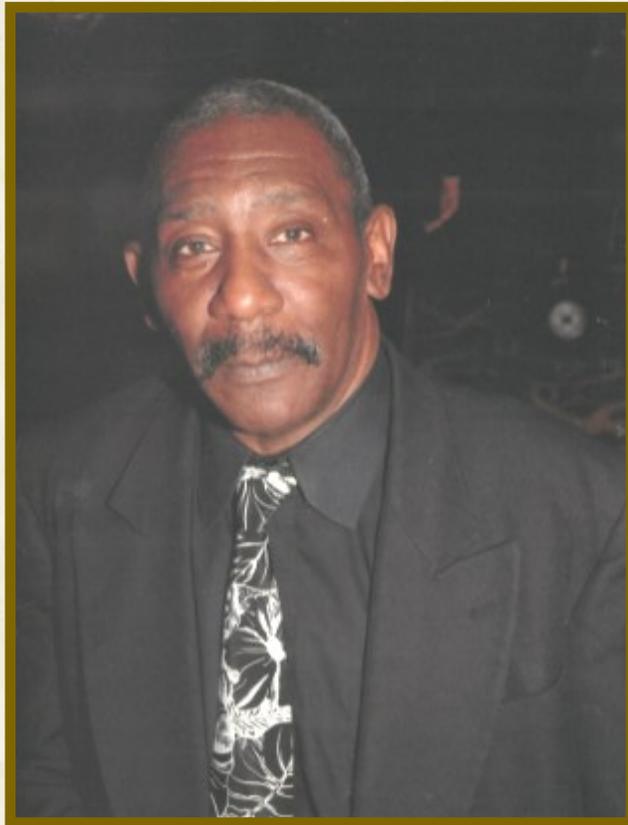


A Celebration of Life
for
Javan “Jay” Johnson

July 7, 1952 – May 6, 2020



Monday, May 18, 2020

Viewing: 10:00 a.m.

Service: 11:00 a.m.

Hodges and Edwards Funeral Home
3910 Silver Hill Road
Suitland, MD 20746
Bishop John A. Cherry, II - Pastor

Order of Service

Invocation

Congregational Hymn *It Is Well With My Soul*

Scripture Reading

Old Testament: Psalm 91:1-7
New Testament: I Thessalonians 4:13-18

Prayer of Comfort

Selection

Acknowledgements

Obituary (*Read Silently*)

Song of Preparation

Message of Hope Reverend Walter McLaughlin, III

Call to Christ

Committal

Benediction

Recessional

Interment
Resurrection Cemetery
Clinton, Maryland

Congregational Hymn

It Is Well With My Soul

*When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.*

Refrain:

***It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.***

*My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!*

Refrain

*And Lord, haste the day when the Faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.*

Refrain



Obituary

Javan “Jay” Johnson was born on July 7, 1952, in Washington, D.C., to the late Jack Johnson and Hattie M. Stafford. He was the sixth of seven children born to that union. Jay was a larger than life brother, husband, father, and friend.

In the summer of 1972, Jay met Deborah T. Johnson and their friendship blossomed into a lasting relationship that set in motion their future marriage. Jay was an exceptional husband who took the authority of fatherhood very seriously. Raising Tyjuan their son allowed him to focus on the responsibilities of a good father while instilling morals and values.

Jay graduated from Anacostia High School in Washington, D.C. He furthered his education by taking courses at Prince George’s Community College that piqued his interest in landscaping. He later was employed by that institution as a horticulturist and remained there until retirement in 2002. He also owned Johnson’s Unlimited, a landscaping business.

Jay undoubtedly possessed the gift of gab; and as an avid Washington Redskins fan, dabbled in the politics and strategies of football with anyone who had ears to hear. He especially enjoyed playfully, verbally sparring with members of his church’s Parking and Grounds Ministry while being helped out of the car. These encounters provided him the opportunity to analyze their viewpoints, and to possibly sway any misguided opinions they had, that didn’t line up with his way of thinking.

