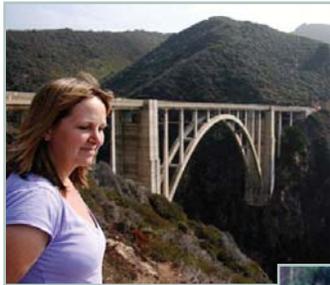


Nancy Jennings





Circa 1976

Karla and Nancy, 1985



1978



1979

Nancy and friends

1985



Circa 1977

"She had somewhat of a force to her personality."

When her mother and I were out one evening, Nancy, who could be a stubborn kid, had a tantrum that lasted about three hours. She was around four years old. Her mother and I came back to find her asleep on the front porch. The kids had tossed her outside there because she wouldn't stop yelling, which I would have to say is understandable, and Nancy fell asleep on the doormat. She was always determined. You couldn't push her around much. I don't know how that affected her career but I suppose it helped it. I think she was

fine as a daughter, a rather impressive young lady. She was honest and talkative. She was also determined. You didn't jack around too much with her. I liked it that way, but I think that she was a reasonable daughter, not a bad kid, and she was not a kid who'd ignore what you said. I think she was a pretty decent person. Of course all you kids were. I'd hit you on the heads with a spoon if you weren't. She was a bright little kid. She had somewhat of a force to her personality.

-- Warner Jennings

Nancy will always be my little sister. I remember her as a newborn and watched her grow up. She was full of life, funny and smart.

She showed great courage in the face of her breast cancer and lived her short life well.

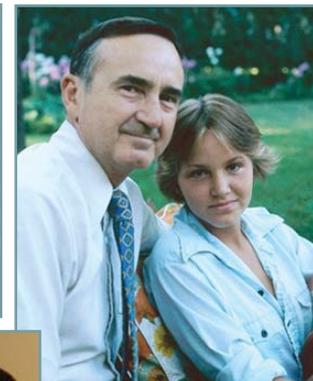
She was generous in life and even after she died. She looked after her family and gave her nieces and nephews funds to help them go to college. She even threw us a party!

I will miss her and the times we never got to have. Mostly, I will miss my baby sister.

-- Terese Jennings



1979



Fancy Nancy

I remember taking off Nan's shoes and socks so she could play in the sandbox. We were roommates. She'd curl up in bed like an Asian princess and we'd talk about the big world. I remember watching her sleep at night, so beautiful. She had an inborn sense of style, good taste, and appreciation for the finer things in life, quickly earning the nickname "Fancy Nancy."

When she broke her arm on the playground around the time the famous Gawky Nan photo was taken, she had to sleep sitting up in a chair for a month. She must've been uncomfortable, this skinny kid sprawled against the pillows, arm in a cast.

Nanle was a charismatic kid, a petite girl with fine pale skin, delicate bones, a heart-shaped face, friendly slate-blue eyes, quite intelligent, innately sophisticated and self-possessed. When she was about 14 our parents sent her by bus from Park Ridge, Illinois, to Kalamazoo Michigan, to visit Grandma Ferenc. She was told to take a cab to Grandma's house. Her only question was how much to tip the cabbie, pretty impressive for such a young girl traveling alone. She didn't seem intimidated, either. She always seemed fearless, though she said to me once that she was often unsure of herself, but didn't let it show.

She and Curt visited me in Berkeley when she was in college. She was downright glamorous in her dark blue sunglasses and glimmering blond hair, leaning back in the sun as we sipped cappuccinos at Café Roma.

I stopped thinking of her as my "little sister" in Chicago when she lived above Casey and Terry's apartment. She'd just returned from work in her business suit and heels, and I thought, my God, she was born for business. She was aggressive, smart, friendly, and projected a cool confidence.



That came in handy when she joined my husband Kurt and me in London. We drove

to Edinburgh with a broken gas gauge. The car died in the Yorkshire moors -- the gas tank made a sucking sound when I uncapped it. The middle of nowhere late on a cold night. Nan suggested we hitch. A truck hauling three tons of potatoes roared by. She waved as they whooshed past, and I heard their brakes screech for a quarter of a mile. They brought us to a petrol station, accepting only a candy bar in return.

Her organizational skills came to the fore when she hosted Dad's squadron reunion in San Francisco, which featured a bayside memorial service and a trip around the Bay on the Potomac as military jets buzzed us overhead.

