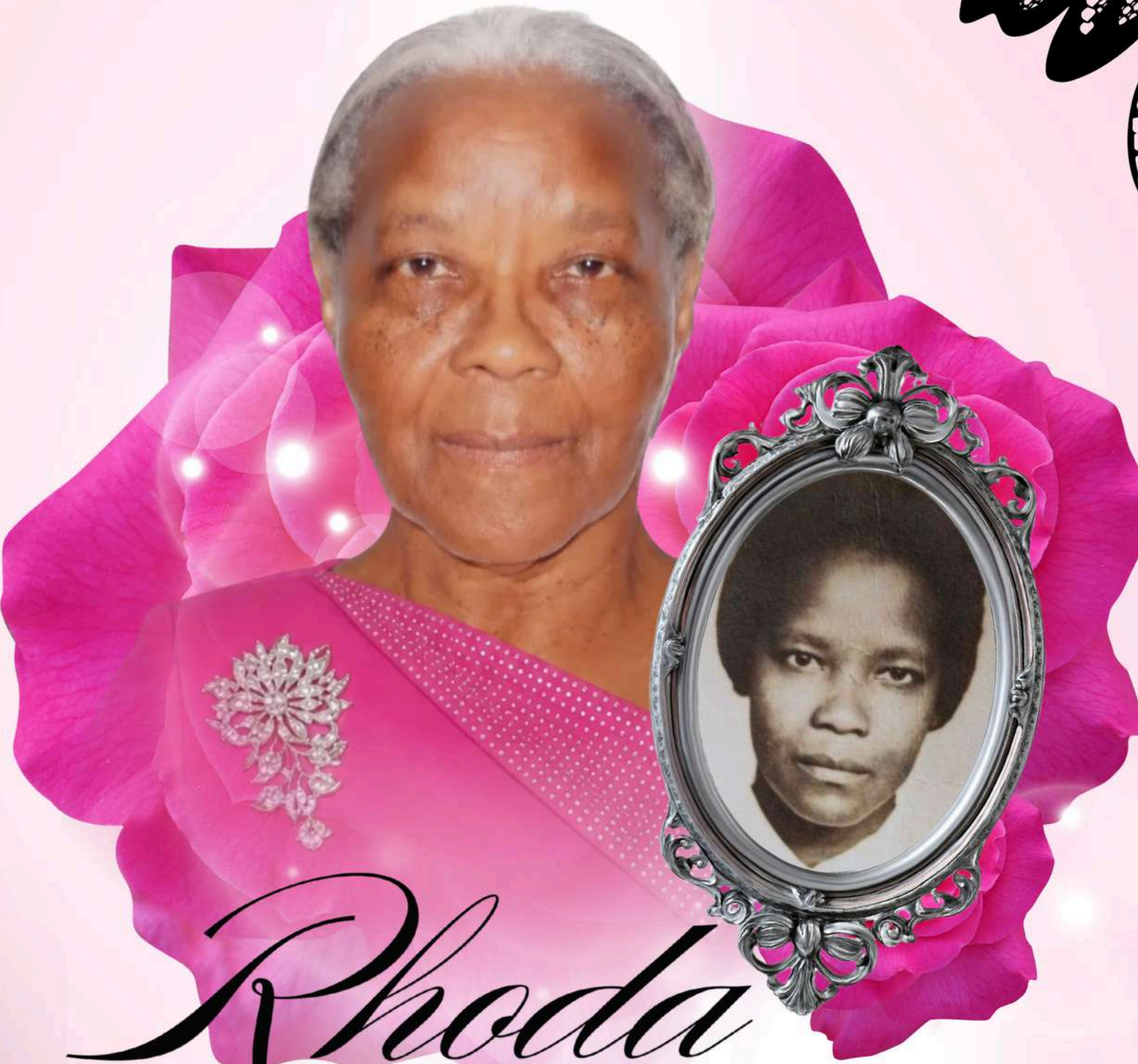




Rhoda
JONES

Sunrise: July 11th, 1934
Sunset: May 9th, 2026

Life of Service • Humility • Kindness

HOMEGOING CELEBRATION OF LIFE FOR

Rhoda JONES

Sunrise: July 11th, 1934 – Sunset: May 9th, 2026

SERVICE HELD AT:

