



Jean Adams

May 5, 1939 - June 8, 2013

Jean Adams, age 74 of Manassas, VA passed away at her residence on Saturday, June 8, 2013.

Jean was retired from the Prince William County School Board as a Data Processor.

She was preceded in death by a brother Bob Fogle and a sister Betty Blough.

Survived by her son Robert Adams; her siblings Jack Fogle, Ann Ames and Micky Wright and by 2 grandchildren Joey Adams and Kelsey Adams.

The family will receive friends at Pierce Funeral Home, 9609 Center Street, Manassas, VA on Tuesday, June 11, 2013 from 6-8 PM. Graveside services will be held at Stonewall Memory Gardens on Wednesday, June 12, 2013 at 11:30 AM

Tribute Wall

BF

“ I will truly miss Ms. Adams. She insisted I call her Jean but I just never could. She was like a mom to me and I loved her like a mom. She helped me and my sisters through many hard times. She made me the most awesome lemon meringue pie one Thanksgiving when my mouth was wired shut. I hope she knows what a huge influence she was in my life. I could go on and on about how wonderful she was. I love you Ms Adams. Thank you for being a part of my life.

Beth Finzel - August 30, 2013 at 01:46 PM

“ Although you were not my 'biological' mother, you were my 'adopted' mother & I called you "mom."

I was 11 in 1974, when we met at Colonial Village apartments as I sold tomatoes door-to-door from my mother's garden. Five (5) pounds for \$1. 144 apartments! You were in apartment 608. Later, at age 12, when I started my afternoon paper route, I met your son - - that blonde-haired boy. He was mean to me at first but we soon became friends - jumping bikes, building forts, playing football, blowing things up, and on occasion, accidentally catching ourselves on fire -- requiring a trip to the ER. Burns, breaks, and cuts. We certainly kept you busy.

You gave us a big scare in high school when you had a stroke. But you demonstrated perseverance as you fought to regain your range of motion.

As I got older, I double-dated in high school with that blonde-haired boy. As growing teens, we raided your refrigerator in the wee hours of the night. You always had the best tasting and most abundant food. And in some strange way, it always tasted better at 1am.

That lil blonde-haired boy & I became lifelong friends.

In a neighborhood where most of the kids grew up without fathers, you understood us, connected with us, gently offered guidance, while never judging, but somehow still making us accountable for wise choices (except Pete & Johnny). [j/k]

Even though time & space separated us as I got older and had a family & career of my own, it was as if I had never left town whenever I came to visit. You made me (& my wife and kids) always feel welcome & special.

Thank you for being there. You had a huge impact on my life. (Heck, I even followed you into the computer field) I cherish the time we

had together & the laughs we shared.

Speaking of laughs, I will miss your little country laugh & the stories you shared about the crazy events in that little blonde-haired boy's life.

Thank you for being a special part of my life.

Paul Lenk - August 30, 2013 at 01:46 PM

JV

“ *Sorry for your loss. Jean and I work together at PWCS for a few years.*

Jeanette Viar - August 30, 2013 at 01:46 PM