Jay was a faithful member of From the Heart Church Ministries for 27 years. He was ecstatic to find both a church home, and a teaching ministry. From his vantage point, he believed that the pastor and leaders of the church lived what they preached. Jay often expressed that this enabled him to be more receptive to the teachings he heard, and to make an honest effort to apply them to his everyday life. He always believed in giving his best unto the Lord when he came to service on Sundays. Jay was a bit of a perfectionist, and despite his health challenges, made sure his appearance was polished and pristine. He loved joking with his church family, and they truly looked forward to his hilarious comedic responses. Similarly, terms of endearment for Jay were the phrase “big time;” and the question, “Brother Johnson how much sugar do you need?” All who knew him were aware that he didn’t have a “cut card.”

Jay, in the last months of his life, was richly blessed to be loved on by immediate family, church family, and friends. Additionally, expressions of love—poured out, pressed down, shaken together, and running over followed the day after his transition. That morning, Antioch Baptist Church of Upper Marlboro, Maryland, celebrated his life on their Prayer Line. That afternoon, at Jay’s home, his son, and brother-in-law Stanley, mowed the lawn, spread mulch, and planted seven beautiful rose and azalea bushes in his honor. On the third day following Jay’s transition, another significant thing occurred—his son’s co-workers at Freyssinet (a civil engineering company) paused a moment in silence to honor Jay. It is a blessing to know that although they did not know Jay personally, they knew him through his son’s good character and conduct, and felt it appropriate to honor him in such a way.

Yes, Jay's persona was larger than life. His laughter and warm-heartedness will be missed by all who knew him; and he will live on in their hearts forever. Perhaps the greatest testament to Jay’s life is to see— here today, virtually and in person, the many people who truly loved and cared for him. The final analysis of one's life is not just how much you love; but how much you are loved by others.

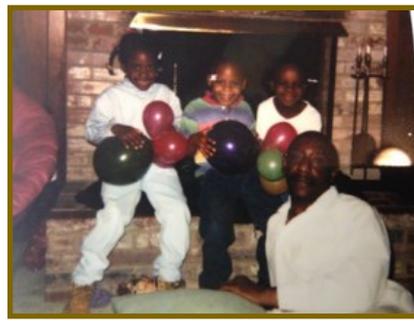
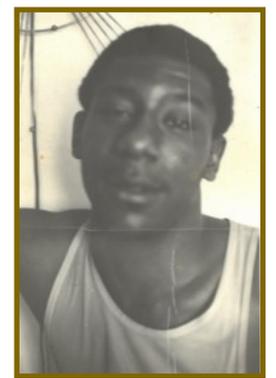
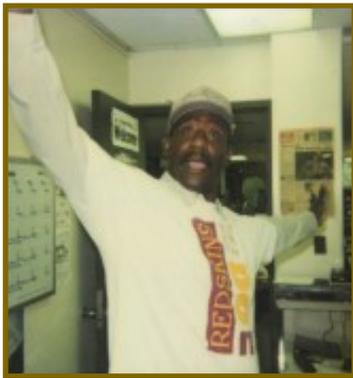
Jay leaves to cherish his memory his wife of 37 years, Deborah; son, Tyjuan L. Johnson (Lori); siblings: Ocie Stafford, Jr. (Diana), Johnny Stafford (Karen), Janice Stafford (Paul), and Arnetta Hymes (Stanley); brother-in-law, Horace Walker; sister-in-law, Deborah Stafford; grandchildren, Kiara, Tytiana, Kayla, Christopher, Jayla, Kiana, Javan III; and a host of other family and friends.

Jay was preceded in death by two sons, Javan Johnson, Jr., and Gregory Johnson; sister, Marie Walker; and brother, George D. Stafford.