Bottle Creek Assembly
Bottle Creek, North Caicos

DATE:

Saturday, 13th June, 2026

TIME:

10.00 AM

OFFICIANT:

Pastor Howard Gardiner
Bro. Lionel Bassett

USHERS:

Shanique Williams, Ranardia Handfield

HONOURARY PALLBEARERS:

Steven Walkin
Carlton Smith
Ralph Higgs
Arlington "Chuck" Musgrove
Garnett Jolly
John Gray

PALLBEARERS:

Jonathan Gardner
Devante Spring
Daven Dunbar
Brandon Dunbar
Donovian Dunbar
Jeffrey Hall
Junior Carter

INTERMENT:

Gardiner's Cemetery
Major Hill, North Caicos

REPASS:

Horsestable Beach

FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS:



A&S FUNERAL SERVICES



Est. 1984

ans@ansfuneralservices.com
(649) 232-1244 / (649) 341-1683
"A Family Serving Families"

91 Years



M. JONES

Life of Service • Humility • Kindness

There are people who walk this earth possessing a character that is not only exemplary, but so admirable that you sometimes wonder if they are truly human. Their humility, kindness, graciousness, and gentle spirit are unmatched by most. Such was the life and personality of Rhoda Jones.

Rhoda Jones' humble beginnings started in McFarquhar, a district in Rohampton in the parish of St. James, Jamaica, West Indies, where she was born on July 11, 1934, to Mary and Lester Jones. She attended Rohampton Primary School and grew up alongside her three brothers (Custis Carr, Edward Gold, and Ochi Barker) and her three sisters (Greedily Barker, Violet Barker, and Eula Lee Jones). Life in Jamaica during the 1930s was extremely difficult, much like many neighboring islands throughout the Caribbean. The sugar industry was declining, wages were being cut, unemployment was rising, and the cost of living continued to increase. Families often found themselves struggling just to survive.

Nevertheless, despite the hardships of the time, Rhoda's family raised her in a nurturing and supportive environment, instilling in her strong values, discipline, humility, and compassion. Her father, Lester Jones, worked tirelessly as a laborer wherever he could find employment in order to provide for his family, while her mother, Mary, ensured that their home remained peaceful, loving, and secure.

As Jamaica's economy gradually improved, so did educational and vocational opportunities. One such opportunity came for Rhoda through the YMCA Culinary Arts School in Kingston. It was there that she developed the culinary and baking skills that would not only transform her own life in Jamaica, but would one day leave a lasting impact on the people of North Caicos — especially the community of Bottle Creek.

While attending the YMCA School, Rhoda met Mr. Claudius Williams, who later invited her to the Turks & Caicos Islands to work as his employee. It did not take long for the people of High Rock, Bottle Creek, and eventually the wider North Caicos community to fall in love with Rhoda, who would affectionately become known simply as "Ms. Jones."





Upon arriving in the Turks & Caicos Islands in 1966, she brought her remarkable baking skills with her and introduced the community to a well-established bakery that quickly became a beloved fixture in the area. Her yellow cakes, coconut treats, sweet breads, icicle, and countless other baked goodies warmed the hearts of many. Yet even sweeter than her baking was her spirit — humble, kind, quiet, and genuine.

For generations of students from both the primary and high schools, Miss Jones' shop became a mandatory stop on their way home from school. On weekends, children and adults alike would line up for her famous loaf bread. After extra classes on Saturdays, high school students would eagerly flock down the East Road, hoping to get bakery treats before everything was sold out. And whenever birthdays or special celebrations came around, Miss Jones was the trusted and beloved "go-to person" for cakes.

