

OBITUARY

Mary C Jones, 99, Neptune, went home Sunday, November 3, 2019. She died at Meridian Jersey Shore University Medical Center (formerly Fitkins Hospital) in Neptune.

Born in Melbourne, oldest of 4 children, Mary grew up in Brevard and Charlotte Counties, Florida where she grew her faith in the Lord as she experienced many obstacles. Mary attended public school in Punta Gorda. After the death of her mother, at a young age, Mary raised her brother and sisters while her father traveled to wherever he could work. After meeting and marrying George Jones, life changed. George was drafted in the armed services. The young family's arrival to the Jersey Shore area in the 1940's began after her husband's discharge from Fort Dix Army base. She had been a Monmouth County resident for over 75 years.

Mary held many jobs before landing a position as food line worker at Fitkins Hospital, performing various duties in the Dietary Department, eventually working her way up to department supervisor, where she stayed for 30 years before retiring in the late 1990's.

Mary was an accomplished interior decorator and food artist, loved gardening, pottery, reading, educating young people and was a staunch believer in our Lord Jesus Christ. She is preceded in death by parents, Willie Sanders and Sallie Fannie Hall Sanders; brother, Charlie Sanders; grandchildren Kelly, John, Trevon and other grandchildren, daughter-in-law Shirley Lattimore Jones; and her husband of 52 years, George Jones, Sr. She is survived by 2 sisters, Cora Mae Booker and Clara Liggins; 5 children, Mary Ann (Henry), George Jr (Bertha Allen), Harold Sr, Ralph (Ketura), and Judy (Harvey); 21 grandchildren and a host of great grandchildren, nieces, nephews, cousins and many, many friends.

Services November 16, 2019 at James H Hunt Funeral Home, 126 Ridge Ave, Asbury Park, NJ 07712. Viewing will begin at 10AM followed by homegoing service at 11AM. Interment at BG William C Doyle Veterans Memorial Cemetery, Wrightstown, NJ on Monday, November 18, 2019. Procession from the cemetery Chapel will be 10AM.

Terrestrial Birth
Sunday, December 7th, 1919

Celestial Birth
Sunday, November 3rd, 2019.

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

MARY JONES



Our Amazing Mom

GOD'S ASSURANCE

1 THESSALONIANS 4:13-17

Brothers, we do not want you to be ignorant about those who fall asleep, or to grieve like the rest of men, who have no hope. We believe that Jesus died and rose again and so we believe that God will bring with Jesus those who have fallen asleep in him. According to the Lord's own word, we tell you that we who are still alive, who are left till the coming of the Lord, will certainly not precede those who have fallen asleep.

For the Lord himself will come down from heaven, with a loud command, with the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet call of God, and the dead in Christ will rise first. After that, we who are still alive and are left will be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. And so we will be with the Lord forever.



Psalms Chapter 103: 1-5

A Psalm of David

Bless the LORD, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who heal all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

John Chapter 5: 24

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The family of Mary Jones thank each and every one of you who came out to support us in our grief, who participated in the program or who helped out in any way, no matter how small, we appreciate it all and love you for it from the bottom of our hearts.

Special thanks to the US Army pallbearers, Brigadier General William C Doyle Veterans Memorial Cemetery

SHARED MEMORIES

"Loved her 'circle' wigs, the way she talked bible and looking at movies" CDS

"Mother Mary's stories were captivating. Was thankful she had a foosball table for us to play on and bikes for us to ride; her house was fun to be at." HJS

"Mother Mary was very wise and said the success to living long was to give your life to God and she was a firm believer and a great grandmother." SKS

"Mother Mary was always talking about the power of prayer; AND working hard." JJS

"God blessed her...What a marvelous soul!" FKM

"Always read your Bible I remember her telling me that." TJS

"She talked about the infinite distance between Heaven and Hell. And about the second coming of Christ. And about 'Killemacough'." JGS

"I remember that time when she gave me a Furby, after noticing me playing with it a lot (there was one of those toys in her house). I still have that furby." JSS

"She had a bubbly, wild laugh and she used to have to wipe her eyes with a soft cloth after she used it." JLS

"My Aunt Mary was always meticulously dressed to the nines and proper; right down to the children. A loving, family oriented soul who at holiday gatherings and birthdays cooked food fit for a king; lovingly prepared and delectable. I remember giggling at her renditions of her children, relatives, acquaintances, school days and more. I remember sleep-overs filled with fresh roasted peanuts in-the-shell, Walt Disney movies, games and her all-famous riddles. I grew to know and love her clear understanding of the Jesus and the bible, which she was always ready to research, discuss and share." SBH

"My sister was a secret angel to many people over the years and I love her very much." CB

"Mary, my sister, gave up 11th grade to take care of us (her siblings)." CL

"Watched National Geographic and reward us whenever we got our math or alphabets right & she used to take a bottle of soda and tipped it upside down in her glass until every drop came out of it." DJ

"She taught me how to make marshmallow people-yes definitely. Me, Aunt Clara & Aunt Cora would have bible study at her house on a weekly basis." AA

"She loved to play Dominoes with us & she said that she was 'Da Bauws' (the boss)!" RB

"Aunt Mary always had a positive outlook on life. She had that special mightiness spoken of in Psalms 90:10." CS

ORDER OF SERVICE

Officiating..... Deacon Tom Roberts

Prayer..... Deacon Tom Roberts

Old Testament Scripture Reading... Roger Anderson
(Psalms 103:1-5)

New Testament Scripture Reading ... David Anderson
(John 5:24)

Musical Selection **"Peace Be Still"**
..... Reverend James Cleveland

Poem..... John Swann (Sis L Liggins)

Reading of Obituary ... Petra Anderson (Sis Hunter)

Reading of Cards Alexis Anderson (Sis King)

Musical Selection **"I'll See You Again"**
..... Recording, *The Swanns*
..... Grandchildren

Eulogy..... Deacon Tom Roberts

Benediction David Anderson
"God's Assurance"

Recessional

Repast

POEM: MY MOTHER, MY BLESSING

Knowing that this earthly life would not always be easy,
In His love and wisdom, the good Lord saw fit to give the world mothers--

Strong mothers, like Mary
To sustain and nurture us, to raise us up to glory from humble
beginnings...

