

*Celebrating the life of
Chandler Dwight Jones*



AUGUST 29, 1963 - APRIL 8, 2025

St. John's Anglican Church

St. John's Road, Pembroke, Bermuda

Tuesday, May 13, 2025

3:00 p.m.

Order of Service

Officiant: Rev. Bryan Haigh

Processional & Scripture..... Rev. Bryan Haigh

Opening Hymn **Blessed Assurance**

Scripture Readings

2 Corinthians 1:3-4 Beverley Jones

Psalm 100 Jéon Wolfe (Great Nephew)

Hymn..... **Every Praise to Our God**

Tribute Steven Barber, Commercial Glass & Aluminum

The Obituary Jenaia Curtis (Niece)

Words of Comfort Bishop Dr. Lloyd E. Duncan

Prayers & The Lord's Prayer..... Rev. Bryan Haigh

Commendation Rev. Bryan Haigh

Recessional Hymn **We're Marching to Zion**

Interment. Pembroke Parish Cemetery

Urn Bearer: Tevin Campbell



Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Refrain:

*This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior, all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior, all the day long.*

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Refrain

Perfect submission, all is at rest
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

Refrain

Every Praise

Every praise is to our God
Every word of worship with one accord
Every praise, every praise is to our God
Sing hallelujah to our God
Glory hallelujah is due our God
Every praise, every praise is to our God
Repeat verse 1 twice

God, my Savior, God, my Healer, God, my Deliverer
Yes, He is, Yes, He is
God, my Savior, God, my Healer, God, my Deliverer
Yes, He is, Yes, He is
God, my Savior, God, my Healer, God, my Deliverer
Yes, He is, Yes, He is
Yes, He is, Yes, He is

Every praise is to our God
Every word of worship with one accord
Every praise, every praise, every praise
Every praise, every praise, every praise
All of my worship, every praise
All of my praise, every praise
When you see me dancing, every praise
Every praise

When you see me shoutin'
Every praise
Every praise, every praise is to our God

Every praise is to our God
Every word of worship with one accord
Every praise, every praise, every praise
Every praise, every praise, every praise
All of my worship, every praise
Every praise
When you see me dancing, every praise
Every praise, every praise, every praise, every praise.



Obituary

Chandler Dwight Jones


AUGUST 29, 1963 - APRIL 8, 2025

Chandler Dwight Jones, affectionately known to many as Chan, was the youngest of six children born to the late Everard Arthur Jones and the late Hyacinth Laurie Jones (née Hughes). Chan was a kind, humble, and devoted son, brother, uncle, godfather and friend.

His early education began at Central School (now Victor Scott), followed by high school studies at Whitney Institute, and later completed at Alexander Hamilton High School in Elmsford, New York. While there, Chan was a member of the boys' first Intramural Soccer Team, helping lead the team to varsity level.

Chan's career began as a houseman at the Pink Beach Club, where he was praised for his commitment and strong work ethic. He then joined Bermuda Glass, which later became Baptiste, remaining there until he started his own business installing glass doors and windows. Eventually, Chan joined the Commercial Glass & Aluminum Co, where he worked until his untimely passing. He was proud of his work there, particularly notable projects such as the Acute Wing at King Edward Memorial Hospital and a special automatic door at Mailboxes Ltd.

Chan was a very humble and unassuming person. He had a passion for computers, especially gaming, and often spent his spare time tinkering with them. He also loved to cook and enjoyed being in the kitchen—his lasagna was a family favorite. When not cooking, he enjoyed getting takeout, particularly at KFC and Byrdie's. A lover of the ocean, Chan could often be found swimming at Spanish Point or relaxing by the rocks.



Chan exemplified unwavering love and compassion, especially during his father's final illness. In a heartfelt act of devotion, he moved into his sister Lianna's home to help care for their father with tenderness and dedication until his passing. This selfless act of love will always be remembered and cherished by his family.

Chan's sudden departure has left a void in the hearts of his family, friends, and co-workers. As one colleague shared, "Simply put, Chan has gone too soon."

