



Mr. Warren Lee Rosenberger Jr.

January 2, 1937 - August 24, 2017

Warren Lee Rosenberger Jr, Husband of Joyce Burgess Rosenberger, son of Warren L. & Madeline Thompson Rosenberger was born January 2, 1937 in Alexandria, Virginia. Warren went home to be with his Lord on August 24, 2017. As a child, Warren spent summers with his parents at what is now Riverbend Park on the Potomac River in Forestville (now Great Falls) Virginia. When Warren was 12 his family purchased land and later built their homes on Potomac Hills Street (Riverbend Park). After graduating from Mount Vernon High School, Warren served 5 years in the US Navy during the Cold War. He truly "Joined the Navy and Saw the World". In 1959, Warren married Joyce Elaine Burgess, a local resident of Forestville. They met at the Forestville United Methodist Church. They both enjoyed dancing and spent many hours dancing at Colvin Run. Warren and Joyce's first home was a log cabin built in the 1700's on the end of Jeffery Road. They later built a home on Potomac Hills Street near Warren's parents. Warren and Joyce had four sons Greg, Jeff, Ron and John while living on the Potomac.

Warren spent endless hours enjoying boating and fishing on the Potomac above Great Falls both as a child and later with his own children. Although he had been involved in church service from a young age, including serving as a youth worker and Sunday school teacher, Warren realized his need for a personal relationship with his Creator and accepted Jesus Christ as his personal savior at Franconia Wesleyan Church when he was in his early 30's. Warren lived his beliefs and led his family accordingly. Warren continued to serve God through various ministry opportunities in his local church. His favorite was leading small group Bible studies both in his home and at church. In 2003, Warren and Joyce relocated from Northern Virginia to Six Mile, SC where their son Jeff and his family lived. Warren is survived by his wife, Joyce and three sons, Jeff, Ron and John, 9 grandchildren, 4 step-grandchildren, 2 great grandchildren and 9 step-great-grandchildren. Warren was predeceased by his oldest son Greg. Instead of flowers, memorials may be made to Seneca Wesleyan Church – Missionary Fund to help see a lost world brought to Christ or to Hands of Mercy Hospice 111 Carter Park Dr Suite C Seneca, SC 29678

Warren is now awaiting us in his mansion, to be joined by those friends and family who have also accepted Christ as their personal savior. Don't miss the greatest family reunion!

Do you have the assurance that you will join Warren in heaven when you leave this life?
A celebration of Warren's life will be held Sunday September 3, 2017 at 4:00 pm at
Seneca Wesleyan Church 101 E Crescent Drive Seneca, SC 29678

Events

SEP **Celebration of Life** 04:00PM

3

Seneca Wesleyan Church

101 East Crescent Drive, Seneca, SC, US, 29678

Comments



“ Live to Love

“When I was a young girl in pigtails.”

“I buy you books and buy you books, and all you do is eat the covers.” “The good Lord willing and the Creek don’t rise.”

“Watch out for the Bambies.” “Swinging on the outhouse door.”

Or my favorite “I’ll knock yo head cleeeeeean off.”

For those of you that knew my grandad, you have probably heard one or more of these before. He was a joyful man with a great sense of humor.

God

- Growing up as a kid my grandparents would drive my siblings, cousins and I to church every Sunday morning for Sunday school, every Sunday evening for church, and every Wednesday evening for youth group. They did this faithfully for around 8 years. It was because of this that I not only saw my grandad’s faithfulness to the church that was displayed in his loyal attendance, and participation, but I also developed a loyalty to worshipping God by going to church as well.

- Every Sunday my grandad put his check in the offering dish. Regardless of the circumstances, he always faithfully tithed to the church. When I got my first job, he always reminded me to give my first 10% to God, my second 10% to my savings, and to use the other 80% for whatever else I needed to. It was by watching his example that I learned how to worship God through tithing.

- My grandad lived to love God.

Family

- Whether it was receiving a call on your birthday, an invite to go out to eat, or him letting you know that he had been praying for you, if you were a part of granddaddy’s family, you knew you were loved. Another way that granddaddy showed his love for his family is by how much he learned, and remembered, about his family line and distant relatives. I have no doubt that if granddaddy were here today he could draw our family tree probably going back 10 generations. We pour time into what is important to us, my grandad poured time into his family.

- My grandad lived to love his family

Others

- For those of you that have had the blessing of spending time with your grandparents, you are probably familiar with hearing the same story several times. One of the many stories that my grandad told to us as we rode to and from church was about how when he was younger, he and his pastor would travel door-to-door visiting people that had visited their church for the first time on the previous Sunday. Granddaddy was always very

impressed with how good his pastor was at remembering names, and he loved visiting the families in the community and showing them love by taking the time to fellowship with them outside of church.

- This type of kind behavior didn’t stop as he got older. While he may not have gone door- to-door in his later years, he always seemed to go out of his way to make

people's day a little better. If a waitress ever messed up an order, he would often say "I've never met anyone who doesn't make mistakes." One of my favorite things he used to do is take boxes of chocolate to the ladies at the post office. It was little acts of kindness like this that showed me that....

- My grandad lived to love others

Live

- When I was asking my cousin Faithie to help me remember some of granddaddy's old sayings, she brought to my attention that there aren't many times where we can remember granddaddy uttering the words "I love you." But honestly, that doesn't bother me at all. Be while he may not have expressed that audibly, he, without a shadow of a doubt, expressed that in nearly every aspect of how he lived his life.
- My grandad lived to love, and I hope we can all do the same.

Written by Benjamin William Rosenberger

In loving memory of Warren Lee Rosenberger Jr. 3 September 2017

Ben Rosenberger - January 12, 2018 at 02:04 PM



“ 3 files added to the album New Album Name



Ben Rosenberger - January 12, 2018 at 01:07 PM