

UR Good

To be loved by you has got to be the greatest gift ever given to me. Most of us are angry, hurting and sad...then there's you and I know you're glad. You're no longer in pain, you have no burdens to bear. Paradise couldn't wait for you, and it doesn't seem fair. Always a pleasure, nothing but positive things to say, you'll put a smile on someone's face on their longest and hardest day. Never complained, never made anything harder.

The kindest man I know, you were my father before you were a Father. You were a father to so many, you had so many brothers, but yet you were the only son to your Mother. You demanded attention in the most humble way. There is not one bad thing about you ANYONE could ever say. You are unforgettable, irreplaceable, extraordinary and rare... charming, funny and always fair. The love, the hugs, and the money too... the way that you gave is unbelievable. My fondest memory has to be running up to your car, I would holler "Uncle Reggie let me get a dollar". You were always there for me and my only son, and I vow to always be there for your only one. We will remember the good times and cartel the bad. We will be grateful for the time we had. Find strength and love in the ones close to you, because Uncle Reggie Good and UR Good too ❤️

Jonique

Acknowledgement

My gratitude goes out to all his doctors and anyone in the medical field that helped facilitate William's life here on earth.

Colossians 4:14, I speak about his medical skill and close relationship with the Apostle. The bible identifies Luke as a physician specifically. So with that being said, thank you all that apply.



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In Remembrance of the Life of "Big Daddy"



William Reginald Welch

August 30, 1963 – January 2, 2026



Saturday – January 31, 2026
Memorial Service: 11:00 AM – 3:00 PM



Deb's Celebration & Event Center
5508 East Livingston Avenue
Columbus, OH 43232

Obituary

Matthew 7:12

"Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."

William Reginald Welch, son of the late Josephine Johnson-Stokes and Robert Lee Welch, entered this life on August 30, 1963, and he accepted Christ and loved the Lord.

William was known as Reggie to most of his friends and acquaintances and as "Big Daddy" by his family and longstanding friends who were closest to him. When Reggie was at the tender age of 8, his mother (the first love of his life) made a difficult, life-changing decision for him: Reggie would be raised in Milwaukee, Wisconsin (instead of Chicago), by his maternal Uncle James Johnson and his wife Annie, along with their children. Reggie's mother traveled to Milwaukee every holiday and summer and otherwise as much as possible to see her son. Under the tutelage of his Uncle James Johnson, Reggie developed a passion for carpentry and home remodeling. He often recalled that he was 8 years old when he first assisted his uncle with laying a ceramic floor. That memory never faded with time, Reggie said, because of the 27 stitches in his hands that followed his labor.

Reggie attended Milwaukee High School, where his education in construction continued, and graduated in 1982. After graduating high school, Reggie returned to Chicago, happy to be reunited with his mother, and she with him. Reggie ("Big Daddy") honed his carpentry and home-remodeling skills, including plumbing, in Chicago, where he worked for several construction companies. Importantly, one such company was owned by his cousin Lawrence "Porky" Johnson. It was through Porky's training that Reggie became a "Jack of All Trades" and "Master of Many." He was employed for 12 years at Princeton Park Apartments in Chicago, Illinois, where he eventually was promoted to Plumbing Supervisor, before retiring. Reggie even played Santa Claus to many of the children residing at Princeton Park Apartments. For health reasons, he retired early and relocated his family to Columbus, Ohio, where his two sisters resided.

In 1984, Reggie met the love of his life, Daria Jill Bowden, to whom he was married for almost 40 years. After many years of marriage, their prayers for a child were answered in 2004, when God blessed them with their only child, Isaac Julius Bowden Welch, whom they adored and loved absolutely. In marriage to Daria, Reggie took on a huge family of in laws, including her 10 siblings and their growing offspring.

Obituary continued:

These so called "in laws" loved Big Daddy like he was blood and feel his loss profoundly.

On January 2, 2026, William Reginald "Big Daddy" Welch was having an amazing day! But God said, "It's time."

Big Daddy was preceded in death by his mother, Josephine Johnson-Stokes; father, Robert Lee Welch; sisters, Joni Welch and Roslynn Welch; and brother, Roger Johnson.

Resting from his labor, "Big Daddy" leaves to mourn him a devoted **Wife:** Daria Jill Bowden Welch; **Son:** Isaac Julius Bowden Welch; **Sisters:** Marcia Johnson, Ronda Petway (Larry), Marsha Taylor, Angela Jones, and Chiquita Perry Brooks; **Uncle:** Thomas Johnson, Sr. (Stephanie); **Aunt:** Ruth Mayfield; **Special Aunt:** Annie Johnson; **Aunt:** Mary McGoffney; **God Brother:** William Q. Smith and a host of **Nieces, Nephews, Great Nieces and Nephews, Cousins, and God Children, five Sisters -in- Law, Five Brothers in Law, Seventy-Two Nieces and Nephews-in-Law** and a host of friends.

Finding Meaning

On August 30th, 1963, the weatherman forecast blue skies, warmth, and sun; this made us feel happy. But I'll be darned 'cause January 2nd, 2026 came 'round with clouds, cold, and gray skies which filled our hearts with sadness.

Then a thought occurred: What is the value of all of the days in between? Is time so insignificant that it can be reduced to just sunny days or cloudy ones; warmth or cold; blue or gray skies? No, certainly not yours. For a moment in time, you lived, loved, impacted, and influenced for each one of your 22,771 days paying no nevermind to the weatherman. Each day had meaning. Each day was worthy. Each day you shared you. Each day will be missed.

For now, we hold on to what you shared with us in that seemingly small space and time in between.

Kyle Lynn