Celebrating
The Life of



Carolyn Jones

June 12, 1946
-
October 28, 2026

Service Information

Tuesday, November 17, 2026
Viewing: 9:00 AM - 10:00 AM
Service: 10:00 AM

ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES
23 East 2nd Street, Mt. Vernon, NY 10550
Bishop Shawn Ferguson, Officiating

Interment

Pinelawn Cemetery
2030 Wellwood Avenue
Farmingdale, NY 11735

Pallbearers

Clyde S. Jones III
Jayson A. Aiken
Micah Z Howell
Vincent K Pray Sr,
Vincent K Pray Jr.
Lloyd A. Ford



Order of Service

Processional ..... Bishop Shawn Ferguson and Family

Musical Selection .....Byron Jones

Invocation/Opening Prayer ..... Bishop Shawn Ferguson

Scripture Reading - Psalm 23

Scripture Reading - John 14, 1-6

Musical Selection.....Ms. Traci Bacon

Obituary ..... Chrystal Pittman

Eulogy ..... Bishop Shawn Ferguson

Open Tributes..... (2 minutes Please)

Prayer of Comfort ..... Bishop Shawn Ferguson

Benediction ..... Bishop Shawn Ferguson

Final Instructions ..... Eternity Funeral Services Directors

Recessional ..... I hope you Dance by Leann Womack

Obituary



Carolyn Jones was born on June 12, 1946, in Brooklyn, New York, to Mildred and James Howard. This is where her remarkable life began.

While living in the city, she met the love of her life Clyde S. Jones Jr. On September 4th, 1979, they were united in marriage. Their 31 years together became a cherished part of her life and family story.

Her early years of education started in the New York City School System. She put her higher education on hold to make sure her children received theirs. Later, she returned to school and earned a bachelor's degree in early childhood education. She then dedicated herself to educating her community and nurturing a love of reading and learning in the children she taught.

Mom had an overwhelming love of life and of the world around her. She knew just about every line dance and attended dance classes with friends several days a week, mostly in the Co-Op City area, as well as many venues throughout the city. She also cherished traveling, taking many trips around the world with family and friends.

Our Mom was the life of the party. She welcomed everyone into her home and made sure they ate well and had a good time. Her unique sense of humor could make you laugh while teaching you a lesson, and she was never too uptight to enjoy herself.

She was a serious but loving mother and a fun, outgoing grandmother to her many grandchildren. Mom was a woman of strong faith. She was a member of Greater Free Gift Baptist Church in Brooklyn. After moving to the Bronx, when traveling to Brooklyn became difficult, she attended services online with Alfred Street Baptist Church.

Carolyn also loved clothes and was always impeccably dressed. She enjoyed shopping and finding distinctive fashions that expressed her magnificent sense of style. She sought out unique pieces from across the country and around the world, choosing looks that were all her own and that no one else could copy.

She departed this life on October 28, 2026, in New York City, at the age of 80. She was preceded in death by her parents, Mildred and James Howard; her husband, Clyde S. Jones Jr.; and her stepdaughter, Adrienne Oliphant.

She leaves to cherish her memory her children, Lloyd A. Ford Sr., Sharon Howell, Cassaundra Adams, Rhonda Pray (Vincent), and Clyde S. Jones III; her brother, James Howard Jr. (Cheryl); and her grandchildren, Jason Aiken, Micah Howell, Justice Pray, Vincent Pray Jr., Shaniel Jones, Solores Jones, Adrienne Oliphant, Aubrey Oliphant, and Lloyd A. Ford Jr. She also leaves a host of great-grandchildren, great- great-grandchildren, friends, nieces, nephews, and godchildren.



Don't be fooled by the silver in my hair or the sensible shoes I wear, I'm a girl.

The once proud stride that swung my hips from side to side and turned the heads of many guys,

Has morphed into guarded powerful steps focusing on not falling and breaking a hip.

Don't get it twisted - I can still strut when in the presence of attractive (and healthy) O.G's.

And dance passionately to old school beats. The mirror in my mind sees ebony brows, lush and full, skin like rich velvet stretched tautly over high cheekbones. The thick rich growth of hair that used to grow rapidly on my head now grows under my chin. What was a make-up case now resembles a suitcase.

