



James Joseph Bartlett

January 28, 1950 - September 13, 2024

James J. Bartlett, 74, of Mooresville, NC, passed away on Friday, September 13, 2024 at Atrium Health Carolinas Medical Center in Charlotte.

He was born and raised on Long Island, NY. Although he had to develop a tough exterior as a child, he still kept his loving heart protected and true to who he was born to be. If you were lucky enough to know him, he was rough on the outside and a big mush on the inside. He was that guy that made everyone smile, laugh and feel safe. No matter what your dilemma was, he assured you it would be ok and he will take care of it. He may not have been a hugger but you still felt his love, and he did more good deeds every year than most people do in their entire lives. Jim never needed praise or recognition, and he often helped without anyone even knowing that he helped them. He had a strong presence and booming voice that clearly communicated what was on his mind, and if that didn't work, he pulled out the big guns - F#@& you with a flip of the finger.

He only shared a few stories from growing up. Three that come to mind are
1 - the time his favorite aunt took him on a road trip upstate, they didn't have a lot of money so they packed sandwiches for lunch. Along the way they stopped at a lake and while nobody noticed, Jim fed the sandwiches to the ducks because 'the ducks were hungry' - so they had no lunch that day.
2 - as a teen, he and his friends would go spear fishing by The OBI (Oak

Beach Inn) off Fire Island. I'm sure they had a few beers and nearly speared each other, but he left that part out.

3 - his high school was close to the Belmont Racetrack, so at lunch he and his friends would take turns running to the track to place everyone's bets.

He was in the plumbers union right out of high school and he quickly made quite an impression on everyone in his industry. He made some great friends who were as full of life, laughter and adventure as he was. They surely made an impression EVERYWHERE they went! Thankfully, they had Jim to keep them all in line.

His skills and talent didn't stop at plumbing. He knew electrical, framing, concrete, mechanical, and more. His interests included fishing, gambling, woodworking, cars, true crime books, fixing everything that everyone else broke, tinkering around with random ideas and seeing where they led him, and sometimes looking for trouble (just kidding, sort of). Weekend mornings he loved sharing his breakfast burrito with Flora, he and Pats' much loved rescue dog.

Jim and Pat married when they were both 20yrs old, devoted to making each other happy and building the life they wanted. They made a great team. They appear to be polar-opposite people, but they had the same values and goals - work hard, live happy, don't bitch about it, love their family and friends, learn how to do it yourself, and make the world a better place. With Pat as his right hand gal, they took a small simple house in Sayville, NY and little by little with their own blood, sweat, and tears, turned it into a beautiful home that even strangers would randomly ask to purchase. They raised their children Jimmy and Kelly to to be strong, independent, loyal and honest - just like them. Pat drove Jim crazy with all her 'little projects' that were never quick and easy, and Jim drove Pat crazy by not listening the first time, maybe not even the second time - but they always had love and devotion for each other.

Jim and Pat moved to NC as soon as he retired, with their dream home built, they were excited to spend time with their grandchildren, Victoria and Christopher as they grew up. We all knew he would never REALLY retire, he's not one to sit still. Corvid was where he found his post-retirement full-time employment, where he was known as 'Pops'. he made some great friends who were as loyal to him, as he was to them. His group of friends there seemed to bring out his younger self.

Jim was a member of the FOP where everyone knew 'Yankee Jim' for all the same amazing qualities as everyone else knew. That's one of the many true things about him - he was who he was, no matter where he was.

Jim would drop everything in a second when his children needed help, and he continued that devotion to family, with his grandchildren. They came #1 on the priority list. Even if he was exhausted or his 'back and knees were screaming' as he would say - it didn't matter, because taking care of everyone is what made him happy at the end of the day. Even if it meant sitting in an uncomfortable auditorium chair or standing in a hot parking lot, forced to make small talk with complete strangers!

In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by his son, James M. Bartlett.