Chan is lovingly remembered by his siblings: Albert Jones (Muriel), Judy Curtis (Varnel), Ruby Rawlins, Lianna Campbell. Aunt June Hughes and family. Niece: Jenaia Curtis. Nephews: Oric Curtis, Quincey Jones, Deonne Rawlins, Tevin Campbell.

Godson: Makeem Waldron; Goddaughters: Tajahni Tucker, Keyahneé Burgess. Special Friends: Nicole Tucker (his best friend), Ju Ju Waldron, Karimah Hollis, Patrina White, Aaron Edness, Suzette DeMello (UK), Glensworth Walker (Ruby), Danita, Dorita and Glenika Walker and the Walker family, and Landon Petty. Commercial Glass & Aluminum Co Ltd staff and extended work family.

Chan was predeceased by his parents: Everard and Hyacinth Jones, his brother: Arthur Jones, and his nephew: Walter Walsh.

Chan's memory will live on in the hearts of those who knew and loved him.

Lovingly submitted by the Family







Tributes

A Tribute for Chan

Some people come into your life and leave a mark that lasts forever. For me, that person was Chan.

When I turned 16, Chan got me my first bike—a simple gesture, but one that meant everything. He taught me how to drive stick shift and gave me skills I still carry with me. When life got hard—when my family and I needed shelter—Chan opened his home to us without hesitation. He gave us a roof over our heads and a sense of safety when we needed it most.

Chan was there at my lowest points. When I needed someone to talk to, no matter what time of day or night, he always answered. Some days, it's hard not having that person to call. That kind of presence leaves a hole when it's gone.

He didn't just take care of me—he looked out for my friends too. He let me have house parties, took us for drives, got us takeout. He'd cook for us, feed us, laugh with us. And let me tell you—his cooking was amazing.

To me, Chan was like a fairy godparent. If I needed something, he made it happen. But more than that, he made me feel seen, valued, and loved. I'll always be grateful for the person he was and that I got to be a part of his life.

I miss him deeply, and I will carry his love and memory with me always.

