



Jean George Mason

November 26, 1923 - January 6, 2007

Jean “Jenny” George Mason, 83, of New Britain, died Saturday January 6, 2007 at the Hospital of Central Connecticut in New Britain. She was the widow of James W. Mason, who died March 5, 2005. A native and lifelong New Britain resident, she was daughter of the late Joseph and Anna Yohannan George, she was a graduate of New Britain High School, class of 1942. Jean was a buyer for Raphael’s Department Store in New Britain and later worked at Sage-Allen store in West Farms Mall, retiring in 1985. Between 1970 and 1975 she ran her own store, The Clothes Closet in Farmington. She was a member of St. Mary Church in New Britain.

Surviving is her son James W. Mason II of New Britain; a sister, Mary Georges and her husband Robert of Bristol; several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services are Wednesday 9:15 AM at Carlson Funeral Home, 45 Franklin Square, New Britain followed by a Mass of Christian Burial 10 AM at St. Mary Church, New Britain. Burial will be in St. Mary Cemetery. Calling hours are Tuesday evening 6 to 8 PM at Carlson Funeral Home. Memorial donations may be made to St. Mary Church, 544 Main Street, New Britain, CT 06051 or to the American Diabetes Association 306 Industrial Park Rd Middletown, CT 06457. Please share a memory or note of sympathy at www.carlsonfuneralhome.com.

Tribute Wall

KL

“ To Gerry, Sandi and Rick Lazar of Toronto, on behalf of the Laughton family
Thunder Bay and Toronto our most sincere sympathy for the loss of your Auntie
Jenny. May she rest in peace.
Sincerely, Kelly Laughton

Kelly Laughton - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

SL

“ My fondest memories of my Aunty Jean will always be the ones when she was
with her sisters, Mary and my mother Sarah, and my grandmother Anna. I would
sometimes accompany my mom when she went to visit her family in New Britain
and the highlights of every visit, was sitting around the table in the kitchen,
remembering the good and not so good times, eating fabulous food that was
always homecooking or the occasional grinders which were a personal favourite
of my mother Sarah. And there was always laughter. The three sisters were never
closer than when Sarah came for a visit. At times, it was like being with three
completely different ladies; as if they had saved up all the laughter and joy inside
of them just for these visits. And when their brother Billy was there, he was
always treated like royalty, the three females catering to his every whim. He
brought with him his own unique sense of humour. The four of them would travel
back in time to a life together that only they could truly appreciate. In the joy they
found within their family circle, I came to understand that as important as family
should be, Love is all there is. And these three sisters loved one another.
Through their love for one another, I learned how to love my own family. And
through the years, no matter the course my life was taking, I never let go of that
Love, even though, there were times it may have been difficult.
And now the circle has been broken, but it still remains open, for Love flows in a
circle and surrounds those who are left, who may have forgotten how to Love. It's
down to the living to keep the Love alive.
I have absolutely no doubt that the first person Jean saw as her soul left her body,
was Sarah, her oldest sister, my mother, telling her to step into the light and be
healed. And I know that Jean did. Her faith was / is strong enough to carry her
forward to the light of God, a God she believed in with her entire being.
Blessings on your next journey Aunty Jean, you were well loved and you will be
truly missed.

Your neice from Canada---Sande

Sande Lazar - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

GL

“ As a youngster my folks would do a yearly drive from Fort Willian Ontario to New Britain. My Mother Sarah was Aunt Jean's older sister. We would stay with Grandma Anna, Aunt Jean, Uncle Jim and Jimmy at 504 Eddy Glover Blvd. Those were special times and Aunt Jean made us feel at home with her great sense of humour, one of a kind style and of course her cooking. I will miss her and remember how much of a joy she was to be with. Years later we would talk on the phone. I moved to Toronto and would call her regularly for awhile. I'll miss that the most. Gerry

Gerry Lazar - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM