

Obituary

Bobbie Jean Johnson was born was born to the late Norman and Lenora Boozer on August 12, 1930.

In the late 1950's Bobbie Jean Johnson and her husband of 72 years Edward Johnson, moved from Spartanburg, South Carolina to Montclair, New Jersey before moving to Newark, New Jersey in the early 1960's. Bobbie Jean Johnson was saved approximately 60 years ago and served faithfully with her husband Edward Johnson at The Zion Hill Baptist Church, singing in the choir for many years. Bobbie Jean Johnson was employed by Liberty Optical for over 40 years before she retired in the late 90's. Bobbie loved beautiful flowers, the morning dew and the birds singing in the early dawning of a new day.

She is survived by her husband of 72 years Edward Johnson, her sons Henry Johnson, Clyde Sherrod Johnson (late) Pastor Max A. Johnson Sr. of the Fire on The Mountain Pentecostal Church, in the city of Newark, New Jersey. Her grandchildren Max A. Johnson Jr., Shawn Taylor Johnson along with two great grandchildren who will always be treasured and loved. She is also survived by first cousins of the entire Wingate family of Hillside, New Jersey. Bobbie has a multitude of aunts, nieces, cousins and dearly beloved friends whom live in Spartanburg, South Carolina, Greenville, South Carolina and Ware Shoals, South Carolina. Momma's got her wings and she flew away to her eternal home in "the heavenly places", not made by human hands.



Order of Service

Call to worship

Hymn - "Amazing Grace"

Scripture Readings: Old Testament- Psalm 23 New Testament- John 14:1-6

Prayer of Comfort

Musical Selection - Min. Ian Johnson

Reflections

Resolutions and Condolences

Eulogy - Pastor Max "Mac Attack" Johnson, Son

Musical Selection - Warleen Alston

Message of Hope - Pastor Douglas L. Williams

Recessional - "I'll Fly Away"

<u>Interment</u>
Washington Crossing National Cemetery
830 Highland Rd
Newton, PA 18940

"Among the Stars"

Each day that comes our way, we should try to do our very best,
Such an effort is certainly good for all of us;
it sets a firm example for the rest.

Yeah, doing swell, everything is going so fine.

It's my dear wish that life should be this good all of the time.

Happiness and joy is at hand.

Money in the bank, gas in your tank, food on the table, and your body is strong and able,

Do you know who to thank?

I thank God that misery is no friend of mine;

I'm too busy counting the stars in the sky.

Yes, I am a conqueror in Christ Jesus, putting small things to the side,

As I glide my way through a stormy life.
Well, now friends it's late, and surely I stand tall.

As God, our Father, the keeper of us all.

Makes His call for me to take my place,

Among the shining, glimmering stars

Poem by: Pastor Max "Mac Attack" Johnson, Son

Acknowledgement

The Johnson family deeply and sincerely appreciate all the prayers and support during our preparation and life long efforts of our walk with the Lord Jesus Christ in our moment of bereavement.

Professional Services Provided By

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