

*Thanksgiving
for the Life of
Jennifer Lynn Bernhards*



May 17, 1982 – October 14, 2006
Jennifer Lynn Bernhards

Strong in Spirit, Filled with Love, Happy in Life

A Service of Witness to the Resurrection

Gathering Music Nanette & Diana Gibbs, Charles Perkins, Harp

Welcome and Sentences of Scripture The Rev. Dr. Jay Click

Hymn # 293 *This Is My Father's World*
Ray Freeman, Organ

Prayers of Comfort and Peace The Rev. Shannon Kiser

Old Testament Readings: Psalm 86.8-13 Charles Perkins
Psalm 23 The Rev. Kiser

Musical Interlude *Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing*
Larry Oates, Trumpet Marynelle Losin, Piano

New Testament Readings:

1 Thessalonians 4.13-18 The Rev. Susan Wilder
Gospel of John 14.1-6, 25-27 The Rev. Click

Musical Reflection *Ave Maria* Biebel
The Annandale High School Men's Chorale

Remembrances of Jennifer Bernhards

The Three Linda/eyes	Childhood friends
Jen Little	from Grace Presbyterian Church
Kate McNamee	from the University of VA
Brian Bernhards	Jenny's brother
Janet Byers	Jenny's aunt

Musical Reflection *Excerpt from Chopin's Polonaise, Opus 26, No. 1*
Marynelle Losin, Piano

The Rev. Jay Click Pastor of Grace Presbyterian Church

Jennifer Lynn Bernhards

How can one capture the life of such a precious, vibrant, fun-loving, giving person such as Jen on the mere dimensions of these two pages? Well-known for her contagious smile, infectious laughter, sassy and witty comebacks, as well as for her sweetness and thoughtfulness, Jen has touched the lives of everyone present in this room—either personally or by word of mouth.

Jen spent most of her life in Springfield, Virginia. She attended Annandale High School, earning numerous awards by the time she graduated. While some seniors slacked after college admission, Jen worked hard to maintain her straight A's throughout the entire year. Some of you may remember hearing Jen play trumpet in the marching band or with the Symphonic Band (If you missed it, excerpts will be played during the reception). Jen attended Governor's School for the Performing Arts area. She was active in clubs, track, soccer, and lacrosse, and was a class officer. Her drive for knowledge and improving herself served as an example to everyone around her. At the same time, she found opportunities for serving others through Grace Church's youth groups and mission activities.

It should come as no surprise that when Jen went on to attend the University of Virginia, she kept up the same level of activity. She chose a double major in English and Psychology. Though often frustrated with some of her "gifted" friends who seemed to be able to party and still ace every exam while she was studying, Jen still found plenty of time for activities. She committed herself wholeheartedly to Delta Gamma, sports, service activities, and her love of the outdoors. She was nick-named "Frizbee Jen" because she was the only female who dared to play frizbee with the guys on the Quad. Jen was awarded a full-year scholarship during her last year at UVA. The committee reviewing applications was touched by her determination to succeed, her gentleness, and her courage, given the challenges they knew she faced.

Jen was what some might call an over-achiever. She wanted to be the best at everything she attempted, like academics, biking the metric Seagull Century and the mountains of Maine with her dad, trying to keep pace with her brother Brian while cycling in Nova Scotia or one-upping him with dinner time banter. When it came time for neurological exams due to her brain tumor, she diligently practiced counting backwards by sevens from one hundred, touching her finger to her nose, and seeing how strong her resistance was. In the winter of 2003, she was proud that she had defied the prediction of being exhausted from radiation as she continued her classes and activities. Despite her treatments and two surgeries, Jen graduated on time with a double major.

When Jen started working at Envision EMI, we began to hear of how many emails she sent in one day, or how she was taking the time to give really good customer service, even if her calls took a little longer than others. Perhaps that's because deep down, she hated computers. When Jen could no longer drive, that didn't prevent her from trying to work; she asked her dad to drive her instead. She was grateful to her supervisors for being so flexible and understanding when her illness began to keep her away from work longer than planned.

Just the other day we found a piece of paper where Jen had written three things she wanted to be remembered for:

- Always smiling
- Helping others
-

The third was left blank. Whether she was too embarrassed to write it, or couldn't decide, we'll never know. We leave it to you to fill in that blank for her. We've placed a box in Fellowship Hall, where during the reception, you can have a chance to share that missing line with us based on your association with Jen. We would love for you to share this with us.

Le Jour Se Lève

Sophie Alavi

Emue par le décès de Jennifer, Sophie a écrit ces mots que voici

Le jour se lève,
Mais la lumière n'est plus la même ce matin.
Elle semble plus pâle et plus froide à la fois.
Elle baigne dans un silence infini.
Puis cette lumière devient rayon de soleil
Qui réchauffe les peines immenses.
Cette jeunesse arrachée, cette innocence fragile, et être qui
n'avait rien demandé,
C'est ce rayon que nous retrouvons partout où nos yeux se posent,
C'est un ange de lumière qui nous a montré malgré lui
Ce qu'était l'essential dans une vie:
Aimer chaque jour qui se lève.
Cette nouvelle étoile dans le manteau noir,
même si je n'ai pu que l'apercevoir,
a éclairé ma nuit
et me rappelera toujours
qu'il faut être digne de cette vie.

Daybreak

(translation by Daniel Birnbaum)

Daybreak.

But the light is different this morning.

It seems at once paler and colder.

It bathes in an infinite silence,

But then becomes a ray of sun,

Warming huge expanses of loss.

This youth snatched away, this fragile innocence,

This undemanding being, has become the light

On which our eyes everywhere alight.

She has become an angel of light who has pointed
us,

Without meaning to, toward the essence of living:

Loving every day that breaks.

This new star, in the dark overcoat of heaven,

This star that I could only sight,

Yet brightened my night

And will always remind me,

That we must be worthy of this life.

†Affirmation of Faith

Death will be destroyed. In the death of Jesus Christ, God's way in the world seemed finally defeated. But death was no match for God. The resurrection of Jesus was God's victory over death.

Death often seems to prove that life is not worth living, that our best efforts and deepest affections go for nothing. We do not yet see the end of death. But Christ has been raised from the dead, transformed and yet the same person. In His resurrection is the promise of ours. We are convinced the life God wills for each of us is stronger than the death that destroys us.

The glory of that life exceeds our imagination but we know we shall be with Christ. So we treat death as a broken power. Its ultimate defeat is certain. In the face of death we grieve. Yet in hope we celebrate life. No life ends so tragically that its meaning and value are destroyed. Nothing, not even death, can separate us from the love of God in Jesus Christ our Lord.

(from "A Declaration of Faith")

Interlude

Bell Song

The Grace Church Joyful Ringers

Prayers of Hope and the Lord's Prayer

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen"

†Hymn # 302 *I Danced in the Morning*

†Commendation

†Blessing and Choral Benediction

The Lord Bless and Keep You

†Recessional Music

Ashokan Farewell by Jay Unger
Adagio for Strings, Samuel Barber

Marynelle Losin, Piano
Ray Freeman, Organ

Immediately following the service all are invited
to a reception in Fellowship Hall.

Honorary Pallbearers

Lindsay Croft
Lindsey Daggel
Sarah King
Jennifer Little
Kate McNamee
Katrina Ngo
Timur Nowrouz
Peter Stone
Lindsey Sugimura

A private graveside service will be observed by the family at the Fairfax
Memorial Park.

At the family's request, memorial donations may be found at:

www.memoryofJen.blogspot.com
or call the church office



703-451-2900

www.gracepresby.org