



Lawrence Welch "Larry" Jones

February 10, 1953 - November 28, 2023

Lawrence Welch Jones, of Cary, NC, passed away unexpectedly on the morning of November 28, 2023. He was 70 years old.

He was born to Alice Welch Jones and Edward Marshall "Mic" Jones on February 10, 1953 in Washington, DC. With a military officer father and nurse mother, the family moved frequently with assignments in Maryland, Germany, Illinois, and California before settling more permanently in Alexandria, VA and eventually in Woodbridge, VA. He graduated from Gar-Field High School in Woodbridge in 1971 where he starred in football and wrestling.

After graduation, Larry traveled the country, eventually finding his way to Blacksburg, VA. It was there that he met his lifelong companion Nancy Riesett, then a student at Radford College, in 1975. They would later marry on May 23, 1981 in Falls Church, VA.

Larry and Nancy made their home in Falls Church after marrying. Together they would have 2 children: daughter Liz in 1985 and son Alex in 1988. The family later moved to Woodbridge before finally settling in Cary, NC in 1996.

Professionally, Larry began his career as a pharmaceutical sales representative. The majority of his working years were spent as a bread distributor; he was known by his colleagues for his dependability and work

ethic.

Easygoing and good-natured, Larry loved good music and watching football. Above all, he was completely devoted to his family and spending time with them brought him more joy than anything else.

He was preceded in death by his beloved mother Alice and father Mic. He is survived by his loving wife Nancy, of the home; his brother Michael, of Gilbert, AZ; his daughter Liz (Cody), of Apex, NC and son Alex (Callie), of Morrisville, NC; five grandchildren: Caroline, Lilly, Ella, William, and Emmy; and many other family members and friends. He will be missed by all who knew him.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests that donations be made to the Michael J. Fox Foundation for Parkinson's Research or St. Michael Preschool in Cary, NC. A service to celebrate Larry's life will be held on Thursday, December 14 at 11 A.M. at St. Michael the Archangel Roman Catholic Church in Cary, NC. A gathering for family and friends will follow shortly after.

Previous Events

Service

DEC **14**. 11:00 AM (ET)

St. Michael the Archangel Catholic Church

804 High House Rd.

Cary, NC 27513

<http://www.stmichaelcary.org/>

Tribute Wall

MJ

“As Lawrence Jones' older brother, known to all as Larry, I have many fond memories of my "little" brother. I moved to Arizona in the early 1970s while he remained in Virginia. In 1975, at the tender age of 22, he decided to see America from east to west, much to the worry and consternation of our mother. But unlike the couple on the bus in Simon and Garfunkel's song "America", Larry decided to hitchhike the whole way. Of course there were no cell phones with which to stay in touch, only some quarters in a pay phone booth. I knew Larry was coming from talking with our mother, but didn't know exactly when he would arrive. Then, one very early morning there was a knock on my apartment door. Larry had arrived safe and sound. How he found my apartment in the middle of Phoenix I'll never know. No GPS or Google maps in those days. He only had my apartment complex address and this last ride had dropped him off several miles from my place. Larry had been on the road for well over a week, catching rides from total strangers, some truckers, some families, and a few "sketchy" looking characters. Larry was a relatively big young man, and in those days had a very "back woods" look himself. I remember his first order of business at my apartment was a hot shower and a big breakfast. Larry spent the next week with me in Phoenix. We managed to squeeze in a backpacking trip to the Arizona high country. As always he was a minimalist, electing to forgo a backpack and sleeping bag that I had extra for him. He decided a day pack and canteen was all he would need for the trip. Despite me, as the "big brother", advising that a sleeping bag and some rain gear might be needed, Larry remained firm, no need for such gear. So myself, a fellow hiking buddy, and Larry took off for the mountains. After a strenuous hike down into a very deep and majestically beautiful canyon we set up camp, enjoyed a dinner around a campfire, and turned in for the night. Darkness came early to this deep canyon. Larry said he'd be o.k. sleeping on the bare ground (as he'd done hitchhiking to Arizona) with no sleeping bag. He didn't realize that even in the summer that temperatures in the Arizona mountains can drop to the mid-40's. Around midnight it started to rain. I encouraged Larry to crowd into our smallish 2-man tent. He said he'd be fine. Five minutes later

Larry ask if we could share some space in our tent. Of course we said yes, but to say it was a bit crowded would be an understatement. But we were dry. The next morning we were up and hiking out right at daybreak. Larry was happy to get back to the "warmth" of Phoenix. Several days later I woke up very early in the morning to discover a note on the kitchen counter. Larry wrote that he had a great time staying with me, including the camping trip (except for the rain), but had to get back on the road and was heading for California. I had no idea he was leaving that morning. Larry liked to be spontaneous. I called our mother back in Virginia and updated her. She could only hope the good Lord would watch over Larry. Larry eventually made it back to our mother's home in Woodbridge a week or more later. We later learned he had hitchhiked from Phoenix to San Diego, crossed the U.S. - Mexican border into Tijuana, and then made his way up to Denver, Colorado where he caught a ride with a young soldier heading back to the Washington D.C. area. They shared driving nonstop and made it from Colorado to Virginia in record time. His time on the road had come to an end. Our mother called me the day Larry arrived home. The relief in her voice was more than evident. No words could describe our relief that Larry was home safe and sound. He'd seen America. His life then turned to finding permanent employment, marrying a wonderful woman, raising two great children, and enjoying five beautiful grandchildren. May he now rest in eternal peace. I say his name every day.

Michael Jones - December 13, 2023 at 04:12 PM