

*In Loving Memory Of*



*Lucy Johnson*

*Sunrise*  
*August 21, 1922*

*Sunset*  
*January 30, 2017*

*Services*

*Monday, February 6, 2017 - 9:00 a.m.*

**Bethany Baptist Church**

275 West Market Street • Newark, New Jersey

*Rev. Timothy L. Jones, Officiating*

## *Obituary*

Lucy Melton Johnson saw her first ray of sunlight on August 21, 1922 in Wilson, North Carolina. She was the third child of John and Cora Melton. Her siblings included Robert Lee Melton, Marytena Melton, Jennie Melton, John Melton, and Hildegard Melton. Stondenbury Elementary School educated Lucy during her childhood, and Darden High School did so in her teens. She graduated from Darden High in 1939. After high school, Lucy attended St. Augustine's College in Raleigh, North Carolina for two years. Seeking employment to earn money in order to continue her education, Lucy moved to Montclair, New Jersey. At Newark Penn Station she encountered an old friend who introduced her to his buddy, LeRoy Floyd Johnson. She remembered meeting LeRoy previously at St. Augustine's. She and LeRoy began dating and later married. She left Montclair and moved to Newark where she and LeRoy lived and raised their family.

During World War II Lucy worked for the ODB. There she met and made many friends. She also worked at the Keaton Rubber Company in Kearny, NJ. She worked for Sak's Fifth Avenue in Millburn, NJ for over ten years, and for the Newark Board of Education as a teacher's assistant for ten years. Wherever she worked, Lucy met many people and made many life long friends.

Lucy loved people. She enjoyed visiting friends and relatives, traveling, attending concerts, plays, card parties, sporting events, house parties, weddings, etc. Her father passed away when she was ten years old. Her grandmother and her Aunt Lilly moved in with them to help out. Her mother worked and her grandmother took in laundry and tended their huge garden. Lucy worked also. She worked in the tobacco fields. She used to smoke, so we often teased her, saying that her generation smoked "rabbit tobacco." She said yes they did. Then we told her that "rabbit tobacco" was the name that her generation used for "marijuana". We always got a laugh from that new-found knowledge. The family wanted for nothing. They loved the holidays, school events, and church activities.

Lucy loved her family and she thoroughly enjoyed her life with her girls: Golden, Courtenaye, and Deborah. She was very involved in their school and after school activities. She encouraged their participation in the Brownies and Girl Scouts, summer school for enrichment, and The Newark YMCA Camp Dawson. As teenagers, she supported their participation in the Leaguers, Inc., the PTA's, and dance and music classes, and the Epsilon Jeunesse Sorority. Following her example, the girls hosted many gatherings of their friends in their home on South 12th Street and on Hansbury Avenue.

She loved her husband. Born under the sign of Leo, Lucy was the quintessence of the social butterfly. She lived for the family activities, church functions, social activities, and meeting and interacting with the people she met at the various jobs that she held. She entertained her friends and family regularly, and was frequently entertained by them in their homes, as well. Excursions to Lake Sabago, Cheesecake Park, Bear Mountain, and the Dude Ranch in Poughkeepsie, New York with friends and family, are memories that she cherished. What made the trips special was not the places, but the people who went with her—her old friends, too numerous to name, and her family, which included many in-laws, cousins, nieces, and nephews. The cook-outs at the Tate's, the Lee's, the Nelson's, the Crump's, the Pettiford's the Tucker's, the Reeves, the Costens, the Garnes, and many many others, created years and years of fun and special bonds. The card parties, fashion shows, dances at the Cotton Club, the Savoy, the Continental, the Terrace, and the Wideaway ballrooms were too many to count. The Family Days, the international dinners, the weekly Saturday night movies for children at the then Roosevelt, and now Terrell Housing Project, initiated by her husband's work in the tenants' association, were fully supported by her. Lucy's Christmas Eve dinner parties were loved by all. After her retirement, frequently traveled with her church Altar Guild, played bingo and played the slots in Atlantic City and other venues.

On October 13, 1983 Lucy's husband and best friend, LeRoy passed away. Her life was changed forever. She secured a teacher's assistant position at the Harriet Tubman School in Newark, NJ. She worked there for ten years before retiring. She visited her mother and her daughter Debbie very often in North Carolina. Lucy continued to support her daughters' activities: Golden's law career, congressional run, awards programs, and social events, and Deborah's business events and her children's programs in Durham, NC. She loved to be around young people because she knew that they help you maintain a youthful spirit.