Jim is survived by his wife of 54 years, Patricia Tietjen Bartlett; daughter and son-in-law, Kelly & Terrence Mahoney; grandchildren, Victoria and Christopher L. Bartlett (children of James M. Bartlett); and grandson, Christopher A. Mahoney (Son of Terrence Mahoney).

Terrence and Christopher Mahoney joined the Bartlett family in 2008, and they were smart enough to know that when words are flying, to just stay quiet and

stand back. They slowly blended in over the years and came to love all that Jim had to offer their lives.

Everywhere he went he made friends and brought happiness, in his own unique ways, even as he made his daily stops for work or to the gas station.

He went through life strong, thoughtful, loving and determined to do things his way, and that's how he lived until he was ready to be reunited with many family and friends who he missed so deeply. There's no doubt that he has big plans to clean up this world, even if he has to kick some ass from heaven, trust me, he'll find a way!

No services will be held at this time.

Cavin-Cook Funeral Home & Crematory, Mooresville, is serving the Bartlett family. Condolences may be made to the family at www.cavin-cook.com.

Tribute Wall

PA

“ So we were putting 2 dormers on the house in Sayville. Jim was cranky as usual. Some guys were up in the dormer and a couple of guys on the ground doing the cutting and handing up the pieces. Jim kept complaining to the guys on the ground about the column and type of music they had playing on the radio - change the station, turn it down over and over and over
All of jim isnt on the roof with us
Suddenly he appears on the ground, takes a hatchet to the wire on the radio
" Fixed the radio"

Tom Slattery

pat - October 01, 2024 at 11:34 PM

“Pops was one of those people who could get a smile out of you no matter what kind of day you were having. It didn’t matter what time of day it was—I could always count on a one-word text from him, and we’d switch between calling each other “Schmuck” or “dupid.” It was our thing, and it always made me laugh.

I’ll never forget when I had my accident and was coming back to work. Pops was the one who picked me up every morning. No matter how much I tried to tell him when I’d be ready, he’d always insist on showing up five minutes early, leaving me to rush around trying to get out the door. Those mornings were filled with Pops ranting about my readiness, but they’re some of my fondest memories.

One day, I figured out why Pops always insisted on driving. He had this little green truck with barely any room for passengers. The one time I had to drive him—to a gun show with his son-in-law—was an eye-opener. Pops turned into the worst backseat driver, a complete two-year-old who couldn’t keep his hands off anything in the car. That was the last time I ever drove Pops anywhere.

When we rebuilt his deck, Pops knew he could count on me and the other guys from work, or as he liked to call us, the “Schmuck and Schmuckettes,” for some free labor. In return, we could count on his wife to keep us fed with good food and snacks. That’s also when I learned Pops’ lecture on the difference between a hoagie and a hero—something we’d never hear the end of. In his mind, they were worlds apart, even if the rest of us, Ray, Ralphie, Thomas, and I, couldn’t tell the difference. But Pops could always break down the “history” behind something, even if it was a sandwich.

Pops had his ways, and one of the most important things I learned from him was that “getting hot” had two meanings: for me, it meant sweaty, but for Pops, it meant pissed. When he got hot, it was best to get out of his way and let him do his thing. If he ever called me “Anthony” instead of “Schmuck,” I knew I was really pushing his

buttons.

There were other Pops-isms I'll never forget, like how he hated when I helped him with the trailer straps. My knots were never good enough for him, and he'd always find something wrong. That was just Pops—meticulous about everything he cared about.

Pops wasn't always easy to deal with, but beneath the gruff exterior, he had a huge heart. He was fiercely loyal to those he cared about, and while he'd grumble and complain, you could always count on him to be there when you needed him. I'm going to miss those texts and his rants, but mostly, I'll miss the man who always had my back, even if he'd never admit it out loud.

- Anthony aka Schmuck; I'll miss you Dupid!



