



## JASON MARCUS BOONE

January 12, 1983 - June 25, 2021

Jason Marcus Boone, 38. of Wilcoe, WV, passed away Friday, June 25, 2021 at the residence of a friend in Wilcoe, WV. Born January 12, 1983 in Bluefield, WV, he was the son of Donna June Marcus Johnson and his step father Lowell Johnson of Wilcoe.

He was preceded in death by his grandmother who helped to raise him Thelma Marcus of Coalwood.

Jason was an Electrical Lineman for several companies and really enjoyed his job. He was a 2001 graduate of Big Creek High School in War where he played football and wrestled. He also loved to fish and he was of the Pentecostal Faith.

In addition to his parents, those left to cherish his memories is one son, Landon Marcus Johnson of Wilcoe.

Following the wishes of the deceased the body has been cremated and there will be no visitation or funeral services at this time.

A memorial service may be planned at a later date.

The Douglas Mortuary in Welch is serving the Boone-Johnson family. Online condolences may be sent to the family at [www.douglasmortuary.com](http://www.douglasmortuary.com)

# Tribute Wall

CA

“ Carlos sent a virtual gift in memory of JASON  
MARCUS BOONE



carlos - July 08, 2021 at 11:26 PM

AJ

“ Jason was a wonderful person.

Aaron Jones - June 29, 2021 at 10:29 PM

DS

“ Donna, we are so sorry for your loss  
sweetheart, this breaks my heart for you my  
sweet friend .Prayers for you and your family  
❤️🙏❤️🙏



Dreama Smith - June 29, 2021 at 07:47 AM

MN

“ With all my love and with all my heart Donna , I love you and I am  
so sorry .my heart is broke for you . Praying for God to comfort you .

Michele Neal - June 29, 2021 at 03:17 AM

J(

“ Jason was one of a kind. He was a sweetheart. I'm just lost for  
words at this point. We just connected after all these years on FB.  
Jason will be truly missed.

Jeanette Williams (Morgan) - June 28, 2021 at 02:54 PM

BH

“ I could type out memories of Jason for days. He’s in most of the memories of my childhood, and over the last few years he was one of my closest friends. I’ll limit myself to one:

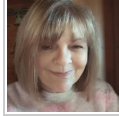
*When we were kids—maybe eight or nine years old—Jason’s dad Tony got him a Go Cart. We were stylin’ and profilin’ as we raised the dust in the alley behind our houses. One day, Jason begged me to try driving. Being the nervous little nerdy kid that I was, I didn’t want to, but when Jason got excited about something, that feeling became infectious. I finally relented, got behind the wheel, and off we went.*

*I wasn’t ready for how sensitive that little gas pedal was. We rocketed down the alley, Jason all the while screaming for me to hit the brake. In my anxiety, I stomped down even harder on the gas. Jason tried to reach over with his own foot and stop our insane ride, but it was too late. We lost control, slamming into an old garbage can. The lid flew high into the air, flipping, spinning, and finally coming in for a landing on Jason’s lap. The shotgun blast sound of our crash brought the lady who owned said trash can out of her house. She took one look at us. Bruised, scratched up, and with a Go Cart that now sported a bent frame. With disgust dripping from her voice, she uttered one line: “Put the lid back on the trash can.” We obliged, and she went back inside with the slam of her door. We carried the Go Cart back to Jason’s. He never asked me to drive it again after that. About ten years later, he and I took a summer government class. I had to beg him to get in the passenger seat of my parents’ Buick Roadmaster. He never forgot winding up with a trash can lid in his lap.*

*I’ll miss you, my brother. Until we can take another wild ride together, rest easy!*

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Brad Hylton - June 28, 2021 at 01:53 PM



*So sorry and heartfelt condolences to my childhood friend, Donna. I love you girl, and my heart aches for you. I am so sorry*

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**Angela Milam** - June 28, 2021 at 07:18 PM