

The Family invite you to join them after the service
for refreshments and to share memories of Rose at:

The Clock House Tea Rooms
32 Skew Hill
Grenoside
S35 8QX

To Celebrate The Life of

Rosie Jones

Sunrise 7th December 1940 - Sunset 13th December 2023



Donations in memory of Rose for
Alzheimers society
may be given on the day or sent c/o



Eric Eyre Funeral Service
Mortomley House, 2 & 4 Mortomley Lane
High Green, Sheffield S35 3HR
0114 284 8202 www.ericeyre.co.uk



Rose Jones

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Grenoside Crematorium, South Chapel

Friday 12th January 2024 at 2.30 pm

Service conducted by
Mr Andrew Platts

Order Of Service

Music to enter the Chapel

'All Things Bright And Beautiful'

by One Voice

Welcome

Andrew Platts

A Poem from Karon to her Mum

The Skies Opened Up Their Clouds

The skies opened up their clouds, and
Made a stairway in the sky,
They shone a light to guide you, as the angels whispered fly

I held your hand so tightly, fought those angels off with love,
but I knew it was for the best
To let you move above

As your grip got weaker, I could feel it deep within,
That I was now outnumbered and the angels came to win

They didn't want to take you, but they knew it was your time
It didn't matter who you left or that you were mine

I felt a sense of peace as my grip got weaker too,
I knew I had to let you go, as God also needed you



Rose's Story

Time for Reflection

'Morning Has Broken'

by Cat Stevens

A message to her Mum from Karon

Children Do Not Realise

It takes a lifetime
To realise how wonderful a mum is, especially when she is kind,
caring and loving a mum as you

The older I grow the more I realise
How lucky I am to have a mum who always wants the best for me,
And is there with love and support no matter what

I know I can never fully repay you Mum for everything
You've done for me over the years,
I just hope you know how grateful I am
And that I love and appreciate you more than words can say

Thank you for everything, for being my mum, sleep tight, I love you

Commendation and Farewell

Closing Words

We're All Wednesday Aren't We?

Sing a song of Hillsborough, from the Kop to Leppings Lane
Of crowds and friends and chanting and victory and of pain
I know no other stadium where the football is quite so fine
Yorkshire's finest team. And I'm proud to call it mine
Where the cheers and chants of Wednesday
can be heard from your back door
And in the quiet night you can hear the Wednesdayites roar.
So when I've done my roaming, and when my steps grow slow
When heart and mind assure me that the time has come to go
Then let me rest near Hillsborough, for it's there I want to lie
Near the sound and site of the kop, and a blue and white Wednesday sky.

Music to exit the Chapel

'Hi Ho Silver Lining'

by Jeff Beck