



Jason P. Roth

March 19, 1970 - August 5, 2024

Jason Roth

Age 54 of Plum Borough, passed away Monday August 5 2024. He is survived by his Aunt Sandy (NEEN) Campione (Peter). Aunt Shelly Roth (Cara). His best girl Essie. He was the son to the late Carole Mohn and Alan Roth. Grandson to the late Robert Roth and Freida Roth and nephew to the late Thomas Mohn and Norman Roth, also survived by many cousins and dear friends. There will be no visitation per his request. A celebration of life will be planned at a later date.

Tribute Wall

“ When remembering someone who was unique, it’s often said “they broke the mold.” I can’t say I’ve known anyone for whom that saying is more apt. But perhaps not for the usual reasons. He wasn’t unique in terms of his interests or career or beliefs. He wasn’t the odd man out or odd in any way, for that matter. He was unique bcse of his attitude, his belief in grabbing life by the neck and shaking it hard!

Does anyone who knew him know anyone else who got more accomplished in life? By that, I don’t mean he got a doctorate, wrote books, became famous, or made a fortune. I mean that he packed more into each day than most do in a month. That’s the thing that amazed me the most bcse if you knew him well, you knew he fought off many emotional demons and kept them largely at bay for the rest of his life, in an attempt to keep them from interfering with him engaging in life. Considering the demons, he was largely successful. While fighting them off with one hand, he completed all of this current age’s myriad daily adult tasks with astonishing deliberation and without delay, so that he’d be free to do what he desired the rest of the time - cooking, riding, hunting, sailing, traveling, hanging with his friends & family, and much, much more.

Try as I may, I can’t remember a single moment he wasted. Not one.

His persona, which I always thought to be a deliberate and forceful combination of where he came from and his undiluted vision of who he wanted to be, was remarkably attractive.

He created memories that are seared in my brain. I still vividly remember where & when I first met him, the clothes he had on, the song that was playing, and how the air crackled with the electricity between us. To experience being with him was to have the top lifted off your head and the memory branded onto your brain.

He was so many things, with always another layer underneath. How many dictionary entries there are for which a picture of him could define a word better than any descriptors - memorable, stubborn, infuriating, ferocious, forceful, passionate, solicitous, and surprising. If there was a single word for being soft hearted under hard layers, I’d add it to the list, as well.

I laughed with and cried about and screamed at and loved on that man. Even though we had difficulties, pretending he wasn’t the rare and phenomenal person he was, is to be utterly disingenuous.

Re. breaking the mold, there’s no doubt that it was broken but I feel the most important part of that is realizing that he broke it himself, knowingly and with great deliberation. And if you knew him, you know exactly what I mean.

R.I.P., Jason, especially your well-worn soul - you’ve earned it.

Kristen Cumberland - December 23, 2024 at 08:33 AM

JA

“ *I'm so very sad and sorry to know you're gone Jason. I cherish the great memories we had together at WVU. We had a blast. Condolences to the Roth family and his many friends.*

Jay - September 10, 2024 at 12:29 PM