

Obituary

Rion Antoine Johnson was born on May 22, 1984 to the union of Mr. & Mrs. Marvin Johnson in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. As a child, Rion would crawl around the house knocking things over like a Sherman Tank, hence the nickname "TANK"!

Rion received his diploma from the Milwaukee Public School District. Rion was a very charismatic, caring, and helpful individual. To know Rion was to know a high-quality individual, a hard worker, and an overall compassionate person. His smile and laughter could light up any room. We all know he had a healthy appetite, and loved to eat. The special times came most when he would get together with his family and friends. When you were his friend, you were his friend because friendship and family was so important to Tank. In his leisure time he enjoyed listening to music and caring for the neighborhood. Rion joined Greater New Birth Church when he was seven years old and made it his church home. He also rededicated himself as a young adult. Rion loved the word of GOD brought forth from his pastor. Rion got his praise on at Greater New Birth Church.

Rion Antoine Johnson went home to be with the Lord on Sunday July 16, 2006. He was preceded in death by his grandparents Willie Johnson, John Ed and Jeannette Howard, and his uncle Larry Gene Johnson.

He leaves to cherish his precious memories: Father Marvin Johnson, Mother Debra Johnson, one devoted and loving daughter Keisha Johnson; Brothers DonRay Howard (Anita), Marvin Bolds (Vinnetta), Mark Bolds (Tianne), one sister Demetris McCoy; three nieces Mariah Bolds, Donita Howard, and Tatiana McCoy. Two nephews Marquizee Bolds and DonRay Howard Jr. Grandfather Marvin O. Johnson Sr. of Union Town, OH; God-Grandparents Mr. & Mrs. Jiles and Ruby (Nah-Nah) Howell and four (4) Great-Great Aunts Martha Peterson and Mary Howard of Milwaukee, WI; Minnie Jones of Durant, MS., Maude Pett (Cephas) of Goodman, MS. Two (2) Great-Great Uncles, Bishop Joe H. Roberson Sr. (Eliza) of Milwaukee, WI; Great-Uncle Art Mooney Sr. of Cincinnati, OH; Aunts Sandra Head, Donna Brown (Melvin) of Tupelo, MS.; Michelle Johnson of Akron, OH; Sara Lackey (Gene), Antionette Wilder (Lindsay), Pat Taylor (Albert), Beverly Izard (Waymond), all of Milwaukee, WI; Uncles Willie L. Johnson of Atlanta, GA.; Kenneth Johnson (Angie) of Tulsa, OK; Justin Johnson of Akron, OH; William L. Howard of Cincinnati, OH. Rion leaves a very special friend Jessica Abernathy and a host of close loving cousins, relatives, and friends.



CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

Rion Antoine Johnson

MAY 22, 1984 - JULY 16, 2006

Saturday, July 22, 2006

10:00 a.m.

Greater New Birth Church

2207 West Center Street

Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53206

Bishop R.J. Burt, Senior Pastor

Pastor Albert Taylor, Jr. - Officiating

A CELEBRATION OF LIFE

ORDER OF SERVICE

TRIBUTES

HOMEGOING CELEBRATION

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 2006 • 10:00 A.M.

Rion "Tank" Johnson

"And he said unto Jesus, Lord remember me..." Luke 23:42

Order of Service

Musical Prelude	Greater New Birth Church Music Ministry
Processional	Ministers and Family
Scripture Reading	Elder Kathy Harris
Scripture Reading	Elder Sherron Phillips
Prayer	John "Jay" Thomas, Jr.
Musical Selection	Greater New Birth Church Music Ministry
Acknowledgment of Condolences	Minister Trista Thomas
Musical Selection	Greater New Birth Church Music Ministry
Poetry Reading	Sherrie Jude
.....	Tronique Perkins
.....	Quilla Earnest
Remarks on the Life of the Deceased	Chandra Keith
Remarks (2 minutes)	Family & Friends
Musical Selection	Joe Roberson
Eulogy	Bishop R.J. Burt, Senior Pastor, Greater New Birth Church
Director's Message	Funerary Funeral Home
Recessional	Ministers and Family
Musical Postlude	Greater New Birth Church Music Ministry

INTERMENT
Graceland Cemetery
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53209

CONTINUED CELEBRATION
1281 North 16th Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53206

ORDER OF SERVICE

Remember Me

Remember me when the sun shines bright and also when moon lights up the night. To my child remember your father your rock, your stone, the one who hugged you so I never felt alone. To my mommy who I hold so dear showing me love throughout the years. Even though sometimes I made things rough you held your title as mother and never gave up. To my dad my king, my father, my knight, the one who taught me catch and how to ride horses. The one who always said, "it will be okay." The one who asked GOD to bless every time I prayed. To my brother who I hold so dear, who kept me level headed when I got off gear. To all my closest people, to all my friends remember, this is my beginning and not my end. And every time you hear that whisper in the wind remember me as a father, a son, a brother and a friend.

- 15TH STREET -



"God enters by a private door into every individual."



Embrace Tank

Looking at you lying there, I can't help but feel despair. It was only a couple of weeks ago that I hugged you. If I would've known that it was going to be the last time, I would've held you a little longer and told myself to get stronger. I know that it's easier said than done, because these are natural feelings that you feel when you have lost a loved one. I know the lord makes no mistakes, but please lord, please lord hold on to TANK.

We may not be able to embrace him here, but now he is one of your angels and now it's our time to release, and trust that you will hold him dear. Although he will never be forgotten, we as a family, and friends will hold fast and cherish all the memories we have. So Marvin, Debbie, DonRay, and Markesha, even though your son, brother, and father is not here in the flesh, just remember his spirit is still here, and alive you can still see him through Markesha's eyes.

- THE FAMILY -

A CELEBRATION OF LIFE

MAY 22, 1984 - JUN 16, 2000

Ray & Milaine Johnson

Pallbearers

Don Ray Howard

Mark

Mary

Coffin Bearers

Monique Haynes

Nequisha May

Interment

Graceland Cemetery
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204

Continued Celebration

3281 North 16th Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53206

Acknowledgment

Perhaps you sent a lovely card, or sat quietly in prayer. Perhaps you sent a floral piece, if so, we saw it there. Perhaps you spoke the kindest words that any friend could say. Perhaps you were not there at all, just thought of us that day.

