

I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free, I'm following the path God laid for me.
I took his hand when I heard his call, I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day, To laugh, to love, to work, to play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I've found that peace at the close of the day.

If my parting has left a void, Then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss, Ah yes, these things I too will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow, I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My Life's been full, I savoured much,
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch,

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me,
God wanted me now, He set me free.

-Unknown

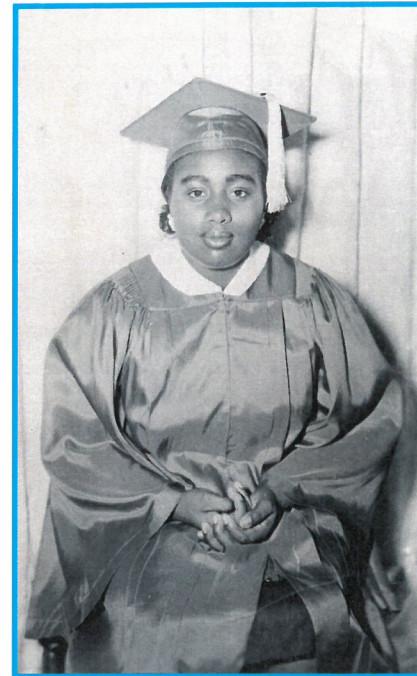


To send the family personal messages of condolence,
please visit Betty's online webpage guestbook at
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In Loving Memory



Betty Joan Jones

Sunrise
December 31, 1938
Augusta, Georgia

Sunset
March 19, 2020
Portland, Oregon



Betty Jones was born to the marital union of Emory Johnson and Lillie Mae (Jackson) on December 31, 1938 in Augusta, Georgia.

The Johnson Family moved to Oregon where they lived in Vanport before the big flood mid 1940's.

Betty attended Jefferson High School where she graduated in 1955. On July 19, 1960, Betty married Hulee F. Jones, here, in Portland, Oregon.

Mrs. Jones worked at Grace Collins Memorial where she taught kids ages 5-8 years old, for 10 dedicated years. Her love for cooking and children led to having a renowned soul food restaurant.

Betty began adopting foster children for the state of Oregon to help with redevelopment and new home placement.

Betty departed this life on March 19, 2020. She is preceded in death by her husband, Hulee, both parents, and her brothers, Harold and Albert Johnson. She leaves to cherish her memories, her two sons, Frederick and Anthony Jones; daughters, Celeste, Emily, and Kimberly, two sisters, Van Jonson and Rosezelia Avery, two brothers, Roger and George Johnson, along with several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.



The Garden of Promise

There is a place, I have been told,
Beyond an open gate
All have been invited
Where friends and loved ones wait

It holds eternal promise
Of everlasting peace
No pain or sorrow ever comes
And teardrops there have ceased

Abundant life is evident
Constant, fresh and new
A garden of provision
With Eternity in view

The promise is awaiting
A place we can abide
Fulfilled for all who answer
The call to come inside