

In Loving Memory of



FRANCES
Ann Wiley
MASON

SUNRISE

APRIL 3, 1952

SUNSET

APRIL 2, 2025

SERVICES

MONDAY, APRIL 14, 2025
11:00AM

JAMES H. COLE FUNERAL HOME
16100 SCHAEFER HWY
DETROIT, MI 48235

In Loving Memory of

FRANCES ANN WILEY MASON

April 3, 1952 - April 2, 2025



Frances Ann Wiley Mason, a beloved mother, grandmother, and friend, passed away peacefully on April 2, 2025. Born and raised in Detroit, Michigan, she was the cherished daughter of Fannie Mae Gandy Wiley and Thomas Wiley.

Frances is survived by her devoted children, Scherron Mason and Elijah Mason III, along with her loving daughter-in-law, Danyale Mason. Her legacy lives on through her beloved grandchildren: Charity Fowler, Courtney Mason, Elijah Mason IV, and Justin Mason. She is also survived by her loving sisters, Marsha Wiley and Shirley Wiley-Sutton. Frances was preceded in death by her dear brother, Thomas Wiley Jr. Her warmth, kindness, and nurturing spirit touched the hearts of many, including a host of nieces, nephews, and extended family members who will continue to honor her memory.

Frances was truly a ray of light to all who knew her. Her unwavering faith in Jesus Christ guided her steps and inspired those around her. She had a gift for words, often writing heartfelt poems and songs, and her voice—rich, soulful, and full of spirit—could light up any room.

To know Frances was to know love, faith, and grace. Her memory will live on in the hearts of her family and the countless others who were blessed to share in her journey.





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You can make it,
Yes, you can make it
You can get through it, whatever it is.
However you conceive it.
A way will be made.
Know that you are able.
Whatever challenges come your way.
No matter how far it seems from you; you can make it
through.
Yes! You can get through it,
Make it through all the way.
Let tomorrow be a brighter day,
Yes, you can get through it.

Just stick around and you'll see,
God is not through with me yet.
God has a plan
and he's not through with me yet!

Original poetry by Frances Mason





“Whoever dwells in the shelter of the Most High will rest in the shadow of the Almighty”

-Psalm 91:1



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Trouble won't stop me
All for you, all for you, all for you
Shed his blood, die on the cross.
His body rose from the dead,
All for you, all for you, all for you.
Victory, peace, strength to get up and try all over again
All for you, all for you, story was told, all for you

Give it over to Jesus, He is able.
Give it over to Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Your problems,
Your troubles,
Your insecurities,
Your stresses
Give it over to Jesus
Just give it over to Jesus, Jesus, Jesus
He will work it out.
Remove the doubt,
Your problems he will solve.
He will work it out
Your sickness-he will heal
Your marriage-he can heal

Original poetry by Frances Mason



FAMILY REFLECTIONS



I'll always love you
-Shirley

To Scherron, Poonie & Family: Sending you love during this difficult time. There is no one in this world like your mother. She was a special person, and she will always be with you. We are here for you.

-Wiley- Davis Family

Though miles may stretch, and time may blur,
Aunt Francis, your memory endures.

A gentle spirit, softly bright,

A distant echo in the fading light.

We knew you not with daily grace,

But in our hearts, you held a space.

A whispered story, a cherished name,

A flicker of warmth, a burning flame.

Though absence lingers, sharp and deep,

The seeds of love, you helped us keep.

In quiet moments, we'll recall,

The kindness shown, encompassing all.

So let the tears fall, a gentle rain,

For love's embrace, transcends all pain.

And though you're gone, our hearts will hold,

Aunt Francis a story to be told.

Beyond Love,

-Your Niece Akia aka Nooch



FAMILY REFLECTIONS



I was so grateful to have a prying grandmother when she was on Earth, and now she is a peace with Jesus she is continuing to pray and watch over us until we meet her again.

-Courtney

Love you granny.

-Munchie

I will always miss Frances Mason, my granny who helped me in many ways... and was my sun light.

-Justin



FAMILY REFLECTIONS



Thank you all for being here today to help us honor and celebrate the life of my Granny—Frances Ann Wiley Mason—a woman whose love, faith, and creativity touched everyone she met.

Granny had a heart full of love, a deep and unwavering faith, and a soul that overflowed with music and meaning. She was a gifted writer who found joy and healing through poems and songs—always jotting down her thoughts and praises, letting her words become an offering of love and worship. I'll never forget the image of her sitting at the dining room table, music playing in the background, completely in her element—writing and listening, completely in tune with something greater.

She loved music, especially gospel, and it was so much more than just a background sound in her life—it was her companion, her comfort, and her praise. Whether she was clapping along in church or letting her favorite gospel songs fill the house, music was how she stayed connected to God and to joy. Even when she didn't physically make it to church, she made sure to tune in on TV, singing and worshiping right from her living room, like she was in the front pew.

She also had a special way of making you feel like you belonged. As a kid, she took me everywhere with her—running errands, going to church, and even bringing me along to her college classes. I didn't always understand what was going on, but I loved being by her side, learning from her strength and determination just by watching her live.

And anyone who knew Granny knows directions were never her strong suit. I remember being little and riding in the car with her, and she'd turn to me and say, "Which way do I go?" Like I was her personal GPS. And even when we got a little turned around, being with her made everything feel like an adventure.

Granny lived her faith boldly. She was a prayer warrior, a worshipper, and a woman who walked closely with God. She taught us all so much—about love, perseverance, and the power of praise. Her life was a testimony, and her legacy is a gift we carry with us. And I can say this from the depths of my heart: I am so thankful to have had a praying, grounded grandmother. Her prayers covered me. Her faith carried me. And her love shaped who I am.

There's a song by the Clark Sisters that I have most recently found comfort in called "Hiya," which means "life" in Hebrew. That word—life—says so much about her. Because Granny wasn't just full of life here on earth... she now has eternal life through Jesus Christ. Her body may be at rest, but her spirit is alive and free, worshiping with the angels, full of peace and joy.

We love you, Frances Ann Wiley Mason. Thank you for your love, your lessons, and your legacy. We'll carry your light with us always.

Rest well, Granny. We know this is not goodbye—it's just see you later.

-Charity



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If you say, "The Lord is my refuge", and you make the Most High your dwelling, no harm will overtake you, no disaster will come near your tent.

-Psalm 91:9-10

INTERMENT

Forest Lawn Cemetery
11851 Van Dyke Ave.
Detroit, MI 48234

REPASS

5th Tavern
2262 S. Telegraph Rd.
Bloomfield Twp, MI 48302