



Irvin Edward Jones

July 15, 1930 - December 17, 2017

In my eyes, Irvin Edward Jones was a man among men. He was Pennsylvania Avenue Slick, well-traveled, well read, vastly experienced and highly professional. He could wax poetic, as well as, philosophical. Irvin Jones could croon a tune to make you weep and tell a story that made you laugh yourself silly. He could light up a room just by walking in it.

Per Irvin, “Pennsylvania Avenue Slick” referred to the way a man dressed and carried himself. Irvin grew up at a time when Pennsylvania Avenue was the place to be. The Royal Theater attracted all the top bands and performers in the country. He heard every performance for free, sitting on the curb in the alley behind the theater. That’s where Irvin developed his love of jazz. He would check out the patrons, dressed to kill from head to toe, going in the front door and listen to the music coming out the back. Take a minute. Close your eyes and picture Irvin. Can you see him: Joe Banks suit, dress shirt, silk tie, Florsheim shoes, Kangol hat, sprits of Lagerfeld eau de toilette and that devil-may-care smile. The man had charisma.

His travels started when he was a young boy. To keep him out of trouble, Irvin’s mother would send him to Chestertown, on the eastern shore, to spend to summer. He traveled by ferry and stayed on the farm with his paternal Grandma Anna. He talked about how much he hated it and was embarrassed whenever Grandma Anna would walk up and down the aisles at church

reciting poetry. In later years he realized how much those times helped to develop his love of poetry and his speaking/teaching abilities.

He told me how he would cut school to shoot pool on the Avenue. He became quite the shark. I've seen him take on all comers and very coolly send them all packing. It was nothing for Irvin to run a table.

Irvin got a job making deliveries for a dry cleaner. Once, before a show at the Royal, Irvin had to deliver a dress to the hotel where the performers stayed. He was sent to the performer's room. The door was opened by none other than "Lady Day" herself, Billie Holiday. Needless to say, Irvin floated back to the cleaner's.

Later, he worked at the drugstore that was at the top of Eutaw Place. He made deliveries and sold newspapers to all the apartment buildings in that area. One day, a lady opened the door naked. Irvin dropped the package and ran. After that he started working at Pimlico Racetrack as a hot walker.

Irvin ran away to New York twice. Actually, he and a buddy walked to New York. The trip took about three days. I asked questions. What did you eat? Milk and bread, they lifted off of doorsteps. Where did you sleep? In the woods. Where did you stay when you got there? His buddy's aunt's. What did you do? Work the racetracks. What were you running from? That answer intrigued me. Irvin said it wasn't what he was running from, but what he was running to. He was trying to find himself. After the second trip, Irvin convinced his mother to sign the papers for him to enlist in the military. He was 17 and on the cusp of the adventure of his life.

Irvin stayed in the military for ten years, stationed at various bases around the contiguous U.S., Alaska, Korea, Tinian and Guam. He was taken under the wing of a sergeant, who exposed him many questionable things. While hanging out in San Francisco, Irvin was advised never to tell anyone his real name. That's when "Eddie," Irvin's alter ego, was born. Oh, the things Eddie did! I feel so privileged to have been told all the sorted details. And yes, I laughed myself silly. It was nothing for me to say to him, "Tell me again about the time you...." The good thing is that over time Irvin matured into a

responsible, compassionate adult, as well as strong leader.

While stationed in Sioux City, Iowa he met, fell in love with and married his wife of 48 years, Ada Sutton. He studied law until he was deployed to Korea. Irvin told me about finding a baby abandoned in a rice paddy. He took care of that baby until a home was found for him. He also adopted a poor family, making sure they had food to eat. He also said that was the only time he had to carry a weapon. Once he put it down, he never picked up another one. On the tiny island of Tinian, because there was literally nothing to do, Irvin read everything he could get his hands on, including the Holy Bible from cover to cover. The limited supply of food on Guam prompted him to add cookbooks to his reading list. If you never had the chance to feast at Irvin's table, you missed a treat. I can't remember whether it was Guam or Tinian, but on one of these islands he dropped a heavy-duty crane into the Pacific Ocean. Irvin decided to separate from the military when his next deployment was going to be Greenland. He said isolated was one thing. But, to be isolated and cold was a bit too much. So he moved his family to Baltimore. Ada and their sons, Lonnie and Michael, had joined Irvin on Guam. Their third son, Shawn came later.

