



John James Monroe Jr.

September 30, 1942 - September 6, 2017

John James Monroe, Jr. age 74 passed away on Wednesday, September 06, 2017 at Novant Health Prince William Medical Center in Manassas, VA.

He was born on September 30, 1942 in Schenectady, NY to the late John James Monroe, Sr. and Laura J. (DeFelippo) Monroe. John graduated from Scotia Glenville High School and received degrees from Union College in Schenectady, NY and Virginia Tech in Blacksburg, VA. He was a former Engineer at NASA in Houston, TX and a Software Engineer at General Dynamics Information Technology. John was instrumental in the command module procedures and development along with the computer programming for the lunar landing of the Apollo 16 and Skylab. He was presented with a flag that landed on the moon.

John will be joining his granddaughter Mariah in Heaven.

Survivors include his loving wife Carol L. (Laurenty) Monroe whom he married on April 18, 1964; one daughter: Maria Andrews and two grandsons: Marcus and Justin Andrews.

Expressions of sympathy may take the form of donations to: Chapel Springs Church, 11500 New Life Way, Bristow, VA 20136 or you may choose to donate or send flowers to: Sharing Hearts Home Healthcare, 8007 Botha Road,

Bealeton, VA 20186 where his wife Carol is being cared for.

Condolences may be sent to: www.piercefh.com

Tribute Wall

LD

“ So sorry for your loss Jack was my cousin his mother was my fathers sister I just found out. The last time I saw him was when he moved his mother and Aunt Mary back to Scotia NY. Cousin Lou DeFelippo

Lou DeFelippo - August 02, 2023 at 02:35 PM

KD

“ So sorry to hear about John's passing. He will be missed. I worked with John at General Dynamics and have fond memories of playing music with him at some informal work parties and luncheons. We can be assured that he's tickling the ivories now for St. Peter and delighting all there.

Ken Duck

Ken Duck - September 29, 2017 at 01:15 PM

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During our Sophomore and Junior years, to satisfy the language requirement, John and I took Russian. The 1960's were the post-Sputnik era, and the Russians were very much on the world stage, especially in the sciences. Understanding the Russian language seemed wise. John had a gift for languages. Just like with music, he absorbed them, as if through his pores. In high school, John had gotten A's in German. He got A's in Russian at Union. By the second year, he was fluent. He was the envy of us all. I thought for sure (again) he would after graduation go on to find a job in the State Department, or more likely the CIA. But he did not, and I never discovered why.

After graduation, and a final summer at Dudley Observatory, I left for California and graduate school. John and I fell out of touch. I'm sorry we did, because it would be a very long time before we met again.

In the years after Union College, and once every ten years, I'd receive an invitation from our high school class president to attend one of the decadal reunions. I never accepted. I never went. Maybe there was a lot of left over baggage from high school. It's hard to say. I just didn't want to go. But in 2010, I got the invitation to our high school's 50th reunion. There's something about having fifty years span the distance between old acquaintances and animosities that was compelling, and together with my wife Margo, we decided to go. The reunion would be a three-day event in Scotia, at the Glen Sanders Mansion by the river.

In the weeks leading up to the event, Charlie had circulated a list of attendees together with their email addresses. John was on that list. Charlie, John and I got back in touch, arranging to meet on the first day for lunch at Jumping Jacks, a 1950's iconic drive-in, amazingly still in business down by the river. It was a hot and muggy Summer day, like all those I remembered. Margo and I walked from the parking at the Glen Sanders, across the boulevard and down to the drive-in. Charlie and John were already there waiting for us. On approach, John spotted us and he ran over to shake our hands.

That moment of welcome collapsed the 46 years since Union College into but a single moment.

There are aspects of our personality that seem unchangeable with time. I suppose for the most part we should be grateful for that.

Otherwise what would be really be other than a puddle of silly putty on the sidewalk? For John, it was his wry smile, his fine sense of humor, his piercing eyes and insight into the social and political dilemmas of our time, and his never- ending thirst to understand the nature of things. All that still shining across half a century.

End of page two.

Ivan Linscott - September 21, 2017 at 02:02 PM

“ Page three of three.

Ironically, John and I had grown into two diverse political perspectives. Not hard to see why, what with me now a product of California culture, and John living comfortably in rural Virginia. But it was ok, fun even to wrangle and amuse each other. Together with John and Charlie, we had the time of our lives at the reunion. We tried to coax John into staying one more day and accept Charlie and Judy's gracious invitation to dinner at their home. But John was so anxious to return to his home and Carol, he just could not stay another day.

