

Afterglow

*I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one.*

*I'd like to leave an afterglow
of smiles when life is done.*

*I'd like to leave an echo
whispering softly down the ways
of happy times and laughing times
and bright and summer days.*

*I'd like the tears of those who
grieve to dry before the sun
of happy memories that I leave
When life is done.*

Love "Christine"

Acknowledgements:

The family wishes to express their appreciation to all for the acts of love and kindness extended to them during this time of bereavement.

The Cunegin Family



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Martha P. Plummer, Executive Director, NJ LIC. 4326

In Loving Memory



Daughter, Sister, Mother, Cousin, Aunt, Friend

Christine L. Cunegin

Sunrise: July 11, 1981 - Sunset: November 19, 2022

Saturday, November 26, 2022

Viewing 9:00am-10:30am

Service 10:30am

Macedonia Baptist Church

351 High Street

Westville, NJ 08093



Order of Service

Processional	Clergy, Family, Friends
Crown of Glory	Circle of Life Funeral Home
Prayer of Comfort	Amber Lundy
Scripture Reading	
Old Testament	Shay Henry
New Testament	Shanell Sharper
Life Story	Mother Rita Cunegin
Precious Memories	Christine's Children
Reflections	Family & Friends 2 Minutes
Solo	Marquisha Cooper
Words of Comfort	Rev. Louis Barber
Benediction	
Recessional	Clergy, Family, Friends

“And he will wipe every tear from their eyes, and death will be no more. Neither will mourning, nor outcry, nor pain be anymore. The former things have passed away”.

Revelation 21:4

Loving Memories



Christine's Life Story

Christine Lynn Cunegin, a sweet and beautiful soul, transitioned from this world on Saturday, November 19, 2022 being reunited with her Heavenly Father. Christine was born in Fort Polk, Louisiana on the 11th of July, 1981. She was born at Fort Polk Army Hospital. She attended Paulsboro High School while living with her mother, Rita Cunegin. She moved to Omaha, Nebraska and graduated at the Tac Building while living with her father, Lanard Cunegin.

Her life's passions were to serve others to the best of her ability. She was not only street smart but also had the wits of a genius. She could solve the most complex of issues when put to the task. She left this world with plans to pursue a career in Massage Therapy and was overly excited to announce the news to her family. Although she became an introvert as the years went on, she still loved to share love, laughter and good news aka blowing up your cellphone at all times of the hour.

Christine loved her children and made sure everyone had what they needed when it came to being taken care of. Were you lonely? Come on over. Were you hungry? Let me feed you. Christine always made sure your hair was fried, dyed and laid to the side, too! She had riches money can't buy. She loved to be loved and always reciprocated the same back to you.

She loved to get dolled up and couldn't stand walking in heels. A true gem, a Diamond some say. I know if she looked back today she'd know that she was blessed.

Christine leaves behind to cherish her memories, Fiancé Jamar Reed, Children - Sanjaya M. Bolton (Omaha, NE), Sammaria D. Cunegin (Omaha, NE), Alyecia D. Cunegin (Blackwood, NJ), Psalm E. Cunegin (Paulsboro, NJ), Father - Lanard D. Cunegin (Omaha, NE), Mother - Rita J. Cunegin (Paulsboro, NJ), Sisters - Aldeener A. Cunegin (Omaha, NE), Laura E. Cunegin (Omaha, NE) Akeba S. Cunegin, (Paulsboro, NJ), Brother - Christopher L. Cunegin (Omaha, NE), A host of aunts, uncles, cousins, and Two nephews, her Forever Friends, Aneesha Jernagons, Johnathon Jernagons, Shay Henry, Shaleena Sampson, Jennifer Gardner, Alison McCleod, Shaniece Johns.

Lovingly made by,
The Family

Precious Memories...



A Loving TRIBUTE

Because I could not stop for Death
By [Emily Dickinson](#)

Because I could not stop for Death -
He kindly stopped for me -
The Carriage held but just Ourselves -
And Immortality.

We slowly drove - He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility -

We passed the school, where Children strove
At Recess - in the Ring -
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain -
We passed the setting Sun -

Or rather - He passed Us -
The Dews drew quivering and Chill -
For only Gossamer, my Gown -
My Tippet - only Tulle -

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground -
The Roof was scarcely visible -
The Cornice - in the Ground -

Since then - 'tis Centuries - and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity -