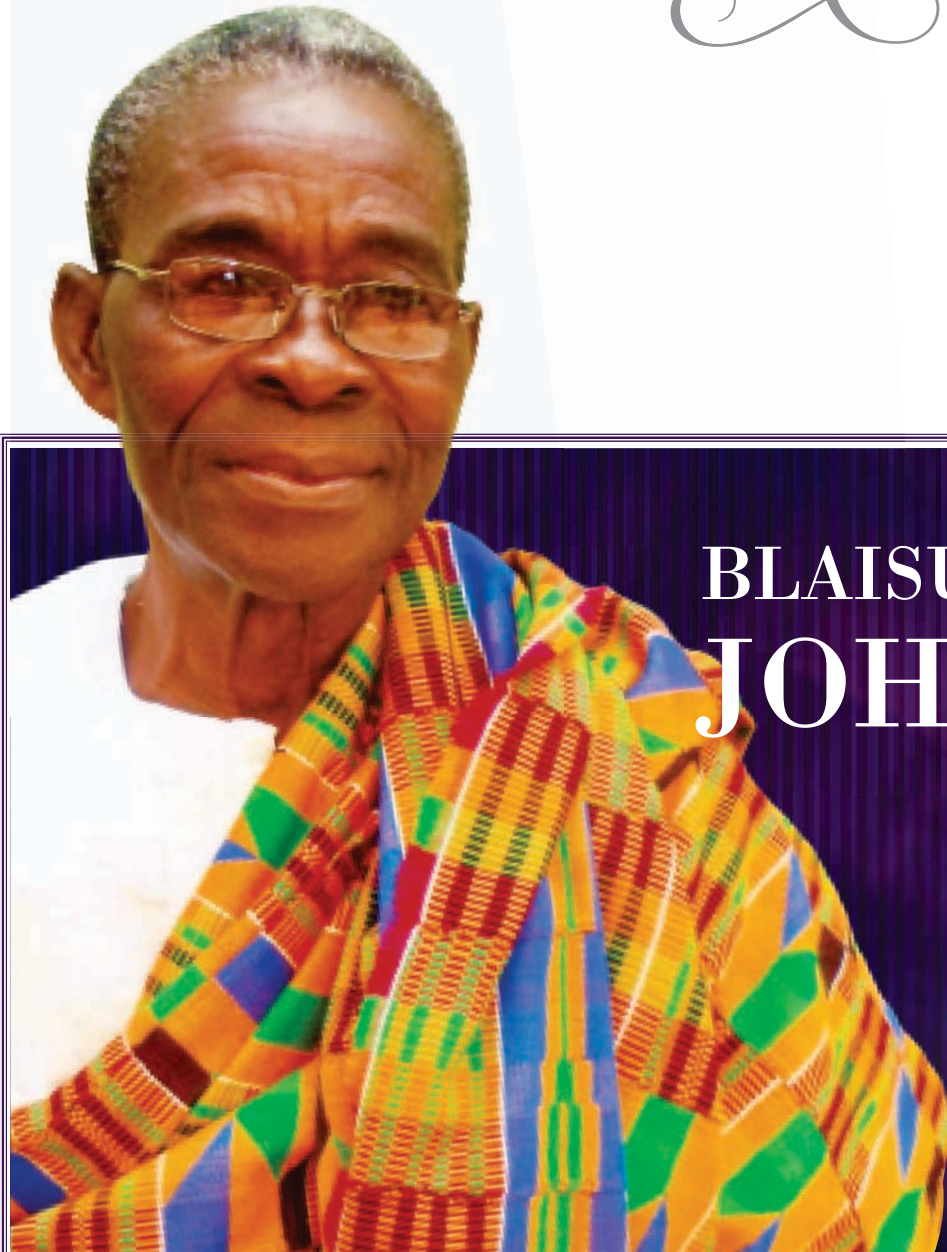


Called ^{to} Glory



**BURIAL SERVICE
BIOGRAPHY
TRIBUTES**



**BLAISUS ANSAH
JOHNSON**

1932 - 2022

A misty lake scene with a boat and forested hills. The background is a soft, hazy landscape of a lake surrounded by forested hills. In the foreground, a small boat with a blue canopy is on the water. The overall atmosphere is calm and reflective.

PROLOGUE

I have finished the race;
I have fought the good fight


When tomorrow starts without me,
and I'm not here to see,
If the sun should rise and find your eyes,
filled with tears for me.

I wish so much you wouldn't cry
the way you did today
Whiles thinking of the many things,
we didn't get to say

I know how much you love me,
as much as I love you,
And each time you think of me,
I know you will miss me too.

When tomorrow starts without me,
don't think we're far apart,
for every time you think of me,
am right there in your heart





ORDER OF SERVICE

Part 1

PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

Prayer

Welcome & Introduction

Filing Past

Part 2

BURIAL SERVICE

Prayer

Opening Scripture Reading

- 1 Thess 4:13-17 - KICC

Hymn 1

(It's Well)

Scripture Reading

Romans 14:8 – Family

1 Cor 15: 50-53 - Family

Biography – Family

Eulogy – Tributes

Children

Family

KICC

Hymn 2

(Great is thy faithfulness)

Scripture Reading

2 Tim 4:7-8 - KICC

Message

Benediction

Announcements

Part 3

AT THE GRAVESIDE

Hymn 3

(Abide with me)

Committal Prayers

Laying of Wreaths

Vote of Thanks

- Family

Hymn 4

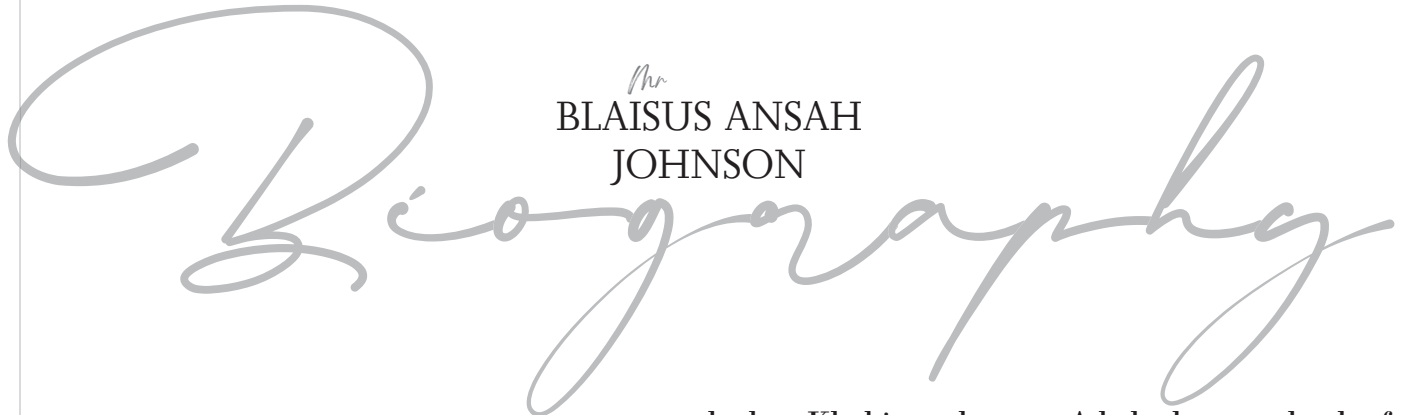
(Rock of Ages, cleft for me)

Benediction



BLASIUS
ANSAH
JOHNSON

1932 - 2022



Mr
BLAISUS ANSAH
JOHNSON

The late Khaki was born at Adedenkpo a suburb of Accra central to late Justino Dzevoday Akwetey Braque Johnson of Anomabo and Agnes Addai Adjeodah from Togo on 11th February 1932.

“
Death is the liberation of him whom freedom cannot be released, the physician of whom medicine cannot cure, when the mirror is broken you no longer see your image”

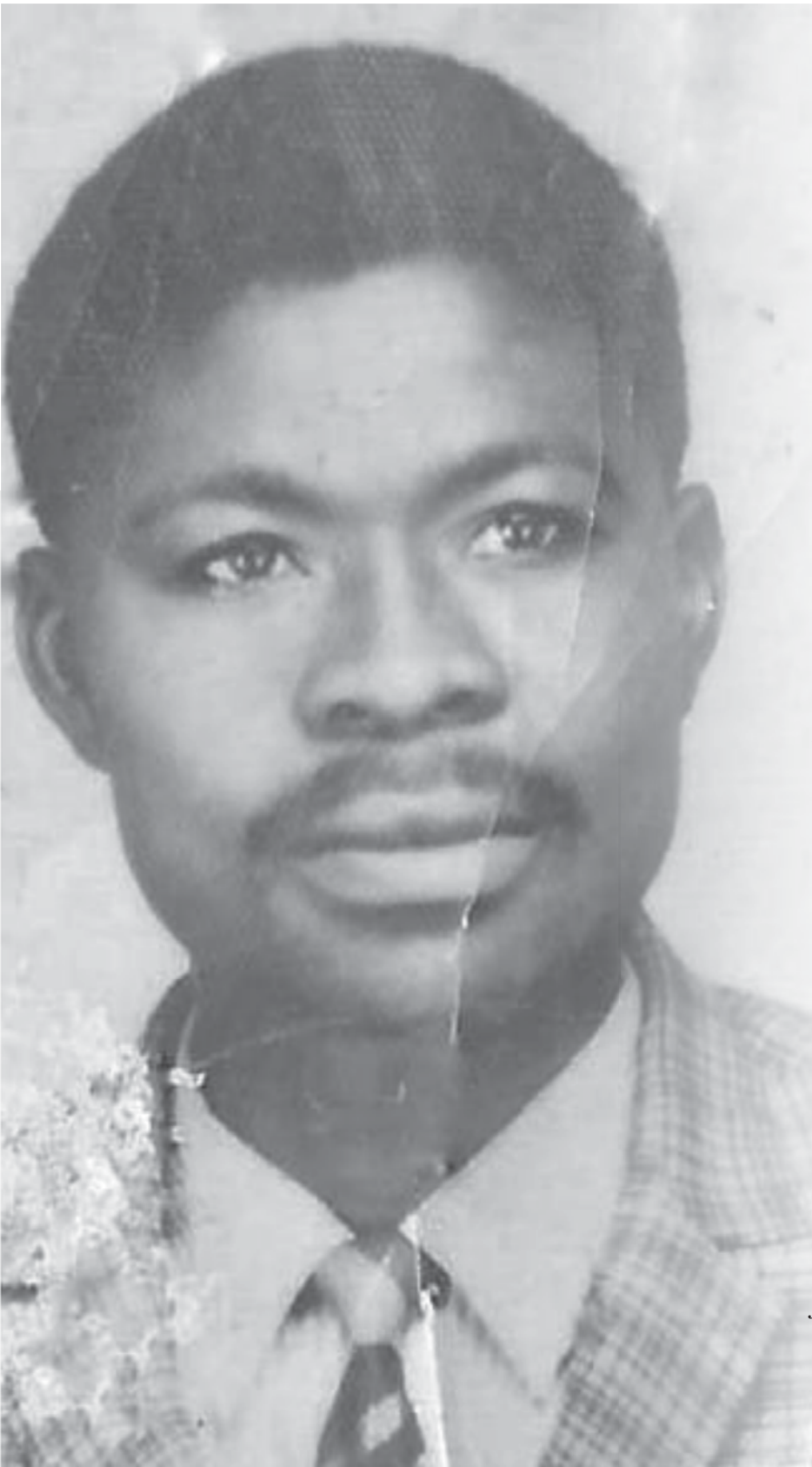
He had his elementary school education at Osu progress school. He proceeded to Osu Salem school where he studied electrical engineering.

After school he travelled to Nigeria and worked for several years as a foreman for an electrical company.

Back to Ghana he established Marconi electricals installation in the Area. Later he joined Washington company, which fixed the first street lights through La to Teshie Camp. He worked at the P. W. D. as a foreman Kaki as a member of the team that constructed the stage for notable historical functions such as the one on which Kwame Nkrumah declared independence and also that which Sir Stanley Mathews, the great footballer sat on his visit to Ghana.

Kaki as an electrical engineer was also responsible for the construction of the following edifices.

1. The Meridian Hotel
2. The Black Star Line office
3. Satellite for the Tema Harbour
4. The Oil Factory at Tema
5. G.C.B. Tower at Circle
6. Korle Lagoon Bridge



7. Adidome Bridge.
8. Redco Flats, Madina
9. La Trade Fair Centre
10. Tema Chocolate Factory

His last place of work was vector Morrison Centre in Accra.

Kaki married the beautiful industrious young lady Margaret Johnson at the apostolic church of Ghana, Osu in 1975

The late kaki worshipped regularly at the K.I.C.C. Dominion Centre at Spintex for more than two decades. He paid his commitment to the church even at his old age.

He was the bassist for the famous Osibisa Band, Black Beat and Ramblers. He was popularly known as lovely love for his benevolence. His usual saying ... someone's small case is another one's big one. He was a good mixer and related well with both the old and young.

His health has not been good for over a year now and finally gave up the ghost on 29th July 2022 at the Crown Hospital North Legon.

He left behind a wife, six children and numerous grandchildren, great grandchildren and family to mourn him.

Rest in perfect peace daddy, grandpa, husband, uncle and all.

Then I heard a voice from heaven saying to me write: Blessed are the dead who die in the lord from now on. Yes, says the spirit, that they may rest from their work follow them. Rev.14:13.









TRIBUTE BY

Wife

“What I feared has come upon me, what I dreaded has happened to me” - Job 3:25

Death can be cruel at times. I least expected to miss you at this time of our marriage as we prepare to celebrate my 70th birthday. We have been married for 47 years and throughout our ups and downs we have stuck together. It is hard to believe you are no longer here kaki. Words cannot describe the pain, sadness and grief I feel. My husband kaki was the Centre of my world. He became my best friend, father, husband, mother, and above all my spiritual head, indeed my husband was my hero.

You were always there to play fatherly roles towards raising our children. Even though we had our misunderstanding just like all marriages we easily patched up and you were always there to help.

I can recall vividly today our wedding at Apostolic Church, Osu in 1975. You have been such a wonderful husband as we were all ageing. I believe this is the right time to be with each other, but the good lord knows best and that is why he has taken you away. We shall meet again on resurrection. One thing you left me which is my consolation is that in all hard times you said “Give it to God” who will console me again. You were my pillar of hope I will sorely miss you.

Thank you for being the father of my children.
I take consolation in the scriptures Psalm 147:3
“He heals the broken hearted and binds up their wounds”.

My dearest husband rest in perfect peace.



TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN

“Naked I came from my mother's womb, and naked I will depart. The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; may the name of the Lord be praised.” Job 1:21

SAMMY

I knew you by two names “Kaki and Papa Braizo” growing up. These were all names coined by the young, old and all in between because you have this phenomenal way of relating to humanity. You were called Kaki because the kids could not pronounce “Frankie” and “Papa Braizo” because the elderly butchered your unique name Blaisus. In consolation, they added “Papa” to it because you commanded respect as a young man.

I believe this taught you a great lesson and you never took it lightly, so you never called me or any of your granddaughters by their given names; instead, you called me “Papaa” and called them “Mommy”.

I still have fond memories of how you told me I could cry a river as a kid and the only thing to calm me or put me to sleep is if you drive me to the beach behind Independence square.

You were the first person I heard these three little words from - “I love you.” You really lived it and gave out all you have till there is nothing to give. I later found out it was your nick name which later evolved to simply “Love” and now “Lovely Love.” And this is the greatest commandment in the bible!

I remember the days I blew all the fuses in the main switch of the house by plugging a 3volts torchlight bulb into a 220volts electrical outlet. Mom chased me out of the house all day till you got back from work; and all you said was “let's go home and fix this together” with no questions asked. My curiosity in trying to find the people talking and singing inside your Akasanoma radio led me to break it. I also broke your favourite Sanyo turntable aka “apaawa” needle and did not even know I was doing something



DJs will be doing in the future. I vividly remember breaking your Aiwa 3 CD player changer by sticking in more than three CDs to see what would happen. But with all these flaws; you used it as a teachable moment to make me better. You figured out my interests and taught me how to disassemble and assemble back electronics. Thanks for introducing me to Big Band and Jazz musicians like Count Basie, Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, and others. Let me end here because I can write a whole chapter about your love and passion for music. Did you know my dad was a musician and played the double bass very well? You were lenient but strict on the kind of clothes we can wear, style of hair to cut and even music to listen to. I quite remember my cousin Ewusi purchased the A.B Crentsil's Moses album which we really did not know what was wrong was with the lyrics, because we enjoyed the slow tempo and the story line. Mind you, the government has banned it not to be played on radio. Kaki found us out, took the cassette and threw it into the early morning blazing bakery oven.

