

In Loving Memory of
William Johnson, Jr.

Sunrise: January 29, 1962

Sunset: March 5, 2017

Service

Thursday, March 16, 2017 - 12:00 Noon

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Rev. Dr. J.G. McCann, Sr. Officiating

Latasha Jordan, Soloist

Obituary

William Johnson, Jr. was born to the late William, Sr. and Eleanor Johnson on January 29, 1962. He departed this life after a short illness on March 5, 2017 at age 55.

William attended public school mostly in Harlem where he was raised. William loved to cook when he started to work at the Senior Center for Ms. Lamb and others on the corner of 117th Street and St. Nicholas and on 116th Street and 5th Avenue. He also loved to bake cakes from scratch.

William took the test to get his C.D.L. license and in time he started working with Access-A-Ride where he transported seniors and people with disabilities back and forth to their appointments. Afterwards, he started driving charter buses doing overnight trips to Canada, Massachusetts, etc. He also loved the Atlantic City trips. Basically he loved driving that bus around and the people sure did love him.

He leaves to mourn: his mother, Eleanor; brother, Paul, Sr.; daughter, Crystal; grandson, Mehki; daughter, Christina; granddaughters, Rhianna, Raniya, Christinna and Ramik, Jr.; son, William III and his wife, Dominique; granddaughter, Da'nasia, Da'Briya and Da'Riya; mother to his children, Dorothy and her son, Richard; and a host of cousins, nieces, nephews, and other relatives and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

*Rosehill Cemetery
Linden, New Jersey*

Rest In Peace

"Rest in peace," how much this says,
Be free of pain no more to weep.
Find joy that never ends, possess
New life that here you could not keep.
"Rest in peace," and though we grieve,
Reaching for your hand in vain,
Our faith is such that we believe
That all of us shall meet again.

Do Not Stand At My Grave and Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.

Acknowledgement

*The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.
May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.*

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