To A Good Man

**My husband, my friend
My provider, my protector
The Love of my life
To whom I was blessed
To give honor, respect and service
You always knew
The vows we made were forever and a day
The years together were never long enough
Still, time cannot diminish the joy, laughter and strength
You brought into my world
I learned true love was not seeing you with my eyes
But with my heart from everlasting to everlasting
Until we meet again
Missing You.....Yes
Forgetting You.....NEVER
Your Wife
Deb**





The One That Will Never Be Forgotten

I know that no matter what
You will always be with me
When life separates us
I'll know it's your soul
Saying goodbye to your body
But your Spirit will be with me always
When I hear a bird chirping on a nearby branch
I will know it is you reaching out to me
When a butterfly brushes gently by me so carefree
I will know it's you assuring me you are free from pain
When the sun shining through my window awakens me
I will feel the warmth of your love
When I hear the pitter patter of rain on my window sill
I will hear your words of wisdom
And I will remember that without life's challenges
I cannot grow strong
When I look at your favorite chair
I will think of your endless love for your family
When I think of mountains, their majesty and how magnificent
I will think of your courage for your family
No matter where I am
Your Spirit will be beside me
For I know that no matter what
You will always be with me
Love you Granddaddy
You are free to live on
Through Me and My Father as Johnson's
Your, Grandson, Christopher
Inspired by: Trams Tiara



Dear Old Butler, (inside joke)

I miss you. I've missed you since before you left, I miss when we would play Sorry and you would say "What you doing' Old Butler". I'd laugh and smile inside, then you would crack a smile, so I could see your teeth. I miss laughing together. When we would sit in the living room watching television, playing games, basking in each other's presence. I remember eating breakfast together in the mornings, and how we would sleep in the evenings to both you and Grandma saying "Goodnight" simultaneously. Our childhood moments to our young adult moments, and even when we're fully grown and independent, you've always been there through every period of our lives. In our graduations, throughout holidays and birthdays, and Sunday calls, I miss the sound of your voice, your presence, and everything you have done for us. And will continue to do for us with the memories we have of you, you'll never leave our sides, and our hearts.

I love you Grandad!