It is with this knowledge and lessons, your son, that I make ends meet today.

You were such a diligent worker that you hardly took any time off. You took us to meet all your expatriate coworkers who marveled when you made us climb up hundreds of feet in the air to inspect your successfully erected cranes. They were not surprised because you were like their magician, so they expected the same from the junior Johnsons. I was always intrigued by looking at you dressed like them in shorts and being sometimes the only Black person with the ideas they choose. You are really a pace

setter and way ahead of your time.

You had so many chances to take your talent abroad, but you chose us over those lucrative offers.

After all your achievements and accomplishments, you counted all as loss and took Jesus as your Lord and personal Saviour and held on to Him even to your last breath. It has been a little over a month since you left us, but not a day goes by that I don't think of you, miss you and remember how much you taught me.

You taught me more than just simple life and being content – not to envy or take what does not belong to you by force. You would always say, “let sleeping dogs lie” or “live and let's live” and even the big issue you considered them as “small trouble.” Never raised your voice or hand at us, never!

You made me cry only one time in my whole life I guess because of my ignorance or silliness; in your soft voice you asked “Papaa why?”. And this is what happened; you were off work because you broke your leg. Mom prepared you some hot light soup and tea, so you called me to bring the sugar. I hurriedly did and you asked, “please put it inside”. Yes, you all guessed right, I put the sugar in the soup instead of tea and thus the question “Papaa, why”? I cried the entire day!

You took in and treated anyone who lived with us as one of your own and never discriminated. You taught me so much about life!

We will miss you eating tons of onions, but your memory will forever live because your granddaughter Lovania took after you and eats them as much as you do. I asked God for one more year, but He gave you many! To that, my hearts cry out “it is well with my soul.”

Jennifer and the girls always looked forward to coming to see you, but it will be quite different on their next visit. Your granddaughters or mommies as you call them have you etched in their minds as “our grandpa Kaki woke up and dressed up for church before we woke up every Sunday.” This to me is very admirable and worth emulating!

We will really miss your kindness, selflessness, sound life-lesson advice and checking on us on Sundays to see if we made it to church.

My dad taught me EVERYTHING except how to LIVE without him!

Kaki – fare thee well and may the mighty Lord keep you on His right-hand side; and please save us a spot until we meet again!

PAT(KAFUI)

As I look back over the times, I find myself wondering....

Did I remember to thank you enough for all you did for me?

For the numerous times you were by my side to support me in facing personal challenges as well as celebrate my weaknesses. The sacrifices you made to enable me have the best in all I do.

Dad this is kuku, you have shattered all my dreams. I recall how you used to help me with my chores. You were my motivator, security, officer, and electrician. Who will protect me at down when I start to work?

Dad why did you swerve me, you promised me my birthday gift on Saturday, but decided to leave on Friday.

I never knew the pedicure I did for you was the last.

Dad, I believe God is keeping you in his bosom. Rest Well Dad. Safe journey home.

DEE

Whoosh! Life can be unfair sometimes.

I don't have much to say.

God gives and he takes.

You were such a blessing to my life.

I can recall how we would sneak out have good times. Oh, death your stings are painful.

How do I go through life without your timely advices? It will not be the same again but you thought me about God and that will carry me on.

Thank you for all you did for me. Rest well.

JOYCE

I haven't heard from you since that fateful day,
I trust you are well, watching us from
Abraham's bosom, while you rest peacefully.

Who will call me mammy Joyce again?

Kaki, things are not the same again since your
demise.

Dearest dad I didn't know you would leave so
soon. I am not tired of taking good care of you.
Your presence by my side always gave me hope
and security

My love for you had been great since my

infancy. How can I forget those days when you
dote on me at the least opportunity. You really
made me feel like a queen. This loss is
irreplaceable.

I have always prayed you live to be 100 years
but the lord knows best. Fare the well dad,
you have created a big vacuum in my house.

Your stay there was so exciting

Dad, please come back I am sorely missing you.

My only consolation is you are resting
peacefully with the Lord.





TRIBUTE BY
Daughter **YAABA**

Oh, dad why now? I can't come to terms with the reality of your death.

