, sister, daughter, aunt, cousin and friend. Her love for her family was boundless, and her presence will be deeply missed by all who were fortunate enough to know her.

In addition to her mother, she is survived by her beloved children, Sarah Beets and Jacob Beets; her siblings, Michael Chudoba (Roni), David Chudoba (Minna), and Gail Prestwood (Brian); the father of her children who shared in raising their family, Dr. Joseph Beets; her partner, who loved her dearly, David Anderson; her beloved furbaby, Lily; as well as extended family members and

many friends.

Two Celebrations of Life for family and friends near and far will be held.

Upstate SC:

Saturday, February 7, 12-3pm

at Isla's on the Square

113 N Church St, Spartanburg, SC 29306.

Richmond, VA:

Postponed until further notice.

In lieu of flowers, please consider a gift to National Alliance of Mental Illness or a mental health charity of your choice.

# Tribute Wall

AB

“Becky was my best friend. We were roommates in college and she was my maid of honor and I was her matron of honor. We even had our first child a month apart. Becky had to move to South Carolina, but we kept in touch by talking on the phone hours and hours at a time. Whenever we got together it was like time never passed and we picked up right where we left off. When I met Becky’s parents mama and Papa Chudoba adopted me and treated me like I was family. When we lived together, we didn’t get along. She was the party girl and the slob and I was the goody two shoes always asking her to clean up the dishes in the sink. Mama Chudoba told me one time that I was a good influence on Becky and she was glad we were roommates. We spent many holidays together and whenever we were near South Carolina we made an effort to go see Becky. I even took a train one time to go visit her. Once a year we have to get the RV maintenance and it was right near Becky. Darryl and I would drive halfway and have dinner. Then Darryl would leave and Becky would take me back to her house. I even had my own room upstairs. Becky was always the strong one. She was always looking out for me. When my dad died in July, she was there for me. When my daughter got married in October all of my friends and family loved her. We had so much fun. I had some family issues and Becky said you don’t need them. We are your family then had a group hug. In the pictures you’ll see the four of us at the wedding. Becky was like my big sister (even though she was 2 years younger than me). She was always so mature and knew exactly what to say, even if it wasn’t what I wanted to hear! We were supposed to go visit Becky at the end of October when we got our RV maintenance, but our plans changed and I didn’t get to see her. The last thing she wrote to me in her text was “At least I got to see you at the wedding. I can’t help but wonder if she knew that was the last time I would see her. She was my best friend and I will really miss her. She will always be in my heart. Becky, I love you!”





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**Angela Bareford** - January 26 at 01:22 PM



“ *Becky was the godmother to my son, Max, because I thought of her as a model of goodness. She was exceedingly kind, generous, and selfless. Though we lost touch over the years, I mourn the loss of my friend who will always have a very special place in my heart.*

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**Linda Hirsch** - January 16 at 12:30 PM

SB

“ My youngest had just turned two years old and I needed to get back into exercising. I walked into class and put my mat behind a bubbly young woman. That was Becky. We bonded over our kids going to the same school, our husbands in similar careers and the fact that Becky knew her left from right and could keep me going the correct direction in exercise class. She used to convince me into taking two classes in a row, and we were like kids getting into trouble for talking in class. We’d attend school functions together and Becky taught us how to make the best caramel apples. They were amazing as was her coconut cake. She always baked birthday cakes for everyone. She drove me to my first colonoscopy because my husband had to work, who knows what I said to her under anesthesia, but I remember laughing with her the whole way home. That’s a very special friend. Our kids left for college, and she helped me set up my huge Christmas Tree so that it would be up when my oldest got home for vacation. It was so big that we could not hold it up and it fell on top of us. Again, we laughed as we tried to crawl out from under it. She hosted the best fall bonfire parties. For 22 years she was the friend I could always count on. She consoled me through the sickness and death of both my parents. We commiserated when the kids left home and I cried with her when her Dad passed away. We were making dinner plans the last time I spoke to her. Even though she had moved away, we agreed that we would always be there for each other. She was my “Ride or Die” friend and she was loved and will be missed more than my words can express.

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**Susan Boscia** - January 13 at 09:44 PM