

When Tommow Starts Without Me

When tomorrow starts without me, and I'm not there to see,
if the sun should rise and find your eyes all filled with tears for me,

I wish so much you wouldn't cry the way you did today,
while thinking of the many things, we didn't get to say.

I know how much you love me, as much as I love you,
and each time that you think of me, I know you'll miss me too.

But when tomorrow starts without me, please try to understand,
that an angel came, called my name, and took me by the hand,

and said my place was ready, in heaven far above,
and that I'd have to leave behind All those I dearly love.

But as I turned to walk away, a tear fell from my eye
for all my life, I'd always thought, I didn't want to die.

I had so much to live for, so much left yet to do,
It seemed almost impossible, that I was leaving you.

I thought of all the yesterdays, the good ones and the bad,
I thought of all the love we shared, and all the fun we had.

If I could re-live yesterday just even for a while,
I'd say good-bye and kiss you, and maybe see you smile.

But then I fully realized, that this could never be,
for emptiness and memories, would take the place of me.

When I thought of worldly things, I might miss come tomorrow,
I thought of you, and when I did, my heart was filled with sorrow.

But when I walked through heaven's gates, I felt so much at home—
When God looked down and smiled at me, from His great golden throne.

He said, "This is eternity, and all I've promised you."

Today your life on earth is past, but here life starts anew.

I promise no tomorrow, but today will always last,
and since each day's the same way there's no longing for the past.

You have been so faithful, so trusting and so true—
though there were times you did some things you knew you shouldn't do.

But you have been forgiven and now at last you're free.

So won't you come and take my hand and share my life with me?

So when tomorrow starts without me, don't think we're far apart,
for every time you think of me, I'm right here, in your heart.

Celebration of Life

In Loving Memory of

J Steven Carnell
JONES



Sunrise: August 30, 1967

Sunset: April 1, 2026



Saturday | April 18, 2026 | 11 AM

Holmes Chapel Presbyterian Church

537 E McCloy Street, Monticello, AR 71655

Reverend Mack Jackson, Eulogist

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that
whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have
everlasting life."

John 3:16

Order of Service

Processional	Clergy and Family
Hymn of Comfort	Choir
Old Testament Reading: Psalm 23	
New Testament Reading: John 14:1-6	Rev. Michael Wolfe DHS Class of 1986
Prayer	Rev. Lee Tyus
Words of Encouragement	Rev. Michael Wolfe
Solo	Rev. Mack Jackson DHS Class of 1986
Acknowledgement Readings	Dr. Theresa Abraham DHS Class of 1984
Reading of the Obituary (Please read silently.)	
Reflections:	Jerry Graham: DHS Class of 1986 Bobby Arnold: UAPB Class of 1994 Brian Terry: UAPB Class of 1992 Angel Gilbert: Special Family Friend Shrhonda Brown: Special Family Friend Marvin Jones: Brother & UAPB Class of 1987
Selection	Choir
Eulogy	Rev. Mack Jackson
Recessional	Clergy, Family and Friends



SERVICE ENTRUSTED TO:
Dilliard Funeral Home, LLC
111 N. Freeman, Dermott, AR

INTERMENT:
Bowie Cemetery
Halley, Arkansas

REPAST:
Holmes Chapel Presbyterian Church
527 E McCloy Street
Monticello, AR 71655

Active Pallbearers

Bobby Arnold
Eddie Coleman
Jerry Graham
Matt Matthews
Brian Terry
Dashun Jackson

Honorary Pallbearers

Tyree Jones
Talton Reese
Trevor Reese
Keitron Wallace
Kendrick Wallace
Marcus Jones
Xavier Bryant
Carlos Stiger



The LORD is my *Shepherd;*
I shall not want.
He maketh me to
lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters,
He restoreth my
soul.

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for His name's sake. Yea though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death.

*I will fear no evil:
for Thou art with me;*
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies
Thou anointest my head with oil; My cup runneth over
Surely goodness & mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house
of the LORD *forever.*
- Psalm 23

Acknowledgements

The Family of Steven Carnell Jones wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the comforting messages, prayers, and many other expressions of kindness and concerns during our time of mourning.

The Obituary

In Loving Memory of our Wonderful Brother

Of all the special gifts in life
however great or small,
to have you as our Brother
was the greatest gift of all.

May the winds of love blow softly
and whisper in your ear
"We love and miss you Brother
and wish that you were here"

Deep in our hearts, your life is kept to love and cherish,
not forget. No more tomorrows we can share
but yesterdays are always there.

A silent thought, a secret tear
keeps your memory ever near
in our hearts forever.



Steven Carnell Jones was born on August 30, 1967, in Halley, Arkansas. He was the youngest child and son of the beloved and late Floretta Jones. He received Christ at an early age at Providence Missionary Baptist Church in Halley, AR. On Wednesday, April 1, 2026, he peacefully departed this life at his home in Russellville, Arkansas.

Steven graduated from Dermott High School in 1986. After graduating from high school, he pursued higher education at the University of Arkansas at Pine Bluff (UAPB) majoring in Industrial Technology. While attending UAPB he also pledged Kappa Alpha Psi (Gamma Sigma Chapter) in 1989. His line name was Starving Steven, and you could always expect to see him stepping at family reunions.

During high school Steven worked at Weisman's Department Store in Dermott, Arkansas and while attending UAPB he worked at First South Federal Savings and Loan as a Computer Operator responsible for the daily backups of bank transactions for over 48 banks located throughout the state of Arkansas. He would often share great memories of working inside the savings and loan institution.

Steven was also a diehard Dallas Cowboys fan and wore his Dallas Cowboys gear regardless of whether Dallas was winning or losing. When the Cowboys won games, the family could expect to hear from him immediately; when the Cowboys lost games he went missing. Steven always looked forward to the Floretta Jones Family Reunions where we spent priceless time laughing and reminiscing about growing up in Halley, Arkansas broke, blessed and happy. Family reunions won't be the same without him. Steven spent the last decades of his life in Russellville, Arkansas where he became a part of the Russellville community and loved by so many wonderful people.

Steven was preceded in death by his mother Floretta Jones; sisters Francella Reese and Maxine Jones; brother-in-law Kenzie Wallace.

He leaves to cherish his memory: Sons Steven (Anna) Franklin (Fort Smith, AR), Ekindu Franklin (Fort Smith, AR); grandchildren: Hadley Franklin, Sydney Franklin and Naomi Franklin (Fort Smith, AR); brothers Clarence (Ann) Jones (Fort Smith, AR), Thomas (Ella) Jones (Chicago, ILL), Bobby (Brenda) Jones (Fort Smith, AR) and Marvin (Gloria) Jones (Fort Washington, MD); sisters: Annette (Gary) Nalls (Monticello, AR) and Sharon Wallace (Madison, MS) and host of nieces and nephews.

