

In Loving Memory of

David T. Jones

June 13, 1930 - November 12, 2020

Wake Services

Lower Brule Community Center,
Lower Brule, SD
7:00 p.m., Monday, November 16, 2020

Funeral Services

Lower Brule Community Center,
Lower Brule, SD
1:00 p.m., Tuesday, November 17, 2020

Officiating

Rod Vaughn

Casketbearers

Joel Brouse	Kirby McGhee	Jerome Jandreau
Tyler Jones	Randy Jandreau	Roddy Jandreau
Little Mike Jandreau	Jim Brouse	Carter Jones

Honorary Pallbearers

DeAnn Currin	Vicki Peterson	Marian Nuernberger
Stuart and Lenora Langdeau	Jan Tell	Julia Yellow Robe
Cheryll and Fritz LaRoche	Nancy Thompsen	Irene Skunk
Bill and Nancy Janike	Judy Huerto	Marsha Peterson
Dave and Marty Barnhouse	Roy Nifoussi	Jewel Jandreau
Lee Sr. and Kay Gourneau	Sam Hale	Lori Griggs
Sharon and Gary Bingen	Marla Spears	Carla Rose Kurtz
John, Jody McCauley and family		Patti Williams
Orville "Red" Langdeau and Mark Wakey		Joel and Joni Bich
Steven Sr. and Terri Langdeau		Brian Molyneaux
Joey Langdeau	Clair Green	Pemina Yellow Bird
Florentine Blue Thunder	Christy Olson	Faith Andersh
Darren and Nicole Hickey	Iva Jean Bolman	Pat and Chris Madsen
LBST Pow Wow staff	Jose	Johanna Bieberly

Staff of Avera Clinic in Chamberlain

A special thanks to the Covid Unit & Covid ICU doctors, nurses and staff
at Sanford Hospital in Chamberlain, SD & Sioux Falls, SD
And all of his family and friends that are way too numerous to mention.

Interment

Fort George Cemetery
Lower Brule, SD

Arrangements By: Hickey Funeral Home, Chamberlain, SD

A Love Like No Other

By: Paula M. Newman

From the time I was born

I guess you would know

Ten perfect fingers

Ten little toes

When you first put your finger in my tiny

hand that's when i first knew

You were my papa no one else would do

As I grew older

and reach for the sky

My Papa is still there

When I need someone to hold me

you never say I'm too big

You pick me up and squeeze me

and whisper you're my little kid

Most other people don't understand me

or maybe just not as well

That's why you're the one I run to

when I have something to tell

I love you Papa

as you can see

I'm so glad

that you're a part of me.

Upon the death of my son Scott, my daughter Karen asked if I would write my own obituary.

I was born on Friday June 13, 1930 in Elmhurst, Ill. to the Rev. William J. and Helen P. (Lindsay) Jones. I was the oldest of 5 children and the only boy.

In the summer of 1937 I publically acknowledges accepting the Lord Jesus as my savior and was baptized by my father in the First Baptist Church of Cassadaga, N.Y.. Although i have failed Him many times, god hes never forsaken me.

I graduated from Radner Sr. High, Wayne, P.A. in June 1947. In January of 1953 I graduated from Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill. with a degree in Biblical Archaeology.

In April of 1953 I volunteered for the draft and entered the U.S. Army serving until April 01 1955. I subsequently attended Westminster Theological Seminary for 1 year and graduated school at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia for 2 years.

Following my schooling I took a position teaching at West Nottingham Academy, Colora, Maryland. I taught there from 1959 until 1965.

In the summer of 1960 while working as a field hand for the River Basin Surveys of the Smithsonian Institute I met the sister of a coworker - Joseph Langdeau. In October of that year I married Dorothy Belva Langdeau Jandreau. " A wife of noble character --- worth far more than rubies." (proverbs 31:10)

I immediately had a family of six: Jerauld, who became one of the youngest ranchers in South Dakota. Michael, lost at the age of 16 when his mother moved East but who went on to become the longest serving Tribal Chairman in South Dakota. Barbara, willful at age 15 became a most loving daughter to me. Janice, at age 10 told me I was rich because I had gold and silver in my hair. Little did she know how rich she made me with children and grandchildren. Terry, who has a heart of gold beneath his gruff exterior. And finally Vance, who as a child today who have had an alphabet following his name but with the intellect of a Rhodes Scholar.

Dorothy and I went on to have 2 children: Scott, who had the mind and the love of debate of his grandpa Jones. And Karen so caring and dependable, a carbon copy of her Aunt Gwyneth and who gave me a grandson Tyler who with Stephanie gave me great grandchildren Lanah, Carter, and David Paul.

Were I to begin to name all of the beautiful children and grandchildren of Jerauld, Michael, Barbara, Janice, Terry and Vance I would surely leave some out. I am so proud of all of them.

As to my sisters: poor Wyllys whom I locked in a mausoleum when she was ten. Gwyneth, stubborn at age 5 developed a keen sense of justice and "right thinking" though she never heeded our mother's admonition "Gwynnie, you can't change the world". Helen who even at age 3 had her own way of doing things. And finally Laurel, whom I remember practicing her violin with cotton in her ears because she couldn't stand her own playing.

Apart from my parents and Dorothy, Judge W.W. Nuernberger had the most influence on my life. He along with his wife Marion and daughter Deanne, Jan and Nancy made our family theirs. Dorothy never got over their love toward us.

I want my death to be a celebration of life and not a time of mourning.

I was proceeded in death by my parents, my wife Dorothy, sisters Wyllys Cousins and Helen Jones, son Scott, step sons Jerauld and Michael, nephew John Hopper and great grandson Romeo Brouse.

I am survived by his children Karen Jones, Barbara Evans, Janice (Jim) Brouse, Terry Jandreau, Vance (Ruby+), sisters Gwyneth (David) Erlandson, Laurel (Don) Hopper; grandson Tyler (Stephanie) Jones; great grandchildren Lanah, Carter, and David Paul; many beautiful grandchildren and great grandchildren of Jerauld, Michael, Barbara, Janice, Terry, Vance; and many nieces and nephews.



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