

Celebration of Life Services For

Lester Jones, Jr.

Sunrise

December 25, 1943

Sunset

May 30, 2014

Service

Friday, June 6, 2014 - 10:00 a.m.

ST. MATTHEWS A.M.E CHURCH

1788 Sedgwick Avenue • Bronx, NY 10453

Pastor Deborah C. Hicks, Officiating

Obituary

It was in Hennepin, Minnesota where Dorothy told her husband Lester that the baby she was carrying was going to be born on his birthday... and so it was, Christmas morning they welcomed their Christmas gift born on his daddy's birthday. Dorothy and Lester named their son, **Lester Jones, Jr.**

In July of 1944, Lester Jr., his big sister, Phyllis and their parents relocated from Minnesota to New York City. Shortly after arriving to New York, his mother became a member of Mt. Zion A.M.E. Church in Harlem where Lester Jr. was dedicated back to God. As the family started to increase, in July of 1952, the Jones family moved to 115th and 5th Ave. better known by the building number "1390" this would be the place where Lester Jr. grew up with his siblings. He was educated in the New York City School system.

As a teenager, Lester Jr., along with his friends, Calvin, uncle, Willie, and Jimmy formed a singing group. They performed at local talent shows, and always won. Later the group would sing at local churches choir anniversaries, and concerts.

On a very historical day in the world August 28, 1963 the march on Washington, Lester Jr. was united in holy matrimony.

Lester Jr. was a very dapper man. He loved to dress, and looked good in his clothes. He worked hard in life on various jobs, but his joy came when his late father, Lester Sr. retired from the New York Academy of Medicine, and Lester Jr. took over at the job. In April of 2002, Lester Jr. had a major stroke, and brain aneurysm which left him partially paralyzed, but because of God's grace, Lester Jr. was able to live on his own, and function with a normal life. Lester Jr. later was assigned a aide to assist him with his everyday activities. Lester's whole life changed when his aide Patricia came to his home. She fit right in, and the whole family loves her. Lester was also blessed to have Charisse and Rene'e who are excellent aides.

In 2010, Lester's big sister, and best friend, Phyllis brought him the joy of his life, his cat Jazz. Often you would find him and Jazz, play fighting, or Jazz laying in the bed right under him. Lester Jr. confessed Jesus as his Savior and knew heaven was his home.

After a long illness, his family saw how he suffered and battled the storm that had come in his life. God saw His child was getting tired and so on Friday afternoon, May 30, 2014 at his home, Lester Jones, Jr. shook off the shackles of pain and suffering and like a leaf off the healing tree, he floated in a breeze to start his new life.

Lester is now back together with his parents, Lester and Dorothy, sisters, Phyllis, Sybil Nettie-Jean, Dottie, and brother, Chester Lee. He is now waiting for the family gathering of those who were left behind to remember him: sons, Eric, Tony, Corinth and Carlton; daughters, Vanessa and Jacqui; brothers, Nelson and Chris; sister, Margaret; mother-in-law, Pastor Jane White; god-sisters, Lanie, Michelle and Bernice; god-daughter, Lorraine; grandchildren, Que, April, Cheyenne, and Tiana; brothers-in-law, John, Cliff, Delancy, Gundy, Paul and Andrew Sr.; sisters-in-law, Patricia, Barbara, and Michelle; nephews, Darryl, Dwayne, Carnell, Kyle, Timothy, Brian, Rob, David, Christopher Jr., Manuel, Andrew Jr., Michael, Courtney and Dexter; nieces, Dorothy, Phyllis, Pam, Ayisha, Christina, Christiane, Natasha, and Faith; two aunts, Evangelist Louise Gill, and Deola Terry; and a host of grandnieces and nephews, cousins and friends.

In love, the family

Order of Service

Processional

Hymn of Praise

Prayer of Comfort

Scripture Readings

Old Testament - Psalm 121

New Testament - 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18

Selection

Remarks

Solo

Acknowledgements of Cards

Selection

Reading of Obituary

Sermonic Solo

Eulogy

Benediction/Blessing of The Food

Recessional



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 acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of
kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.
May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.*

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