She fell in love, handled a difficult marriage with grace, strength, and smarts, and moved on to another house that was always warm and welcoming. She faced hard times with resolve and proactive determination, her response to breast cancer being typical: get classy, get organized! Joining her on the Avon walk was tremendous. Later she did something equally Nancy, traveling through Eastern Europe and Asia on her own, writing an eloquent blog replete with photos, and going scuba diving!

She was my wonderful sister Nan. I'm glad she was my friend. I tell stories to my kids about her as an example of what a person can be. I will miss her deeply, always. But that's what love does.

-- Karla Jennings

One story that I keep thinking of is when we were both in grade school. This would have been around the time of Nancy's famous picture with pony tails at various angles and the white eyeglasses with the pointy corners. For breakfast, our Mom would slice bananas in milk and we'd dump half a cup of sugar on it. One morning, for some unknown reason, she took a spoonful of sugar and cocked it back ready to flip the sugar at me. Seeing this, I held my fist out and told her that if she flipped the spoonful of sugar at me, I'd punch her in the mouth. We had a brief Mexican standoff, then she went ahead and flipped the sugar in my face! Having obligated myself, I punched her in the mouth, and since Mom hadn't seen anything leading up to this, I of course caught hell for it.

The reason I remember this is that faced with the decision of backing down in the face of adversity (i.e., being punched in the face) or moving ahead with her intended action, well, she moved ahead.

-- Curt Jennings



Gawky Nan,
2nd grade



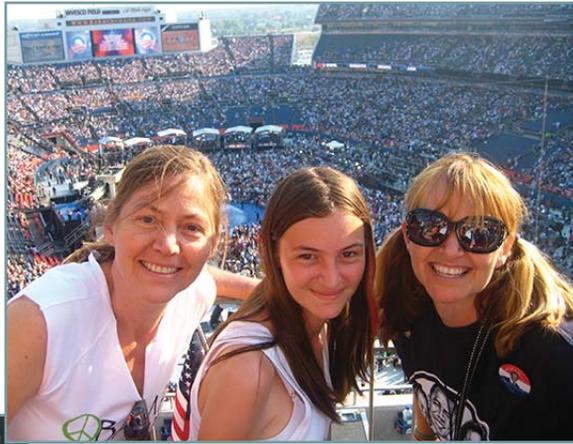
Randy,
Karla,
Nancy,
1969



At Rafanelli Winery in Sonoma Valley, she knew the code to enter at the gate to gain access!



At a restaurant at Half Moon Bay when we were traveling with some friends, she came down to meet us and choose our wine.



My family has been going to the YMCA of the Rockies over New Year's Eve for a long time, and Nancy started going with us several years ago. She said it was "the happiest place in the world." We would roller skate, ice skate, and snowshoe, but the craft shop was her favorite stop. Nancy might have even started her beading there.

The weather last year was clear but very cold. It was -2° New Year's Eve day when Mark and I were snowshoeing in Rocky Mountain National Park. Everyone else was doing indoor activities, roller skating or playing in the craft shop.

Mark and I stopped at a grocery store on our way back to the cabin to pick up a few things for New Year's Eve. When we were there, the power went out in all of Estes Park. We called the cabin and found out there were no candles, flashlights or firewood (they were using cell phones to get around inside). So we stocked up and headed back. The temperature was supposed to get to -9° that night; I was think-

ing we were going to load up the cars and head back to Denver. We couldn't cook; there was no heat in the cabin and no light.

But Nancy came up with a different plan. After making fun of my fears, she helped convince me to stick it out. We had a fire, candles providing light, and we made a most eclectic meal of chocolate, cheese and a few great bottles of wine. We played games and cards, using cell phones to check out our board pieces. And there was lots of storytelling and laughter.

It was almost disappointing when the power came back on that night. Nancy declared it "the best New Year's Eve ever."

That's what I loved about Nancy: the magic she brought to make things more fun, light, and special. She turned a night of possible darkness into one of laughter and light -- and THE BEST NEW YEAR'S EVE EVER!!!!!!!

-- Judy (Jennings) Swinnerton

For many years Nancy came to Thanksgiving at my Grandma Betty's house in Ashland, OR. Nancy was not directly related to Betty, Betty being my dad's mom and Nan being my mom's sister, so you might think it strange that she would choose to spend a major holiday there, but that's where the party was, she said. Even from the first time, when I was five or six, it felt like she fit.

