

## CHANCELLOR LYONS SPEAKS OF DEAN JONES

If a man dies, shall he live again? Yes, he lives on through the lives of those he touched as he passed this way.

Dean Jones, as we knew

him, was not rich by material standards, but he possessed a wealth of idealism, inspiration, love, dedication, character and things of the heart and spirit

which lifted the hopes and aspirations of young people, especially from deprived homes and communities. He inspired many a young man and young woman from the

cotton patch, the tobacco field, the rural town and the big city ghetto, who, by the standards of some people, had no potential for success and for whom an attempt at a college education would be a waste of time. But he knew better and he demonstrated it and it is reflected today in the lives of hundreds of alumni of this institution who were touched and inspired by him.

Physical death is as inevitable for each of us as the dawn of a new day. We cannot avoid it, stop it or reverse it. But the important thing is what we do with the brief span of years we are privileged to live on this earth. What do we leave as a legacy for those who come behind us?

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The person we memorialize today leaves a large estate and a great legacy for all of us. He leaves a good name. This is a part of his estate. He leaves a wealth of idealism. This is a part of his estate. Isn't it possible for those who knew him and were taught and inspired by him to strive to succeed because of their exposure to him? Inspiration is a part of his estate. He displayed sympathetic understanding toward people; he knew the meaning and importance of

love, sacrifice, friendship, ambition, dedication, dependability and character. They were all part and parcel of him. All of these qualities are a part of his estate and the legacy he leaves to his family, the University, the State and the society at large.

I believe that Dean Jones would have us not be sad this afternoon, but I believe he would have us to reflect seriously on the fact that one day the name of each of us will be called, our will will be probated and our estate will be settled. That we might take an inventory of our own estate right now and determine whether it is sufficient. And if it is not to set up a systematic plan for building it up as a legacy for those who will be left after we are gone. This, I believe, is the profound message which his passing conveys to us.

He was a person who reached for the High Plateaus. He understood the great truth that God is so interested in us that He is persistently attempting, through the winsomeness of His own character, to lure us away from the baseness, the ugliness, the filth, the tragedy of life, out into the High Plateaus where it is clean and sweet and the soul can live free from trouble and pain and where life can be lived with the serenity and the beauty of one who is in tune with the Infinite. He knew all too well that to make a Supreme effort to so live is to live, not in vain, but in perpetuity. And so it is; may God rest his soul.



William Stanback, President of FSU Student Government Association speaks at Funeral Services for Vice Chancellor J.C. Jones. Seated L. to R. are: J.A. McCoy, Association Dean of Students, Dr. Rudolph Jones, President Emeritus, Rev. Robert Massey, Dr. Charles "A" Lyons, Chancellor, and John Henley, N.C. Senator.

### John C. Jones Dies

On January 20, 1978, Fayetteville State University lost a valuable member of its staff. John C. Jones, Vice Chancellor of Student Development, died after a prolonged illness. Jones, 55, had occupied this position since July 15, 1977.

Jones was well liked on campus. He was compassionate, understanding, honest, and fair in dealing with student problems. He had an excellent rapport with students because he took the time to listen to all problems, no matter how insignificant they seemed. Jones came to Fayetteville State in 1959 as an Associate Professor in the department of Social Science. In 1960 he became Dean of Men and in 1965 was named Dean of Students.

Jones was active in civic and educational organizations. He also left a legacy of fine work at the Raleigh and Goldsboro Youth Centers.

Jones is survived by his wife, Alice, two daughters, Alici Yvonne and Donna Louise, his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Jones and two sisters and one brother.

### ETERNAL TANDEM

in a moment's passage, new life begins  
and in that same moment lives end  
many are laid to rest  
A newborn child suckles at his mother's breast  
and the circle is unbroken  
Life and death—not opposites inseparables.  
Returned to the earth the decomposition of your remains  
fueled by the rains replenishes the soil  
aids the miracle of birth  
Trees grow  
Waters flow  
And the cycle is complete.  
Readiness is not a prerequisite for death  
Many die unprepared  
And meanwhile, life rolls on.

### IN COMMEMORATION OF MR. J.C. JONES

"A Unique Educator Was He"

A great man has left us, though not alone; His nobility will always linger on.

He left us with the dignity and courage that will help to make us strong.