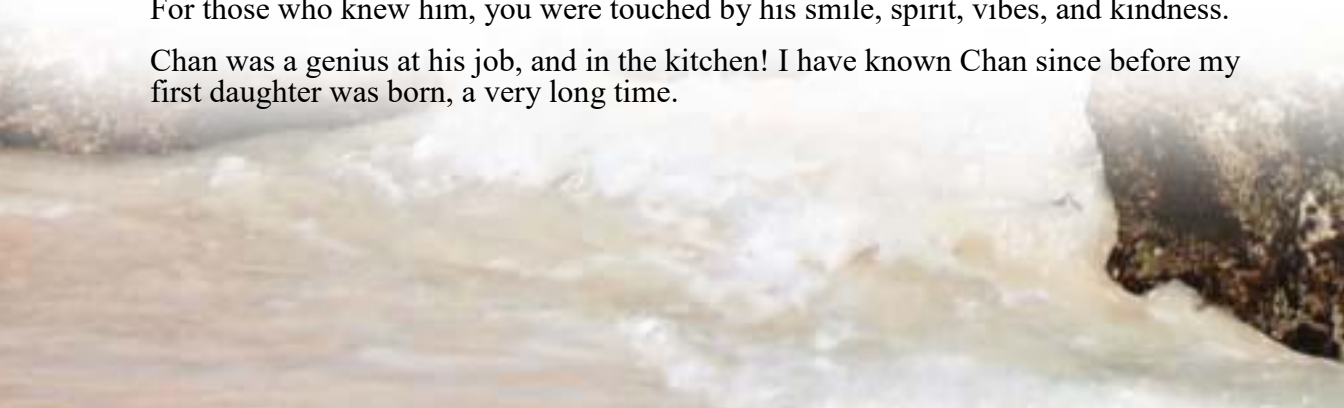
Love Always Tajahni

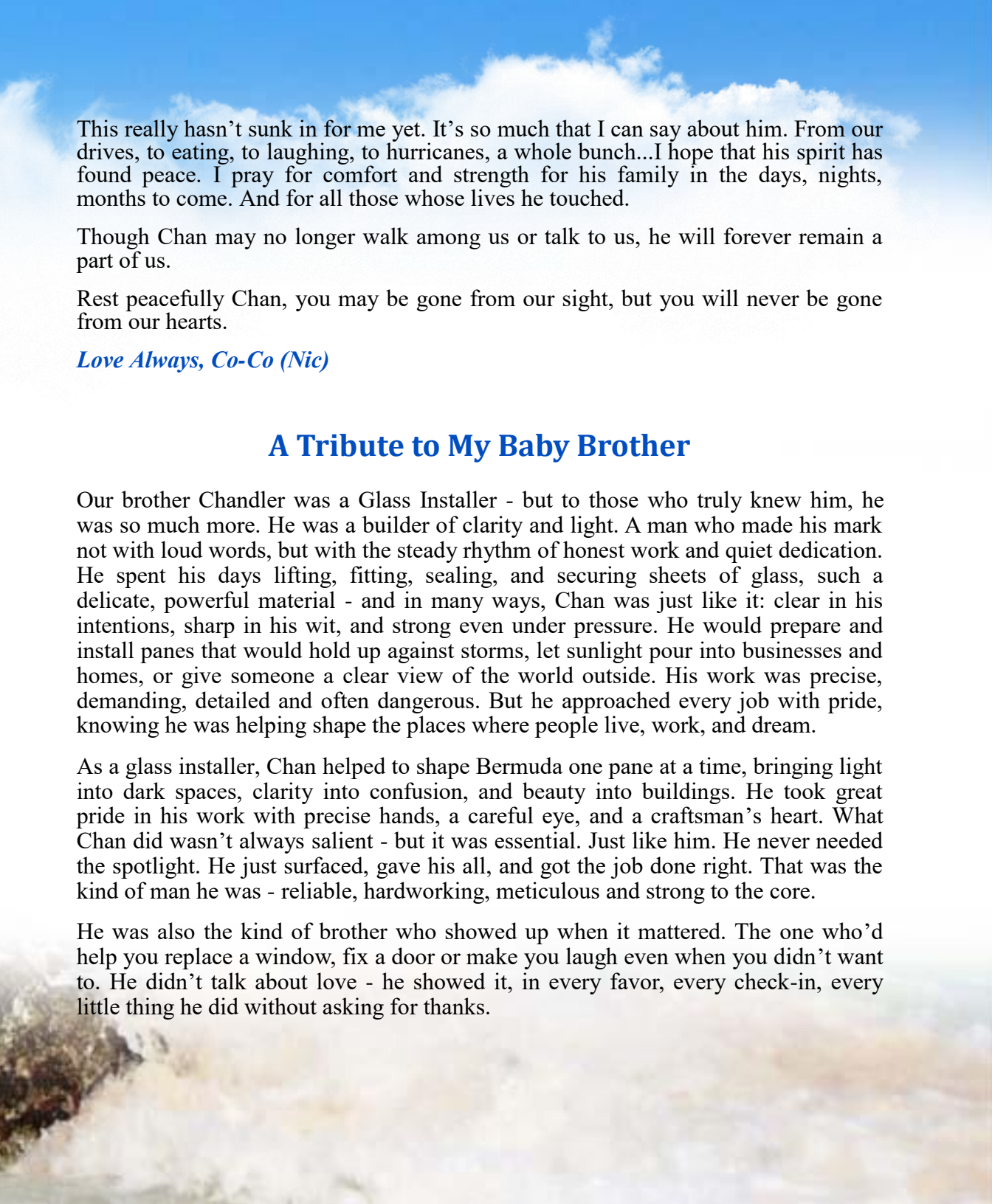
Here's To You Chan

Today, as we gather our thoughts and memories, we celebrate the life of Chan.