Over the many years she spent in North Caicos, Miss Jones' bakery and culinary services became a staple in nearly every household. Yet beyond her business and talents, she was also known for her faithfulness to God. Many would often see her walking faithfully to the Bottle Creek Assembly Church on Sundays and Wednesdays, where she worshipped wholeheartedly. Her church family can certainly testify to her dedication, unwavering support, and quiet but steadfast presence within the congregation.

In October 2015, Miss Jones became seriously ill and was airlifted to Jamaica for medical treatment. From that time onward, her health gradually declined, preventing her from maintaining the routine and lifestyle she had known for so many years. During this difficult period, she also spent approximately one year living in the home of Mrs. Kathleen Smith, whose kindness and support brought comfort to her life. As her illness worsened, her son later took her to Providenciales so he could care for her more closely and ensure her comfort.

On May 9th, 2026, Rhoda Jones peacefully took her heavenly wings and transitioned from labor to reward.

Today, there is a void in High Rock, Bottle Creek, and throughout North Caicos since the closing of her shop. But an even greater void now exists in the hearts of those who knew and loved her. Nevertheless, we remain grateful for the decision she made many decades ago to leave her homeland of Jamaica and come to the Turks & Caicos Islands — not only to share her culinary talents, but also to share her heart, kindness, and warm spirit with an entire community.





Many may come close, but for countless people throughout North Caicos, there will never be another baker quite like Ms. Jones, and there will never be another personality quite like hers.

Left to cherish her precious memories are:

Her beloved son: Donovan Dunbar

Adopted sons: Arlington “Chuck” Musgrove, Garnett Jolly, Lloyd Cassells, Davante Spring, and Jonathan Gardner

Adopted daughters: Eleanor Hall and Kathleen Smith

Daughter-in-law: Nakia Williams-Dunbar

She also leaves behind her cherished grandchildren: Donna Dunbar, Donovan Dunbar, Daven Dunbar, Brandon Dunbar, Claudius Williams, Natalie, Julia, and Simon Cassells, and a host of other grandchildren

Step-grandchildren: Roneisha and Roneika Johnson

Her treasured great-grandchildren: Christopher Dunbar, Carter Dunbar, Choyce Dunbar, Malachi Dunbar, Noah Dunbar, and Daven Jr. Dunbar, along with a host of other great-grandchildren.

Special friends: Louise and Jètha

And a host of other relatives, friends and community members too numerous to mention.

Order of SERVICE

Celebrating the life of Ms. Rhoda Jones (1934-2026)

OFFICIATING

Pastor Howard Gardiner and Bro. Lionel Bassett

FAMILY PROCESSION

OPENING REMARKS

Pastor Howard Gardiner

OPENING HYMN

“He Hideth My Soul”

*A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord,
A wonderful Savior to me;
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
Where rivers of pleasure I see.*

Refrain:

*He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock
That shadows a dry, thirsty land;
He hideth my life in the depths of His love,
And covers me there with His hand,
And covers me there with His hand.*

*A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord,
He taketh my burden away;
He holdeth me up and I shall not be moved,
He giveth me strength as my day.
ns on high.*

*With numberless blessings each moment He crowns,
And, filled with His fulness divine,
I sing in my rapture, oh, glory to God,
For such a Redeemer as mine!*

*When clothed in His brightness, transported I rise
To meet Him in clouds of the sky,
His perfect salvation, His wonderful love,
I'll shout with the millions on high.*

OLD TESTAMENT SCRIPTURE READING

Bro. Floyd Forbes - (Ecc. 3:1-8)

TRIBUTE IN SONG

Kacy Higgs

OBITUARY

Alrisa Gardiner

NEW TESTAMENT SCRIPTURE READING

Bro. Arnold Gardiner (Rom 8: 31-37)

TRIBUTE IN SONG

Barbara Johnson



AS I KNOW HER

Mrs. Henrietta Delancy

SELECTION

Bottle Creek Assembly

EULOGY

Pastor Howard Gardiner

PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY

Pastor Howard Gardiner

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

A & S Funeral Services

RECESSIONAL HYMN

“When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder”

*When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
and time shall be no more,
and the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather
over on the other shore,
and the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.*

Refrain:

*When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.*

*On that bright and cloudless morning
when the dead in Christ shall rise,
and the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather
to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there. [Refrain]*

*Let us labor for the Master
from the dawn till setting sun;
let us talk of all His wondrous love and care.
Then when all of life is over,
and our work on earth is done,
and the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there. [Refrain]*





I miss You MOMMY

Ninety-one years you walked this earth with hands that shaped more than bread. In Bottle Creek, your gentle strength rose like morning light over the town— quiet, steady, certain.

