

# Acknowledgement

On behalf of Jennifer Burris's family, we want to say thank you. Every call, every visit, every flower, every prayer has meant so much to us and has helped carry us through this season of grief. Please continue to pray for us as we lean on God for strength. From the bottom of our hearts, may God bless each of you in return for the love you've shown us.

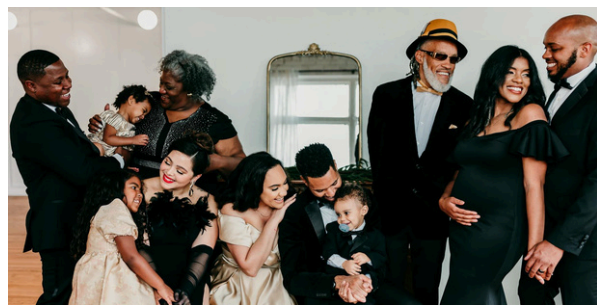
Thank you!

## Pallbearers Active

JOSHUA BURRIS JACQUE BURRIS  
NICHOLAS BURRIS JOESPH BURRIS  
RUSSELL BURRIS ZACHARY CARTER

## Pallbearers Honorary

CARLTON BURRIS JAMES BURRIS  
GLENN HARDY RICKEY HARDY  
CORDELL BALLANSAW ERIC MAY



Friday, February 20, 2026, at 2:00 PM      Saturday, February 28, 2026, at 11:00 AM  
COVENANT CHURCH      BETHEL CHURCH OF CHRIST  
Carrollton, TX 75006      HOLINESS  
Franklinton, LA 70438

### FINAL RESTING PLACE

Bethel Cemetery  
Franklinton, LA 70438



### Funeral Services

702 Gatewood Rd, Garland, TX 75043  
(972) 240-2121  
Tim Jefferson - FDIC/Owner

# CELEBRATING THE LIFE AND LEGACY OF



# Jennifer Lizette BURRIS

Sunrise      Sunset  
July 15, 1966      -      February 11, 2026

# Remembering Jennifer

“I will give thanks to you, LORD, with all my heart.” Psalms 9:1a



Jennifer “T Jenny” Burris was born on July 15, 1966, in Franklinton, LA, to the late Conston and Jenella Burris. From the very beginning, Jennifer’s life reflected the love, strength, and faith that would come to define her journey.

Jennifer had a deep and unwavering passion to protect and care for children. She saw each child as precious and worthy of safety, love, and intentional guidance. Her commitment to nurturing young lives was not just a calling—it was an expression of her servant’s heart, rooted in principles that reflected Christ. She cared with patience, compassion, and quiet strength, always placing the needs of others above her own. In protecting and pouring into children, she lived out her faith in the most tangible and beautiful way.

Jennifer was the true matriarch of her family and a cornerstone of her community. She had an entrepreneurial mindset and a heart to serve others. This led to the establishment of her successful in-home child care business, T-Jenny’s Childcare. For over three decades, she dedicated herself to caring for hundreds of children, nurturing not just individuals but entire families across generations. She provided a safe, loving, and structured environment where children received care, nourishment, and encouragement. Her home was a haven—one where love flowed freely, and no one was ever considered a stranger.

Her life was marked by selflessness, perseverance, and unwavering faith in Jesus Christ. She modeled integrity, compassion, generosity, and resilience. Jennifer’s Bible was rarely far from reach, and her greatest desire was for her loved ones to cultivate a personal and intentional relationship with God. She lived what she believed—faithfully, humbly, and wholeheartedly.

She leaves to cherish her memory her children, Tremaine (Charo) Burris, DeVonte (Jasmine) Hardy, and Resa (Jamal) Myhand; her greatest pride and joy - her grandchildren, Lola Burris, Mercy Burris, Giovanni Hardy, and Kizzy Myhand; her siblings, Renee Jacobs, LaBronis Woods, Carlton (Cynthia) Burris, Michelle (Elundus) Richard, and James (Shannon) Burris; her uncle and aunts, Truman (Brunette) Burris and Ora Lee Brock. She also leaves behind a host of nieces, nephews, great nieces and nephews, extended family members, and countless children and families whose lives were forever changed by her love.

Jennifer is preceded in death by her grandparents, Talmage (Madgquin) Burris, Robert James, and Christine Harvey; her parents, Conston (Jenella) Burris; her uncles, Hamilton Burris, Roosevelt James, and Earnest James; her aunts, Gloria Magee, Bobby Jean Boykins, Ophelia Aaron; brother-in-law, Russell Woods; and her nephew, Kristen Burris.

Jennifer’s legacy is one of service, faith, and boundless love. She fought the good fight, finished her course, and kept her faith. Though she will be deeply missed, her impact will live on in the generations she nurtured and the family she so faithfully led.

“Well done, good and faithful servant.”

## FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS





# Order of Service

“And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose. For those God foreknew, he also predestined to be conformed to the image of his Son.