I appreciate from the bottom of my heart your motivation. You have always encouraged me to pray and rely on God. This had always been my strength.

Your blessings were so much in my life and I thank you sincerely for that. I will continue to live the life you taught me.

God bless and keep your soul in his bosom.

Have a safe journey home dad, I will continue to love you.

Rest well.





TRIBUTE BY
**GRAND-
 CHILDREN**

In this life, we have plants, flowers, trees and grasses of green. Most people tend to have a favorite flower. If my grandpa was a flower, he would be my favorite flower to ever bloom.

But unfortunately, all flowers wither and die someday. My grandfather Kaki was a selfless man. He never fancied material things, he rather liked the finger things in life such as family time and respect. He always called us mommy or daddy which always brought smiles to our faces. Every birthday we called; it would always be our joke for him to say "I am one year old! Given the fact that he grew older and older every year we spoke. Regardless of the day or mention that keeps us in his prayer. So today, we stand here in hopes of him resting peacefully. Grandpa Khaki nantiyie.

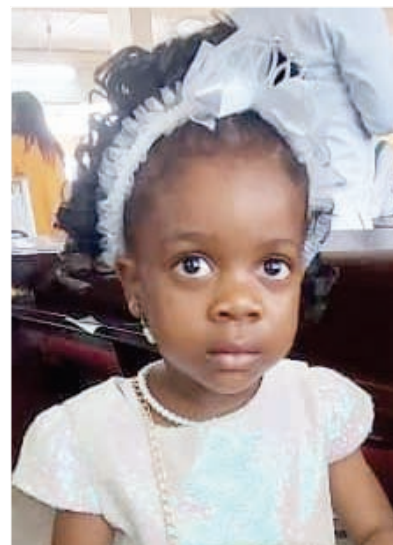
A grandfather is someone with silver in his hair and gold in his

heart. memories carved in the heart will always be remembered. Grandpa, your memory will always be in our heads

Oh! Grandpa Kaki as we called you. You were so kind to us. Everything we asked from you, you would not think twice before giving them out.

Your death was really a shock to us. Now, who will give us money to buy what we want.

Oh, grandpa we were all happy that you will turn 91 next year but you could not follow us. We thank you for everything and pray your soul will rest in perfect peace.







TRIBUTE BY
IN LAWS

PASCHAL

Grandpa as I always call you, I little knew that afternoon, that God was going to call your name, I vividly recall few hours before your demise whilst ironing for work, we had afternoon chat how to be kind and generous to people, never did I know it was your last words to me.

Grandma I was not tired caring and living with you because you blessed me with your loving daughter. I cherish the memories I have with him and knowing he is smiling down on all of us. I feel so grateful to have spent much time with him.

I will forever miss his wise counselling and memory I share with him. As much as we are grieving him I take consolation that he lived a worthy live and he will always be remembered. Many a times when he asks for air talk time I wonder what he uses it for but I realize later that he is much concerned about the welfare of people and he will call to check on them now.

I am just so lost and cannot believe you are gone. I shall miss my routine checkup on you every morning and having our little chat on how you are doing.

May the light of our best memory

remain with you as you travel into eternity.

Rest well Grandpa

JENNIFER

I have sat and battled myself as to what to write to you my dear father inlaw. Then it downed on me, you will no longer be the first person that welcomes me with a smile when I walk through the gate of second Kaajaano Street. Rather, this time I need to make an extra trip to your headstone hhhmm. My father-in-law, Khaki - Your love was an indication and part of my overall marital happiness. I did not know you were too fond of me until my name was dound in the pocket of your last clothes you had on. You always poured your heart to my children and I, you were full of advices, remain positive and had a loving personality. You always reminded me of how much you prayed for us and I can count on you today, to be an angel watching over us. My household is grateful to be part of the dash between the date you were born and the hour you departed. As a father-in-law and a father figure, your absence left a deep wound in my heart. It is sad to feel that you are no more with us on

earth, but your love and peaceful memories are still our guide. We will miss you dearly. Khaki, baba na wo! Rest In Peace my dear father in-law

GILLIAN

It is with a heavy heart that I write this tribute in memory of a special father -in -law.

Death the cruel monster has done it again and it is to no other person than to Grandpa KAKI as I affectionately called him.

Hmm! I wish I could write down all the good memories we shared together.

