



## Bobby Edward Jones

January 13, 1932 - May 8, 2017

'Bobby Edward Jones was born January 13, 1932, in Franklin County, Arkansas to Carl Hobart and Ora (Griffith) Jones. He passed from this life Monday, May 8, 2017, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, at the age of 85 years. Bobby was raised and educated in Mansfield, Arkansas and graduated with the Mansfield High School Class of 1949. He was married March 6, 1954, in Reno, Nevada to Dovie Laveta (Pirtle) Jones. Bobby spent most of his working life as a Sheet Metal Mechanic with TWA in Kansas City, Missouri, and with American Airlines in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He was a member of Rejoice Freewill Baptist Church in Owasso. Bobby enjoyed a variety of pastimes but mostly fishing and hunting. Loving family members include: Son; Thomas Jones and wife Eileen, of Tulsa Brother; Clifton Jones and wife Afton, of Eastern, Oklahoma He was preceded in death by his parents, wife, sister, Betty Jones, and two brothers, Raymond and Lloyd Jones. Visitation will be held from 4:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. Thursday, May 11, 2017, at Mowery Funeral Service in Owasso. Funeral service will be held 10:00 a.m. Friday, May 12, 2017, at the Mowery Funeral Service Chapel with Reverend Leonard Pirtle officiating. Interment will follow at Graceland Memorial Park Cemetery in Owasso, Oklahoma. Arrangements and services were entrusted to Mowery Funeral Service in Owasso, Oklahoma. '

# Tribute Wall

HD

“*Thomas and Eileen, we share your sorrow at Bob's passing, but we have many happy memories as well. A special time was in 2004 when we shared your parent's joy at your marriage. There followed family get-togethers, outdoor picnics, meeting at restaurants, and simply stopping by to visit. It was always great being with Bob and Dovie, and we miss them both.* \r\nLove, Hans and Sirry'

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**Hans and Sirry Danziger** - May 11, 2017 at 12:13 AM

TJ

“*I still remember that trip to Colorado whenever I experience a setback in life and realize that we put too much pressure on ourselves to win at all cost. Sometimes it's the mere perception of failure that sends us over the edge, when all we need to do is change the conversation.* \r\n\r\nThanks Dad!\r\n'

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**Thomas Jones** - May 10, 2017 at 08:07 PM

TJ

“ ‘After about an hour of fishing, and bitching, my father moved the conversation we had initiated away from fishing. To me, this was apparently to get his mind off the dismal success we were having. We started talking about anything and everything unrelated to fishing from that point forward. That was the moment that I will always remember. How I learned from my father that success is not measured by the winning moments in life, but how you handle the loses. We fished for another three hours watching the Trout avoid our lures like poison but we had smiles on our faces. When the first signs hunger got our attention, we pack our gear and headed back to the local diner for lunch.  
That’s when our talk returned to fishing and we discussed our perceived losses. It was quite evident we had been completely shutout that morning, but fully convinced that the trip had been one of our most successful outings.’

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Thomas Jones - May 10, 2017 at 08:06 PM

TJ

“ ‘You see, I had just received my driver’s license that year so this was a worthy enticement. I agreed. After a long drive across the state of Kansas, which as promised, I was in the driver seat, we reached our destination, Salida Colorado, and checked into a motel just before dusk. The next day we found a suitable stretch of riverside that we could easily access the water’s edge, and started lure fishing for trout. Looking back in this now, the odds were clearly stacked against us. We could not catch a trout to save our lives. By the dozens, we could see them in the clear water but could not get them to approach any variety of lures we tried. My father was convinced that they were just not biting today.’

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Thomas Jones - May 10, 2017 at 08:06 PM

TJ

“ *'The greatest thing I learned from my father.\n\nHe taught me about winning and losing in life, and how to embrace both outcomes. \n\nWhen my family lived in Kansas City Missouri, my father was an avid fisherman. Mostly fresh water fishing, and primarily with lures instead of live bait. He never Fly fished in his life, that I'm aware of, but he got an idea that freshwater Trout would recognize smaller lures in the clear rivers and streams. He seldom fished in rivers and generally stayed near local lakes and ponds, but had heard from coworkers about their trips to Colorado for Trout fishing. He decided a trip out west would be a fine father and son adventure, so I was invited. I had fished with my father many times growing up and usually enjoyed the experience, but they were normally to nearby lakes. This was going to be a journey of 700 miles so I was a little skeptical. It took a little convincing, and an assurance that I could drive most of the trip, to get my stamp of approval.'*

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**Thomas Jones** - May 10, 2017 at 07:54 PM