



William Thomas Jones

December 15, 1934 - December 5, 2014

The Heroic William T. Jones was born down in New Orleans, Louisiana on December 15, 1934. Mr. Jones decided to relocate to Passaic, NJ in 1957. For many years William worked as a Blue Seal Boiler Operator for Perich of Lynhurst as well as St. Mary's hospital of Passaic for 10 years retiring in 1999. He was a parishioner of St. Anthony's R.C of Passaic for 5 years. Mr. William T. Jones is predeceased by his wife Daisy V. Jones (2000), brothers Melvin Jones Sr. (2014), Gerald, Donald, Carl and Kenneth, sisters Rosetta Jones and Patricia Ratcliff but he leaves many to cherish his memory. He is survived by his son LeVain C. Kimble (Loretta) of Clifton, NJ, granddaughter Lacynda C. Kimble of Clifton, NJ, brother Walter (Noel) of New Orleans, LA, sisters Jacqueline McCrea and Judy Jones of New Orleans, LA and a host of nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends.

To send flowers to the family or plant a tree in memory of William Thomas Jones, please visit our Heartfelt Sympathies Store.

Tribute Wall



“ *William Thomas Jones*

November 27, 2022 at 05:57 PM



“ *Please accept my sincere condolences for your loss. Many have found true comfort in the pages of God's word the Bible (2 Corinthians 1:3, 4). In God's word we find the promise that we can be reunited with our loved ones (John 5:28,29; Acts 24:15). The Bible tells us where this happy reunion will take place (Psalm 37: 11, 29; Matthew 5:5). We are told why we die (Genesis 3:17-19; Romans 5:12), and that the God of the Bible (Psalm 83:18), will end death forever (Isaiah 25:8; Revelation 21:3,4). At John 8:32 Jesus said " and you will know the truth and the truth will set you free".*

A Friend - January 24, 2015 at 12:00 AM

LK

“ We are gathered here to celebrate the life of my Pop William Thomas Jones. He also known as Charles and Uncle Piggy. Son, brother, husband, father, grand-father, and the man that was a grand contributor to many lives especially mine.

I first met him in 1956 when he met the love of his life Daisy, my dear departed mother. I was three years old and had to share Daisy with someone else. They had a world wind romance of two weeks and it lasted until her death 44 years later. Their love affair was genuine without a doubt and that love he had for her he showered upon me. I was his son from day one and he wanted me to know that blood or not, I would remain so for life. I truly loved this man. He left home at 16 after getting his mother to sign for him to enter the USAF. He met Daisy a waitress while out with some of his fellow servicemen. He was wearing shades which she promptly told him to remove his glasses and their eyes met and the rest is history. When they got in front of the minister to be wed a big secret was revealed. He told her his name was Charles. When the minister said “William do you take Daisy to be your wife”; my mother looked at him and said “I thought you told me your name was Charles”. He had to confess that that was his older brother Melvin’s middle name which used in case the romance failed. Most would have called it off, but they were in love and it was God’s will that they be together.

Pop was not a perfect man but he was a role model for me. He worked hard and provided for his family. He found love in a strong independent woman named Daisy. Like many of us they did not agree on everything, but they came together in the end no matter who was right or wrong. He would get angry with me and tell me “do not tell your mother about this.” Next thing I knew my mother would be on the phone asking me what did I do to make him angry. He had his share of mistakes and some have affected others. He regretted those mistakes and I can say he was sorry for the pain he caused and I ask that they forgive him.

To entertain me they taught me how to play whist. I became so good at the game they would not play me anymore. I called him Charles until we arrived in NJ in 1957. One day he told me that it was not good for me to call him Charles and I needed to come up

with a proper name to call him. I settled on Pop and it has been that ever since. His disciplinary practice was more verbal than physical. One time he beat me with a belt which felt like being hit by a feather. I put on the big cry for his sake. My mom pushed him to do it. He felt that if he beat me I would hate him. I never could or would feel that way about him. Well he made up for that feeling when he was showing me how to box. I felt that sometimes his punches were sending a message. Which I understood painfully.

He loved his grand-daughter Lacynda with all his heart. He was so excited about becoming a grand-father he visited my wife Loretta and I in North Carolina three months prior to Lacynda's birth. We brought Lacynda to New Jersey for Christmas and when we arrived home and called my parents to tell them we were outside, Pop came out kissed Loretta and took Lacynda into his arms and ran back inside. He left us to handle the luggage. I guess you can say he had the most important package in his arms.

He always told me I drove too fast and that one day I would get a ticket. Well on a trip to Reading, PA to attend a funeral. We both drove our vehicles accompanied by relatives and we would alternate as the lead car. We were a few miles from the PA state line and he passed me at a high rate of speed. I looked in my rear view mirror and I discovered a state trooper on my bumper pushing me. I was doing the speed limit and the trooper sling shot past me and zeroed in on my dad. Yes he got the ticket not me. But hold on there is more to his anguish. As I waited for him to past through the toll plaza and he came by me speeding and I knew he was upset. Knowing m

Levain Kimble - December 12, 2014 at 12:00 AM

LK

“ Poppy,

Words can't describe how I feel right now. Part of me feels cheated. The other part feels accepting over the fact that you are not suffering anymore. You'll be missed by me terribly. You've been a constant figure in my life since the time I was born. I believe God made me your granddaughter for a reason.:) When I sit back and think about the past and my future, I wish for re-dos and more time. I'll never get to introduce to you my future husband or have you see me walking down the aisle. I'll never see you holding your first great-grandbaby in your arms nor have another cup of tea with you at Dunkin Donuts. I know you were never a perfect man but the more I found out about you the more I understood your make up. You did what you could and for that I'm grateful. For as long as I live I'll always know and believe that you and Mema loved me flaws and all. Until I see you again in God's kingdom, you and Mema have tea with Jesus at His Dunkin Donuts.:)

Lacynda (Lacy) Kimble - December 11, 2014 at 12:00 AM

L(

“ *My father-in-law was one of a kind. I came to love him dearly over the past 40 years. I have so many good memories of you Pop and of Mom-Daisy. I wish you were still here but The Lord had other plans. I will miss you but you will always be in my mind and in my heart. I'm so glad that we all spent a lot of time with you this year, starting out with First Night Out in Morristown on New Year's Eve. Who knew then that you would not be here to celebrate another New Year with us. I have faith that we will all meet up again in heaven with Jesus. What a wonderful day that will be, full of rejoicing and catching up. Never goodbye. I'll just say I'll see you later.*

Loretta Kimble (Daughter-in-Law) - December 11, 2014 at 12:00 AM

AM

“ Uncle Willam ""Piggy"" Jones was the fun and hip uncle we had, When ever he was in a room you knew it with that deep bass voice,As a kid I can remember him saying My Main Man, one of his many hip talk,I was able to go up and visit him one year,We had a great time up there,We lost another Jones Legacy,Love you Mhch Unk, Rest in peace

Alfred McCrea - December 10, 2014 at 12:00 AM

DM

“ We were so very sorry to hear of the passing of our Dear Uncle William (Pig) Jones. He holds a very special place in our heart. May God be with you Levain. I wish I could be there. You are in our prayers. "Weeping May endure for a night, but Joy comes in the morning (Psalm 30:5). I pray your morning comes real soon. My prayers are with our entire family. God Bless!

Dawanna, Keith, Jonathan & J Joy Menzies - December 09, 2014 at 12:00 AM

MG

“ Your quick illness and passing reminds me of how precious the moments are that we spend with one another. You & I have had our share of moments. Love you. Your niece. Medea.

Medea Jones Gabriel - December 09, 2014 at 12:00 AM