Anthony - September 29, 2024 at 11:48 AM

CM

“ Pops, as we knew him here at Corvid, reminded me so much of my father-in-law. Looked very similar to him. Crusty on the outside, but the inside was a softie! When you were part of 'his team' he would go to any length to care for you, support you, watch over you. And if you wanted to talk football -- well all the better. Me being from Michigan I am a life-long Detroit Lions fan. Last fall I told him to bet on the Lions. He said "who??" I said you watch. And of course we all know how that went. Pops would grumble when I asked him to do something, but it was always done immediately. I looked forward to the little pictures he would draw on the envelope he would bring with his receipts inside. I was looking forward to seeing him more when the Fab Shop joins us at the new manufacturing building. Sadly I won't get the opportunity to work with him in the new building everyday. But I will always remember him. We all will! Love You Pops!!

Cindy Meekhof
Corvid Technologies

Cindy Meekhof - September 27, 2024 at 01:38 PM

JB

“ I knew Jim through working at multiple automotive repair shops. Although I didn't speak to him much in the earlier years of my career, I did get to know him and love him soon after he began working with Dave at Anthony's fabrication. In my opinion, Jim seemed to glow while working with the fab shop. Jim always found a way to take the rooms attention with his loud and Stern voice. I was the guy he would call to fix his broken down or acting up vehicles. He didn't pull any punches with me. Jim would call me and not even say hello or what's going on, just straight to the point, "I'm coming over and you're fixing my truck!". No matter what I was doing he would show up and I would drop what I was doing to help him out as I knew he would do the same for me and had done the same for me many times over. It didnt matter what kind of day you were having, Jim/Pops would bring a smile and laugh to anyone he spoke to. He will always be remembered and dearly missed. I pray that his family, friends and loved ones find peace.

Jesse B

Jesse B - September 25, 2024 at 07:53 AM



“ I met Jim (Pops) 2 years ago when I started working for corvid. When I first met him he seemed to me quite and stern but over the few years I knew him I realized he was one of the most dependable, kind, and caring person you could know. He may of not said things in the nicest manner but he would never hesitate to teach you something new or answer a question you had. And one of my favorite memories I had with him was about a month or two ago he unplugged my radio because he didnt like the music I was playing and after he did that I asked what kind of music do you want to hear and he said to my surprise what musicals do you have on your phone I said whatever you want to listen to and his response was the soundtrack from the sound of music. I put that Playlist on and then it went to Annie and the west side story and I'll never forget that little smile he had when those songs were playing.

Raymond Ellis - September 24, 2024 at 07:50 PM

KM

What a great memory. You'll have to ask my mom to tell the story of when he took an ax to his his friends radio

Kelly Mahoney - September 25, 2024 at 09:02 AM

PB

“ 2 files added to the album pictures through the years



pat bartlett - September 22, 2024 at 02:06 AM

PB

“ 1 file added to the album additional photos



Patricia Bartlett - September 21, 2024 at 01:11 PM

PB

The above picture is Jim's parents, his older brother on the right Jim is on the left in this picture

Patricia Bartlett - September 21, 2024 at 05:14 PM

KM



Kelly Mahoney - September 21, 2024 at 08:16 PM

PA

“ *I'm heartbroken that the wonderful big Jim had passed away, Jim was so kind to me I came to work in America from UK england, I meet Jim and he looked after me , he told me he was from New York , I could tell as he didn't take any crap from no one, and gave me good advice,and made me feel so welcome, and made me laugh, one day he took me to his beautiful house to meet pat, who is the strongest lady I ever met and a wonderful lady, I send all the family love and strength at this sad time, thank you Jim I'll never forget how you looked after me in NC.. rip gone but never forgotten,*

Pauline - September 21, 2024 at 07:13 AM

TC

“ Jim was awesome and a staple at our work. Each day he'd yell at us to get to work and take the "bumpas off" (we are a bodyshop right next to him). I was lucky enough to have many lunches with him and hear about his crazy stories from The Island. Here's a funny picture of him forklifting a car I bought off a car hauler without fear.



