



Joseph M Rowe Jr.

August 17, 1952 - August 27, 2022

Joseph M. Rowe, Jr., unexpectedly passed away on August 27, 2022, at his home in Christiansburg, VA. He had just celebrated his 70th birthday on August 17, 2022. He was born in Washington DC and was adopted by his parents, Joseph M. Rowe, Sr. and Mildred R. Deans. Joe, as everyone knew him, was preceded in death by them both.

His parents also adopted his 2 siblings, Robert (Bobby) Rowe and Therese Stafford. Joe was the eldest among them and he did the very best to live up to the standard of a big brother. As a 12-year-old he would save his allowance and lunch money not for himself but for them, his brother and sister. Joe and his brother Bobby had a very special bond. They leaned on each other through much of their teen years, partners in crime. In their youth they rode their bikes all over the Roanoke Valley and later took trips from Blacksburg to Claytor Lake and Catawba Mountain. Joe may not have been the strongest rider, yet he was the most determined to complete the journey even when some of the group wanted to quit.

He was blessed with a 3rd sibling, Jon Winslow, later in his young adult life. He shared his knowledge and love with Jon.

Joe had 2 children with Pamela Orange Rowe, Michelle D. Rowe and Peter James (PJ) Rowe. Pammy preceded him in death also.

Joe's children were the love and lights of his life. He raised them both to be two of the most awesome adults in the world. Can you tell his children are writing this for him? But honestly, he was the very best father any child could

ask for. He was always there for us growing up. We grew up poor and we wouldn't change a second of it. We can remember coming home on the school bus to daddy watching The Flintstones behind his eye lids, fast asleep on the couch. He was up early every day to work and provide the best that he could. But more than that, he gave us love, peace, and laughter at home. After we became "adults," he continued to worry about us. He was always checking in on us. As he became older, we started checking in on him too. His passing was very unexpected, but truthfully was the way he would have wanted it. It has been the hardest thing that either of us have had to go through, but daddy raised us well and we have been leaning on each other and we will make it through this. We feel that he is looking down on us, proud of who we became. Daddy, we will miss you more than you can imagine, but know that we will carry you with us every day.

He wasn't a great athlete, a war hero, a movie star, or a world leader, yet he showed us how to live life simply, honestly, and humbly. He shared even when he barely had anything to share. He was kindhearted and generous to his own detriment at times. He shared his knowledge of life and life's experiences. We learned how to do many tasks and he showed us the importance of attention to detail.

We are going to tell the world about you, not to embarrass you, but to share your life and exploits. Know that we are proud of you and the life you lived. Tell John Wayne and Audie Murphy howdy for us all: Until we meet again.

Tribute Wall

MS

“ sorry for your loss PJ and Machelle he would come over to the house with uncle bill and we would go cut chestnut rail up on the mountain on craigs creek prayers for you both

Michael G Smith - September 14, 2022 at 07:47 PM

JW

“ Our brother Joe was an amazing man with a wealth of knowledge especially when it came to repair and maintenance of houses. This is why he was the go to repair man for a major property management company in Blacksburg. He would mow the grass and trim the shrubs, repair gutters, make plumbing repairs , patch holes in walls, install counter tops and cabinets, and do electrical work all in the same week!! The main thing he loved and enjoyed were his children Michelle and P.J. As a single father for most of his life he taught them the value of hard work and how to be responsible citizens and he did a wonderful job. We all love and miss Joe and I am so thankful he shared his knowledge and love with me....
Jon

Jon Winslow - September 08, 2022 at 11:16 AM

RR

“ The hardest thing in life is not losing elderly parents or sick parents, it's losing a brother. Your loss has shaken me to the core. Old Beatle's tunes sadden me and knowing we will speak again. I will always remember how you would answer the phone with a terse sounding "Yea" and when you heard my voice you would say "Hey Bobby". The Preston Ave gang has lost one of its members, a leader and creator. God Bless you my brother. Until we meet again.

Robert M Rowe - September 01, 2022 at 10:04 PM