



## Dakota Moon L Jones

September 4, 1995 - January 6, 2022

No obituary found for this tribute.

# Tribute Wall

CJ

“ *Dakota Moon crossed over on January 6, 2022. He got caught in the big storm and peacefully went to sleep, and due to carbonoxide fumes didn't awaken again. A snowplow driver came along and found him. We are grateful to him and to all the other kind humans that have been part of this difficult reconciliation. I Love Dakota every moment and always will, and I celebrate his life and my sharing in it.*

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**Catherine Jones** - February 26, 2022 at 03:55 PM

CJ

“ *Such a Happy Guy off on his journey to the Sea*

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**Catherine Jones** - February 25, 2022 at 06:05 PM

CJ

“ *Oh My Beloved, You came and brought the radiant light of Angels, Thank you for the privilege of being your mother.*

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**Catherine Jones** - February 25, 2022 at 12:03 PM

CJ

“ *I will Love You forever, my precious angel.*

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**Catherine Jones** - February 03, 2022 at 01:49 PM

“ It is unfathomable to be writing this about our precious son Dakota Moon. There was never a more tender heart, or gentle soul. This world was too harsh for him, and it kicked him from the start.

He struggled with his eyes from the day he was born, and in his early 20's mental illness took hold of him. That is a horrible. Lonely journey for the person who has it as well as for the family. Too often it is not talked about and swept under the rug, which keeps everyone; especially the people who are faced with the endless daily difficulties of the confusion it causes in the self and others not knowing a clear path to take; throwing so many of these pure souls into isolation. Through this journey with Dakota I have had to find my way through the maize of resouces available to people with mental illness. The greatest difficulty in all of it is whether the person is able to look at themselves and see the repercussions this horrible monster is creating their lives. We need; as a society, to educate about this affliction, to talk about it openly and to eliminate the fear surrounding it. If schools talked about the millions of people who have to fight with this, and how many of the people in all of our lives deal with this to one degree or another, whether in themselves or a family member; and that it's okay to have that in our lives, the people who are actually the sickest could have a way to feel like taking a route towards help is not so scary or out of their grasp. Tell everyone before they are faced with mental illness what the options are, and have the resources easily accessible instead of hidden behind a dark door.

Throughout everything Dakota continued to have a positive outlook on life and was endlessly loving. His smile shone out and he enjoyed meeting new people and making friends. He spent many hours at the river, swimming and enjoying the warm sand. Dakota Moon was an animal lover and so full of kindness.

He always loved cooking and singing and learning new things from language to history to philosophy, and was a wonderful artist as well. He read such a variety of books all his life and spent a great

*deal of time at the library. He has an extensive collection of books which includes latin and japanese grammar , the knowledge of Einstein, the Periodic Table, along with novels, poetry and the quotes and writings of the Holy Masters.*

*It is a privilege and an honor that he came to me to be his mother and I had these charished years with him in my life. . Dakota lived fully each day, making the most of it. He was an advocate for truth and kindness always?*

*Of course he will be missed terribly by his father Michael R. Lambert and me, Catherine Jones, along with his grandfather Tom Ware, his sisters Jenia and Lily Jones, Thea R. Scharmann, brother-in-law Joshua Scharmann, nephew Auggie Scharmann, brother Gabriel Lambert, aunts Kay Lambert, Amy Galtes and Laura Ware and several cousins, and many friends as well.*

*The only solace I can find to help me navigate through this time of loss and grieving is in knowing that my precious Dakota Moon will not have to spend year after year and decade after decade struggling along with this horrible illness. It's a cruel keeper.*

*A blanket of the purest white stillness covered you, where you drifted off to sleep, and your Soul was carried onward on the wings of Angels.*

*You were my angel Dakota Moon and I will Love FOREVER.*

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**Catherine Jones** - January 28, 2022 at 04:27 PM