

JACQUELINE ELIZABETH NEMETH

SEPTEMBER 5 1965 – MARCH 13 2005



Eulogy

Rick Snedden

On Sep 5, 1965 Wally gazed on their new baby girl's black eyes and knew what they would name her. The 2 most prominent women of the day were Jacqueline Kennedy and Elizabeth Taylor and that's how she got her name.

My first memory of Jacqueline was the following Feb. when Diana invited me for dinner for my birthday at their home in the north end of Brantford. Jacqueline was just starting to crawl and Diana was teaching her to stay away from the plant in the front hall. After pulling her away from the plant several times, only to have her go back after it, Diana told me that I could do this just as easily as she could - just keep pulling her away from it and say "No". It took quite awhile to get her to leave it alone because she was pretty determined. That was Jacqueline – she was not a quitter.

When Jack set a goal for herself – nothing stood in her way. She had an insatiable thirst for life. In Girl Guides, She earned her Canada Cord in record time and as a result, went to Mexico City at age 14. And don't think that didn't scare her mother.

An outstanding student, she was advanced a grade in elementary school, which brought her up even with her brother Greg. That began a competition that lasted all the way through school and culminated in both of them graduating high school as Ontario Scholars.

But even with all of her ambition, she made time for all God's creatures. As a little girl, her heart went out to animals and people alike. As her dad said, her friendships as a teenager spanned a cross section of different people. Some, very different indeed. To many of you who are here today, her friendship became a safe haven where you could seek her counsel and help. And she was a true friend – she accepted people for who they were.

By her mid 20's she decided she wanted to make a career of helping people and went back to school to become a social worker. It was during this time that she met Doug who was also employed in social work.

Once Doug met her, he was a goner. It wasn't long before she was his best friend, and wife. Before too long, Samson became part of the family. It became evident that in order to be part of that family one had to be involved in social work, so it wasn't long before Samson was enrolled in the St. Johns Ambulance "Therapy Dog" course.

Life was good! Jacqueline had found happiness in her personal life and her work.

Molly remembers her first visit to London with Grant in 1992 to “meet the parents”. As she said, Jacqueline immediately made her feel at home, and she and Jacqueline became fast friends even before becoming family.

And, as Doug’s mother Adele told me, Jacqueline never asked for a place in our lives, she just carved out a niche in our hearts. She and Jacqueline had special names for each other. Adele was Jacquie’s “mom-in-law”, because she thought “mother-in-law” was too formal; and Jacquie was Adele’s “daughter by love”. Life was so good!

As she and Doug planned out their future with a family, there was a growing suspicion that something was wrong. It was just a little over a year ago that we learned that Jacqueline’s body was under attack. But as we learned years ago, Jacqueline was not a quitter. I visited 697 Colborne many times during the last year and I can’t remember a visit when at least one of Jacqueline’s friends wasn’t there with her.

Jacqueline and those closest to her fought a good fight. We all hoped and prayed that the effort would pay off, but the final tests showed we had lost the battle.

I visited her shortly after she received that news. She was stronger than I. I sat with her and told her that I didn’t know what to say. She reached over and took my hand and said “You’re here.”

Jacqueline’s pain is finally gone – but she is not. If she could speak to us, I think she’d be saying: Death is nothing at all – I have only slipped away into the next room. I’m still me, and you’re still you. Whatever we were to each other, we still are. Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way you always used to. Speak no tone of sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Think of me, pray for me. Let my name be the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without the ghost of a shadow on it. Life means all that it ever meant... Let there be unbroken continuity.

What is death but a transformation? Why should I be out of mind, just because I’m out of sight? I’m waiting for you – for a period of time – somewhere near – just around the corner.

Jacqueline, we love you, and we miss you. We will speak to you and laugh with you. We will call you by your old familiar name. You will always be in our hearts.

And until we meet again, may God hold you in the palm of his hand.

When Tomorrow Starts Without Me

attributed to David M. Romano/Erica Shea Liupaeter, read by Lisa Flynn

When tomorrow starts without me,
And I'm not there to see,
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
All filled with tears for me;

I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you did today,
While thinking of the many things,
We didn't get to say.

I know how much you love me,
As much as I love you,
And each time that you think of me,
I know you'll miss me too;

But when tomorrow starts without me,
Please try to understand,
That an angel came and called my name,
And took me by the hand,

And said my place was ready,
In heaven far above,
And that I'd have to leave behind
All those I dearly love.

But as I turned to walk away,
A tear fell from my eye
For all my life, I'd always thought,
I didn't want to die.

I had so much to live for,
So much left yet to do,
It almost seemed impossible
That I was leaving you.

I thought of all the yesterdays,
The good ones and the bad,
I thought of all the love we shared,
And all the fun we had.

If I could relive yesterday,
Just even for a while,
I'd say good-bye and kiss you
And maybe see you smile.

