
In Loving Memory of
Earl W. Jones, III

Sunrise
March 5, 1947

Sunset
May 6, 2011



Friday, May 13, 2011 - 12:00 Noon

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue
New York, New York 10027

Obituary

Earl W. Jones III was born in Presbyterian Hospital New York, New York to the parents of Earl W. Jones II and Anne Jones on March 5, 1947. Earl attended several public schools and graduated from Clinton High School. Upon graduation he attended Monroe Business Institute and went to Bronx Community College. Earl's education was briefly interrupted when he served four years in the Air Force, achieving rank of Sergeant.

He met Mattie McKenzie and they married on July 29, 1972. From this union four children were born. After leaving the Air Force he worked for the Post Office and then Transit Authority and retired from there after twenty years of service. His family and friends called him "Tres" or "Trace". He is also survived by his brother, Reginald Jones Bakr that resides in Browns-Summit, North Carolina.

Earl was a supportive and loving father. He loved to write inspirational words in cards he gave us for different occasions even if the words were already written. He was a great listener and storyteller. He enjoyed listening to Motown music and always kept a cheerful smile. All these things and more is why everyone gravitated towards him. An all around AMAZING, STRONG, EDUCATED MAN who I had the honor of calling my dad.

Earl touched many lives and will surely be missed. We all love you and miss you. He leaves to mourn: his loving wife, Mattie Jones; five children, Stacie Jones Ducette (Dewayne), Tamika Jones, Malik Jones, Felicia Harris (Daryl) and Matthew Tyner; one brother, Reginald Jones Bakr (Annie); two nephews, Brian Bakr, Michael Bakr and niece, Michal Livingston; eleven grandchildren; longtime confidant, Delivia Brown; and a host of other relatives and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Eulogy

Selection

Committal

Viewing

Recessional



Interment

Calverton National Cemetery
Calverton, New York

Miss Me But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the
road and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little-but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me-but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at the things we use to do
Miss me-but let me go.

-author unknown

Acknowledgement

The family wishes to express their deep appreciation
and sincere thanks for your kindness during a time of sorrow.



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