Nancy could fit in anywhere she chose. She started her own traditions: appetizers of hobs, cow's eyes (ham, cream cheese and green onions), and bacon-wrapped dates; games of Settler of Catan played until everyone else had gone to bed hours ago; and laughter.

My mom, sister and I would fly out to San Jose a couple days early to fit in a few things she thought were essential: fondue, a Harry Potter movie, puppies, and finger-food night with crab and

artichokes. I think in all the years we went out we might have missed one or two of the requirements, especially when the Harry Potter movies started coming out in the summer, but we never missed puppy time. We always wondered how she found them every year.

On the Tuesday before Thanksgiving we would drive the eight hours up to Ashland, always stopping at the Chevys in Redding for lunch, listening to Christmas music to get us in the holiday spirit. When we got to Grandma's we would all pile out for hugs, kisses, and finally to let the dog go potty. After Thanksgiving we would all pile in her car once more, after tears and hugs were exchanged, and drive back down to San Jose, stopping of course at Chevys for an early lunch. Mom, Jamie and I would fly out the next day already wishing it was Thanksgiving again.

-- Erin Swinnerton



On the Occasion of Nancy's 45th Birthday

In 1984, after Nancy graduated from U of I and moved to Chicago, I truly came to understand her supernatural ability to get on the phone and organize lots of people to get together, seemingly at the drop of a hat! My mostly empty social calendar was suddenly full -- thank you Nancy! Here are some of the memories I have of those times:

- Of course, spaghetti or lasagna dinners and games: charades, Trivial Pursuit, Pictionary.
- Also big dinner outings on Argyle St. for Vietnamese food. More obscure, a big dinner outing at a Medieval-type place on Lawrence Ave. where everyone drank "grog" and called the waitresses "wenches."
- Many Cubs games. I particularly remember in the fall of 1984, with the Cubs on the way to winning the division, lining up in the dark to buy bleacher tickets, which were only sold on the day of the game at the time.

- Going for beers at "Old Style: Bottles and Cans" on Devon, which featured a clock over the bar with the 1st Mayor Daley's face.
- Going to a very rundown but very cool bar in Uptown called the Green Mill -- before it was a jazz nightclub -- to hear an old guy playing the piano on the bar.
- Great America, Taste of Chicago, Blues Fest, Ravinia, R.E.M. at the Aragon and Bruce Springsteen at Soldier Field.
- Many parties, including Nancy and Tim's "Paint the apartment" party, where everyone brought a time capsule item to put into the wall behind the medicine cabinet.
- Finally, renting a VCR and a pile of movies for weekend fests.

Thanks for including me in all those activities Nancy -- you changed my life! Happy 45th and many more!

-- Love, Jim (McKee)



Deborah and Nancy, 1983

My Nancy Adventures started in 2nd grade at Field School in Park Ridge, IL (Hillary Clinton's alma mater). Often being paired together, we mastered the basics, including how to torment teachers and Girl Scout leaders. Nancy has always been a passionate and loyal friend. No matter how much time passed between our meetings, we were always able to connect immediately. Someone mentioned recently that it's not the quantity of our days that count, but the quality. Nancy lived her life to the fullest, bettering the world and the people around her. Though I will miss talking and laughing with her, I will carry her spirit with me.

-- Deborah Beuttler



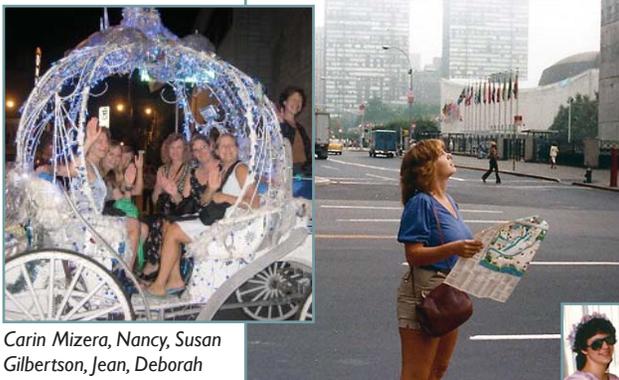
Nancy, Clifton Taylor, Tammy Value and Deborah, Halloween, 1981



Glenn Lund and Nancy, 1981



Deborah and Nancy, NYC, 1982



Cecilia Guay, Jean, Deborah (bride), Nancy, and Denise Mattingly, 1984

Carin Mizera, Nancy, Susan Gilbertson, Jean, Deborah Beuttler and Wendy Kopka, Memphis 2009



Jean (bride), Nancy and Deborah, 1991



Nancy and Me

Nancy is my best friend. We met when my family moved into a house across the street from hers in summer 1975.

