

Mann

PALLBEARERS
Cousins

FLOWER BEARERS
Cousins

INTERMENT
Thatch-Mann

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Family wishes to express with deep appreciation the many acts of love and kindness extended during its hour of bereavement. May God bless and keep you.



Peoples Funeral Home

"Service within the means of every family"

In Loving Memory of
Peggy Jean Jones



1960

1993

Wednesday, May 19, 1993
1:00 P.M.

SAINT MARK PRIMITIVE BAPTIST CHURCH
Athens, Alabama

Reverend Maury Patton, Pastor
Reverend Louis Malone, officiating

OBITUARY

MS. PEGGY JEAN JONES, was born in Athens, Alabama on September 23, 1960. She was the oldest child born to Helen J. Jones. She departed this life Wednesdays, May 12, 1993, at Rkfd. Memorial Hospital Emergency Room after a short illness.

She attended schools in Athens, and Rkfd.

She leaves to cherish her memory a loving and devoted mother, Ms. Helen J. Jones, Rockford; two daughters, Shenitha and Milana Jones, Rockford; two sisters, Marion and Beverly Jones, Rockford; three brothers, Larry Jones, Rkfd. James and Timothy Jones, Schuyler, Nebraska; six aunts, Mary Alice Jones, Rkfd., Martha (William) Martin, Pacific Grove, California, Mary (John) Washington, Cincinnati, Ohio, Randy Wilson, Birmingham, Alabama, Carman Southard, Margaret Jones, Athens, Alabama; one uncle, Jessie James Horton, Athens, Alabama; a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and other relatives and friends.

When your heart is sad and lonely,
And your friends seem far away,
Turn to Him who is all holy
And He'll drive your cares away.

He will sooth your lonely spirit
He will love and bless and say,
"Come to me and I will comfort
You, today and every day."

PROGRAM

PROCESSIONAL

SELECTION Choir

SONG AND PRAYER Deacon Elijah Townsend

SCRIPTURE Appointee

SELECTION Stella Green Request Jesus

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS Jessie James Horton

WORDS OF CONSOLATION Rev. Maury Patton, Pastor
St. Mark Primitive Baptist Church

OBITUARY Read in Silence

EULOGY Rev. Louis Malone

SOLO Sandra Gordan

RECESSIONAL

*A precious one from us has gone.
A voice we love is still.
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.
And after a lonely heartache,
And many silent tears.
There will always be
A beautiful memory
Of one we love so dear.*