Irvin got a job at the Post Office as a mail clerk. He hated it. He also drove a cab, which he liked. That's also how he met his oldest friend, Herman "Ham" Pittman. I'm not sure how Irvin met Marion Golden, but they had been friends since before I was born. Irvin, Ham, Marion and Vernon Mason were members of the Cabolaros Social Club. They gave cabarets among other things. I mention that because all but Ham joined First Church. Coincidentally, Marion lived across the street from my parents. I sold him Girl Scout cookies. Around 1961 Irvin went to work for Juvenile Services. There he had found his true calling, working with children and people in general. Irvin moved up through the ranks to supervisor, trainer and finally training manager. Along the way he became a Boy Scout Troop Leader, picked up golfing, dabbled in real estate, and joined a "Philosophical Society." Irvin retired after over 30 years of

service. I read all the “Recollections and Reflections on The Man and His Career” from those he worked with. I was blown away. Just a few excerpts: “What stands out to me is not just your training skills, but your ability to establish rapport and most importantly put people at ease.”

“I want you to know what a profound and positive impact you had on my professional life. ... You were a dynamic force of experience, wisdom and insight. ...”

“I used to watch you do whole lectures without notes – in awe and encouragement- wondering how anyone could possibly do that.”

I was blown away, but not at all surprised. I could attest to almost everything they said.

I got to know Irvin, thanks to Ada, First Church and Rev. Bill Golden, who was the pastor at that time. He was also Marion Golden’s brother. Ada joined the Church shortly after I did. We had both been invited by Marion.

Per Irvin, when Ada was diagnosed with terminal leukemia, she told him that the death sentence was on her, not him. She expected him to go on living, scatter her ashes in Bermuda, join the church, remarry and buy the Church a computer. Irvin devoted himself to Ada’s care until she took her last breath.

Then he followed all of her instructions, just not in that order. Ada passed in May of 1999. A few months later Irvin joined First Church and joined the church Board as Financial Secretary.

Irvin asked Rev. Golden what computer equipment to buy. He gave Irvin my number, since I did most of the church’s computer work on my PC. He called, asked me what I thought the church needed and if I would go with him to shop. I said yes. He picked me up and went to couple of stores pricing systems. As we did, we talked and laughed. Shortly after that, Irvin went to Bermuda. Ada’s brother Bobby lives in Bermuda and showed Irvin the financial package he used as Financial Secretary at his church. After Irvin returned, he purchased the system and asked me to help him install it. I did and we talked and laughed the whole time. Then Irvin asked me to download the financial package demo to my PC and tell him what I thought. I did. We

agreed that it would be good for the church, and then talked and laughed for about two hours. The Church purchased the package and we worked together for several months entering data. Of course, we talked and laughed.

We continued to work together at First Church. We served on the Church Board, sang on the choir and attended bible study. Irvin was active in the Men on the Move Ministry. We participated in the Mid-Atlantic District Meat Canning Project and Irvin served on the District Meat Canning Committee. One summer, we fixed lunch every day for Vacation Bible School.

We did our best work together on the "Salt Shaker," which was the First Church newsletter. That was another one of our shared experiences. He and his best friend, Herman Pittman produced a church magazine. They went to different churches on Sunday or when there was a special event. Irvin took pictures. Ham took names and notes. They would lay the magazine out, sneak in a particular newspaper building and print it. The following Sunday they went back to the church and sold every copy. My experience was less interesting. I just wrote an internal technical newsletter.

In spite of the age difference, we had so much in common. We were both readers; Irvin because of his time on Tinian and me because of my time in my room. I was punished a lot. We were both well-traveled; Irvin because of his military service and trips and cruises with Ada and me because of my job at IBM World Trade. We had both been trainers and liked jazz.

We didn't actually start dating until April of 2000 and got married in January of 2001. We hung out at the Y, working out and swimming. We went to Jazz shows and on road trips. We hung out with family and friends, especially Irvin's younger brother Allan and his wife Vikki. I was his sous chef, chauffeur and whatever else he needed me to be. He was the man of my dreams. But most of all we were a match made in heaven. I thank God for Irvin every day. It was by His grace that we were able to love, talk and laugh for 17 years.

Cemetery Details

Baltimore Cemetery

Baltimore, MD

Previous Events

Service

FEB 10. 3:00 PM - 5:00 PM (ET)

March Life Tribute Center, P.A. - Randallstown

5616 Old Court Road

Windsor Mill, MD 21244

(410) 655-0110

<https://www.marchlifetributecenter.com>

Tribute Wall



“ *View and Download the Funeral Program*

March Funeral Homes - October 24, 2022 at 02:31 PM



“ *Irvin Edward Jones*

October 13, 2022 at 08:33 AM



“ *We the March Family and Staff wish to extend our deepest and heartfelt sympathy in the passing of your loved one. Our prayers go out to you and your family in your time of loss. We know and understand that you have received many expressions of love and we will continue to lift you up in prayer. May the memories you cherish of brighter and happier days help to ease your sorrow and comfort you always.*

March Funeral Homes - May 08, 2018 at 10:13 AM