I met you in 1999 and the key things you thought me in life has helped me a great deal in all the facet of my life.

To mention but a few were kindness, forgiveness and always waiting upon Gods time. These virtues have kept my marriage going.

You were like a star which never struggled to shine, like a perpetual flame which has already been lit, I promise to keep these virtues burning as a memorial to you.

You did not only give us footprints of what you stood for but better still a heart print where nothing can wash it away.

Alas, we take consolation in scripture that we shall meet you again, with the arch angels celebrating your entry into eternity with its pomp and pageantry because your passing is an earthly loss but an enormous heavenly gain.

Dayei Kaki Daddy

Nyame nfa wo kra nsie

ALBERT

I came into your house and family not knowing what to expect and find. I was nervous but you gently eased my nervousness with your gentle demeanor and assurances. You welcomed me with opened arms and made me feel at home. Your honesty and words of wisdom will never be forgotten. You would call me whenever I'm going out of the house to straighten my shirt collar for me. You always made me feel like I am one of your sons. You were a thinker and a quiet man who didn't push himself on anyone but would quietly watch and mentally figure out that person was a good person or not. I always admired your honesty and integrity. I thank God for the sons and daughters he raised, they are in many ways like their father. I am benefiting every day from Mr. Johnson's contribution as a father. Rest In Peace Daddy. May the Almighty God be a pillar of light and guide you through this journey. Rest well!





TRIBUTE BY

FAMILY

*For if we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die we die to the Lord. Therefore, whether we live or die, we are the Lord's - **Rom. 14:8***

*Blessed are the dead who die in the lord from now on, that they may rest from their labors and their work follow them. Reaping the earth harvest. - **Rev. 14:13***

We gather here this morning to honour the memory of our beloved brother, Bryzo.

Together we acknowledge and share our joy in the gift that his life brought us, as well as the pain and vacuum that his passing has left in our heart.

As Isaiah said, those who live good life find peace and rest in death.

Let us therefore celebrate the good life of Papa Bryzo, as we affectionately call him.

The news of Papa Bryzo's death on the day we were mourning his younger brother hit us like a tsunami....hmmm!

A pillar in the family has broken and left us disheartened.

Papa Bryzo was loving, kind, caring, serviceable and very supportive. Never saying no to our needs whenever we call on him. He was our counselor and organizer during family gatherings such as funerals, weddings and other anniversaries.

Papa Bryzo, we cannot enumerate the many times you helped us, they are legion.

Words failed us to express our sorrow but rejoice in the hope that you are at rest peacefully in the Lord. Your brothers & sisters will continue to celebrate your excellent life well lived and cherish your memory.

A light in our household has gone

A familiar voice is still!!

A pillar fallen creating a vacuum, never to be filled.

Though you are physically gone, your memory lives with us.

God be with you till we meet again.





TRIBUTE BY
KICC DOMINION CENTRE

Mr. Johnson joined the KICC family the very day the church was launched in Ghana at KAMA Conference Centre in May 2002, and until his demise, he was very active.

He was sedulous, punctual and regular. For the time he has been with KICC Ghana he has inspired and encouraged many with his consistency. Mr Johnson never missed any church service even at his advanced age except due to ill-health. Sunday after Sunday he was always among the first to be present. He would always stay for the Kingsway Bible Institute class after first service with the same commitment.

Revelation 14:13

Then I heard a voice from heaven say "write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from now on. Yes," says the Spirit, "they will rest from their labour, for their deeds will follow them"

He was also involved in the Men of Honour programmes. In the yearly Great Ascend of the Aburi Mountain from Ayi-Mensah, even at age 87, he participated to the admiration of both young and old.

He was kind-hearted and polite which enabled him to relate to all manner of people irrespective of age, background and status in life. He was fond of the elderly people as well the young.

Mr. Johnson was very jovial despite being strict. He rebuked sharply when he had to and immediately knew what to say to reconcile. He was such a lovely person and often had stories to tell in which he shared important life lessons many of them his personal experiences.

Another side of Mr. Johnson worth emulating was his ability to forgive. He was found of saying it was of no use nursing a grudge against anybody, instead, continue to pray for offenders for God to speak their hearts. Could this be the source of his longevity of life?

