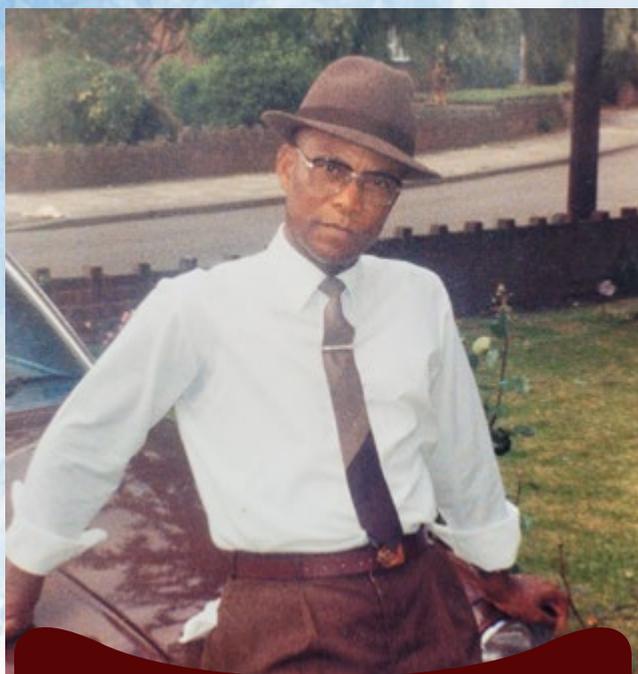


TO CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF



NATHAN URIAH JOHNSON

23RD MARCH 1925 – 1ST MARCH 2022

Thursday 7th April 2022 at 10:30am

**St. John's Methodist Church
558 Wolverhampton Road East
Parkfield, Wolverhampton WV4 6AA**

ORDER OF SERVICE

Music on Entry (Organist)

Welcome

Hymn No. 1 – What A Friend We Have In Jesus

Reading – Psalm 27 (Read by Judith Johnson)

Prayer

Eulogy (Read by Avia Palmer)

Hymn No. 2 – The Lord's My Shepherd

Open Tributes

Reading – 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18

Reflection

Silence

Prayer

The Lord's Prayer

*Our father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name,
thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
on Earth as it is in heaven.*

*Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.*

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

*For thine is the kingdom, And the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever.*

Amen.

Hymn No. 3 - Amazing Grace

Words of Commendation

Closing Prayer

Blessing

Music on Exit (Organist)

Hymn No.1:

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.



Hymn No.2:

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.



Hymn No.3:

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace (how sweet the sound)
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
was blind, but now I see.

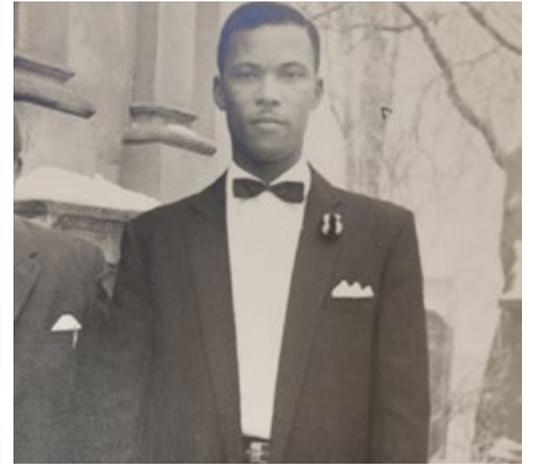
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be
as long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
and mortal life shall cease:
I shall possess, within the veil,
a life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
the sun forbear to shine;
but God, who called me here below,
will be forever mine.



EULOGY

We are here today to mourn the sad passing of dad, Nathan to so many of you, and also known as Busha to close family and friends.

Dad was born on 23rd March 1925 in Lowe River, Trelawny, Jamaica, which made him 96 years old, almost 97. He had a long life but blindness and general ill health took its toll in his latter years. He had come a long way and helped countless people during his lifetime, for which we are proud.