But then I fully realized,
That this could never be,
For emptiness and memories,
Would take the place of me.

And when I thought of worldly things,
I might miss come tomorrow,
I thought of you, and when I did,
My heart was filled with sorrow.

But when I walked through heaven's gates,
I felt so much at home.
When God looked down and smiled at me,
From His great golden throne,

He said, "This is eternity,
And all I've promised you.
Today your life on earth is past,
But here life starts anew.

I promise no tomorrow,
But today will always last,
And since each day's the same way
There's no longing for the past.

You have been so faithful,
So trusting and so true.
Though there were times you did some things
You knew you shouldn't do.

But you have been forgiven
And now at last you're free.
So won't you come and take my hand
And share my life with me?"

So when tomorrow starts without me,
Don't think we're far apart,
For every time you think of me,
I'm right here, in your heart.



Reading

Nancy Wister

To Jacqueline my dearest friend of almost 32 years.

We shared laughter, tears and the joys and sorrows of life together. Jacqueline was my port in a storm, my sunshine on a rainy day, my warmth in the winter, my cool breeze in the summer. She understood my ups and downs and washed away my fears and anxieties. She was always there when I needed her, never questioning, always understanding, as I was there for her.

The Perfume Of Friendship

*After the petals fall
Perfume remains
A scent in the green hall
Of country lanes
And the clean breeze of spring
Blows over everything*

*After a friend departs
The essence of
Her spirit stirs our hearts
With faith and love
Now she is homeward bent
Our rooms are sweet
with friendship's sentiment*

Aristotle once said. What is a friend? A single soul dwelling in two bodies. I know a part of my soul is with Jacqueline today, and it will be a joyous day indeed when we meet again.

Reading

*From the Book of Common Prayer
and the Book of Alternative Services
of the Anglican Church of Canada*

Read by Greg Cherwaty

Let us pray.

Almighty God, you have knit your chosen people together in one communion, in the mystical body of your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Give to your whole Church in heaven and on earth your light and your peace.

Hear us, Lord.

May all who have been baptized into Christ's death and resurrection die to sin and rise to newness of life, and may we with him pass through the grave and gate of death to our joyful resurrection.

Hear us, Lord.

Grant to use who are still in our pilgrimage, and who walk as yet by faith, that our Holy Sprit may lead us in holiness and righteousness all our day.

Hear us, Lord.

Grant to your faithful people pardon and peace, that we may be cleansed from all our sins and serve you with a quiet mind.

Hear us, Lord.

Grant to all who mourn a sure confidence in your loving care, that casting all their sorrow on you, they may know the consolation of your love.

Hear us, Lord.

Give courage and faith to those who are bereaved, that they may have strength to meet the days ahead in the comfort of a holy and certain hope, and in the joyful expectation of eternal life with those they love.

Hear us, Lord.

Grant us grace to entrust Jacqueline Elizabeth to your never-failing love which sustained her in this life. Receive her into the arms of your mercy, and remember her according to the favour you bear for your people.

Hear us, Lord.

Story

Doug Nemeth

Once upon a time in a kingdom far, far away, there lived a Princess. Except, she didn't know she was.

Everyone who saw her or knew her, immediately knew she was. They tried to tell her, but alas, she wouldn't believe them.

She was kind to a fault. Every life she touched was graced with happiness merely by her presence. Anger melted like dew on morning summer grass when she smiled at it.

The Princess, who was but did not know it, met a Frog one day. This Frog was not beautiful. The Frog was not the kind of person that people thought the Princess would love.

But she did.

No one knew why, but if the Princess, who thought she wasn't, loved the Frog then she must have seen something in the Frog that others could not see.

Indeed, as time went by, the Frog did not turn into a handsome prince with a single kiss. But with many kisses and much love given the Frog became a man. A man who swore upon all he had that he would love the Princess forever, even if she didn't know she was a Princess.

The man embarked upon many campaigns, all in the name of the Princess, who, by the way, thought she wasn't. Each time he returned home he discovered that her love was his heart's desire. Soon he left behind his search for great treasures for her because she was the greatest treasure he could have.

When the Princess, who thought she wasn't, became ill there arose a great cry among the people whose lives she had touched. Many gifts were sent, Rallies held. Prayers to anyone who would listen.

Through it all the Princess, who didn't know she was, smiled. When people came to visit she smiled and touched them. Troubles soon melted away and they left happy and in love with their Princess, even though she thought she wasn't.

The Frog who was turned to man through the love of the Princess, who thought she wasn't, learned that the greatest gift that people can give, is simply to be a light to others who have trouble finding their way. Sometimes a simple touch, a smile, and lots of love could do anything.

So he set out to pass this lesson onto others the same way the Princess, who by the way didn't think she was, had done it. Simply by being a mirror of her light for others. When people asked him where his light came from he said,

“The Princess who didn't know she was, except, she is.”

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