

*In Loving Memory of*

# WESLEY JONES, SR.

*Sunrise:*  
May 6, 1932

*Sunset:*  
April 26, 2024



## TUESDAY, MAY 28, 2024

*Viewing: 10:00 a.m. | Service: 11:00 a.m.*

**From the Heart Church Ministries®**  
5055 Allentown Road | Suitland, Maryland 20746  
Bishop John A. Cherry, II - Pastor



# ORDER OF SERVICE

## Invocation

Congregational Hymn ..... “What A Friend We Have In Jesus”

## Scripture Reading

Old Testament: Psalm 23  
New Testament: I Thessalonians 4:13-18

## Prayer of Comfort

Selection ..... “Great Is Thy Faithfulness”

## Acknowledgements

## Remarks

Mr. Ricky D. Jones, Son  
Mr. Shelton Armstead, Great-Nephew  
Mr. Alfonzia Armstead II, Great-Nephew  
Pastor C. Green, Sr., Great-Nephew

Poem ..... Ms. Juanita Chapman

Obituary (Read Aloud) ..... Pastor C. Green, Sr.

Song of Preparation ..... FTH Psalmist

Message of Hope ..... Minister James H. Johnson, II

## Call to Christ

## Recessional

## Interment

Cheltenham Veterans Cemetery  
11301 Crain Highway | Cheltenham, Maryland 20623



# OBITUARY

**“I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:”**  
*II Timothy 4:7*

**Wesley Jones, Sr.** (affectionately known as “Diddy” by his children, and “Dada” by his grandchildren) was born in Hookerton, North Carolina, on May 6, 1932. He was one of eleven children born to the late Mack and Rosa Jones. Reared on a farm, he spent most of his younger years farming.

One day the young and extremely shy Wesley met the beautiful Alberta Carmon. Shortly after this encounter, they were married on February 14, 1953, and remained so until her passing on March 20, 2002.

This storybook journey was continued when both Wesley and Alberta accepted Jesus Christ as their personal Lord and Savior on the same day at Zion Hill Baptist Church in Ayden, North Carolina.

While living in North Carolina, their first five children were born. Seeking a better life for their family, the Joneses moved to Washington, D.C., and five more children were added to their union.

Wesley worked for the U. S. Department of Defense for over 30 years. He held several jobs simultaneously. Even in retirement he stayed busy—he drove a cab, was a mechanic, a handyman, and owned a landscaping company to name a few. Behind that slim build was a man of great strength that exceeded that of most men half his age even up until the week before his passing.

Wesley, a man of God, loved the Lord and ministering to His people. You could find him reading his Bible daily and memorizing Scriptures. In fact, he was like a walking Bible concordance. Whenever you needed to find a Scripture, he would point you in the right direction. He once said he turned down a promotion at The Pentagon because he wouldn’t have the freedom to read his Bible during breaks. Earlier in life, when he was called upon to minister, he would approach the pulpit so humbly, meekly, and mildly but when the Holy Spirit took over, he showed a boldness in his delivery of the Word. In 2008, Wesley joined From the Heart Church Ministries where he consistently received the uncompromised Word of God.

Furthermore, Wesley was always there to help anyone in need. Everyone that knew him had stories that would warm the heart and soul. His absence will be felt but the memories he leaves behind will be treasured.

Wesley leaves to cherish his memory his sons: Wesley Jr., Ricky Dale, Jesse Earl, and Eric Durrell; daughters: Sylvia Gail Hill, Jacquelyn Cassandra Butler, Paulette Lorraine, and Cynthia Denise Simmons (Cordell); sister, Mamie Swinson; brother, Willie Jones (Lois); 29 grandchildren, and a host of other loving relatives and friends.

These snippets of Wesley’s well-lived life call to mind the following poem:



## The Dash

by Linda Ellis

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend.  
He referred to the dates on the tombstone from the beginning to the end.  
He noted first came the date of the birth and spoke the following date with tears.  
But he said what mattered most of all was the dash between the years.  
For that dash represents all the time that they spent life on Earth.  
And now only those who loved them know what that little line is worth.  
For it matters not how much we own, the cars, the house, the cash.  
What matters is how we live and love, and how we spend our dash.  
So, think about this long and hard. Are there things you'd like to change?  
For you never know how much time is left that can still be rearranged.  
If we could just slow down enough to consider what's true and real,  
and always try to understand the way other people feel.  
Be less quick to anger and show appreciation more,  
and love the people in our lives like we've never loved before.  
If we treat each other with respect and more often wear a smile,  
remembering that this special dash might only last a little while.  
So, when your eulogy is being read with your life's actions to rehash,  
would you be proud of the things they say about how you spent your dash?

