CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF Paul Edward Johnson

Sunrise: December 31, 1947 - Sunset: January 15, 2017



Service: Thursday, January 19, 2017 - 4:00 pm

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE 130 Main Street • Orange, New Jersey 07050 Steven E. Washington, Officiating

<u>Obituary</u>



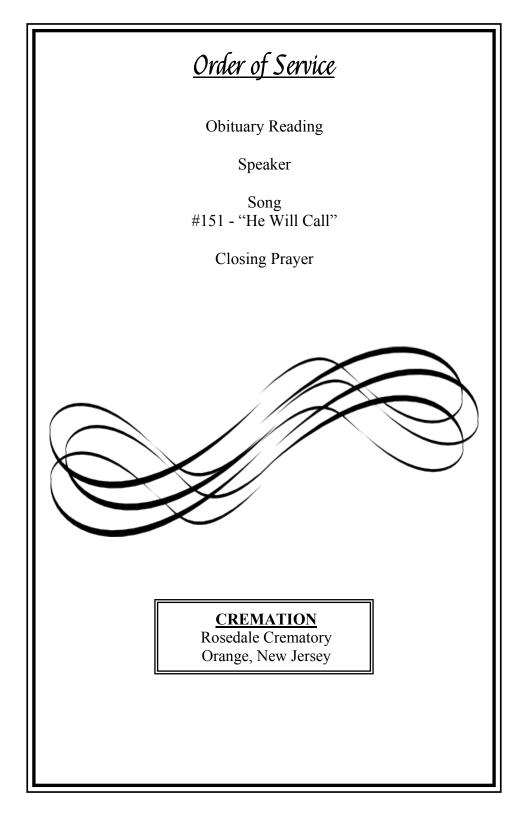
Paul E. Johnson was born in Newark, NJ to Paul J. Johnson and Martha A. Johnson on December 31, 1947. Paul passed away on January 15, 2017.

Paul went to Newark Tech High School. He then moved and worked as a rehabilitation counselor. Later in life, he returned back to Newark and continued his work as a counselor. He had a gift of art and writing, enjoyed museums and was especially fond of playing chess with his brother, Don.

Paul believed in Jehovah and was working towards restarting his study of the bible.

He had a wonderful sense of humor and will be missed by his family and friends.

Paul is survived by his mother, Martha; his three children, Debbie, Mishia and Paul; his brother, Don; sisters, Ennis (Patty) and Althea (Tio); as well as a host of nieces, nephews, grandchild, great grandchildren, family and friends.



HE WILL CALL

1.Life, like a mist, appears for just a day, Then disappears tomorrow. All that we are can quickly fade away, Replaced with tears and sorrow. If a man should die, can he live again? Hear the promise God has made: (CHORUS) He will call; The dead will answer. They will live at his command. For he will have a longing For the work of his own hand. So have faith, and do not wonder, For our God can make us stand. And we will live forever. As the work of his own hand. 2. Friends of our God, though they may pass away, Will never be forsaken. All those asleep who in God's mem'ry stay, From death he will awaken. Then we'll come to see all that life can be Paradise eternally. (CHORUS) He will call; The dead will answer. They will live at his command. For he will have a longing For the work of his own hand. So have faith, and do not wonder, For our God can make us stand. And we will live forever. As the work of his own hand. (See also John 6:40; 11:11, 43; Jas. 4:14.)

<u>Acknowledgement</u>

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair. Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there. Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say. Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day. Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

Professional Services Provided By

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