Romans 8:28-29a NIV

PROCESSIONAL

MUSICAL SELECTION

SCRIPTURE READING  
Old & New Testament  
Glenn Hardy

PRAYER  
Glenn Hardy

MUSICAL SELECTION

SPECIAL REMARKS  
Tremaine Burris  
Lola Burris  
DeVonte Hardy  
Resa Myhand

MUSICAL SELECTION

EULOGY  
Jamal Myhand

SPECIAL VIDEO

PARTING VIEW  
Heavenly Gate Directors

RECESSIONAL



# A Servant's Heart

She walked this earth with gentle strength,  
A quiet light, a steady flame—  
Never seeking praise or place,  
Only hearts she could sustain.

Her hands were open, always giving,  
Her door unlocked, her table wide;  
She carried burdens not her own  
And set her comforts all aside.

In whispered prayers and patient acts,  
In sleepless nights and selfless days,  
She showed us what true love requires—  
A life poured out in humble ways.

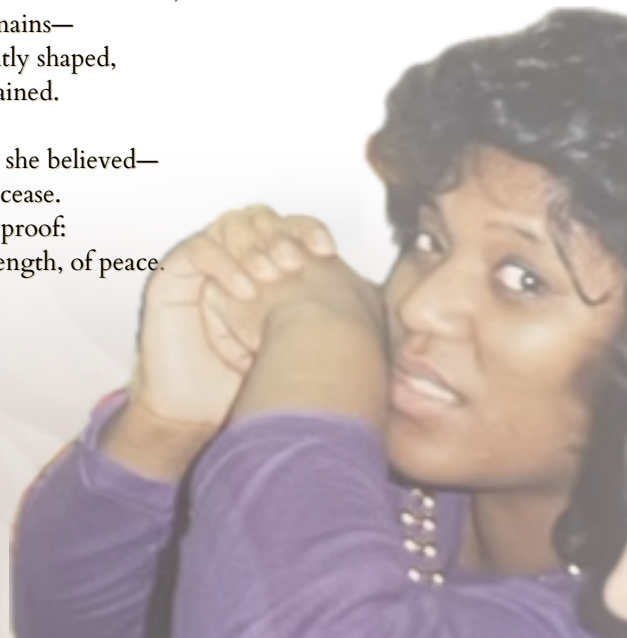
She nurtured dreams before they bloomed,  
Saw greatness where the world saw small;  
With tender words and steadfast hope,  
She taught us we could stand tall.

Her compassion flowed without reserve,  
A healing balm for hidden pain;  
She met each soul just where they were  
And made them whole again.

Through trials fierce and valleys deep,  
Her faith stood brave, unshaken, sure;  
She trusted God with fearless grace—  
Her courage quiet, pure.

Now heaven holds her servant heart,  
Yet still her love remains—  
In every life she gently shaped,  
In all her sacrifice gained.

She gave, she loved, she believed—  
And that will never cease.  
Her legacy is living proof:  
A life of faith, of strength, of peace.



# Family Tribute

**From Her Grandchildren:  
Lola, Mercy, Giovanni, and Kizzy**

Our Ma2 was the best grandma in the whole world.

Ma2 made us feel happy and safe. When we were with her, we knew we were loved. She always took care of us, and she loved us so much. Ma2 was kind, funny, and warm. She gave the best hugs and always made us feel better.

Ma2 also loved to teach us things. She helped us learn, and she always encouraged us. She made us feel smart, and she was proud of us. She believed in us.

Even though we are sad, we are thankful God gave us our Ma2. We will miss her so much, but we will always remember her love.

We love you forever, Ma2!



# Family Tribute

## Michelle Richard



My Heart

Jennifer you're my sister, rock and my best friend. You help me raise my kids. You gave us a foundation to navigate through life with ups and downs, always a voice of reasoning and assurance. Now we have to say see you later here on Earth, which is one of the hardest things I have done in my life. My heart is broken. My world has been shifted. Now I have to get in a place where you're not by my side telling me that He will work it out. God gave us 59 wonderful and amazing years.

Our time on Earth has come to an end. Keep your arms wrapped around me until we meet again. We love you and I'm missing you dearly!

## Glenn Hardy



Jennifer Lizette Burris was a God-fearing, loving mother, grandmother, sister, and auntie. She was truly a gift from God—a woman blessed with the fruits of the Spirit: love, joy, peace, long-suffering, goodness, temperance, meekness, and faith.

She was an educator to many, especially her family and the countless others who had the blessing of knowing her. She motivated and encouraged everyone to pursue their goals and never give up, always reminding them that they could do all things through Christ Jesus who strengthens us. She had a special gift for knowing when something was troubling her children. She would sit with them, listen with care, and provide both spiritual wisdom and motherly guidance.

She was, simply put, an amazing mother and grandmother. She will be greatly missed, and her legacy will live on. I will truly miss her. Most of all, she was love. She showed love, gave love, and that love was abundantly returned to her.

Her hospital room was never empty; there was always someone there showing love and support. The love that surrounded her was so powerful that even the medical staff said they had never seen anything like it. To God be the glory—we gave her her flowers while she lived and expressed our love for her before God called her home.