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## FAMILY SENTIMENTS

In my 60 years nobody comes close to my dad. Wherever I go, people talk about his kindness and how he helped them. Men tell me they wish they had a father like mine growing up. My dad worked several jobs to support his 10 kids and helped raise some of his grandkids. He still had time to preach on some Sundays, cut the hair of the men in the family and spend family time with us. There was nothing that he could not do. People ask me how I know so much about working on cars and homes, I tell them my dad. I didn't have to look at TV to find my role model. My dad was my role model, hero, and teacher. ~ *Jesse*

Diddy, you were the best father I could ever ask for. You made me feel so loved and appreciated. I'm so grateful for the time I had with you and all that you taught me. Thank you for the note you left on my car saying you were praying for me at a time I wasn't living for Christ. The best gift you gave me was bringing me up in a Christian home. After leaving your deathbed, "I'll See You Again", by Richard Smallwood, started playing on the drive home. God is so awesome to send me that encouraging message. I know I'll see you again in Heaven because I've accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior too. ~ *Jackie*

Wesley the Great aka - Dada - The best grandfather of all times, such a no-nonsense type of man. A man who raised me. A man who wasn't afraid of anyone or anything. A man of God. A man of hustle. A man of integrity. A man that provided. A man of security. A man that cooked. A maintenance man, A mechanical man, A man that built. A man that landscaped, A man that got up every single day and was motivated. It's just sad to see him go because it's hard for one man to walk in a pair of shoes when my granddad ran marathons in many. Love you Dada. ~ *Antionette*

You were the patriarch of our family, you were our superman, you were our hero, you were our protector, you always helped us when we needed help, I'm just so grateful and thankful for you and such an honor to have you as my grandfather. Sleep in peace until we meet again. ~ **Tameka**

In the depths of my heart, I cherished the memory of a man who touched our lives with love and strength. My grandfather, a beacon of resilience and devotion, whose love for his children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren knew no bounds. A hardworking soul always extending a helping hand to those in need. His heart overflowed in kindness and compassion. A testament to the love he had for his family, especially beloved wife Alberta. With a smile that could light up the darkest days he filled our lives with warmth and unwavering support. Forever in our hearts his legacy lives on. ~ **Shifawn**

We love you and you get to rest now as you were a hard-working man. Resilient and unlike anyone else. You raised a legacy you can be proud of. We will hold your memories dear. ~ **Erica**

