



Mrs. Bobbie Florence Jones

August 8, 1923 - October 14, 2018

Bobbie Florence Jones passed away peacefully on October 14, 2018 in Merritt Island, Florida. She was born August 8, 1923 in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada.

At 95, Bobbie had truly seen a million faces and had rocked them all. From her start as a “cookie girl” in a Canadian grocery store to her days running City News and Books In Melbourne, she loved helping others and providing them an experience that no else could.

Bobbie moved to Florida in 1965 to escape the seasonal allergies that were taking a toll on her in the frozen tundra that is Canada. Settling first in Fort Lauderdale, Fl, she met her future husband, Julian when he was her driving instructor. As Julian liked to tell it, “I spent a little extra time teaching Bobbie and she liked my style.”

Later Bobbie and Julian would open City News and Books in Melbourne, Fl. The small store was not only the go-to place for magazines, newspapers, books, and lottery tickets; it was also in the National Register as one of the last few places that people could actually see Microfilm in use. City News and Books also found itself making news of its own and time and time again. There were multiple authors signings, shoplifters, and “feel good” stories from the store that graced the pages of the local paper.

Bobbie liked to indulge in the finer things in life including mincemeat pie, cool whip, wheat germ, and blueberry pie filling straight from the can. She also enjoyed using dried minced onions in most dishes. As a person who took her Sam’s membership seriously, she loved buying in bulk. Because of this, Bobbie would keep large bags filled with dried onions in the freezer. A fan of practical jokes, she let her grandchildren believe these bags contained toenail clippings.

Bobbie also enjoyed shuffleboard, cooking without salt, road trips where the only sustenance came from small bottles of Ensure (in assorted flavors so no one could complain of having the same meal twice in a row), and always working on her autobiography, *The Immortal Bobbie Jones: A Life Lived In Moderation*. Although many

events in her book could not be independently verified was a profile in Florida Today where she said enjoyed “looking at water”.

Bobbie’s affinity for pants and miniature golf had her mistaken for the legendary golfer of the same name on a number of occasions. When mistaken for him, she was quick to point out “Bobby Jones ain’t got nothin’ on me.”

Bobbie always described herself as a good listener and often would add that she had to be “to live with her husband Julian”. Despite (or maybe in spite) of her amazing listening abilities, Bobbie always likes to use birthdays and holidays to sharpen her mental telepathy skills. She would ask what gift a person would like and astound them when she actually gave them the gift she knew they really wanted. She was never quite successful at this, but Bobbie kept practicing in hopes of one day becoming the next Miss Cleo.

The family wishes to express a heartfelt thank you to all the staff at Solaris Healthcare and Vitas for the love and care they have given Bobbie the past several years.

There will be a memorial service held at St. Luke’s Episcopal Church on October 29, 2018 at 10 am.

In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to St. Luke’s Episcopal Church, Building Fund, 5555 N. Tropical Trail, Merritt Island, FL 32953

Bobbie will be laid to rest with her husband, Julian at Cape Canaveral National Cemetery

Cemetery

Cape Canaveral National Cemetery

5525 US-1

Mims, FL, 32754

Events

OCT 29 **Celebration of Life** 10:00AM

St. Luke's Episcopal Church

5555 N Tropical Trail, Merritt Island, FL, US,
32953

Comments



“ My Aunt was keen to make sure we knew our family history and made sure my sister and I had copies of photos and memoirs she felt were important. I know education was also important, that by keeping your mind active you could maintain good mental health.

I think she got that from her father, Jack Hardy who would learn a new word from the dictionary daily, and practice using it to better himself.

I have not seen Aunt Bobbie in many years as I live in that cold Canadian tundra that she left behind for a warmer climate, but I will miss her letters that usually came in large brown envelopes filled with something she felt I should have or know.

She may have lived far away from me but she was always in my heart and thoughts.

Carol Romyn (nee Wright)

Carol Romyn - November 09, 2018 at 02:08 PM