You baked for the community, but you fed us with more than food. You fed us with kindness, with humility stitched into every day, with generosity that never asked to be seen.

Your life was soft-spoken, yet it thundered with purpose. You were ambitious in the way only the humble are— working, serving, giving, never needing applause to know your worth.

I carry you with me, Mommy. In every act of patience, in every moment you chose gentleness over noise.

Though heaven holds you now, your love still rises in me— like dough beneath your careful hands, like hope in a quiet kitchen, like the memory of your smile that time can never steal.

*Forever your son,
Donovan*



To my GRANDMA

*Your kindness and love were so special,
And your heart so pure and true.
You made the world a better place
Just by being you.
We miss you Grandma, so dearly.
We wish you were here with us.
To help to guide us
through the years.*

*Words cannot describe the loss we feel
Having to say this last goodbye.
Not to have you here with us
To wipe the tears from our eyes.
But you'll never be forgotten,
In our hearts ❤️ you'll always be.
And until we meet again, Grandma,
We'll keep your memory safe in our hearts.*

Your loving Grands and Great-Grands

Our Beloved MS. JONES

Ms. Rhoda Jones was a one-of-a-kind lady. A rare gem who graced our shores and made Turks and Caicos her home.

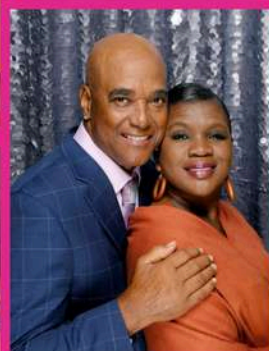
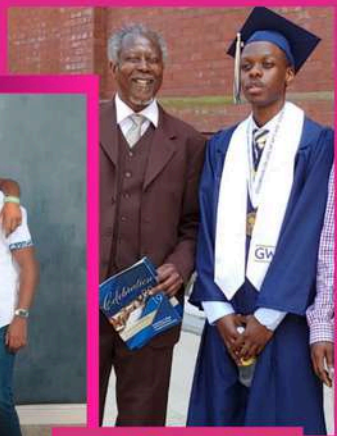
The community of North Caicos and all who came to know her loved her dearly. Her softspoken voice, peaceful smile and calm demeanor attracted customers of all ages to the little SUNBEAM convenience store on the East Road in High Rock. Ms. Jones was kind and considerate, very polite, yet firm, when dealing with her customers. She was a dedicated housekeeper, skilled in culinary exploits and was soon transformed into a shrewd businesswoman. She performed all her functions with quiet resolve and visible discrepancy.

Ms. Jones was the go-to person in the community. Many of us believed that she could do almost anything because she came from 'foreign'. I was one of her earliest clients to have had my hair permed after returning from JA with no hairdresser around. She would never turn anyone away without attempting to meet his or her need.

During the earliest years of the now Raymond Gardiner High School – 1973 to 1974/5 Ms. Jones frequently prepared quick meals at short notice since the few staff members did not have the luxury of 'free periods' to scavenge the neighbourhood for grub. A note was all she needed. She was about service. Our hearts became heavy when Ms. Jones' health began to fail. Now that she has joined her Maker, we will hold her legacy dear and cherish the precious memories she has left. Rest in Peace, my Sister. You'll forever be in our hearts.

Hope Hamilton





Memories of MS. JONES

Learning of Miss Jones' passing
opened a floodgate in my chest—
memories rising like dough left to rest,
soft and warm with the years they carried.