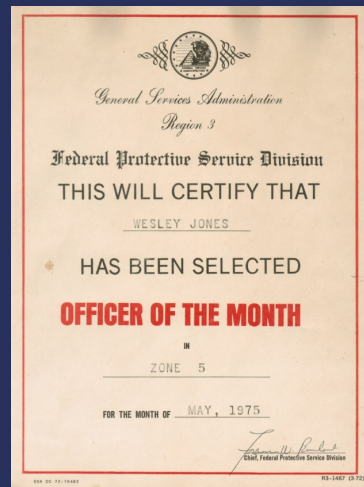
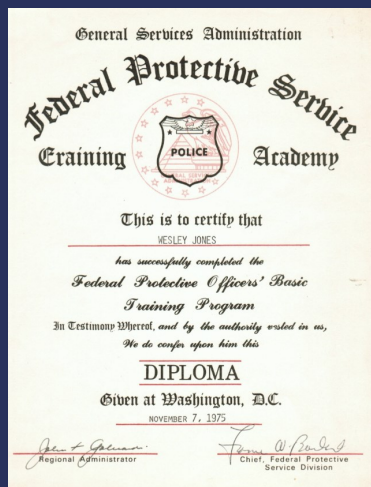
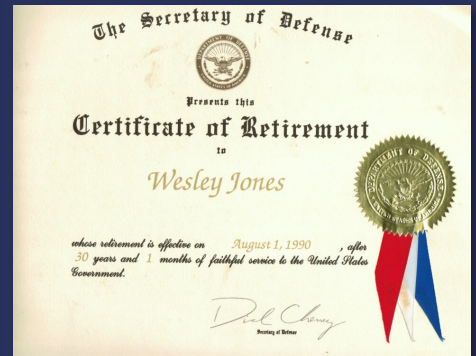
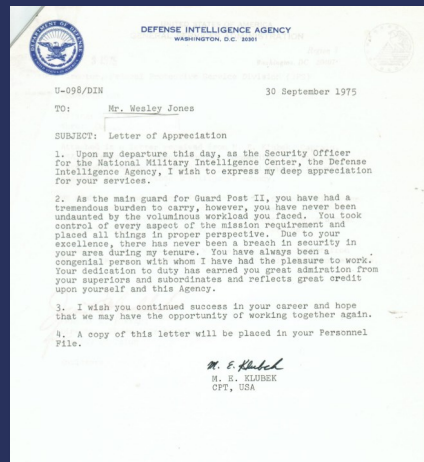
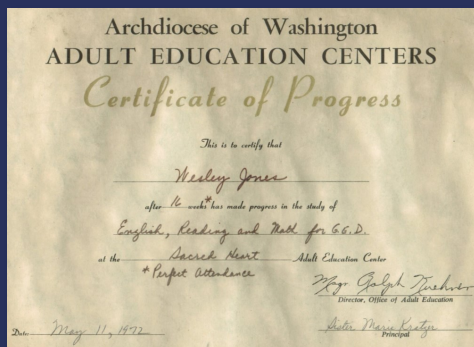
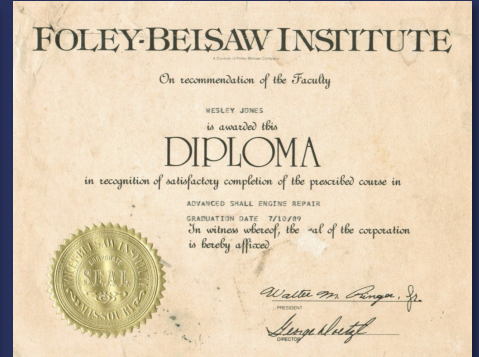
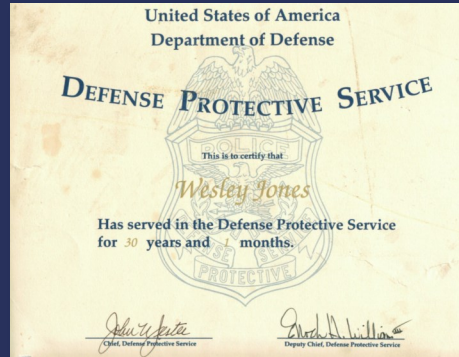
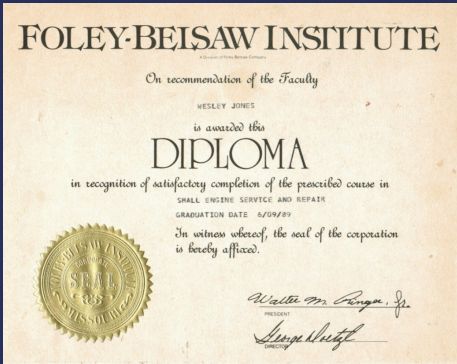
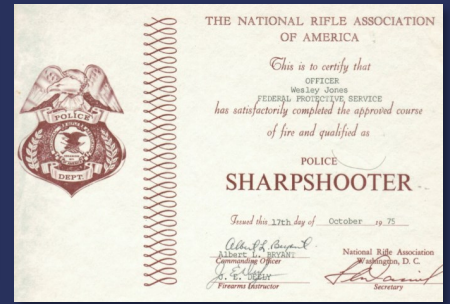
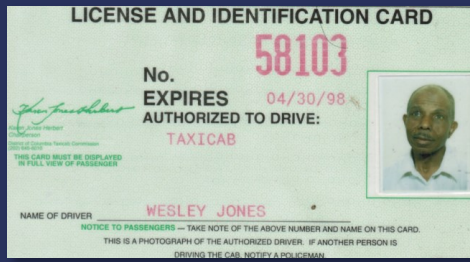
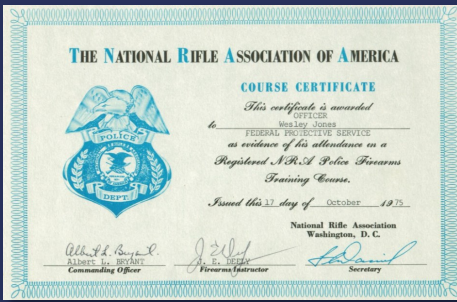
I loved Dada being in my life teaching me how to grow up becoming a man by his example of a perfect role model. Diddy started me young. Teaching me landscaping which is my main career. I even started a business working various summer jobs with the skills Dada taught me which went a long way in my life. Thanks Dada for the life skills you shared with me. I will forever cherish your memories. Rest in peace God's anointed torch. ~ **Rolante aka Buddy**

