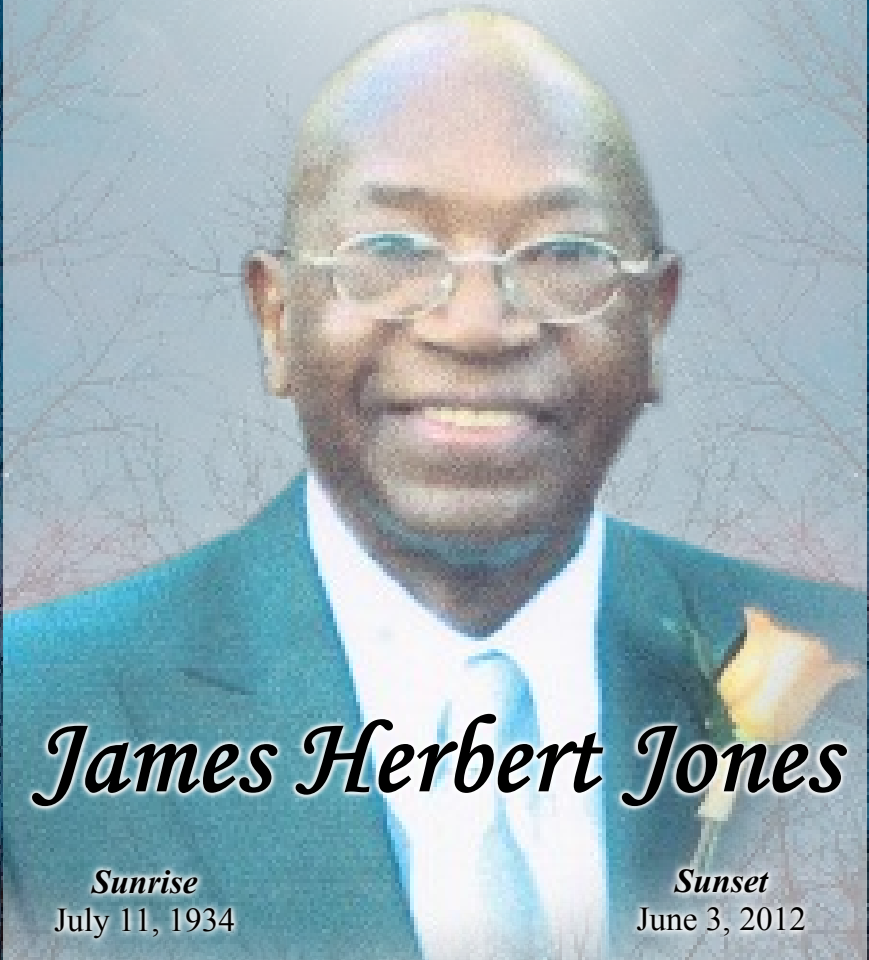


A Celebration of the Life of



James Herbert Jones

Sunrise
July 11, 1934

Sunset
June 3, 2012

Service

Thursday, June 7, 2012 - 10:00 a.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Rev. Nelson C. Dukes, Jr., Officiating
Marvin Hadley, Organist

Obituary

James Herbert Jones was born in Knightdale, North Carolina on July 11, 1934. He was the only son of Ervie Lee Jones and Ida Perry. He was predeceased by his only sister, Daphine Williams. He attended school in Knightdale, NC before attending Shaw University in Raleigh, NC. He was raised in the Jones Chapel Church, an ancillary appendage to Knightdale and proudly touted by the Jones Family. It takes a village to raise a child was paraphrased and practiced by the Jones family. They believed it took family commitment and dedication to family to raise a family.

“Herbie” as he was affectionately known came to New York and began to work on the Railroad. He served honorably in the United States Armed Services as a young man. Herbie was proud of his affiliation with the Masonic Organization. He was a 33rd degree Mason and a Shriner. Herbie served as worshipful master of medina #19 in 1970. However, he was better known as the neighborhood philanthropist - he was always available to those in need. He would grumble and mumble but ultimately you got what you asked for. He had an infectious laugh - he loved to smile, laugh and take pictures. He walked fast, talked slow, and was forever a friend.

Herbie and Margie married and raised three children. First, last, and always, he was “Grandpa”. What’s happening in school was a frequently asked question. And, if the answer was not what he wanted to hear - you heard a soft-spoken, frown-on-the-face lecture. Nykai being the oldest heard it the most. Nykai had a special relationship with her grandfather - she was, in his last days, a caregiver, a comforter, and finally a pain in the - - -. “Grandpa you have to take your medicine.” “Grandpa you have to eat.” “Grandpa are you alright.”

Herbie had suffered valiantly for a long time. In and out of the hospital, always saying do what you have to, to keep me here. It was different Sunday morning - in an intimate conversation with his Margie, he told her that he was “tired.” And so, in his usual quiet way, after his family and friends left the hospital late Sunday afternoon, he called on the Lord to give him rest.

He will ever be remembered by: his loving wife, Margie; daughters, Pier, Elena and Courteney; son, Timothy; son-in-law, Anthony Chambers; six grandchildren, Nykai, Tim, Helena, Kendell, Cameron and Reid; two nephews, Darryl and Kevin Williams; niece, Doreen Williams; favorite cousins, Catherine and Marvee; and a much devoted friend, Robb.

The caring bonds that he extended in life will be cherished for always by his many relatives and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection..... “May The Work I’ve Done Speak For Me”

Scripture

Prayer

Selection “Precious Lord”

Remarks

Obituary Daphne Garrison

Eulogy Rev. Nelson C. Dukes, Jr.

Selection “Amazing Grace”

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

Rose Hills Memorial Park Cemetery
Putnam Valley, New York

Footprints

One night a man had a dream. He dreamed he was walking along the beach with the LORD. Across the sky flashed scenes from his life. For each scene, he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand; one belonged to him, and the other to the LORD. When the last scene of his life flashed before him, he looked back at the footprints in the sand. He noticed that many times along the path of his life there was only one set of footprints. He also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times in his life. This really bothered him and he questioned the LORD about it. "LORD, you said that once I decided to follow you, you'd walk with me all the way. But I have noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life, there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why when I needed you most you would leave". The LORD replied, "My precious, precious child, I love you and I would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I carried you".

-Mary Stevenson

Acknowledgement

The family wishes to thank everyone for their condolences and best wishes during our time of bereavement.



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