



## Mary Johnson

December 31, 1969 - December 26, 2012

Obituary of Mary Johnson Mary Annie Mae Johnson, Born- Dec. 18, 1926, Entered Into Rest- Dec. 26, 2012 Mother-The true definition of mother would be a modest start to fully document what our mother meant to us. Volumes later we begin realize what a wonderful thoughtful, caring, loving human being she was. Born in Leonardtown, MD and raised on a farm in rural southern Maryland with 4 brothers and 4 sisters. Mary lived the old ways of life. After World War II Mary met a young aviation Sailor who was stationed at NAS Patuxent River Station base in southern Maryland. William John Johnson was from Jamaica Bay, New York. They married April 19, 1947. They had four children: William, Robert, Daniel and Ann Marie. The family lived in Alexandria and Springfield, Va., where Mary was the wife of a US Air Force Chief Master Sergeant who was the Crew Chief for Air Force One under President Eisenhower. Her life as military wife was a job she loved and honored. In 1977, they moved back to Hollywood, Md. On the Patuxent River, They stayed there many years until the weather was too unpleasant for them and relocated to Ocala, Florida. They had planned to re-settle in Florida and after lots of searching - they found a nice retirement home in On Top of the World in Ocala, Florida. They moved down in 1999 and our father died suddenly on August 15, 1999. They were married for 52 years and were soul mates here and now in heaven. Mary Johnson survived 13 long years after Dad passed away. She was tired of the spiritual and bodily pains of separation. We know they are together in the loving brace of God and ever after. Mary Annie Mae

Johnson is preceded in death by her husband, CMS William John Johnson U.S. Air Force retired. She is survived by 3 sons and a daughter and 6 grandchildren (Darby, Kelley, Bobby, Daniel, Sara and Matthew), and one great grandchild - Darrin. "Our shining light on this earth has surrendered to the brighter light from God above". There will be a private funeral and burial per family at Roberts Bruce Chapel West, December 30, 2012.: Farewell Eulogy to Mother from one of her sons A panegyric at the funeral services on December 30, 2012 - 11:30 am Roberts Funeral Home, Ocala, Florida Mary Annie Mae Johnson was my mother and perhaps the best mother on the planet. Raising four children and trying to be 'the good' military wife - was no easy task. Of course, she excelled in everything she touched. She heartened my life and I am everything she gave to me ~ so unconditionally, especially her mother's love! Mom was born in 1926 and most of you here today can equate to the type of people that came from this period of our U.S. history - 'the greatest generation.' These folks came from living the basics to early beginnings of electricity to where we are today. Our mother was part of this transition, and she lived to see and survive the end of Prohibition, the 'Great Depression', World War II, Korean War, Vietnam and all the most recent American Wars. These people learned how to do more with less, appreciate the value of the dollar, a handshake, your word, saving and the value of time. She never caught up with today's de-humanization with high speed gadgets, the need for speed, or the instant gratification so aptly infused into our present society. This progress was not concerning to her. In her day, things were repaired - not thrown away like today. People were frugal with their money. She learned to cut hair - thus the many haircuts we received in the basement of our home as young boys. It saved money. In fact, she put the money into a jar for each haircut and used it elsewhere. She learned sewing and crafted/designed women's clothing for my sister. She sewed many beautiful dresses and outfits. She copied Civil War men's clothing from just looking at photos and created accurate reenactment uniforms, vests, trousers, and a gentlemen's coat - that I still wear to this day. She sewed all kinds of things for

