

Max Jones



A short time ago I read a very moving note in our church visitors' book:

“Came to see my mother in laws' lovely memorial window.

Such a peaceful place.

Also in lovely memory of my husband Max Jones.

He also spoke of Occold.

He was very happy here. Clare Upton Jones”

Max, as a young lad, and his mother Nerissa were well loved in our village and Nerissa's sudden death a great blow to us. Unfortunately we lost track of Max after his mother's death but we remember him as a gentle giant amongst the other village kids.

Tragically, he was killed in a car accident on the way back from Cheltenham Races on the 18th March 2006. There is a memorial bench for Max along the Winchester water meadows, a place where he and Clare spent so much time together. He is buried in the natural burial grounds on the South Downs Way, and just like Nerissa has a tree planted there.

Clare confirms that “Max spoke of Occold so fondly and I truly think his days there were the happiest of his youth, despite it also being the place of such tragedy for him. It is so comforting to hear how well loved Max and Nerissa were there.



Rosalie Nerissa Jones

We had been together since University (13 years) but were only married in 2004. We had our beautiful daughter Rosalie Nerissa in 2005. She was only 9 1/2 months when Max died. Rosalie has much of her daddy's character, but alas not his ginger hair.

On a happier note, Max grew to the height of 6ft 4. He studied Japanese studies at King Alfred's University, Winchester. He later became a journalist, a job he loved. It meant he could spend his working day doing what he loved - talking to people, socializing, going to the pub, walking and writing. He did a lot of travelling to places like South Africa, South America, Thailand. His main loves in life were reggae and folk music, cheese, going to the races, his cat Mickey and Jack Russell Roni and more recently of course Rosalie. He remained a gentle giant. He was one of the most kind, generous and funny men I have ever met. Over 300 people came to his funeral, a testament to the kind of man he was. As one person put it, he seemed to pack a lifetime of activities

into his short life.”

Max left Occold to live with his auntie & uncle in Anglesey but eventually became a journalist on the Mid Hampshire Observer (around Winchester). Some extracts from the numerous tributes on <http://www.hantsmedia.co.uk/tributes.html>

“People live their lives with different amounts of energy and spirit, but Max had more than most, and it’s a tragedy he just used it up quicker.”

“The Observer losing Max is a bit like the BBC losing John Peel. Of course we’ll carry on somehow, but he can never be replaced, for he was truly unique.”

“Max was someone who brought energy into any room he walked into. You never saw him feeling morose or depressed and his passion for life, and particularly his love for his wife and daughter, literally spilled over into everything else he did.”



>