Tom Crowley - September 19, 2024 at 07:23 PM

SA

“ I was saddened to hear about Jimmy's passing. I did say we've known each other for 45 years. I always appreciated his sarcasm and sense of humor. I'll miss that every time he called me. He called me a guinea bastard. I was never offended. I knew he meant it With affection. It was Just his way God rest your soul Jimmy you'll be missed Steve Ambrosio.

Steven Ambrosio - September 18, 2024 at 07:03 PM

KM

He had a great sense of humor and always surrounded himself with good people

Kelly Mahoney - September 19, 2024 at 11:22 AM



“ Jim- you were a true friend from the beginning of my Tyree days. You will always be in our thoughts. Thank you for checking in on Toni and the girls when I was in Europe. Love always. Toni and Paul L

Toni Labbate - September 18, 2024 at 05:02 PM

BB

“ Jimmy was my brother in law...when I first met Jimmy. ...I saw this big tough no nonsense guy from NY. I was so scared of him. I was introduced to him..I could not decide if he hated me or liked me. ..He smiled and said welcome to our family..I knew then I loved him...Jimmy was the sweetest...most caring..and loving guy I had ever met...and would do absolutely anything for anyone... One of my favorite memories...we had gone to dinner and the bill came it was \$50.00 ..Jimmy gave the hostess a \$100.00 bill and he got up to leave. I asked don't you need your change..his response was my dad always taught us to tip half the bill ...that these kids work hard for their money and that's how we do things in New York...

He was an amazing husband..dad..pops..friend
And a wonderful brother in law..Heaven has gained a special angel..
My love and prayers go out to his family. 🙏❤️

Barbara Bartlett

Barbara Bartlett - September 18, 2024 at 07:01 AM

CW

“ To know Jim was to know a man of true character; tough around the edges at times but deep down he was a tender, no nonsense, hardworking , caring man. Indeed his heart beat strong for his family and his job, where friendships were deeply rooted. I remember Jim attending our support group Christmas parties because he truly loved Pat. Playing those silly games was truly not what he wanted to do, but he did for Pat and was a hoot of fun with his comments and personality. Indeed Jim made a mark on this world and will be dearly missed.

Carol White - September 18, 2024 at 03:29 AM

JS

“ One of my fav memories of the infamous J.B. Or Bartlett was when I got to actually work with and live with the man in Buffalo New York,, I had a set of rules for on the job and also a even longer set of rules for after the job the ,Jim’s way rules ! Lol Ofcourse i got yelled at ,,grounded ,, lost car privileges,, got the lectures ,,heard thousands of stories ,, learned about work, life and the motto work hard play hard :) he is like my second dad ,,i will miss him , and miss saying to pat please go over to him now and give him a big hug and kiss on the lips and say that’s from Johnny :) i know ya still here watching definitely giggling that im writing this ,, so ill just say i loved ya Jim and love ya ! And I can’t wait to catch up with you again and hear all the new stories you’ll have for me :) say hello to squirt and Rhiannon for me :). John s

John S - September 17, 2024 at 08:32 PM

KM

He always came home from those work trips with funny stories. I can only imagine the stories he couldn't tell us!

Kelly Mahoney - September 19, 2024 at 11:20 AM

JS

“ Guess I have known Jimmy for about five years now, when he started working for Dave Anthony. He would come in our shop to pick up parts almost daily. When he came in the shop he would make sure everyone who worked here was working. I would have customers come in and say who is the new guy you hired. I would say that's just Pops, he doesn't work here. The thing about Pops was he was old school. He told it to you straight, the way it is or the way it should be and even if you didn't agree at the time, you knew in the end, he was right. We need more like him. One of a kind, going to miss him for sure.
Josh Sloan

