

In loving memory

AUG. 31, 1926

JAN. 8, 2021



BISHOP

WILLIE T. JOHNSON



You will be greatly missed...

ORDER OF SERVICE

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE
ELDER SHAUN TOMBLIN

PROCESSIONAL

PRAYER FOR FAMILY
BISHOP WILLIE MCRAE

INTRODUCTION & WELCOME
BISHOP DWIGHT DANIELS

SCRIPTURE READING

OT: PSALM 23
JEAN VERNON JOHNSON
NT: JOHN 14:1-3
AARON LEE JOHNSON

SOLO
SIS. MARY-DELL BENJAMIN

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS/READING OF WELL-WISHES
SIS. ZINA TOMBLIN

REMARKS FROM FRIENDS & FAMILY (2 MINS)

SECOND SOLO
SIS. JENISE LA VONNE WRIGHT

LIFE RECITAL
SIS. ZINA TOMBLIN

EULOGY

MUSICAL RECESSIONAL
ELDER SHAUN TOMBLIN

OBITUARY

Willie Thomas Johnson was born on August 31st, 1926 in Prince George, Virginia to parents Willie & Annie Johnson. Among his siblings, were six sisters (Valeria, Lessie Belle, Thelma, Rosetta, Joan & Annie) and three brothers (Bertrum, John Henry & Bertrum), all of whom preceded him in their homegoing.

As a young boy, along with his brother, Bert, Willie tried his hand at his father's trade, which was carpentry, however, over time other talents grew more prominent within him, and as he evinced a strong love of music, he learned to play the harmonica with vigor and passion.

Willie and his wife, Mary-Belle Jones, met in church, and though young, were quickly married and remained so for a remarkable 66 years until her passing in 1991. They had five sons (Willie Jr., Davy, Tommy, Charlie and another son who was sadly stillborn) and six daughters (Rosemary, Hope, Verlene, Cynthia [Yolette], and Claire - who is the last surviving member of her family).

Bishop Willie Johnson was a true man of God. His love for the church and serving God's people was a lifelong and evident quality, visible to anyone with whom his path but briefly crossed. Faithful and humble, he lived to consume and expound on the Word of God, and when you saw him coming with his briefcase, you knew that within was a well-worn bible, marked in many places and threadbare from nearly constant reading.

His love of God was something he was faithful to pass on to his children, and it has been remarked by his grandchildren that one did not leave from a visit to his home without first being anointed with blessed

OBITUARY (CON'T)

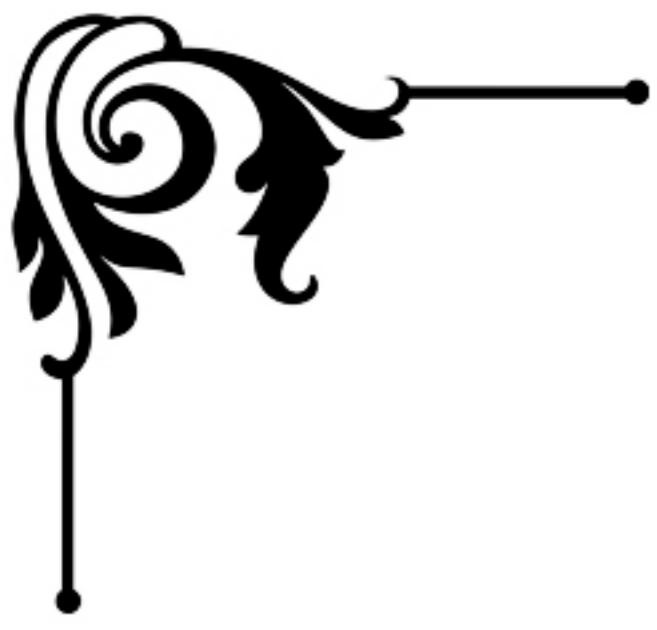
oil diligently prayed over for God's continual protection and guidance.

Not only was Bishop Willie faithful to God and family, but he was faithful to his calling, giving Evangelistic Church of Christ of the Apostolic Faith many good years of his Godly-acquired wisdom and service. He preached "holiness without which no man will see the Lord" and "Christ is returning for a church without a spot or a wrinkle" throughout his entire career, and no sermon was truly complete without a soul-rousing, foot-stomping harmonica-accompanied song by the good Bishop Willie. His sincerity inspired us all to seek God with the entirety of our hearts, just as he had.

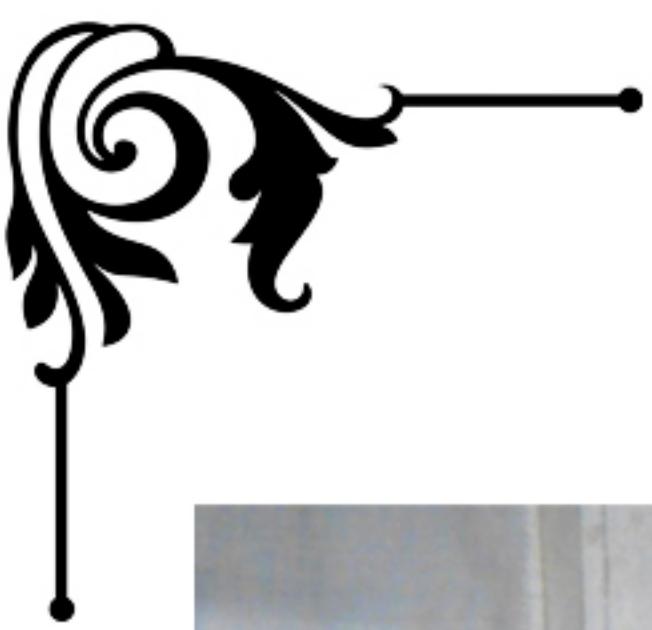
Early in the 80's, Bishop Willie followed his calling and founded a small church in the Bronx. Truth Temple was a gleaming gem in the wilderness, and Bishop Willie along with his son, Davy, preached and taught the Word, baptising in the name of Jesus all those who would venture to walk through its doors. When that season ended, Bishop Willie returned to his home church, Evangelistic, however, we may not know until the Lord returns the true impact of his faithful stewardship over God's Word. One can imagine Bishop Willie being greeted by a cloud of thankful souls whose lives were changed by his preaching and teaching, even as we, who today bid him farewell, have always been.

Bishop Willie Johnson is survived by his daughter, Claire and her husband Jeff Beatty, his daughter-in-law Loretta Johnson, his son-in-law Bernard Harris, his sister-in-law Rose Easley, and a host of nieces, nephews, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

REMEMBERANCES



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*The family wishes
to acknowledge...*



THOSE WHO CAME FROM FAR AND NEAR
TO BID GOD'S MAN A SWEET ADIEU

THOSE WHO CHANCED TO WRITE, TO CALL
OR CHOSE TO SIT WITH US A FEW

TO THOSE WHO'VE NE'ER HEARD HIS WORDS
OR FROM HIS GAZES WISDOM KNEW

OUR HEARTS ARE TORN THE DEEPEST
NOT FOR HE WHO RESTS, INDEED, FOR YOU