Lucy cherished the concept of family. Her grandchildren and her great grandchildren were her pride and joy. She consistently supported their pursuits, making sure to attend their many personal and professional performances, art shows, ceremonies and graduations, as well as parties, meetings, and events. She was a vocal and generous sponsor of their academic careers, making sure that they always had the tools they needed to follow their dreams. Although she was deeply loyal to her family, her heart was never limited to DNA, as her chosen family was just as large as her biological one. All siblings, children, and grandchildren of her heart, near and far, received the same loving support, and she remained loyal to all who kept her close.

During her struggle to heal herself while in the hospital, she did not think about herself. She thought only of her family and friends, imploring Courtenaye, Deborah, and all of her visitors, to bless to all of her friends and relatives. She said that she loved them all.

One thing that absolutely cannot be forgotten is the way that she "switched in the kitchen". Her meals were so "down-home, lip-smacking, mouth-watering, foot-stompin', make-you-wanna'-hurt-yo'se'f, southern cookin' good, that you would forget about the diet that you had been on for a year. Her Sunday dinners and drop-by-for-a-plate-of-food dinners kept many folks talking about those meals for many days.

**Lucy's Words of Wisdom:** Leave a place if it no longer serves your spirit. Lipstick, earrings, and a special beverage are essential to longevity.

Good food is resistance. Make sure you get a good education. How are you? Chillin', but not illin'.

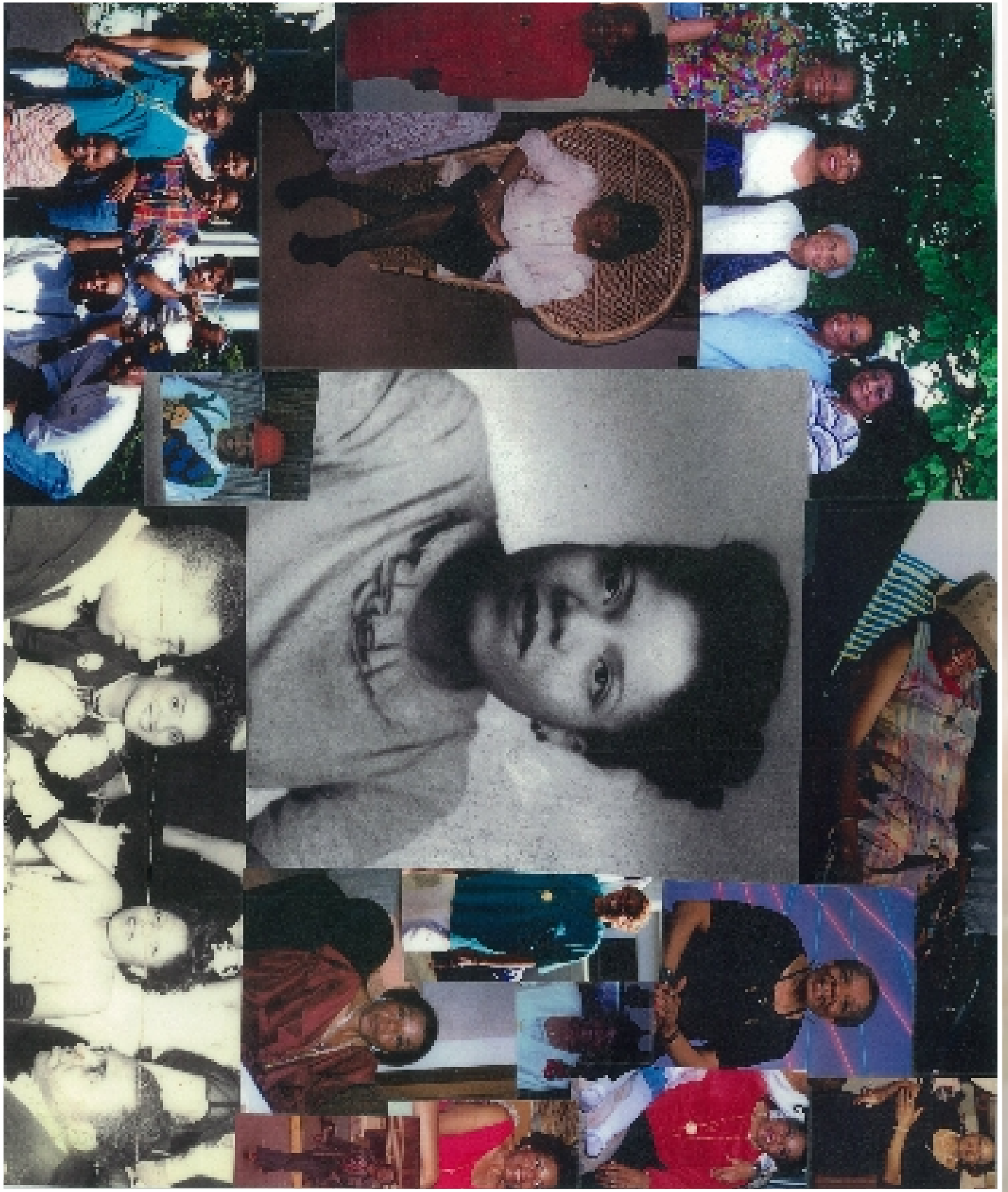
Lucy was pre-deceased by her husband, LeRoy, and her daughter, Golden. She is survived by her daughters Courtenaye Denise Johnson Lawrence and Lusynthia Deborah Johnson Carter, AKA, Kamilah. She has four granddaughters, Afiya Carter, Marjani Jones (Russell), Adiyah Washington (Derrick), and Nafisah Carter. The great grandchildren include Naemah Kelly, Assata Goff, Amir Miller, Sekou Goff, Nina Washington, and Derrick Washington, Jr.



