

Just One Day

If I could come back for just one day
I know exactly what I would say
To my family and friends and those who I love
As a message from God who speaks from above

I would say it's okay to be sad for awhile
But what I really want most is to see your smile,
And for you to go on and live once again
Allowing the Lord to comfort your pain.

I know that you loved me with all of your heart
And that none of you wanted for me to depart
I don't quite understand it myself
But I know you'll get by with a little help.

Yes, I would say to be sad for a day
And to do what you need to do;
And then lift up your eyes
to the wonder of the sky
And know that I loved you too

By Wanda M. Wolfe

ARRANGEMENTS IN CARE OF:



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4315 N. Main Street 410 Beech Street
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(904)765-1234

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In Loving Remembrance of



Mrs. Maggie Gwendolyn Jones-Gilbert

Sunrise: November 9, 1941 — Sunset: April 8, 2020

Graveside Service

11:00 AM, Tuesday, April 14, 2020

Jacksonville National Cemetery

4083 Lannie Road
Jacksonville, Florida 32218

Pastor Ray Jones, Officiating

Life Reflections



Mrs. Maggie Gwendolyn Jones-Gilbert, affectionally known as “**Ms. Gwen**” was born on November 9, 1941 to the late Malissa Kirk-Shadrick and Charles E. Suggs in Sylacauga, Alabama. Ms. Gwen passed away from this earth on Wednesday, April 8, 2020. She was preceded in death by her parents, brothers Charles Suggs and Ernest Shadrick, sister, Delores Harper and son Joseph Walker, Jr.

Ms. Gwen graduated from Hyde Park High School in Chicago, Illinois and studied nursing at Seattle and Bellevue Community Colleges. She went on to have a forty-two-year nursing career. Working the night shifts, which carried into many years after retirement of late-night television and a nocturnal existence. She loved fishing and a game of chance, which resulted in rich rewards on many occasions. She was clever, sharp, and never afraid to speak her mind. She loved her family fiercely. She had a way of giving you a quick look or a wink that let you know she had your back. She enjoyed supporting her husband, Percy, and the association with her friends from the bowling league and her church family.

Ms. Gwen leaves to cherish her memories her husband, Pressnell Gilbert; sons, Clarence Walker and Eric Walker (Lanita); daughter-in-law, Laurie Lim; step-son, Keith Hinson (Kayla); grandchildren: Erika Walker, Janae Martin (Sedrick) Briana Walker, Alexandra Walker, and Kierra Walker-Lim; step-grandson, Kyle Hinson (Rose); siblings, Clarence Suggs and Carol Shadrick; and a host of nieces, nephews, other relatives, and friends

“When Great Trees Fall”

When great trees fall, rocks on distant hills shudder, lions hunker down in tall grasses, and even elephants lumber after safety. When great trees fall in forests, small things recoil into silence, their senses eroded beyond fear. When great souls die, the air around us becomes light, rare, sterile. We breathe, briefly. Our eyes, briefly, see with hurtful clarity. Our memory, suddenly sharpened, examines, gnaws on kind words unsaid, promised never taken. Great souls die and our reality, bound to them, takes of us. Our souls, dependent upon their nurture, now shrink, wizened. Our minds, formed and informed by the radiance, fall away. We are not so much maddened as reduced to the unutterable ignorance of dark, cold caves. And when great souls die, after a period of peace blooms, slowly and always irregularly. Spaces fill with a kind of soothing electric vibration. Our senses, restored, never to be same, whisper to us. They existed. We can be. Be and be better. For they existed.

By Maya Angelou