To teach us to walk straight and true
and to pick us up and dust us off when we fall, when we fail ...

To love us more than they love themselves,
to give us more than they could ever receive.

The good Lord saw fit to give us mothers ...
Mothers, like Mary

to touch our hearts
so that we would know His love.

Thank you, Lord, for mothers- givers of life ...
comfort in pain ...
light in darkness ...

Love you always, mom, our Mother Mary

MOM'S STORY

Mom's story began with believing in the Lord early in life. In no way can a whole 99 years be told on a page or two, so the most memorable from her childhood as relayed to us and remembered to the best of our abilities are told below.

Mary, lovingly known to her grands as "Mother Mary", starting life living in the extreme South, has lived a life of service. Daughter of an early teen mother and older, sawmill working father who travelled from mill to mill -- sometimes many states away -- to feed the family. Her family mostly stayed with her grandmother, Momma Davis, who fed local farm workers, ran a neighborhood store and rented rooms to seasonal workers whom she frequently gave free meals to. This was the beginning of my mother's entrepreneurial spirit and helping those needing a little care and empathy.

Mom always believed in God and she really used her faith! School was one of the best proving grounds for recognizing God's powers. Grandmother Davis, mom's grandmother, was strict when it came to getting home from school. It was shame on you if you weren't in the door when that time came. Mom was in grade school, not more than 2nd grade and there was this girl that always picked with mom (we call it "bullying" nowadays). Mom's daily routine was to get out of class first and run home with all your might. One day it was especially bad. Mom didn't get out of the class in time and the little girl was waiting with a great big grin on her face. No matter which exit she went to, the girl was there. She tried to out-wait her by doing little thing for the teacher, but every time she looked outside, the girl was still there--grinning. Mom looked at the clock, time was running out. Overcome, she went in the girl's bathroom and started talking to the Lord. She told him about the girl, about her grandmother's strict rules for coming home on time and how it wasn't fair...it just wasn't FAIR! She was lost in her conversation with God when a big *BONG* and a jolt that rocked the building (or at least the room that she was in) brought her out of prayer. She ran to the door and looked out--there, in the school yard, the flag pole had fallen and under the fallen flag pole was the bully. As she took off down the steps and ran up the street, she did look at her as she passed by. She got home in the nick of time and the girl never bothered her again. Mom's faith in the Lord was solidified from that moment. School was segregated. It used to be that all classes for students were in one single classroom, but that did not stop mom from excelling. She had a knack for numbers and was skipped from 6th grade to 7th because of her aptitude for math.

Momma was close to her mother, Sallie. After moving to Punta Gorda, she continued in the school system until she reached the highest grade she could go. She had to move to Momma Davis' house (her grandmother) in Fort Myers to continue her education. Mom was smart and the Lord was constantly moving in her life. She wanted to get as many credits as she could, so she also attended night school. She did not know that her mother, Sallie, was sick. She got all the credits, and more, that she needed to graduate high school! By the time she came back to Punta Gorda, her mother had written a letter to her mother, Momma Davis, telling her she had cancer and she was dying. Momma Davis got her daughter and took her home to care for her and to take her to Jacksonville where the only hospital for Negros in that area could treat her. Mom had to stay home in Punta Gorda to take care of her sisters and brother while her dad worked. She missed going to school that year; she was supposed to be in 11th grade. The next school year, after her mother died, she caught a ride with some girls who drove to the school in the nearest town that educated Negros. Even though she had missed a year, she was sure that she'd graduate with her class--yet again her faith would be tried. One of the male teachers wanted no good to come to our mother; if left to him, he would see that Mary would not graduate! Mom had made a graduation dress from a set of curtains (she was a good seamstress), busying herself, for her big day. As the class was getting ready to go to the auditorium, the male teacher pulled her aside and told her she did not have enough credits, so she wouldn't be graduated that day. Can you imagine the shock! Mom knew she had the points...she knew she had more than enough! She went to the office, they couldn't find any record of the extra credits. By now her class was in the auditorium and names were beginning to be called. She was in tears. She found a place of solitude and began to pray. She reminded the Lord how she had tried her best, since she knew how to read, to do what his Word said; she reminded him of the extra classes she had taken and how she stayed home, missing a year of school, to take care of her siblings while her mother was dying; she reminded him of his promises. Somewhere within her a voice told her that it was going to be all right, go and graduate. Being human, she asked, "But how?", she was obedient to what she heard, even if she didn't understand it. On her way, she ran into her English teacher, Jessie Bennett Sams, (who was the future author of "White Mother", 1957, a book about her and her twin and their life in the deep south, and the white woman who came to their aid). Her teacher stopped her and asked her why wasn't she out there with the rest of her class. After mom told her the story, Ms. Sams couldn't believe it. She told her that she was getting ready to turn in her grade book and go on to the auditorium. She gave momma the credits she needed to graduate. Momma never forgot how God moved in her life that day, moved on that particular teacher to meet up with her, and prevented injustice from happening that day. Up until she died, she loved reading the book, "White Mother" and having it read to her. Mom's faith in the Lord was solid and it served her well over the years. She died knowing and believing in our Lord Jesus Christ and have been an example of the good God does in a life that is dedicated to Him, to Christ.