Having left school early in Jamaica and keen to make his mark in the world, he did many jobs, such as a water treatment specialist, teaching and tailoring.

He kept himself busy with work and friends but one day dad met a lovely smiling lady (mom) in Highgate, Jamaica, where she ran the local post office. Dad would go there presumably to post letters and other excuses almost [every day] just to see her. He was smitten and from there they became inseparable. As things were then, they then made a plan to come to England.

Dad came over first and sent for mom. Hard times followed but they persevered and made a life here, as many before him in the Windrush era, but it wasn't easy. They struggled together but remained committed, and due to how the job situation and society were at the time, and although a qualified teacher in Jamaica, he became a bus driver here and worked hard to raise his family.

What was dad like? For those who knew him, he was a strict man, but he mellowed in his later years. He was who he was and said what he had to say, regardless. He loved his wife, Eunis fiercely and family life. He also loved telling stories of his youth, religious music, playing his harmonica and talking about family history.

Some of you may know that dad was also a true storyteller. He loved entertaining, and to be entertained, more often with factual information but it was somehow tinged with an amusing tale or two – and whilst listening intently to one of his many tales, you were left wondering “did that really happen?” He also had a knack of remembering important dates, facts and figures and sharing that wisdom and knowledge with others. It was part of who he was – a true gentleman and well respected by all.

There's more about dad that a lot of people don't know. He enjoyed going to church while he could. His contribution to St. John's over the 40 plus years was amazing. He was a church steward for many years, helping where he could behind the scenes in order that regular church services and events ran according to schedule. He would also help to deliver Christian Aid envelopes to those members of the congregation that were unable to attend services on a Sunday morning and drop off bulletins to keep them abreast of church news. He loved music in general but Christian hymns especially, so much so that while at home he would re-work lyrics to some of the more popular hymns.

Both him and mom were also instrumental in welcoming international preachers who visited St. John's periodically. He would also invite visitors to the house after church business was concluded for a home-cooked meal, which was always gratefully received. There were a few Caribbean evenings which he helped put together too, from sourcing those taking part to organising the running order of the programme. He loved to have a project to work on.

Dad also helped in the community by giving a lot of the produce he had grown to those at church, neighbours and to charity. Dad visited the elderly and sick, those needing advice or people who just wanted to see a friendly face.

It's difficult, standing up here today talking about him and listing a few of his good works, but he would have loved to see all of you here – he enjoyed being the centre of attention and he is the centre of attention today. As a family, we realise how fortunate we are to have had him as our father for so long and we give thanks each and every day.

He will be sadly missed most of all by his loving wife, Eunis, all his children – those of us here today and also his two children abroad, who are devastated that they can't be here today, his grandchildren, great grandchildren and great, great grandchildren, wider family and friends.

Dad wasn't a super hero, he was just a regular husband, father/grandfather, friend and neighbour – he was special to us – he was our dad and he will forever be in our hearts.

Thank you all for paying your respects today.

REST IN PEACE DAD. X

I'M FREE

*Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free;
I took His hand when I heard Him call;
I turned my back and left it all.
If my parting has left a void;
then fill it with remembered joy.
My life's been full, I savored much;
good friends, good times,
a loved one's touch.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss;
ah yes, these things, I too, will miss.
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief;
don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your hearts and share with me;
God wanted me now, He set me free.*



LEFT TO MOURN

WIFE

Eunis Johnson

CHILDREN

Bernard Johnson
Barbara Ellis
Wayne Johnson
Avia Johnson
Dale Johnson
Marie Bentley
Judith Johnson

Many grandchildren and great grandchildren too numerous to mention, plus the wider family in the UK and abroad.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you for joining us to celebrate the life of

NATHAN URIAH JOHNSON

The family would like to thank everyone for their support, prayers, time, gifts and kindness during this time of bereavement.



INTERMENT

Danescourt Cemetery

5 Coppice Lane, Wolverhampton, WV6 9BS

REFRESHMENTS

The Heritage Centre

Clifford Street, Wolverhampton, WV6 0AA