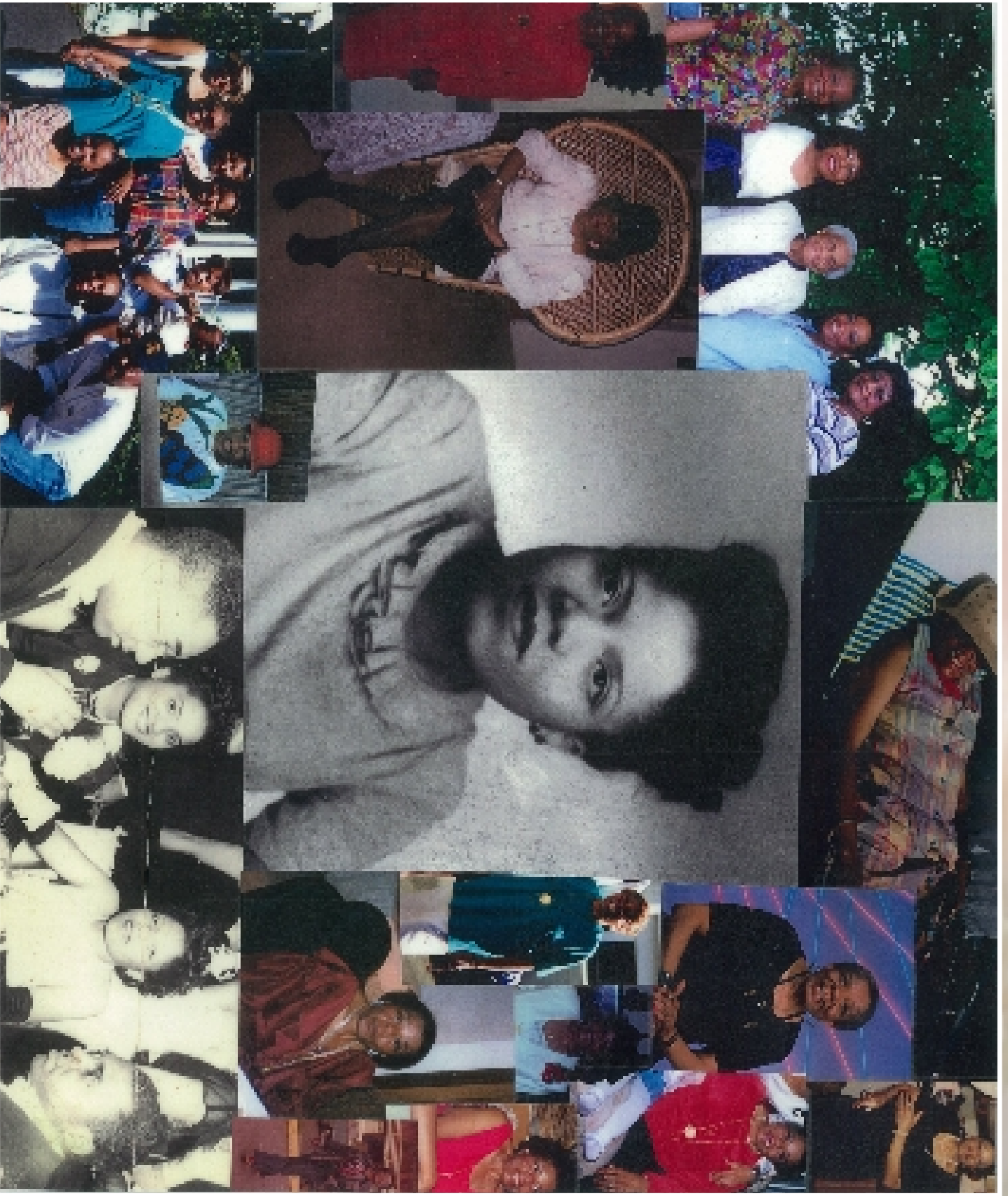
## On Turning Seventy

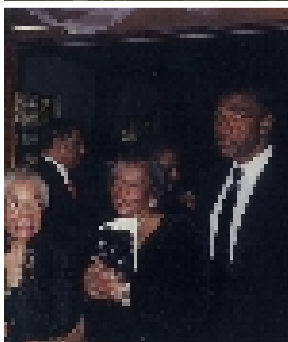
Of three score years and ten,  
I'm looking forward to the "borrowed" time  
Now that I've finished the allotted time  
And what will happen then.  
Don't speak of second childhood  
I've never left my first one!  
I still like circuses and lollipops  
And seasons in the sun.  
"Senior Citizen" you say?  
Don't hang that label on me.  
I'm just a recycled teenager  
As you can plainly see!  
I've lived and laughed and loved and learned.  
And may I give you some advice?  
Never stop learning, laughing, and loving  
If you want to live all your life.  
I haven't been happy every day.  
I've had a sleepless night.  
But if one never sees a cloud,  
The sun won't be as bright.  
Now that I'm on top of the hill,  
I guess I'll be going over.  
But as long as I am on a roll,  
I'll be the same old rover.  
As long as I can laugh and learn,  
And someone, somewhere loves me,  
My life will still be pleasant  
Just as it ought to be.  
So - bear with me when I forget  
Or tell the same tale twice.  
I've been around a while, you know,  
And I'm full of "good" advice.  
I have been where you are now  
Wherever that may be.  
I've been twenty, thirty, forty,  
And sixty, too, you see.  
I know a lot of you haven't learned  
And I learned it the hard way.  
We all learn from experiences  
Not from what others say.  
I may offer "words of wisdom."  
Please forgive me if I do.  
Take them with a "grain of salt."  
Don't let them worry you.  
Just try to love me as I am  
While I'm on my "borrowed" time.  
And I will do the best I can  
To live to ninety-nine.

*Margaret Bright*









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# Order of Service

- Organ Prelude ..... Robert Richardson
- Processional ..... (All stand, except for the family)
- Congregational Hymn ..... “Blessed Assurance” #249
- Prayer of Comfort ..... Dorothea Bell
- Scripture Readings  
Old Testament - Psalm 23 ..... Deacon Richard Roper  
New Testament - John 14:1-6 ..... Deacon Kevin Maynor