When I think of those first years knowing Nancy, I think of the summers: the pale July street between our houses soupy with humidity, slowly coming to life below the lamppost at dusk. With kids from the block we'd play Kick the Can, or Guerillas (a hostage game we may have invented). Sometimes Nancy sneaked across the street past bedtime and climbed through my window to watch late night TV: *Mary Hartman Mary Hartman* and *Saturday Night Live*. We'd dress up, do skits, and record them with my Instamatic.

There were overnights at Girl Scout camp where we line-danced to "Instant Karma," afternoons climbing the fence at the Oakton pool to retrieve our towels (which some boys had flung over), mornings hammering away in the sawdusty scene shop at Maine South.

After her family moved out east, Nancy came back for summer breaks. She stayed at my house, going to summer drama with me and a circle of kids who became lasting friends. I can see her sitting in Gwen's chartreuse kitchen, picture window opening to the magnolia tree, orange robe and coffee mug. We were together in 1980 when our friend Tom died of thyroid cancer at age 16. Wearing white, we sang at his funeral and then partied at his family's house for days.

After college, we lived together in a drafty Rogers Park flat. Nancy would cook old-school dinners: a roast, iceberg lettuce with gallons of Italian dressing, chocolate cake roll. After she moved to California, we spent hours on the phone. I'd visit and she'd drive us around to all the great places: Point Lobos, Nepenthe, North Beach, Chevy's, and on her *Bullitt*/boyfriend tour -- a zigzag cruise past the houses of former dates. She took on her new job and world with zeal. And, as she cultivated good friends, travels, and wines, we stayed in touch, resurrecting jokes from 7th grade, stories that hardened, over time, into history -- like the one about the girl we knew in junior high who stuffed her bra with half-oranges (sticky!).

A few years ago after I got off the phone with her one night my husband said, "No one makes you laugh like Nancy does." It was true. And still it seems like I could call her now and we'd laugh: about Barbie moments, mini-Ditka, and the activities planned for Day 20 of one of our trips. It seems Nancy was always planning one more trip, one more adventure....

Now I find myself telling our inside jokes to whomever will listen, so they'll live on. I try to summon the sound of her laughter, imagining she's here with me. Like Nancy, I'm stubborn: I really cannot think of her as gone.

-- Jean Keleher



Nancy and friends, Chinatown (Chicago), 1985



Nancy, Jean, Elaine Tite Cheung, Deborah, and Tamara Value, San Francisco, 1994



Jean and Nancy, 2001

Nancy Memories (Just a couple of many)

I had just been laid off from my job and Kit had just found out about her mother's breast cancer. Nancy quickly organized a dinner out with the Abelmans and Karin to help cheer us up. Of, course it worked! Soon after, Nancy asked me about COBRA for the time I was unemployed. I told her we could not afford it and she immediately got her checkbook out and said, "I can't have Caroline without insurance. How much for 3 months?" Always on the lookout for others!

Karin's going-away-to-the-UK party was just hours away and Nancy comes over with a diagram of a Union Jack made out of circles and lines and a list. The cake was to be made from cupcakes and the list was how many white, blue, red, red/white, and blue/white cupcakes to make. What a great idea, I can do that. So I baked 11 dozen cupcakes and frosted them according to her plan.

-- Charley Reed



Hands down my favorite picture of Nancy and me is from dinner at Manresa. Nancy was so looking forward to eating the famous Manresa Egg and had talked about it ever since the reservation had been made. The egg came, I tried it and HATED it. She was thrilled! That meant she could eat a second one! Whenever I see dragonflies I automatically think of Nancy. That will always be true. When I was in Santa Cruz a few weeks ago I bought a dragonfly ornament. It's displayed proudly in our house, just like the dragonfly ShrinkyDink I made for her years ago.