Josh Sloan - September 17, 2024 at 11:03 AM

KM

I'm not surprised to hear that he kept tabs on your employees productivity :)

kelly mahoney - September 17, 2024 at 02:36 PM

PB

“ 1 file added to the album additional photos



patricia bartlett - September 16, 2024 at 11:35 PM

BR

“ *I've known Jimmy since I was about 19. My husband worked with him at Tyree. He quickly became a name Matt would mention daily. As the years went by, we became closer and closer to Jimmy. He was at our house often messing around with the kids and always making me laugh. The one story that stands out to me personally was when Nextel phones came out with the walkie talkie option. I was shopping in target when all I could hear is Jimmy yelling from my Nextel Bern, Bern, where are ya, what are you doing? I was like Jimmy I'm in target shopping I said and in typical Jimmy fashion had a few colorful words to say followed by ok bye! Jimmy you were one of the best and you will be missed by so many.*

Bernadette Russo - September 16, 2024 at 09:24 PM

KM

He LOVED the walkie-talkie of Nextel! He was so twisted when they got rid of that feature. lol

kelly mahoney - September 17, 2024 at 02:38 PM



“ So Jim and I had a ritual. Whenever he would drive by it was either a middle finger or blowing a kiss. So whoever gave the middle finger first the other blew a kiss. Let me just tell you I blew ALOT of kisses - he was damn quick with that middle finger😂😂😂
So Pat, Kelly & Terrance - If I flip you off, I am just keeping the tradition with the Bartlett's - don't be mad!!!
Sweet 🙄 Man - he will be missed!!

Holly Summers - September 16, 2024 at 09:22 PM

KM

We will try to remember this ritual :)

kelly mahoney - September 17, 2024 at 02:40 PM

TT

“ I don't know where to begin. I knew Jim in "the early years". He came to work for the construction company owned by my Dad and Uncle Joe. I met him when I was 11 years old. Being the boss's kid, he was brutal to me (at first). But after a few years, we were paired together out on jobs---working at gas stations, fueling depots and some very nasty contaminated sites.

Early on, there was no OSHA or other agencies to "look out" for the common workers and for sure, we got some really nasty jobs. By that I mean jump in pools of sludge, shit & mystery waste. We would return to the shop covered with oil, sludge, and other fancy chemicals that (if nothing else) would give a young fella like me a good buzz. He was Union, so he was paid well. Me...well not so much.

For the some of the "hairy" excavations we would encounter (Pat would never know), Jim and I would always look out for each other to make sure we did not leave any parts behind. I do know that we were able to crank out an incredible amount of work, at least according to my Uncle Joe. My Dad was never one for compliments. And all during this time I learned three (3) things about big Jim:

(1) He hated bullies---I thought this odd, since he was so big and strong that he could easily kill anyone who messed with him. But I was this skinny little runt and he looked after me. It was terribly important to him. And you have no idea how important that was to me.

(2) I never met a harder worker that Jim. I say that thinking I am a pretty hard-working guy myself---but he always put me to shame. And Kelly is right-he knew plumbing, concrete, electrical, site work, mechanical, roofing---you name it. We used to laugh at the engineers they would send to the sites who would ask us to explain "what was what".

(3) He believed in people. This is a bold statement-yes; but it

especially applies to his love for his family. He was born to be a father and husband. He never let them down. And he never let me down. Never.

We were very different people, to say the least. But I gravitated to him like steel to a magnet because he was completely without BS. And he always kept his word. Always. You find me another person like that.

We love you Jim. You changed my world for the better. See you on the other side, brother-----Timmy & Mary.

