



William Henry Jones

June 11, 1934 - November 18, 2007

Monday, June 11, 1934 to Sunday, November 18, 2007

A Resident of Glen Allen, MO

Visitation Services will be held on Tuesday, November 20, 2007 at 5:00 PM to 8:00 PM at the Liley Funeral Home in Marble Hill, MO

Funeral Services will be held on Wednesday, November 21, 2007 at 11:00 AM at the Liley Funeral Home in Marble Hill, MO

The Final Resting Place is at the Bollinger County Memorial Park Cemetery near Marble Hill, MO

William Henry Jones age 73, of Glen Allen, MO, passed away Sunday, November 18, 2007 at his residence.

He was born June 11, 1934 in Decaturville, TN, son of Locie A. and Vera Alice Morgan Jones. He and Fay Nimon were united in marriage on June 27, 1954 in Corinth, MS.

Mr. Jones was a forklift operator for the Hussmann Refrigeration Company and a member of the New Salem Baptist Church.

Survivors include; his wife, Fay, two sons; William Allen Jones of Port Huron, MI, Richard Henry Jones Cedar Hill, MO, one daughter, Nancy Lynn Schaub of Champaign, IL, two sisters, Nellie Haven of Wardell, MO, Sue Jordon of Parsons, TN, six grandchildren and two step great-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by his parents, three brothers and two sisters.

Memorials may be made to the Southeast Hospice or to the American Cancer Society.

Visitation will be Tuesday, November 20, 2007 from 5:00 to 8:00 PM at the Liley Funeral Home in Marble Hill.

Funeral service will be Wednesday, November 21, 2007 at 11:00 AM at the Liley Funeral Home in Marble Hill with the Rev. Randy Poole officiating.

Burial will follow in the Bollinger County Memorial Park Cemetery near Marble Hill, MO.

Sue, I am so sorry for your loss. You could not ask for a better man. He was such a sweet person and he will be missed very much by all that knew him. I miss you so much, dad!

When I was young, I would get up before all the other kids so I could spend a few minutes alone with you. That was how it came to be that I was with you that morning when word came that Norman had died. I was the only one who saw your tears, shock and disbelief.

I loved going hunting and fishing with you and you taught me a lot about wildlife and nature. I caught the biggest fish of my life the day before your dad's funeral. Only much later in life did I understand and know how you must have felt that day. Yet, you showed your pride through your heartbreak.

Years later, as a young man, you were there when I shot my first and only bull elk. You alone understood why I was shaking so bad that I didn't get a good shot on him - even though he was less than 30 feet away. That was after we stalked a herd of elk all weekend in an area we didn't realize was a restricted area.

When you finally talked me into going golfing with you, I responded by teeing off with a drive that hit you square in the middle of your back. You were there when I hit that one drive at your company tournament, though, and wasn't that a thing of beauty?!!!! I've never hit the ball so well as I did that day.

Once in a while, I got to ride along with you in the semi-truck you drove most of your adult life. And we talked about things I never told anyone, and you would give me quarters to play pinball at truck stops.

We would go out for biscuits and gravy on Sunday mornings and bring back donuts and milk for the rest of the family. Lately, we always had breakfast at the restaurant with some of your friends and fishing buddies. They called us the Bishop and the Pope - my title was given jokingly, but yours was earned. After you left us, I was honored to sit in your seat.

I will always remember the times we spent together, and I will cherish those times most, because in those moments, regardless the commotion around us, you always let me know that I was special and that you were proud of me.

Though I miss you tremendously, dad, I know you are no longer in pain. You will never have to worry about any of us kids, your bills, parishioners, or anything else again. You will never be hurt or feel sadness again. You are in a place much better than you left behind. For that, I am happy for you.

And I will always remember the way you lived and loved and laughed.

I am so proud of your legacy and so proud of everything you gave me.

Your Son,
Dean