people - for fun and for pleasing her family. All the patches in my Scouting days and my Navy career, she so diligently sewed by hand and machine on my uniforms. She learned cooking and became an expert cook and pastry designer. Her éclairs 'were to kill for' and a good friend of mine still sends his thanks for the pastry delights she be! stowed on him over 20 years ago. He does not know that she has crossed over a day after Christmas. She touched so many with her cooking and food presentations. The neighbors all love her meals and desserts, as well as this family. She was known for other attributes and talents. Mom was an avid gardener of flowers and food bearing plants. She loved raising flowers and even sold them at the Amish Flea Market in Southern Maryland on selected weekends. She followed her passion with the flower sales for years. She taught me all that I know on caring for indoor/outdoor plants. I too, have a green thumb because of her dedication to watching and nurturing growing things ~ including this family. She raised us children to be good citizens, self-sufficient, charitable, God loving, and decent people. She portrayed love - unselfish love to her husband - her soul mate, which permeated into my own life. She was a good wife, a modest wife with so many talents - moreover a written hand for poetry. She won medals and awards for her writings and it was just a blip on the radar of her ! life. Mom would do anything for her children. Brother Dan's eye injury was a test for mom and dad in perseverance, forgiveness, and faith. I suffered through a terrible divorce - lasting over two years. She was there for me and dad also - counseling and assisting me financially. It was hard on them as well. We survived. Each child has their own life changing story and without compromise, doubt, or loss of believing in us - mom supported us all the way. She was our confidant, our mentor ~ the soft voice over the phone to add comfort to any pain. She absorbed all my pains and sufferings and for that sacrifice, I am eternally grateful. Mom suffered greatly towards her end days; actually since dad's departure in August of '99. She never left Ocala, Florida for 13 years until now - to rejoin with dad. Unfortunately, she also suffered with

other pains in life from her own childhood family. I could elaborate but suffice to say, she kept this chapter of her life masked. Mom was an ANGEL and tried her level best to make everyone happy - whatever it took. Her pains late in life were due to the aging process and she was tired and wanted to go home. I will miss all the face time conversations with mom and her cards, letters, and presents. I will miss the person who made me whole, \* The mom who helped me with my morning newspapers; \* The mom that helped me attain Eagle Scout; \* The mom that taught me how to sell things, make change, and keep books; \* The mom that endured my trials and tribulations in High School; \* The mom that watched me mature into a US Navy Senior Chief; \* The mom that endorsed my marriage to my soul mate; And \* The mom that begged me to live in Florida, but understood my passion for the great outdoors and yielded to my desire to live in Colorado; \* The mom that made me what I am today. We love you. We will miss you. We understand the life cycle and will see you again on the other side! Ps. Tell dad to behave! Robert John Johnson Mom or Mum as she preferred, I guess that came from the British heritage she was proud of. Mary Anna Mae Johnson gave birth to William Emil Johnson on Thanksgiving Day Nov. 20 1951. And I had 3 yrs with her all to myself. I did my best to train her on being an efficient mother and then gave my blessings to allow brothers Bobby, Danny and for the sake of variety, a sister, Ann Marie to come along. And Mum did well, raising a fine group of children, though one still needs some work. Hint navy, Colorado, neurotic. She was always there for us. Our pal, friend and adviser. From the early days in the 50s when it was just Bob and I, she made robes with hand embroidered dinosaurs on them. Mine was a red t-rex , bobs was a green brontosaurus I think. Or if it was running me to the Ft Belvoir hospital to get my head stitched up from brother Bob's attack with a toy garden hoe in the back yard at Monticello road. Or the look on her face when I came in with no front teeth, having fallen off a bike face first into a sidewalk. This, a day after a visit to the dentist who proclaimed I had picture perfect teeth. I remember her helping/showing me how to paint & assemble models. Tricks that I still use to

this day. She was talented in so many ways. Sewing, she could create anything just from a picture. Matching shirts for all of us guys. Or breath taking dresses for Ann & Bob. Oh yeah I will mention her cooking. Her deserts were so good that hired workers at the house site would offer to work for free if she'd make a batch of those éclairs. And how she would labor in that kitchen. Those glorious holiday feast she would put together. Starting days before with the sweets and then up before sunrise to start the main courses. And how about her green thumb. You could almost hear the plants purr when she got near them. Even plants loved her. Mum was also an award winning writer of poems. She was very proud of this but you had to bring it up. Her medallion and published works were humbly hidden away. At this point I'd like to read a couple to you. I'll do my best. >>> Now as we all, in our own way say our goodbyes to this beautiful person, Remember that the suffering is over, She's at peace She's where she's wanted to be for years Once again beside Dad smiling down on us. All of our turns will come one day and there's comfort knowing Mom & Dad will be there to greet us God Bless you Mom Bill Johnson Sending these two eulogies for the records down there....Thanks for all that you did....Johnson Family