A man of marked excellence was he, he should be commended for the contributions that he left behind.

A man of his character is a rare man, A man of his character isn't easy to find.

He worked diligently and patiently for the betterment of F. S. U. ;

A feeling of warmth and love he gave when asking "How do you do"?

Recollecting the times we needed help, he was there to help us out.

Working with enthusiasm and dedication toward serving the people was what this man was about.

He was a man whose concern for education reached far beyond his own desire.

He was a man of much respect, for whom the people did admire.

Common sense was the thing I found remarkable about this man.

He spoke with words of intelligence that was easy to understand.

He never tried to advise you on matters that he wasn't able to do.

This man was always trying to set the perfect example for me and you.

He knew his limitations as to what he could do.

Yet he (Mr. Jones) gave tremendously to F. S. U.

The word can't wasn't part of his vocabulary, he would always say I'll do what I can.

Even when tasks seemed impossible, he didn't falter; he had confidence, he was quite a remarkable man.

Thinking of Mr. Jones should help realize that we should give our thanks before it's too late.

Students, please do your best at FSU by thanking it's faculty, oh, don't you wait.

May his achievements be a commemoration of his own

works, oh may they ever stand.

May his FSU family, community, and church remember his contributions as a man.

On behalf of myself, I say farewell to soldier who fought his best.

Farewell Mr. Jones, Farewell; Oh may your family and friends be at rest.

Letter to

### CHANCELLOR LYONS

Dear Dr. Lyons:

As an alumna of Fayetteville State University, I was deeply saddened about the death of Mr. J. C. Jones. Knowing him as the man he was, it behooves me greatly to share a few sincere thoughts in regards and with deepest respects for his achievements. If I may I request that these words be kept in honor of our loved one. I also wish that the family of Mr. Jones see this letter as well as the university family. Therefore, I ask that these late words be published in the school newspaper.

To the bereaved family, colleagues, students of F. S. U., members of the alumni association, and friends; let it be noted, the brilliance of such a man. Considering the character of Mr. J. C. Jones, he should be commemorated for his loyalty, love, and respect for the betterment of all men. The works that he accomplished through devoting himself to his religion, education, community, and politics are extraordinary in depicting his character.

He was a unique man, with high principles of moral and social justice. The qualifications of Mr. Jones' uniqueness may be denoted in the following verse and poem.

He was a man of great intelligence, yet never boasting.

He was an educator, yet enjoyed being educated.

He was a leader, yet knew how to follow.

He was a speaker, yet knew

when to listen.

He was a jovial man, yet knew to be serious.

He was a soft spoken man, yet when to be firm.

He was a man who fought for the people, yet never stopped fighting.

In behalf of his contributions, I dedicated this poem from my own writing.

Route 1, Box 239  
Rosehill, North Carolina  
February 3, 1978

### INSPIRATION

(It is sad to think of Death as an inhabitant of these joyous, progressive days of the new year when all is looking forward. Death is thought to be the opposite of forwardness.) Wait!! Let's stop to think for a moment. Who has died? How did he die? What has he left behind? What is the meaning of his death at this time of year?

John C. Jones has died. He lived a full, rewarding Christian life. He has left behind a legacy of kind, humane, Christian deeds. They are numerous and long lasting. Perhaps, you! You may have been the recipient of one of his just decisions. The magnitude of John C. Jones, (Dean Jones as this campus knew him) was felt state-wide. His greatest gift was his compassion and understanding of young people. His work in the community and state was excellent and fulfilling. He has left behind a challenge to each of us. Live life fully

and give to life's every waking moment the best of your capabilities. By his death the challenge has been sealed. His death at this time of year is ironic indeed. The flowers are beginning to bud, the trees have shed the dead leaves and are preparing for Spring, the hibernating animals roll over for the last time to rest peacefully for a little longer before rising to start a new year, and the migrating birds fly back north to begin the year again. People have begun the year with new hopes, dreams, and expectations. God has closed the book on Dean Jones' life to show us how life should be lived. Dean Jones' life exemplifies the way our lives should be. So, as you strive to achieve your new year's resolutions, live a full and rewarding life, be as compassionate and understanding as you can, and remember that in his (Dean Jones) passing he has shown us how to live.

by: Anthony Melvin

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