

In Loving Memory of

A portrait of Barbara Elaine Johnson, a Black woman with short hair and glasses, wearing a black sleeveless top and a necklace. She is standing with her hands on her hips. The background is a soft-focus landscape with large pink and yellow flowers.

Barbara Elaine Johnson

Sunrise
September 27, 1945

Sunset
November 7, 2014

Service

Tuesday, November 18, 2014 - 10:00 a.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Rev. David Jenkins, Officiating
John Stanley, Organist

Barbara E. Johnson



*Justice once had a face.
But lately it seems, It's nowhere to be found.
Joining Forces: Living Art on the Hill*

Order of Service

9:00 AM - 9:45..... The Wake

9:45 - 10:00Reverend David Jenkins' Comments

10:00 - 10:10 Music.....Organist John Stanley with song

10:10 - 10:40 SHARON HAYES - Prayer and reading of sympathy cards

MRS. LULU KING and others who wish to make remarks

OBITUARYby Barbara's sister, Lorraine on behalf of the family

REMARKS.....by Barbara's eldest sister, Phyllis

POEM.....CHARLES LOVEDAY will read a poem written by
BARBARA JOHNSON titled "A Letter to an Ancestor"

and/or

KAREN HERBERT will speak about Barbara's influence on her
children and the children in the community

10:40 - 10:45..... Benediction

10:45 - 11:00Recessional, with accompaniment of organist and song

Interment

Rosedale Cemetery
Linden, New Jersey



I'm Free

*Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free
I'm following the path God laid for me
I took his hand when I heard Him call
I turned my back and left it all.*

I could not stay another day.

*To laugh, to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I found that peace at the close of day.*

*If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it up with remembered joy.*

*A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Oh, yes these things I too will miss.*

*Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.*

My life's been full, I savored much.

Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

*Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.*

*Lift up your heart and share with me,
God wanted me now, He set me free!*

-author unknown

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Obituary



Barbara Elaine Johnson was born in Harlem Hospital on September 27, 1945, the daughter of Muriel Sylvia Cobb Johnson and Herman Nathaniel Johnson. She and her two sisters, Lorraine and Phyllis, were separated from both their parents at an early age and were raised in foster care and a group home, where they continued their lives and education in public schools. When they came of age, Barbara and her sisters moved on to find their places in the world as adults.

Barbara, the youngest of three sisters, bravely battled her fears and anxieties as a child, actually surmounted them in so many ways, and went on to become one of the most loving, generous, kind and creative individuals you could ever know. She graduated from City College with a B.A. degree and went on, eventually to be employed by that same college for many years.

Barbara, or Peedy, as she was affectionately known by her cousins and friends, was a spiritual person, guided by her love and devotion to God and to seeing and inspiring hope and love to all those who were fortunate to cross her path. This is also evident in her writings and works of art. She and other artists' works were featured in the *Joining Forces: Living Art on the Hill* art exhibit at the City College of New York which ran from September 12 to December 23, 2013. Those who attended were so proud to see her in her element, watching her move about here and there among her peers, the featured artists, and witnessing her pride of accomplishment and being acknowledged for her achievements. Of course her creativity knew no bounds, and she went on creating and producing more art, always thinking about and coming up with ideas and projects to honor the history and contributions of African Americans.

Barbara did not marry or have children of her own, but she was full of love for others' children. Those of you who know this, family and friends alike, have many stories to tell about those interactions. She had an amazing love and generosity toward all the young ones. Her face would light up just at the sight of anyone's child.

Barbara was a Harlem girl. She lived in Harlem her entire adult life. She knew so many people here in Harlem. You could not walk down the street anywhere in Harlem with Barbara without people recognizing her, greeting her warmly, and reaching out, always with love and caring. Almost to a fault, Barbara would, in actuality, give you the shirt off her back, with no hesitation whatsoever.

Barbara had cancer, suffered in silence for too long a time, and departed this life on Friday morning, November 7, 2014 at Calvary Hospital in the Bronx. Considering her generosity and love of all people, she would want others to receive a lesson from this, even as we mourn her loss. She leaves behind two sisters, Phyllis and Lorraine; nieces, Cynthia (her sons, Sean and Zak), Tamara (her daughter, Shana and her sons, Christopher and Christian), Geniece (her sons, William and Jonathan and William's children, William Jr. and Ann Marie). Also left behind are spouses, Dito, Alex, Margo, Sabrina and many, many cousins, other relatives, William Benjamin, and many dear and faithful friends.

May she rest in peace.

Submitted with deep sorrow, love and remembrance of a beautiful soul,

The Family

My Prayer

Written by the late Muriel Johnson, Barbara's Mother

Heavenly Father, who knoweth my heart;

Who keepeth my soul,

Before I ask thy blessings

(for thou are aware of my desires)

I pray thee replenish

The light of my understanding,

That I may be wise in thy ways,

Yet keep me humble before thee.

Help me to overcome the obstacles ahead

And thereby realize my aspirations;

Give me strength and guide me

Guide me!

Teach me tolerance for the intolerable,

Endurance for the undurable;

I ask not for worldly goods;

Thou has proven to me their insufficiency.

Against the fruits of faith and charity;

I ask only of thee that ye

Keep my mind lucid and receptive,

My heart pure and undefiled,

And for those I love, O Lord

Bestow thy blessing and protection.

Amen.

I Am Not Brave Enough

I am not brave enough to pray for death,

Nor strong enough to force its hand;

Nor could I live long enough to fully understand

The ways of men or those of God

The evils that I see

How could I take the breath He gave

IT IS NOT UP TO ME!

Acknowledgment

The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement time.

May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.

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