For those who knew him, you were touched by his smile, spirit, vibes, and kindness.

Chan was a genius at his job, and in the kitchen! I have known Chan since before my first daughter was born, a very long time.





This really hasn't sunk in for me yet. It's so much that I can say about him. From our drives, to eating, to laughing, to hurricanes, a whole bunch...I hope that his spirit has found peace. I pray for comfort and strength for his family in the days, nights, months to come. And for all those whose lives he touched.

Though Chan may no longer walk among us or talk to us, he will forever remain a part of us.

Rest peacefully Chan, you may be gone from our sight, but you will never be gone from our hearts.


Love Always, Co-Co (Nic)

A Tribute to My Baby Brother

Our brother Chandler was a Glass Installer - but to those who truly knew him, he was so much more. He was a builder of clarity and light. A man who made his mark not with loud words, but with the steady rhythm of honest work and quiet dedication. He spent his days lifting, fitting, sealing, and securing sheets of glass, such a delicate, powerful material - and in many ways, Chan was just like it: clear in his intentions, sharp in his wit, and strong even under pressure. He would prepare and install panes that would hold up against storms, let sunlight pour into businesses and homes, or give someone a clear view of the world outside. His work was precise, demanding, detailed and often dangerous. But he approached every job with pride, knowing he was helping shape the places where people live, work, and dream.

As a glass installer, Chan helped to shape Bermuda one pane at a time, bringing light into dark spaces, clarity into confusion, and beauty into buildings. He took great pride in his work with precise hands, a careful eye, and a craftsman's heart. What Chan did wasn't always salient - but it was essential. Just like him. He never needed the spotlight. He just surfaced, gave his all, and got the job done right. That was the kind of man he was - reliable, hardworking, meticulous and strong to the core.

He was also the kind of brother who showed up when it mattered. The one who'd help you replace a window, fix a door or make you laugh even when you didn't want to. He didn't talk about love - he showed it, in every favor, every check-in, every little thing he did without asking for thanks.



Losing him has left a crack in our family that no one can fix. But like the glass he installed, his memory still lets the light shine through. We see him in every clear morning, every glint of sunlight on a window, every quiet moment where strength and splendor meet. Our brother lived a life of solid production, deep loyalty, and quiet grace. For me, Chan didn't just install glass - he helped hold things together.

We will miss him dearly, but we will carry him with us in our hearts - always. Rest in peace my baby brother. You have left your mark and will never be forgotten. Today, we celebrate you.

Until we meet again over on the other side, we will love and cherish you forever.

Lovingly submitted by Ruby

Chan, the thought of you not being here just doesn't make sense to me. You have always been just a call away. You were always so supportive of me and always made sure I had everything I needed, especially when I wanted to get my hair done. You always looked forward to seeing my next hair style and would make sure I knew my hair was cute. I will miss the times when we used to go on drives, and laugh at any and everything. We really are jokers at heart. You were a really big part of my life and I was really looking forward to entering this new chapter of life with you in it. Even though you are not here physically anymore I know you will always be watching over me. Chan you will forever be in our hearts as you were so very important to us.

Thank you truly for everything.

Love always Ke-Ke





We're Marching to Zion

Verse 1

Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

Chorus

*We're marching to Zion, Beautiful,
beautiful Zion
We're marching upward to Zion,
the beautiful city of God.*

Verse 2

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad,
May speak their joys abroad.

Verse 3

Then let our songs abound
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thru Immanuel's ground
We're marching thru Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high.



Message of Gratitude

The family wishes to express heartfelt thanks for your presence today and for joining us in this Home-Going celebration in loving memory of Chandler. Your kind words of comfort, prayers, calls, cards, and many other expressions of sympathy have been a profound source of strength and encouragement during this time.

We extend special appreciation to D.H. Augustus & Sons Funeral Home, Rev. Bryan Haigh, Bishop Dr. Lloyd E. Duncan, and Aunt June & family for their unwavering support.

May God continue to bless you.

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