Tim Tyree - September 16, 2024 at 07:54 PM

KM

This paints a colorful and perfect picture of who he was, every day. Thank you Timmy

kelly mahoney - September 17, 2024 at 02:39 PM

KE

“ *My deepest sympathies on the loss of your husband, father, grandfather. Peace be with you all during this difficult time. Karen Ellis (Ray's mom)*

Karen Reilly Ellis - September 16, 2024 at 06:22 PM

JK

“ Mr. and Mrs. B. let me park my boat at their dock during the summer in NC. I remember taking out my boat one day and broke down in the middle of the lake. I called Mr. B. to see if he could tow me in. He said "I'll be right there you !#\$!%" I am pretty sure him calling me names and cursing at me meant he liked me? He came and started to tow me in. He calls me as we are going across the lake and said "pop the clutch and put it in gear ". I said okay and he hang up not thinking he was messing with me. I just heard him laughing and he hung up. He had a friend come by and fix the boat for me . He always helped me no questions asked. That was the kind of guy he was. I came to take the boat out the next weekend and Mr. B. and Jim made a sign for the boat. It said something like Welcome to the SS Minow enter at your own risk with Captian #!!!@#\$ Jay. RIP Mr. B. you will be missed! I will also miss that call starting out with "Hey #@!@!!! you want any football squares?"
Jay Kennedy

Jay Kennedy - September 16, 2024 at 02:37 PM

KM

*I never heard this story. Definitely sums up everything about him.
Reliable, helpful and very funny!*

Kelly Mahoney - September 16, 2024 at 03:53 PM



“ I have so many memories of Mr. Bartlett. One such memory is driving through NYC in the LaBaron Convertible waiving to somebody on a bus because they waived to me, Mr. B yelled at me stating brother you are not in small town Pittsburgh this is NYC then drove off. It took me many years to realize why he said what he said. Today I teach my kids the same thing. Thanks Mr B. You will be truly missed. I love you.

*PS you always treated me like I was part of the Bartlett family.
Thank you and again love ya*

Mark Michael - September 15, 2024 at 09:42 PM

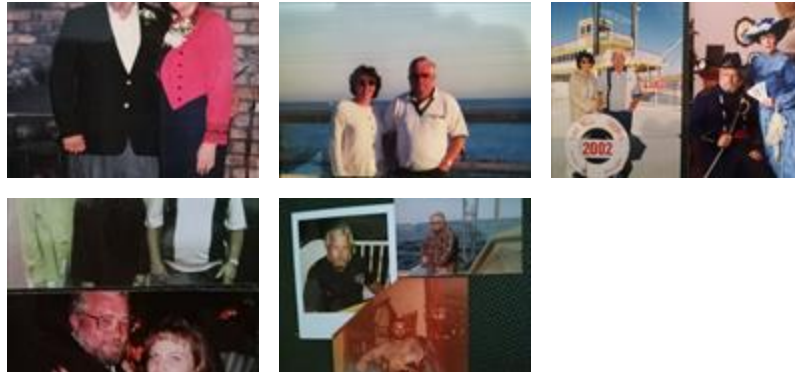
KM

He was always great for common sense advice :)

Kelly Mahoney - September 16, 2024 at 03:52 PM

KM

“ 10 files added to the album additional photos




kelly mahoney - September 15, 2024 at 07:38 PM

KM

“ My dad was always there when my brother & I screwed up. First to warn us not to do it, then to help us after we did it anyway (because we're Bartletts) and then to laugh about it (usually).

Kelly Mahoney - September 15, 2024 at 05:53 PM

FB

“ I Remember me and Jimmy wanted to practice golf and talked about going to the driving range
I asked big Jim
He looked at me with no answer
Jimmy and I met at the range
Ten minutes big Jim pulls up Sat in his vehicle for 15 minutes and left
Jimmy said that's one guy I could never tell anyone I know what he's gonna do
I grew up with him and to this day I still never know what he's gonna do


fred Bouger - September 15, 2024 at 02:01 PM

KM

So true! He was always on the go and always mixing things up. We never knew what he had in that mind

Kelly Mahoney - September 15, 2024 at 02:05 PM

KM

“ 46 files added to the album pictures through the years



kelly mahoney - September 15, 2024 at 12:45 PM