Don't get it twisted, I can still manage with the right materials to transform myself into a quite fetching female. Wigs, waxing, and concealers help to perpetuate the illusion of youth. Clothing myself is time consuming unlike the bygone days when I could make a selection and wear items straight off the rack. Now I must gird my body in controlling undergarments that press and mould shifting my form back to resemble something close to an hourglass shape. Extra time in dressing rooms wondering is this too young, or too tight. Is it too snug, does it ride up in the back? Rouching and asymmetric garments fill my wardrobe. And shoes…. Unbelievable is the quest to find comfortable heels that have the effect of stilettos while rising to a mere inch and a half.

Don't get it twisted once I'm decked out in full regalia. The confidence that comes with knowing I look good returns in full effect. I manage to endure any pain involved in achieving the look, and with head held high and the very best smile I can muster, I once again metamorphosize into the most gorgeous creature I can be, filled with allure and mystery.

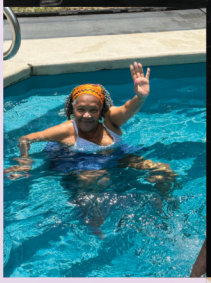
Don't get me wrong when you consider the alternative, there's nothing wrong with growing old. Life gets increasingly more difficult. Some give up, other give in, and some refuse to try. Inside of mature women (sounds better than senior or old gal), the inner child hides, waiting for permission to come out and play. When was the last time you allowed yours to come out and play? Don't go down without a fight.

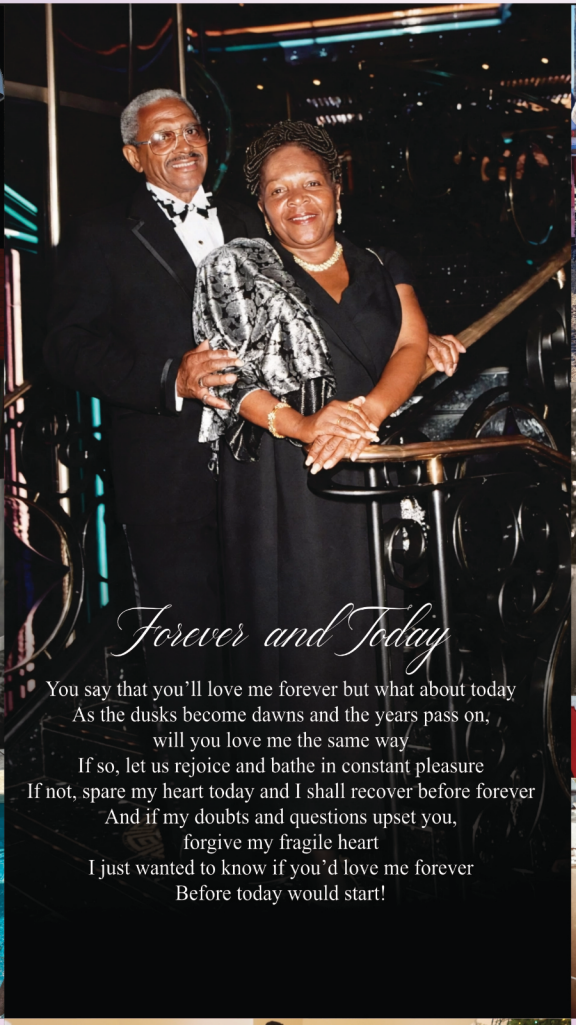
The Inner Child
by Carolyn Jones

















Forever and Today

You say that you'll love me forever but what about today
As the dusks become dawns and the years pass on,
will you love me the same way
If so, let us rejoice and bathe in constant pleasure
If not, spare my heart today and I shall recover before forever
And if my doubts and questions upset you,
forgive my fragile heart
I just wanted to know if you'd love me forever
Before today would start!

Precious Memories





Acknowledgement

*The family of the late **Carolyn Jones** wishes to express our gratitude and deep appreciation for all acts of kindness during this time. We greatly acknowledge and thank you for your calls, support, and prayers. God bless you all.*

Eternity
Funeral Services

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