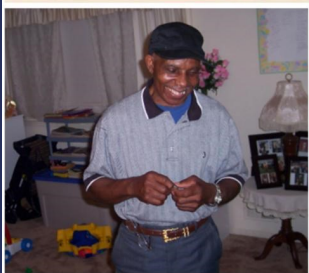
My grandfather taught me at a young age that we have to work for what we want and to never look for handouts. He had us out there raking leaves, cutting grass, and picking up trash. I was 8 years old making \$20 helping my grandfather. I felt like the richest kid on the block along with my siblings and cousins. Dada had us in church every Sunday. He would load us up in a 16-passenger van and we were front and center at church. As an adult I don't go as much as I should but I send my kids every Sunday and Wednesday. They love to learn about God. Dada was the perfect gentleman in my eyes. His heart was pure and he loved everyone. Wesley Jones Sr. name rings bells and his legacy continues. I love you Dada forever and always. ~ **Shanay**

What can be said about a sweet and loving spirit as we affectionately knew as Dada. Those grey and blue brown eyes full of love and care. He loved his grandkids and was excited to see each of us. He used to drive me and my sisters to elementary school with such dedication. I appreciate having a grandfather who genially loved God. I remember riding down to North Carolina with him sharing our thoughts about God. Dada and I are the same way. I remember the circle of prayer and the Spirit of God would get hold of him and he would just burst out in tongues. He had no shame for God and his spirit was one with the Lord. ~ **Phaedra**

I remember the time I got in trouble and had to go outside with Dada to hold a flashlight while he worked on a car. It was cold and a little wet, but I had to do it. Watching him work on the car got me interested in working on cars. Ever since then I have been working on cars and getting my hands dirty. Seeing him like that shows hard work will pay off. I love you granddad RIP. ~ **Dominique**

My grandfather raised me to be a wonderful woman. He taught me how to hustle, how to live, how to have respect, and how to cut grass. I had the best grandfather ever. He was tough on me but he made sure I was in good hands and anything I needed he had my back. He made sure we attended church on Wednesdays and Fridays and of course every Sunday. Wesley Jones was such a great man that everyone knew and loved. I love you Dada. Tell Alberta (Mama) and Wesley the 3rd (Man) I said hello and I love them. ~ **Lynette**





## I REFUSE TO BE DISCOURAGED

I refuse to be discouraged, To be sad, or to cry;  
I refuse to be downhearted, and here's the reason why...

I have a God who's mighty, Who's sovereign and supreme;  
I have a God who loves me, and I am on His team.

He is all wise and powerful, Jesus is His name;  
Though everything is changeable, My God remains the same.

My God knows all that's happening; Beginning to the end,  
His presence is my comfort, He is my dearest friend.

When sickness comes to weaken me, To bring my head down low,  
I call upon my mighty God; Into His arms I go.

When circumstances threaten to rob me from my peace;  
He draws me close unto His breast, Where all my strivings cease.

And when my heart melts within me, and weakness takes control;  
He gathers me into His arms, He soothes my heart and soul.

The great "I AM" is with me, My life is in His hand,  
The "Son of the Lord" is my hope, It's in His strength I stand.

I refuse to be defeated, My eyes are on my God;  
He has promised to be with me, as through this life I trod.

I'm looking past all my circumstances, To Heaven's throne above;  
My prayers have reached the heart of God, I'm resting in His love.

I give God thanks in everything, My eyes are on His face;  
The battle's His, the victory is mine; He'll help me win the race.

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## CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

### WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry,  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry,  
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged:  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness:  
Take it to the Lord in Prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Savior, still our Refuge  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Amen

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

*The entire Jones family sincerely thanks all of you for your prayers, comfort, love and support. Your expressions of sympathy have been a blessing to us. May the Lord Jesus Christ bless and keep you in perfect peace!*

### PALLBEARERS

*Kevin Butler, Pastor C. Green, Sr.  
Stephen Harvey, Rodrick Hill  
Charles Mcrae, Jr. and Asa Simms, Sr.*

### FLOWER BEARERS

*Family and Friends*



*Services Entrusted to:*

*Marshall-March Funeral Home*

*4308 Suitland Road | Suitland, Maryland 20746*

