

Thank You and Acknowledgement

And We Thank You!

The Hart family extends our heartfelt gratitude to everyone who has called, prayed, visited, sent flowers, prepared meals, shared memories, or simply held us close in your thoughts. Every act of kindness, no matter how big or small, has brought comfort during this time.

Thank you for celebrating Jip with us and for honoring her life in a way that reflects who she truly was. Your love, support, and kindness will remain with us long after today, and for that, we are deeply grateful.

Special Acknowledgments

A special thank you to Amber Reid, Navy Reid, Jordyn Prewitt, and Bernice Clark. Thank you for always showing up, for your unwavering love, your constant support, and for walking beside Jip and our family through every season.

We also extend our heartfelt appreciation to Gloria Smith and Priscilla Reid for the care, compassion, and kindness they showed during Jip's final days.



Arrangements Were Entrusted to:

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Gregory Funeral Service, Inc.
601 North York Street
Gastonia, North Carolina 28052
704-867-4364
www.gregoryfuneralservice.com



Sharon "Jip" Hart

11-16-55 to 7-13-26

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Friday, July 17, 2026 @ 11:30 a.m.
Gastonia, NC

A Celebration of Life

Sharon "Jip" Hart

November 16, 1955 – July 13, 2026

Processional

Opening Reflection

"The one who has gone away is never gone, so long as their name is still spoken."
— African Proverb

Today, we're not gathered to mourn tradition. We're gathered to remember Jip exactly as she lived—authentically, unapologetically, and on her own terms.

Today, we speak her name. We share her stories. We laugh, we remember, and we honor a life that was uniquely her own.

Reading of the Obituary

Sharing of Memories

Following the reading of the obituary, family and friends are warmly invited to share a memory, story, or reflection about Jip.

Whether it's funny, heartfelt, unexpected, or simply a moment that has stayed with you, your words are welcome.

There is no right way to remember someone who lived so true to herself. Just speak from your heart.

Closing Reflection

"Grief is love with nowhere to go, but memories always give it somewhere to rest."

Thank you for being here today, for sharing your stories, and for helping keep Jip's memory alive. May we leave here carrying a little more of her laughter, her spirit, and the reminder to live life on our own terms.

Recessional

"Jip"



If you knew Jip, you knew exactly what you were getting. She was instantly recognizable—fiery red hair, sunglasses that seemed permanently attached to her face, and an energy that let you know she wasn't changing for anybody.

If Jip loved you, you knew it.

If she didn't... you knew that, too.

She wasn't interested in pretending, people-pleasing, or making herself easier to understand. She was unapologetically herself.

Jip could be as funny as she was fierce and as kind as she was cold. On a good day, she'd have you laughing until your stomach hurt. She loved cutting up, wishing a MFKR would, dancing, rapping and being an overall menace as often as she could be. She cussed like a sailor and Raising hell on the regular was also one of her specialties.

She enjoyed the simple pleasure of hanging out by the river, sitting on the back porch for hours at a time but don't get it twisted Jip was always up to something. Sometimes it was an all day adventure, sometimes it was a questionable hustle, but you better believe it was always entertaining.

If you ever partied or hung out with her, you definitely have a memory of that night, for good or bad reasons and we can just leave that right there!

Those who experienced that side of Jip remember someone full of personality, wit, and humor. She had a spirit that could light up a room, and she could also spit enough fire to burn the whole house down—all depending on her mood.

Even when her red hair turned white... her spirit stayed fully recognizable. She found happiness in solitude, flowers, houseplants, crossword puzzles, and doodling whatever happened to be on her mind. Her music collection was as unique as her sense of style. Jip never worried about whether her taste made sense to anyone. She never cared.

Jip was born in Gaston County to Maggie and Elijah Reid. Her story was also forever connected to Edward Currence (Freck). She was one of many siblings and was part of a large extended family of brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends who became family.

She leaves behind her husband, Mike Hart; her daughter, Monique Floyd; and everyone lucky enough to have a Jip story of their own. Some hurtful, some hilarious—but all unmistakably Jip.