Saturdays were our venture:
my mother, my sister, and me
walking the familiar path to her door,
sometimes joining a line that curled
like steam from a fresh loaf.
If the trays were empty, she'd smile,
"Come back 'round three,"
and somehow the waiting felt sweet.

Inside her house was its own small world—
the giant mixer humming like a heartbeat,
her hands kneading life into every loaf,
rolling, folding, shaping
with a rhythm older than recipes.
The smell met us long before the doorway,
a warm whisper drifting down the road,
telling us she was baking again.

Her bread was different—
softer, sweeter,
as if kindness itself had been sifted in.
And sometimes, when we got too excited
running circles through her kitchen,
she'd hand us icicles,
cold treats that quieted our giggles
and made us feel seen.

Those visits planted something in me (Nica) —
a love for bread and cakes,
though cakes became more my thing.
Still, every time I bake,
I think of her hands,
her patience,
her quiet generosity,
and the way her kitchen felt like a place
where children grew
and memories rose
and love was measured
not in cups,
but in care.



*Thank you for making our childhood so special,
Love, Nica & Queed*

Ms. Jones was like every young man's mother in Bottle Creek, offering ****godly advice**** and possessing a ****kind heart**** that blended seamlessly with her community. She worked diligently, embodying the spirit of hard work.

In her field, she harvested her crops and carried her water just like everyone else. A deeply spiritual person, it is true that she baked the best bread and provided the community with ice for various events.

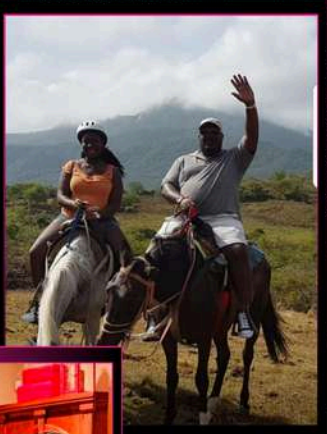
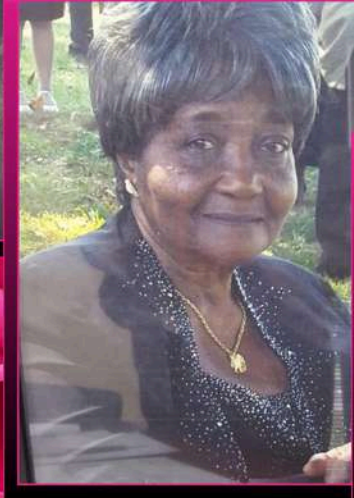
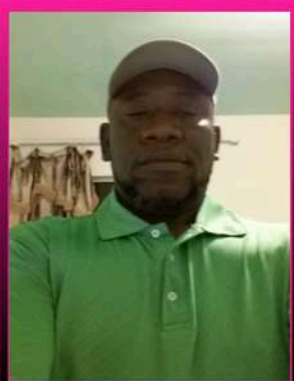
She was truly ***special***—the only one like her.

Lord, she will be missed by all.* Yet, God has chosen the most valuable rose from His garden to rest with His saints.

Bob, my condolences go out to you, your wife, and your children. May she rest in the arms of Jesus.

Gilbert Smith





Graveside SERVICE

May Ms. Jones' soul rest peacefully in her saviour's arms

REMARKS & PRAYER

Pastor Howard Gardiner

HYMN

"It Is Well With My Soul"

*When peace like a river attendeth my way,
when sorrows like sea billows roll;
whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul."*

Refrain:

*It is well with my soul;
it is well, it is well with my soul.*

*Though Satan should buffet,
though trials should come,
let this blest assurance control:
that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
and has shed his own blood for my soul. [Refrain]*

*My sin oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
my sin, not in part, but the whole,
is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more;
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! [Refrain]*

*O Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
the clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
the trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend;
even so, it is well with my soul. [Refrain]*

COMMITTAL RITES

Pastor Howard Gardiner

HYMN

"Glad Reunion Day"

*There will be a happy meeting in Heaven, I know
When we see the many loved ones we've known here below
Gathered on that blessed hilltop with hearts all aglow
That will be a glad reunion day*

