

Flowers

Friends & Family

Acknowledgment

The family wishes to extend their sincere thanks and deep gratitude for all expressions of sympathy and acts of kindness shown during this time of bereavement.

May God bless each of you.

The Jones Family

Professional Services Entrusted to:

Moody's Funeral Home
201 Church Street
Claxton, Georgia
(912) 739-4932

<https://www.moodyfuneralhome.com>

Owner Waymon Moody

Manager Greg Stewart



Program Designed & Published by BCS Computers (912) 739-9600

In Loving Memory of Margaret Bass - Jones



*Sunrise
July 12, 1939*

*Sunset
September 13, 2021*

**Saturday, September 25, 2021
2:00 P.M.**

**Gravesite Services
Historic Mt. Pleasant Missionary Cemetery**

1268 Mt. Pleasant Road - Claxton, GA 30417

Rev. Michael P. Dickerson, Pastor/Officiating

**Interment
Historic Mt. Pleasant Cemetery
Claxton, GA**

Obituary

Ms. Margaret Jones was born July 12, 1939, in Manassas GA, Tattnell County to the late Mr. Percy Bass Sr. and Mrs. Bertha M. Bass. She departed this life on September 13, 2021, at her home in Atlanta, GA.

Margaret was preceded in death by five brothers Walter McKinnon, James T. Bass, Percy Bass Jr., Calvin Bass and Willie Bass as well as one sister, Freddie L. Bass and a grandson, Jonathan B. Bass.

Margaret worked as a Nursing Assistant and a childcare provider. She was a dedicated mother and daughter. She treasured her children and embraced every moment with them. She was the Caregiver for her mother, Bertha M. Bass, until her mother's passing. She believed that you should honor thy mother and thy father, so your days may be longer. She especially loved her role as a grandmother, and she enjoyed spending quality time with all of her grandchildren. She had a vivacious personality and always made people laugh.

Margaret had many things that she enjoyed doing. She enjoyed cooking and baking. She will also be remembered for her famous fried chicken and phenomenal sweet potato pies. Family and friends alike would travel far and wide just to eat Margaret's cooking. Margaret also loved family gatherings. She lived a quiet lifestyle surrounded by family.

She always prayed for her family as God was primary in her life. She was baptized at a young age at her home church and she recommitted to God recently at her home in Atlanta, GA with Chaplain Rob Morris. May she rest in peace eternally.

Margaret is survived by four sons, Mr. Travis D. Bass of Chester, VA, Mr. Lee A. Bass (Lorma) of Atlanta, GA, Mr. Gary S. Jones (Tracey) of Baltimore, MD, Mr. Brian L. Costen and Darlene of Evansville, IN; two daughters Janis Jones of Atlanta, GA and Michelle Jones of Houston, TX; a loving sister, Mrs. Edith Rowe (Isaac) of Fayetteville, GA and thirteen wonderful grandchildren and a host of nieces, nephews, relatives and friends.



Family Memories



Family Memories



Order of Service

Processional

Solo.....Mr. Malcolm Jones

Presiding.....Rev. Michael P. Dickerson

Prayer.....Rev. Michael P. Dickerson

Scripture

Old Testament.....Rev. Michael P. Dickerson

New Testament.....Rev. Michael P. Dickerson

Solo,,,,,,Ms. Adera Smith

RemarksLimit 2 minutes

Family

Friends

Solo.....Mr. Anthony Collins

Eulogy.....Chaplain Robert Morris

Presentation.....Ms. Errica Small
Moody's Funeral Home

Final Glance/Solo.....Ms. Adera Smith

Recessional



23rd Psalm

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 and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.



The Seventh Day of My Grandmother's Slumber

Grandma, Meme, angel, love, mom, mother, father, papa, spiritual being, rose, pink and burgundy, colored clothing laid draped past your bedside.

The same colors as Jesus's robe when he was brought to the cross. My, my, my! You have suffered in this world. Ironically, I feel as though you rest for everyone's sake.

Every puff of air you breathe is as if an angel rose from those spouts of air. Pixie fairies and Leprechauns reach for your nostrils and hold them tight. Your lungs float everything to the heavens.

-Jamir Jones