He hardly complained about anything or anybody, he spoke positively about everyone and about his life, encouraging others to hold on their faith and to trust God in all their endeavours. Mr. Johnson one was a great listener; ever ready to listen to

challenges and problems of those who approached him with rapt attention. Then drawing from many sources including his own experience, he would give a very sound and satisfying counsel. He is fondly remembered by many of our members for his regular phone calls to check up on them and their families and some had these to say about him:

“He was such a lovely soul to have known and to have been with throughout the time we spent together in KICC. He calls and asks about my family; he usually called my children my grandma and granddad and sometimes I feel guilty I don't make enough time to reciprocate the calls.”

“Another said, for many years before the lock down, as soon as he joined the bus on Sunday, he would call me " "bus ε eba eei" meaning “*the bus has arrived.*”

“One thing that linked us is that we shared the same birthday so we called each other on our birthdays and he would make sure that he gave me a gift no matter how small he always had something for me on my birthday and would pray with me.”

“He was the one who brought me to KICC, he invited me several times and it took a while before I responded but I am glad I did”
Indeed, Mr. Johnson has fought the good fight, he has finished the race, has kept the faith. We celebrate a life well-lived.

May your gentle soul rest peacefully with your maker, Mr. Blasius Johnson

Till we meet again in the Lord.

FARE THEE WELL.



TRIBUTE BY
**MIN.
KOFI AIKINS**



“I have set the Lord always before me, because He is at my right hand, I will not be shaken. Therefore my heart is glad and my tongue rejoices, my body also will rest secure, because you will not abandon me to the grace, nor will you let your Holy one see decay. You have made known to me the path of life, you will fill me with joy in your presence, with eternal pleasures at your right hand” –Psalm 16:8-11.

The joy of knowing the Lord Jesus and serving Him faithfully makes the believer face death with confidence. I met “Uncle” the late Mr. Johnson a decade ago in K.I.C.C and became very close to him about six (6) years after.

Watching Uncle from afar, I saw some distinct qualities in him as a believer which need to emulate. Uncle as I call him is very Loving, caring and dedicated to the work of GOD and man. He is also honest, gently and disciplined. This is a man who will call you on phone if he did not see you in church. His generosity and respect is to everyone in spite of age. He blesses me with bread on every occasion.

On the eve of his birthday, he will called and

reminded me of special prayers for him and His family.

His family and himself invited me to his 90th Birthday and I was asked to sit between His junior brother and himself. This was on the 13th February, 2022. As I write this tribute both brothers are dead. Only God knows our today and tomorrow.

I will cherish the time I was lucky to spend with him, but we take consolation in the words of the Apostle Paul in Rom. 14:8-9 “If we live, we live to the Lord and if we die, we die to the Lord, so whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord. For this very reason, Christ died and returned to life so that he might be the Lord of both dead and the living.”

And it seems to me you lived your life just as your maker made you too!

Until then, enjoy your rest in the bosom of our Lord.

Till we meet Again!!

Rest in Perfect PEACE.











Hymns

IT IS WELL

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

It is well (it is well)
 With my soul (with my soul)
 It is well, it is well with my soul

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should
 come
 Let this blest assurance control
 That Christ (yes, He has) has regarded my helpless
 estate
 And has shed His own blood for 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!

And Lord, haste the day when my 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!

GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS

Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father
 There is no shadow of turning with Thee
 Thou changes not, Thy compassion's, they fail not
 As Thou hast been, Thou forever will be

Great is Thy faithfulness
 Great is Thy faithfulness
 Morning by morning new mercies I see
 All I have needed Thy hand hath provided
 Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me

Summer and winter, springtime and harvest
 Sun, moon and stars in their courses above
 Join with all nature in manifold witness
 To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth
 Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide
 Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow
 Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide
 The darkness deepens Lord, with me abide
 When other helpers fail and comforts flee
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away
 Change and decay in all around I see
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness
 Where is death's sting?
 Where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 shadows flee
 In life, in death, o Lord, abide with me
 Abide with me, abide with me

ROCK OF AGES


Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All could never sin erase,
 Thou must save, and save by grace.

Nothing in my hands I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
 Foul, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.





*Thank you for your thoughtfulness,
your generosity and support during this
difficult time. It is greatly appreciated.*
May God richly bless you all.

The **JOHNSON** *Family*