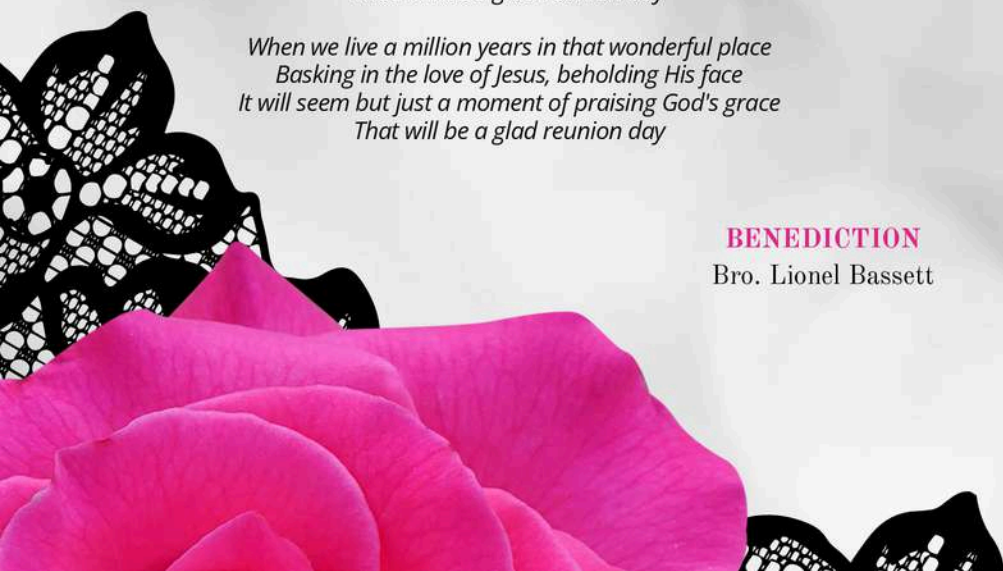
*A glad day, a wonderful day
Glad day, a glorious day
There with all the holy angels and loved ones to stay
That will be a glad reunion day*