-- Caroline Reed

Thank you to the best neighbor ever who became an amazing, cherished, and beloved friend to our family. A thousand thanks for everything you shared with us:

- BBQs and parties
- Travels
- Puppy parties
- Wonderful friends
- Stinky cheeses
- Guacamole
- People Magazine
- A. Rafanelli zin
- Crazy cocktails
- San Jose Obama office
- Book Club
- 2010 World Series
- Manresa egg
- Sunflowers and dragonflies
- Sparkey and Atty
- Games
- Halloween lights on a saw-horse in the street
- Your endless passion for life

Summers will never be the same without hearing your infectious, joyous laughter from all the way across the street!
We miss you every day.

-- Kit Reed



To Kill a Mockingbird • A Case of Exploding Mangoes • The Book Thief • The Quiet American • Team of Rivals • The Remains of the Day

Book Club

Heroes and heroines, let's read the book.
Scandal and tragedy, let's read the book.
WWI and WWII, let's read the book.
Politics and heretics, let's read the book.
Comics and comedy, let's read the book.
Got Cliff Notes, gossip? Off the hook.

-- Sharon Crost

I traveled with Nancy to Oregon and then invited her to be a part of the Silicon Valley For Obama leadership team.... I was so proud to see her take the lead in the Gish office.... I feel blessed to have known such a wonderful, strong woman like Nancy, if only so briefly.

I was at the remembrance event at Chevys. It's obvious to me why she touched my heart so powerfully, when everyone there seemed to have the same experience with her as I did....

My activities for the President today are as strong as the day I met her, and I will not falter at delivering a second term for President Barack Obama. We will take her name with us as we travel the trail making history again.

-- Galen Swain



Nancy's presence filled the office with laughter and enthusiasm, and the impact of her drive and focus was inspiring to all of us. She was the one I sought out when the weirdest people came into the office with outrageous demands, and she would calmly find a solution that left everyone feeling respected and valued. Her confidence in me allowed me to play a bigger part in the campaign than I would have otherwise done, and I am so happy to have shared the amazing experience of those crazy last few months with her.

We found we had things other than politics in common, including a background in high tech, some good ex-husband stories(!) and a love for books, which led to our friendship continuing through the last few years, but those last few months of the 2008 Obama campaign mean Nancy to me.

-- Shalini Venkatesh

Nancy talked fast. She traveled fancy. She helped us organize into an administrative team. She knew how to cook up a mess of tasty food, and how to make political organizing feel like a party. I was happy to help Nancy and everyone alongside us on the trail do our part to elect President Barack Obama, who I knew in my heart could win.

I'm glad I shared tiny bits of that wonderful, crazy time with Nancy, and I want to remember the way she lived. Reaching out, through pain and personal struggle, to share the burden of the larger struggle, the fight for what's most important, what our hearts tell us must be done.

-- Dale Nelson



Things that trigger wonderful memories of Nancy:

- Indian Springs mint soap found in Nancy's friends' bathrooms and showers
- Spa white terry cloth bathrobes
- The birthday puzzle
- Helmets with miner's lights
- Little frogs
- Hike and talk
- Hot springs in nature and hot tubs
- Calistoga
- The Country Gourmet
- Todd Rundgren
- Ski slopes
- Fine wines
- George Clooney
- All of Nancy's extended HP circle of dear friends!

-- Linda Warwick



I love the line I saw that so aptly describes Nancy's life: "If you knew Nancy, you have Nancy stories!" And stories we have -- wonderfully lively, funny stories that capture the amazing woman we called our friend. Some of them are highly practical lessons I learned from her: Don't eat beignets with powdered sugar if you're wearing black pants and shirt for a trade show. Don't hold your friend's wine glass when she goes to the bathroom if there's a chance your brand new CEO may stop by to shake your hand (because you can't with a wine glass in each hand -- "Sorry, Carly!"). "Too much information" doesn't apply to some topics, one of them being Nancy's sex life.

It is impossible to think about Nancy and not feel joy, and I think that's exactly the way she would want it. The most abiding lessons I learned from her will always be with me: live life to the fullest, laugh with abandon, and practice warm, generous friendship. If I exit this life with a legacy anything like Nancy's, I will consider myself very fortunate.

-- Kirsten Smith



Energy, smile and attitude, Welcome to Californ-I-A.
Run, ski, raft, sail, fly, swim, bike.
Stop and play.