- Song ..... Gwen Hubbard-Hunter  
“The Wind Beneath My Wings”
- Resolutions ..... Marjorie Hunter, Church Clerk
- Tributes ..... Minnie Forte- Brown  
The Honorable Mildred Crump  
Family Members:  
*Afiya Carter, Marjani Jones, Adiyah Washington*  
*Nafisah Carter, Naeemah Carter Kelly, Assata Goff,*  
*Amir Miller, Sekou Goff, Nina Washington,*  
*Derrick Washington, Jr.*
- Obituary ..... Read Silently
- Duet ..... Kamilah Ross Hartwell and Ayana Amani Wakefield  
“Eye Is On The Sparrow”
- Eulogy ..... Reverend Jones
- Closing Prayer
- Recessional ..... “I’ll Fly Away” #465

## **Interment**

Fairmount Cemetery  
Newark, New Jersey

## **Repast**

Fellowship Hall-Bethany Baptist Church

## **Celebration of Life**

The Priory at St. Joseph’s Plaza - 4:00 pm-8:00 pm

# *Eighty*

Today, dear Lord, I am 80, and there's so much I haven't done.

I hope, dear Lord, you'll let me live until I'm 81.

But, if I haven't finished all I want to do,

Would you please let me stay awhile, until I'm 82?

So many places I want to go, so much I want to see

Do you think you could manage to make it 83?

Many things I may have done, but there's so much I left in store,

I'd like it very much to live to 84.

And if by then, I'm still alive, then I'd like to stay to 85.

The world is changing very fast,

So I'd like to stick and see what happens to the world when I am 86.

I know, dear Lord, it's a lot to ask, and it will be nice in heaven,

But I'd really like to stay around until I'm 87.

I know by then I won't be fast, and sometimes, I'll be late,

But it would be oh-so-pleasant to be around at 88.

I will have seen so many things and had a wonderful time,

So I'm sure that I'll be willing to leave at 89.

(Well-maybe.)

## *Acknowledgement*

*The family wishes to express their sincere thanks and appreciation for all acts of kindness and expressions of sympathy that was shown to them during this time of bereavement.*

Professional Services by:

**Whigham Funeral Home**

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Newark, New Jersey 07102

973-622-6872

*Carolyn Whigham, Director*