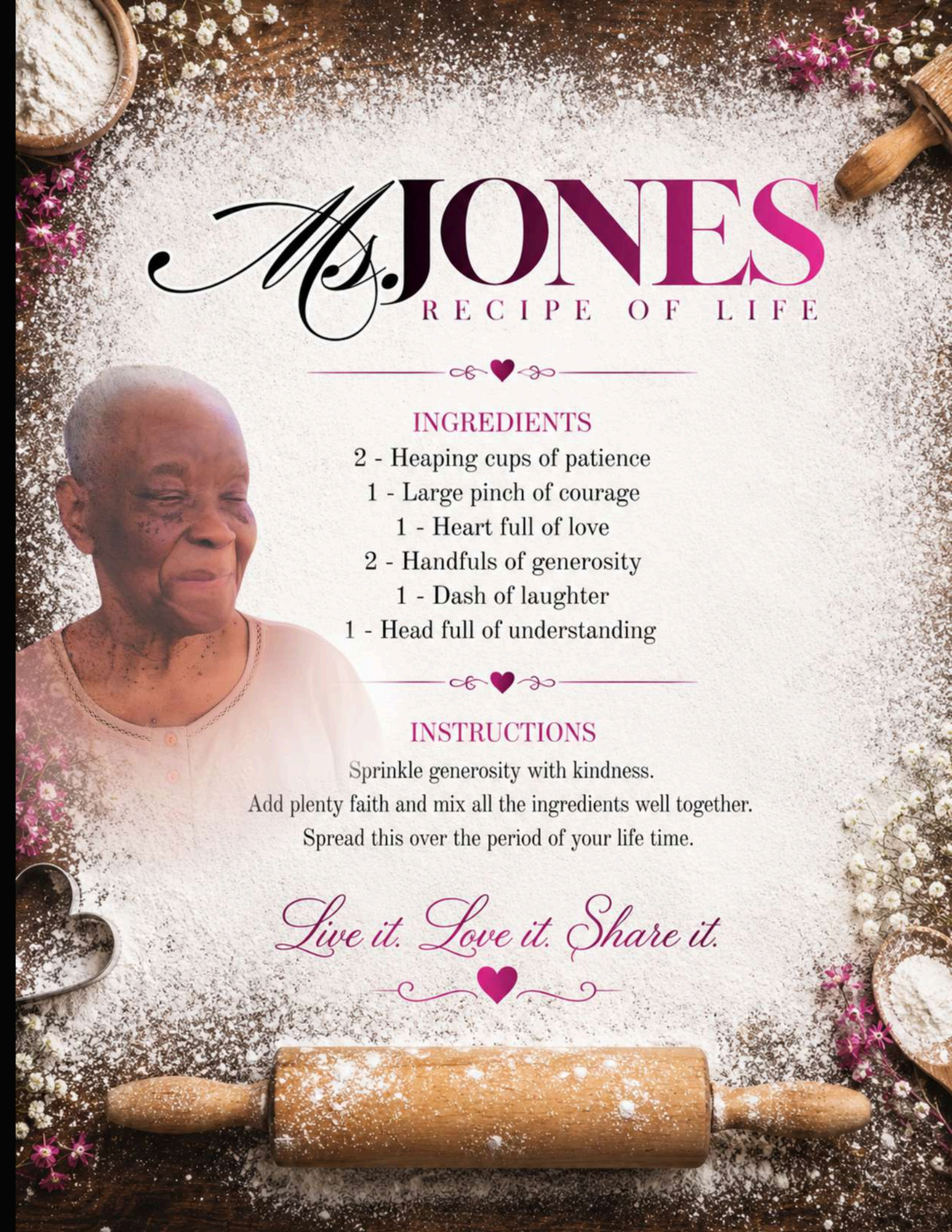
*When we live a million years in that wonderful place
Basking in the love of Jesus, beholding His face
It will seem but just a moment of praising God's grace
That will be a glad reunion day*

*A glad day, a wonderful day
Glad day, a glorious day
There with all the holy angels and loved ones to stay
That will be a glad reunion day.*

BENEDICTION

Bro. Lionel Bassett





M. JONES

RECIPE OF LIFE

INGREDIENTS

- 2 - Heaping cups of patience
- 1 - Large pinch of courage
- 1 - Heart full of love
- 2 - Handfuls of generosity
- 1 - Dash of laughter
- 1 - Head full of understanding

INSTRUCTIONS

Sprinkle generosity with kindness.
Add plenty faith and mix all the ingredients well together.
Spread this over the period of your life time.

Live it. Love it. Share it.



Ms. JONES

The family of Ms. Rhoda Jones would like to extend heartfelt thanks and sincere appreciation to Kathleen and Carl Smith, Gertha Doriscar, Eleanor Hall, the nurses and doctors at the Cecilia Gray Community Clinic in Bottle Creek, North Caicos, the nurses and doctors at the Primary Health Care in Providenciales, and the staff at InterHealth Canada for the care and compassion shown to our mother during her illness.

Special thanks also to the Higgs family, Claudius Williams, Garnet and Rosemary Jolly, Chuck Musgrove and family, Jas Walkin, Janabee Williams and family, Louise Campbell, Holton Williams, Owen Hamilton, Don Gardiner, the Handfield family; Derry, Kacey, and Deniro, and Sarah Handfield, Barbara Johnson, Elizabeth Gardiner, and the Smith family, as well as the entire community of High Rock and Bottle Creek, North Caicos, for your unwavering support and kindness.

Words cannot fully express our gratitude to everyone who played a part in Ms. Jones' life and showed kindness, care, support, and love throughout her journey and during our time of bereavement. Your visits, prayers, encouragement, acts of service, and expressions of compassion have been deeply appreciated and will never be forgotten.

Thank you all for standing with our family during this difficult time and for being such a meaningful part of Ms. Jones' life. May God richly bless each of you.

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS