



KAYE BOCK

BORN JULY 7, 1944

BORN TO ETERNAL LIFE JANUARY 17, 2007

January 25, 2007
Grace Lutheran Church
2369 Barrett Avenue
Richmond, CA 94804-1698
(510) 235-3858

Please turn off any cell phones and watch chimes, and be sure your pager is in silent mode. Thank you.

Kaye Bock
Born July 7, 1944
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GATHERING RITE

Welcome

Pastor Sharon Brostrom

Hymn: Morning Has Broken

Opening statement

LITURGY OF THE WORD

First Lesson: Psalm 91

Pastor Donna Duensing

Prayers

Gospel Reading: John 16: 22-29

Homily

Pastor Sharon Brostrom

Remembrances

Professor John Landis
Allan Jacobs
Ricardo Noguera

Those who would like to say a word of remembrance of Kaye are invited to come forward and speak

Hymn: His Eye Is on the Sparrow

Apostles Creed

P With the whole church, let us confess our Christian faith:

C **I believe in Jesus Christ, God's only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the virgin Mary, suffered under**

Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried; he descended to the dead. On the third day he rose again; he ascended into heaven, he is seated at the right hand of the Father, and he will come to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy catholic church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

Prayers

Lord's Prayer

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

Communion Liturgy: LBW page 66

Lord, now you let your servant go in peace: LBW page 73

Commendation

Sending Hymn: I Was There to Hear Your Boring Cry

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As you leave you will hear Garth Brooks singing "The Dance"

Preacher & Presider: Pastor Sharon Brostrom

Organist: Pastor Marty Schaefer

Reception Coordinator: Cathy Baca

Everyone is invited to attend the reception following this service.

Kaye Bock

It is with great sadness that we say good-bye to Kaye Bock who passed away in her sleep on Tuesday, January 16, 2007. Kaye was born on July 7, 1944 in Dallas, Texas and adopted by Charles Duncan of Oklahoma and Marie Fenolio of Arkansas.

Kaye received a BA Summa Cum Laude from the University of Dallas and a MA with Honors in English from Marquette University. She completed course work toward a PhD at Kent State University.

On May 17, 1969, Kaye married Walter Bock. Kaye became a mother in 1973 when she gave birth to her son David Bock. In 1976, Kaye gave birth to her daughter Deborah in New York. In 1977, Kaye and Wally moved to the Bay Area in California. In 1979, Kaye gave birth to her 3rd child, Diana, in Oakland, California.

Kaye has worked for the Department of City and Regional Planning and the University of California for more than two decades and during that time became a “mother” again and again as she shepherded masters and doctoral students through their programs. Kaye brought love to everyone she touched. She had a heart of gold and a kindness that the rest of us can only wish to have.

Kaye is survived by her children: David Bock, Deborah Bernardi and Diana Bock, her beloved son-in-law Martin Bernardi, and her two grandsons, Theodore and Diego Bernardi. She also leaves behind a large extended family including Barbara Bock, Natalie Bock, Wendy McNabb, Robb McNabb and his wife Simona, Keith McNabb and Roy Castro, along with numerous friends and adopted children from her work family at DCRP.

Kaye will be greatly missed by all who knew her. In lieu of flowers, the family asks that donations be made to the Kaye Bock Memorial Fund that has been established for graduate student aide at the Department of City and Regional Planning at UC Berkeley. This fund has been set up to honor Kaye’s constant efforts to keep students enrolled during difficult financial times. Donations can be written to “College of Environmental Design” with a notation in the memo line “Kaye Bock Memorial Fund.” Donations can be mailed to: Department of City and Regional Planning College of Environmental Design University of California, Berkeley 228 Wurster Hall, MC #1850 Berkeley, CA 94720-1850.

MORNING HAS BROKEN

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for the springing fresh from the Word

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven
Like the first dew fall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's re-creation of the new day

HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW

Why should I feel discouraged, why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely and long for heaven and home
When Jesus is my portion? My constant friend is he:
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know he watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know he watches me,

I sing because I'm happy, I sing because I'm free,
For his eye is on the sparrow, and I know he watches me.

“Let not your heart be troubled,” his tender word I hear
And resting on his goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;
Though by the path he leads me, but one step I may see:

His eye is on the sparrow, and I know he watches me,
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know he watches me.
Repeat refrain: I sing because...

Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds arise,
When song gives place to sighing, when hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to him, from care he sets me free:
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know he watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know he watches me.
Repeat refrain: I sing because...

I WAS THERE TO HEAR YOUR BORNING CRY

“I was there to hear your borning cry, I’ll be there when you are old.
I rejoiced the day you were baptized to see your life unfold.
I was there when you were but a child, with a faith to suit you well;
In a blaze of light you wandered off to find where demons dwell.”

“When you heard the wonder of the Word I was there to cheer you on;
You were raised to praise the living Lord, to whom you now belong.
If you find someone to share your time and you join your hearts as one,
I’ll be there to make your verses rhyme from dusk till rising sun.”

“In the middle ages of your life, not too old, no longer young,
I’ll be here to guide you through the night, complete what I’ve begun.
When the evening gently closes in and you shut your weary eyes,
I’ll be there as I have always been with just one more surprise.”

“I was there to hear your borning cry, I’ll be there when you are old.
I rejoiced the day you were baptized, to see your life unfold.”