



James Daniel Jones Jr.

SEP 14, 1935 - MAR 25, 2020



Scan to Visit

Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
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In this moment, I pray for the strength to be my father's daughter as he loved me into being. I wish that I could write as beautifully as he painted so that I might do him some measure of justice.

James Daniel (Dael) Jones, Jr. was born in a small wooden house atop the fertile farmlands of Georgianna, Alabama on September 14, 1935 to James Daniel and Ola Mae Jones. His magnificent heart stopped in Tallahassee, Florida on March 25, 2020.

The silence is deafening.

As the youngest child after his sister Ruby Jean and his brother Entreken, I suspect that his parents would confirm that he was precocious from the beginning. Gifted with a keen intelligence and an unbridled creativity, Dael excelled in whatever he chose to pursue. Early on in his career he painted and his paintings, even the ones created in the sixties, are still fresh, modern and spectacular today.

Throughout his life, from becoming valedictorian of his high school class, winning speech competitions, receiving his degree from Auburn University, serving in the military, creating a career as a graphic artist and later as a grant proposal writer and author, he achieved. However, I know that he would say, without question, that those were far from his greatest accomplishments.

Dael's enduring triumph was his family and friends. He was married to the love of his life, Janis Marie Jones, for 61 years and after decades of an engaging life, he selflessly cared for her as Parkinson's Disease came to steal her away bit by bit like a thief in the night. She passed away two years after his death. I am their daughter and I have witnessed no greater love.



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He had such compassion for humanity. Dael was a fierce friend and nourished friendships all over the globe as he nourished the bountiful plants that he propagated. He loved literature and the written word and corresponded daily with those for whom he cared. Through the reflection in his eyes, support, and countless acts of kindness many were uplifted as he was in return. He loved you each and every one.

Dael's sense of humor was contagious and how he loved to tell a good story or joke. When he laughed at something funny, he laughed until tears streamed down his cheeks. Once when someone was telling a story of another's incredible accomplishments, when they finished, he said with a straight face, "and they were above all humble." The table broke down in gales of laughter for his comic timing was always superb.

My father had a magnificent heart and I know of no finer legacy than a legacy of love. Left to cherish his memory in grief and profound gratitude are: his daughter, Sharon Jones, the daughter of his heart, Christy Naylor (Jeff), his grandchildren Peyton and Lily, his dearest friend, Jorge, beloved cousins, godson, nieces and nephews, and the many, many friends who enriched his life.

I will love and miss you forever, Papa. Wait for me just a little way down the road.



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring James by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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