Sparkling big smile, sparkling blue eyes,
Whippersnapper funny, whippersnapper wise.

Guacamole, Yes I do.
Bruschetta with garlic, extra P.U.
Pancakes and eggs, yolks on you.
Appetizers, we'll share a few.
Dessert -- let's get two!

And hike and talk
And talk and hike. L.

I-L-L ...
West is best, East is least, South is south,
And North is air-conditioned
... I-N-I Oskewawa, Illinois.

I'm traveling with George Clooney.
Did I tell you about the Plumpish Thai?

Conjunction Junction,
What's your function?
A dilemma dilemna and a fromage dommage
Intellectual conversation and potty mouth collage.

Puzzles and puzzles, charades and Scrabble.
Puzzles and puzzles, gossip and babble.

Jesus and GWA* 'til 3 a.m.
Skiing and GWA 'til Violent Femme.
Death Rapid and GWA 'til everyone swims by.
Camping and GWA 'til the neighbors are high.
Wine and GWA 'til empty without a doubt.
Calistoga and GWA 'til spa girls pass out.

The boobs, the boobless, the boobs again.
The hair, the hairless, the hair again.
The toes, the polish, the toes again.
The loves, the losses, the loves again.

Obama. Oh, mama, values revered.
Help the campaign, a world adhered.

So generous, so giving: a dinner, a bed,
A gift, a party, a go ahead.

Come Sparky, come Atty, a fluff of golden hair,
Obedient and loving when owner is near.
Roll over, roll over, sit and stay.
I'm getting worried.
Stop and play.

All is fine. Red wine.

-- Sharon Crost

* Girls' Weekend Away





Avon



Walk

All my memories of Nancy include a belly laugh! She could be telling me a story about something as banal as a trip to the grocery store, and I'd be dying of laughter. I credit Nancy for helping me laugh in bad times and in good.

She also got us into all kinds of adventures. We were featured together with our friends in a book about why we walked the Avon Walk, we dove Bora Bora for a week, we took a pole dancing class together. Nancy, my friend, only you could

have got me to call that author back, book that flight, or show up for class.

Now I will carry her laughter in my heart, to share with those not fortunate enough to have known her. I'm a little bit braver, I may even be a wee bit funnier, and for sure I'm a whole lot more spontaneous. She inspired adventures I wouldn't have taken on my own. For that, and most of all, for who she is, I will be forever grateful.

-- Kimber Peterson

Burgundy



Travels with Nancy

"Sharks? I didn't know there were going to be sharks in Bora Bora!" Those were Nancy's words as she reviewed the diving guide of Tahiti just as our plane took off. Three days later, at a dive site called Muri Muri, there was Nancy, along with the rest of our dive group, hanging on a mooring line, with sharks swimming all around. Nancy, while a bit nervous, loved it -- in fact described the scene as a "bait ball."

Slovenia?



Romania



Mostar, Bosnia



Bora Bora



Europe



Peru



England

Beijing



Indonesia

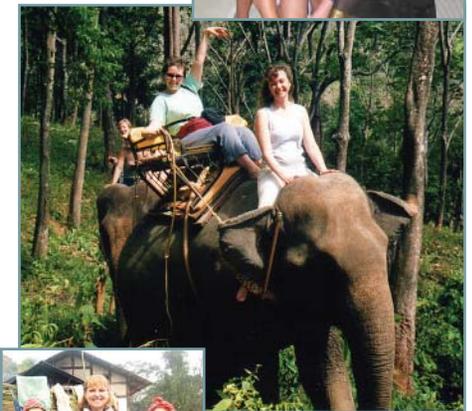


Thailand

Nancy was always up for a new adventure, and it rubbed off on people she traveled with. She found new friends wherever she went. On her solo travels through Eastern Europe and Southeast Asia she shared the adventures she had with her "flat friend" George Clooney in her "Fancy Nancy on the Road" blog.

Nancy's last big trip was to Indonesia where she continued to make an impression, not just with flat George and her underwater Balinese dancing, but with her determined sense of adventure. Our Wakatobi dive guide, Jens, remembered Nancy, saying: "For sure not every trip -- but once in a while we have these kinds of memorable trips with special events. Like the one with you -- thanks to you guys, flat George and a coconut."

-- Jean Biberdorf



Vietnam



The Jennings family thanks you for being part of Nancy's celebration.