Thank you for being the mother of our three children: Tremaine, Devonte, and Resa. We love you and will miss you dearly. But thanks be to God, we have the victory in Christ Jesus. We will continue to walk with God, allowing Him to lead and direct us and to comfort us through our great loss—yet an even greater gain for Him.

Thank You, God. Our trust is in You.

What an awesome woman you were. We love you!



# Family Tribute

## Tremaine Burris



My mother was truly one of a kind—she filled a void that can never be replaced. She was beautiful, charismatic, and incredibly strong. She loved to dance, spend time with family, and most of all, get on the road. Some of my fondest childhood memories are of packing a bag, filling a cooler with snacks, watching her grab a cup of ice to chew on, and heading down the highway. Those simple moments meant everything to me.

She was completely selfless and would do anything for anyone. My mother stepped fully into her purpose when she opened T-Jenny's Childcare in our home. For more than 30 years, she was a blessing to countless families—not seeking wealth, but pouring into children when their families needed help the most. She provided meals, diapers, wipes, and a full curriculum. Many children learned to read, write, subtract, talk, and even take their first steps in her care. She never advertised, yet word spread quickly because of the love and excellence she gave. Clients became friends, and friends became family.

Through it all, she taught me life—lessons, manners, and work ethic. I helped make lunches, wash dishes, change diapers, cut grass, and rake the yard. It was always “yes sir” and “no ma'am,” and when I asked why, her answer was simple: because I said so—because I love you. She was my greatest supporter and encourager, reminding me that I could do anything I set my mind to if I believed, did the work, and put God first. Whether I was playing football, selling cars, or selling houses, she was always my biggest fan.

She stood by me on my hardest days, helped pick out my wife's wedding ring, and was present for the birth of both of my children. T-Jenny became MA2, and she cherished being a grandmother. Her greatest gift was meeting people exactly where they were—no one ever walked away from her empty. Every value you see in me came from her. I can only be the son of one mother—Jennifer Burris. Mom, thank you for the faith, strength, and love you poured into me. I am forever proud to be called your son.

## DeVonte Hardy



My heart is broken. There are not enough words to describe the anguish of this loss. My selfless and nurturing mother was the matriarch of our family and community. She poured every ounce of herself into others. Her home knew no strangers—she loved without limits, and in her presence there was an overwhelming sense of belonging and compassion that soothed the soul.

For more than three decades, she cared for hundreds of children—nurturing not just little ones, but entire families across generations. She worked tirelessly to provide parents with a safe, affordable place where their children received nurturance, nutrition, and knowledge. I am the man I am today because of her. The values, work ethic, integrity, and faith people see in me are a reflection of the firm foundation she laid. If you ever complimented me, you were truly complimenting her.

Though my heart aches, my mother introduced me to the One who mends broken hearts. She modeled fortitude, perseverance, and radical generosity—even when it cost her personally. Living with her while she helped care for my son was a gift I will forever cherish. We talked, cried, laughed, and confided in one another. I watched her read her Bible on my couch, pray with my son at night, and speak often of her desire for her loved ones to be intentional in their relationship with Jesus. Her faith was not just spoken—it was lived.

I miss my mommy tremendously, and I have shed many tears. Yet when I reflect on her life and the impact she left on this earth, my sorrow is met with joy. She fought the good fight, endured to the end, and kept her faith. Because of her trust in Jesus Christ, death has no victory and no sting. Though it is hard to accept that God called His daughter home, I am grateful He answered her prayer for healing as she entered His arms. Now my goal is to run my race with my eyes fixed on Jesus, so that one day I may see my mother again and hear the words spoken over her: “Well done, my good and faithful servant.”

# Family Tribute

## Resa Myhand



My Girl, there are mornings I wake up feeling as though God failed me, tempted to believe He did not care enough to heal you. Since losing you, every day carries its own ache, but those days feel unbearable.

And yet, on those very days, He gently reminds me of you. He reminds me of your life, of your story, of your legacy, and the courageous way you clung to Him when you had every reason to let go.

He reminds me of our conversations and how, even when you were wounded by people who spoke His name, you still chose selflessness, you chose forgiveness, and you chose a love that did not keep record of wrong.

In your final days on this Earth, you preached a sermon without a pulpit. Through pain. Through weakness. Through suffering.

I witnessed you praise Him. I witnessed you thank Him. I witnessed you trust Him.

And in doing so, you taught me what it means to consider trials pure joy, not because they do not hurt, but because He is still good.

Momma, your light never stopped shining. It burned steadily, in an unforgettable way.

I am grateful for your life. For your love. For your legacy. For the way your lips still found praise when your body was failing, reminding me that God never fails.

So in the days ahead, when grief whispers that our God is not good, I pray He gently reminds me of your story, reminding me that His goodness has never depended on our trials, but only on His unchanging and unfailing character.

Thank you for beautifully reflecting Him in countless ways. It is an honor to be your one and only daughter. And an even greater honor to know you were His.

I love you endlessly.