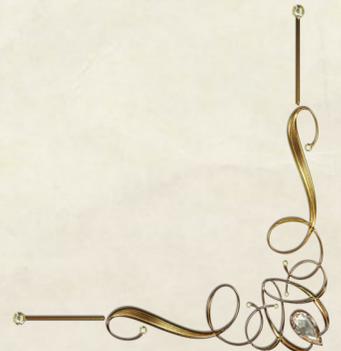
Love, Kayla

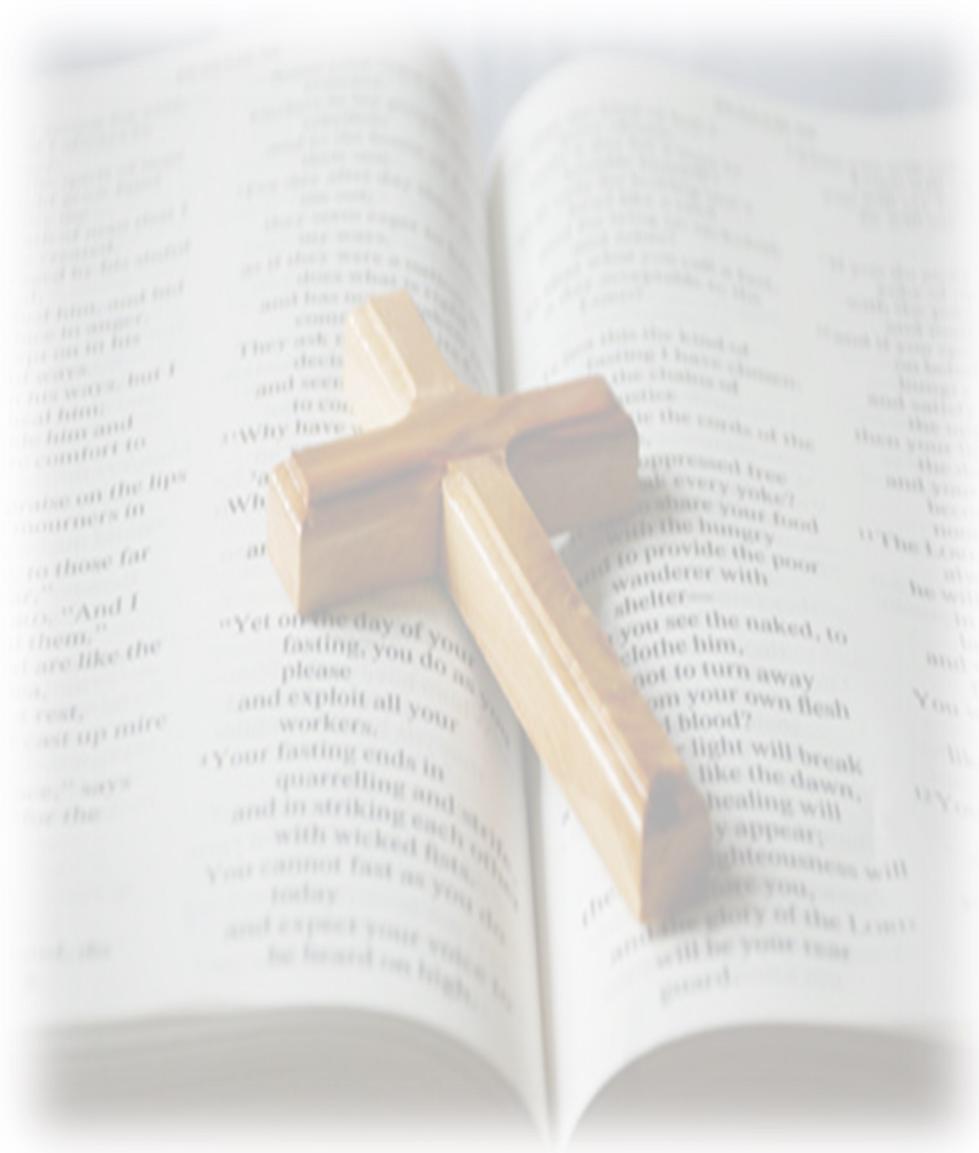


I will truly miss you. I don't know how to cope with you being gone, it doesn't seem real. I was one of the few people who could say they had both of their grandparents still here and kicking. Thank you for pushing through everything you were going through and still keeping a smile on your face for us. I wish I could have seen you sooner and spoke with you. I cry every night wishing you were still here, and I couldn't even get halfway through this letter without crying. I know I didn't see you as often, but the older I became when we did, I want you to know it was the best time spent. Seeing you laugh in your favorite chair in the living room, cracking jokes. Talking with you and getting you caught up on what was going on in our lives brought me more joy than anything. Those times we stayed at night and would wake up with you and grandma, eat breakfast, play games, look out in the backyard, and watch t.v. all day. Going downstairs to your mini store where the treats and games were, yeah those were the best times. I will miss your happy birthday songs you and grandma would sing to us. I miss your voice grandad so much it just replays in my head, how happy you always sounded and how happy you always were, You always called me "Your first grandbaby". I still cannot believe this is real. I know everyone says you're not in pain anymore and you now are an angel walking free and watching over us. Everything I do, was and will always be for you. I'll be missing you. I will be strong for you as these days and years go by because I know you wouldn't want to see me sad all the time, but celebrating a great life you had and will continue to have, up in the great heavens. I love you forever and always and you are now my angel watching over me,

Granddaddy Jay.

Love, Tytiana





For Family and Friends

*Our Circle has been broken
A link gone from the chain
But though we've parted for a while
We know we'll meet again
Someday we hope to meet you
Someday we know not when
We shall meet in a better land
And never part again*

-The Family-

PALLBEARERS

*Joe Brown
Jerry Early
Lamar Howard
John McDaniels
Arthur Shepard
Terrance Whalen*

FLOWER BEARERS

Family and Friends

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The entire Johnson family express their deep appreciation for your prayers, love, comfort and support. It has been a great source consolation to us and will remain in our hearts as precious memories. May God Bless You All. We would especially like to thank From the Heart Church Ministries and Hodges and Edwards Funeral Home.

In memory of Javan Johnson in lieu of flowers, contributions can be made to the Multiple Sclerosis Foundation via the web

*<https://msfocus.org/Donate.aspx> or by mail below
Multiple Sclerosis Foundation
National Headquarters
6520 N. Andrews Avenue
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33309-2132*

Services Entrusted To:
*Hodges and Edwards Funeral Home
Suitland, Maryland*