Since the reunion John and I kept in touch via email, occasionally exchanging political views, but mostly delving into the nature of things and the unanswered questions of physics and cosmology. I ordered books and sent them to him. We blame Amazon.com for a lot of the deterioration of American infrastructure, the bookstore in particular. But I really appreciated being able to send those books on cosmology to John.

*It's hard to think he's gone. Our friendship spanned the nearly 75 years of my life. My mom died ten years ago, my dad ten years before that. All my aunts and uncles: gone. Just my younger brother Eric remains of my family and their generation. But a 75-year friendship stands alone. I mourn that loss. There's something about friendships forged in childhood that enable them to stand the test of time. I frequently recall the movie *Stand by Me*, and marvel at the role childhood friendships play in our lives. I celebrate John and the extraordinary gifts he had, and that he was a person of integrity, courage, imagination and compassion. He was my dear friend.*

-Ivan Linscott September 14, 2017

“ Page one of three.

It was with a deep sadness I heard of the passing of my lifelong friend, John Monroe. I'd known John since kindergarten. Together we attended grade school in Scotia, NY, then junior high, high school, and Union College, where we both majored in physics. Our friendship was extraordinary in that it endured those formative years. Only one other friend, Charlie McCullough shares that honor. John and I had many of the same interests. Summers during grade school and junior high were spent on our bicycles riding the streets and byways of Scotia, a small town by then predominantly a bedroom community for the General Electric plant in Schenectady across the Mohawk river from Scotia. Both our fathers were employed at GE, and both our families had settled in quiet neighborhoods with tree lined streets of two story frame houses with back yards where childhood imaginations could expand. On our bikes, we explored the margins and banks of the Mohawk river, visited the town park with its turgid lake and a scraggly beach strewn with thorny chestnuts, and stopped in the drugstore on the corner of Mohawk and Reynolds Avenue to see if my uncle the pharmacist would offer us an ice cream cone.

Both John and I took piano lessons, but not from the same teacher. John's teacher was his mother. Mine was in an unheated, one room studio with an impatient woman in a heavy, black woolen coat. But that wasn't the reason John became proficient and a much better pianist than me. He had a gift for the piano. An ear and a touch of delicacy and grace, not just for the piano, but for music in general. I thought for sure music would become his career. But as with us all, other interests would emerge in our high school years.

In high school, we both gravitated toward chemistry and physics. It was chemistry that got our most attention, sparked by a teacher who had that rare ability to inspire and encourage. Physics, although it would be our choice of major in college, was not as appealing then, probably the impact of having the football coach teach the class. Not that the teacher was out of his depth. He wasn't. Rather, as we'd come to realize much later, discipline and

regimentation have their virtues, just not as concentrated as his was in the teaching of science. Even so, John excelled in chemistry and physics.

Curiously, a small group of us who had been together in high school chose to go to Union College in Schenectady. There were five of us, John, Charlie, Bill Baumann, Paul Wagner, and me, that were admitted to Union. We all commuted to the college, mostly I think to save the expense of living on campus, although that deprived us of many aspects of campus life. To compensate, we'd meet daily in the electron microscopy lab where I was a lab assistant. Our time together in that lab was filled with conversations of our day, our homework, our girlfriends, our hopes and fears and plans for the future.

We were in our Junior year at Union, when president Kennedy was assassinated in November 1963. We gather together in the lab when the news broke. We were disoriented and frightened, John was in tears. The world turned toward darkness on the axis of that day. No one more than John felt the portent of that moment. It would change his life's path.

End of first page.

Ivan Linscott - September 21, 2017 at 01:50 PM

NH

“ *I knew Jack many years ago when Sandy Test and Carol Laurenty lived on Pleasantview Ave. Sincere condolences to you, Carol and your family.*

Noreen Wurz Hansen - September 16, 2017 at 12:27 PM

A1

“ Please except my condolences for your loss. I am jack"s cousin Buddy. I always remember Jack having his nose in a math book at family reunions he was the smart of the family.He once told me that he mathematic had won the first Iraq war for General Schwarzkoph. Angelo (Buddy) DeFelippo111

Angelo DeFelippo 111 - September 16, 2017 at 09:13 AM

LD

“ I have known John for the past 10 plus years. He was so knowledgeable and friendly. He was truly a remarkable person, and I will miss him greatly.

Larry Terango, D.D.S.

Larry Teango, D.D.S. - September 11, 2017 at 11:49 AM