

yvonne M. Jones

Service

Tuesday, March 20, 2012 - 10:00 a.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

<u>Obituary</u>

Late Tuesday evening, March 13, 2012 **Yvonne Jones** slipped into the arms of God and released from care and pain began her journey to a higher place.

Yvonne Marie Jones was born on December 31, 1949 in New York City. Yvonne was the first child of Ida and the late Roscoe Jones.

She was educated in the New York Public School System. After completing high school, she went to work for seventeen years in the criminal court system.

Due to illness (defective heart valve) she had to go on early retirement.

Yvonne had a beautiful vocal voice, she had a great love for the music industry. She was offered many jobs by top artist, but because of her illness she was afraid to take that great step into the entertainment world.

Yvonne loved jazz and loved to travel. Her hobby was crocheting, she crocheted blankets for all the babies born to family and friends.

Yvonne leaves behind: her mother, Ida Jones; brother, Wade Rooks; step-sister, Floreen Rooks; aunt, Mary Jones; great aunts, Evelyn Brown; brother-in-law, Joseph Reed; niece, Adiaha Reed; nephews, Michael Rooks and Wade Rooks (Jay); grand-nephew, William Alexander; grandniece, Kyleen Alexander; cousins, Gail Cochran, Sharon Darrington, Marilyn Bibby, Joseph Jones (Sonny), Charles Jones, Paulette McCoy, Carl Jones, Nicole Maxwell, Michael Darrington (Nee), Greg McMichael, Tramaine McMichael, Robert Baultwright (Robby); Godson, Hasih McNealy; special friend, Thomas Benson (Tommy); and a host of family and friends.

Quick and suddenly came the call. Her sudden death surprised us all God gave us the strength to face it And the courage to bear the blow, But what it means to lose Yvonne None but God will ever know.

> Submitted in love, The Family

Order of Service

Interment

Mount Hope Cemetery Hastings-on-Hudson, NY

The Last Request

Please don't say that I gave up, just say that I gave in Don't say I lost the battle for it was God's war to lose or win Please don't say how good I was, but that I did my best.

Just say I tried to do what's right
To give the most I could not less
Please don't give me wings or halos that's for God to do
I want no more than I deserve, no extras, just my due

Please don't give me flowers or talk in hushed tones

Don't be concerned about me now I'm well with God, I've made it home

Don't talk about what could have been, it's over and it's done
Just see to all my family needs, the battle has been won
When you draw a picture of me, don't draw me as a saint
I've done some good, I've done some wrong, so use all your paint
Not just the bright and light tones, use some gray and dark
In fact, don't put me down on canvas, paint me in your heart
Don't just remember good times, but remember all the bad

For life is full of many things, some really happy and some sad But if you must do something, I have one request forgive me for the wrongs, I've done and with the love that's left

Thank God for my soul resting
Thank God for I've blessed
Thank God for all who loved me
Thank God who loved me best.

<u>Acknowledgement</u>

During this time of sorrow, we learn how much our friends mean to us, our family will always remember your kindness and sympathy May the Lord forever bless you.

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