

# Cherished Memories



# CELEBRATION of LIFE Mrs. Ethel Lynn Grimes Jones



## ~Service~

MONDAY, DECEMBER 22, 2025  
3:00 P. M.

MT. CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH  
1807 DANDRIDGE AVE  
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE 37915

DR. JASON MOSLEY, EULOGIST

Alpha:  
September 8, 1963

Omega:  
December 16, 2025

Funeral Arrangements Entrusted to:  
Willis Funeral Home, Inc.  
2011 Martin L. King, Jr. Blvd. Dalton, GA 30721  
706-278-3808 www.willisfuneralhomedalton.com  
"A Complete and Dignified Service to All."  
Layout by: Cynthia Smith (706)980-4066



# The Order of Service

PRELUDE..... MUSICIAN  
PROCESSIONAL  
  
SELECTION.....  
  
**HOLY SCRIPTURES:**  
OLD TESTAMENT.....MINISTER  
  
NEW TESTAMENT.....MINISTER  
  
PRAYER OF COMFORT.....MINISTER  
  
REMARKS & RESOLUTIONS.....TWO MINUTES PLEASE  
  
SELECTION.....  
  
EULOGY.....DR. JASON MOSLEY  
  
RECESSIONAL.....MUSICIAN  
POSTLUDE

## Committal, Closing Prayer, & Benediction



### Acknowledgement

*Perhaps you sent a lovely card, or sat quietly in a chair. Perhaps you sent those beautiful flowers, that we saw sitting there. Perhaps you spoke the kindest words, as any friend could say. Perhaps you were not there at all, just thought of us that day. Whatever you did to console our hearts we thank you so much for whatever the part.*

~THE FAMILY~



# Precious Memories



# LIFE REFLECTIONS FOR Mrs. Ethel Lynn Grimes Jones

Mrs. Ethel Lynn Grimes Jones entered into eternal rest on Tuesday, December 16, 2025. She was born on September 8, 1963, on Knoxville, Tennessee and was a graduate of Fulton High School, Class of 1981. Ethel was a member of Mt. Calvary Baptist Church. Throughout her career, she worked at Alcoa Aluminum and at Lance Cunningham Ford Dealership.

She was preceded in death by her father, Ira Grimes, Sr.; stepmother, Mary Ruth Hall Grimes; sister, Angelyn Bonds; grandmothers, Rosal Grimes and Ethel Whitmire; aunts, Vera Smith and GERALINE Scott; uncles, Curtis Grimes and Howard Whitmire; and nephew, Keenan Grimes.

Her life was a beautiful testament to joy, love, and quiet strength. From the moment you met her, you could feel a warmth that made you feel seen, welcomed, and somehow lighter just by being near her. She carried joy not as something loud or performative, but as something steady and sincere, woven into the way she lived and loved every single day.

Family was the center of her world, the place where her heart felt most at home. She adored her two sons with a love that was deep, unwavering, and fiercely proud. They were her greatest blessings, her constant joy, and her lifelong purpose. As her family grew, so did her heart. Her grandchildren became her sunshine she truly lived for them. She delighted in creating memories with them, whether through laughter, simple moments, or traditions that will now live on in their hearts. To her, those moments were everything. She believed in showing up. Not just in words, but in presence. When her family needed her whether in moments of celebration, uncertainty, or quiet hardship she was always there. She gave her time, her energy, her love, and her spirit freely.

She had an extraordinary way of filling a room with her big personality, of making people feel supported without ever needing to say much at all. Everyone knew she was the center of any party. Her spirit was a refuge, and her love was something her family could lean on, again and again.

She was also a proud and loving wife of 14 years, devoted to her marriage and deeply committed to the life she and her husband built together. Their bond was one of partnership, loyalty, and shared love for family. She stood beside him with grace and devotion, cherishing the years they shared and the memories they created together. Her life reminds us that joy does not have to be grand to be meaningful. Sometimes it looks like showing up, holding space, loving fully, and giving your heart without reservation. She did all of that and more.

Though she is no longer with us in the way we wish she could be, her spirit remains alive in her husband, sons, her grandchildren, her family, and in every memory she helped create. Her love did not end it simply changed form. It now lives on in the laughter she sparked, the comfort she gave, and the deep imprint she left on all who were blessed to know her. She lived a life full of love. And because of that, she will never be forgotten.

Cherishing her memory are her loving husband, Lorne Jones; two sons, Rev. Aljerome Grimes and Trevail Minefield; grandchildren, Briana Grimes, Amoni Grimes, Maliyah Minefield, Carter Minefield, and Austin Booth; mother, Alfredda Whitmire; brother, Ira “Chipper” Grimes, Jr.; nephew, Wesley Gulley; aunts, Virginia Taylor and Maosa (Will) Moore; uncle, James Larry (Faye) Grimes; nieces, Ir-Wauna (Hershel) McCaleb, Anaiya Grimes, Tanisha Grimes, Mikki Bond, and Marletha Johnson; nephew, Ah’King Ira Grimes along with a host of beloved cousins, relatives, and friends.