



## Jon W. Estes

April 7, 1956 - October 28, 2024

No obituary found for this tribute.

# Tribute Wall



“ He believed in me when I was a kid. I like to think that carried on even when we no longer talked. He inspired me in so many ways in my art and showing me different views of what art is and what it can mean to different people. He was always doing something, on some new adventure, and I believe this is just his next one.

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January 28, 2025 at 09:43 PM



“ I had the pleasure to work with Jon and we became good friends. He took me out turkey hunting for the first time and got me hooked. We worked at memorial hospital together for many years. We worked the swing shift together and got off work at 11pm. I would go to his house and watch the kids while he drove the baby sitter home. I loved working with Jon. He loved his kids and loved life. I could go on and on but will save it for his celebration of life. I posted a picture of the three of us as a team on Memorials LSU. We saved many lives and saw way to much. He will be missed by so many. Hugs to the family. My sincerest and most heartfelt condolences.



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**Chris Wikeen** - November 08, 2024 at 09:54 PM

ME

“ I was lucky that my Aunt Bea (Valine Estes Madey) took the time to bring me with her on camping trips with my Uncle Joe Estes and his three fun boys (I always looked forward to these trips!) John, Scott and Rod were so fun to be around and always had time to include me. I particularly enjoyed hand fishing in the steams around Jackass Springs where we camped. John was fast enough to actually catch them! I was never that fast! Good memories always!

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**MaryClare Estes** - November 02, 2024 at 03:14 PM

AW

Thank you Mary for sharing. ❤️

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**Amber A Wilson** - November 04, 2024 at 02:17 PM

AH

“ Your daddy and Colson had a real bond for a while. I am so sorry about your daddy. We will be praying for you and your family. Love yah...

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**Amy Hall** - November 02, 2024 at 07:39 AM

AW

“ My dad always forgave me when I did stupid things in my early adult years. I made some really dumb decisions. He continued to love and support me when I had to come crawling back. He was a little on the cocky side, but let's call it confidence and being stubborn. He loved to joke and play pranks. He taught me how to play poker with pennies as our chips. He taught me how to drive. He taught me that I hate to bait my own hook and fish. He took me turkey hunting for my first and only time. My dad loved his children and grandchildren. He was so proud of me and he made sure to tell me and make sure I knew. He was the only person to come to my basic training graduation and my first reenlistment. I am so thankful for the memories I have of him. I can't believe he is gone. Until we meet again dad, I love you.



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**Amber A Wilson** - November 01, 2024 at 11:44 PM