



In Loving Memory  
of

*Deborah F. Johnson-Kolton*

*Sunrise*  
*October 22, 1954*

*Sunset*  
*December 31, 2011*

Service

Saturday, January 7, 2012 - 10:00 a.m.

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

2352 8th Avenue • New York, New York

*Pastor M.E. Wooten, Officiating*  
*Marvin Hadley, Organist*

## *Obituary*

On a cold October day in 1954, beauty broke through the clouds and the sun shone. The day was October 22nd and the sunshine was in the form of a baby girl. On that day, **Deborah Julie Faber** was born to the joyous hearts and glad reception of Wallace and Janie Faber.

Deborah was the 5<sup>th</sup> of seven children. Deborah was a precocious, perceptive, and sometimes a petulant little girl. She was very inquisitive and always searching for knowledge. She was a bright and apt student. This is evidenced by the amount of time she spent pursuing her education. She attended elementary, junior high school and high school in Brooklyn. She graduated from Erasmus Hall High School in 1973, going on to attend college at Medgar Evers College in Brooklyn. This was the first of several schools of higher learning that Deborah attended. She ultimately graduated from Pace University in 2001, where she received a Bachelor's Degree in Liberal Arts.

We were not a wealthy family; but we were rich in affection and respect for one another, and we ALWAYS looked out for each other. The older children always made sure the younger children availed themselves of a better education, and opportunities that were not offered to them. Deborah carried on that same mind frame for years to come with her children and grandchildren.

Deborah Johnson-Holton married her first husband Willie Lee Johnson on October 25, 1982. Due to unfortunate circumstances, they separated and Willie Lee Johnson died in 2001. She soon after met and married her second husband Neano Anthony Holton. After attaining her bachelors degree in Liberal Arts, she began to pursue her career as a public school teacher. In 2002, she began teaching special education at P.S 81 Thaddeus Erasmus Public School.

Deborah Johnson-Holton performed a great deal of service to her community and made a huge impact on family and friends. There were no limitations to the love she had for others. Because Deborah had strong educational values, she made a difference and instilled these same values in others. As a result, she received a trophie in 2006 in recognition for such terrific support she had for her children at P.S 81.

Left to celebrate Deborah's life and contribution to this family are: her husband, Neano Anthony Holton; her daughters Chemonda Grant, Jaynie (Tracy) Johnson and April Johnson. Her grandchildren Wendessa Grant, Ashley Grant, Christopher Grant, Anthony Grant, Joseph Grant, Danielle Johnson, Toneika Grant, Alethia Ragland, Chemonda Grant, Judah Grant, Heaven Grant, Jamel Dowdy Jr. and David Aberdeen Jr. She will be sorely missed by the family matriarchs, Maephene Carr and Jessie Woods, her sisters Irma Harley, and Cheryl Donaldson, and her beloved brother Everett Faber and his wife, Francine. We scarcely have room to mention the HOST of nieces, nephews, cousins, in-laws and friends. Suffice it to say that a literal ARMY of loved ones rejoice over her home-going!

# Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Eulogy ..... Pastor M.E. Wooten

Selection

Committal

Viewing

Recessional



## **Interment**

Rosehill Cemetery  
Linden, New Jersey

# *When I Must Leave You*

Please don't say that I gave up, just say that I gave in. Don't say I lost the battle, for it was God's war to lose or win. Please don't say how good I was, but I did my best. Just say that I tried to do what's right - to give the most I could, not do less.

Please don't give me wings or halos, that's for God to do. I want no more than I deserve, no extras, just my due. Please don't give flowers, or talk in hushed tones. Don't be concerned about me now, I'm well with God; I've made my home.

Don't talk about what could have been, it's over and it's done. Just see to all my family's needs, the battle has been won. When you draw a picture of me, don't draw me as a Saint. I've done some good, I've done some wrong, so use all your paint - not just the bright and light tones, use some gray and dark. In fact, don't put me down on canvas, paint me in your heart.

Don't just remember good times, but remember all the bad. For life is full of many things, some happy and some sad. But if you must do something, then I have one last request - forgive for the wrongs I've done, and with the love that's left, thank God for my soul's resting, thank God for I've been blessed. Thank God for all who loved me, praise God who loved me best.

*-Unknown author*

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## *She Was!*

*When I think of her what can I say... She defined class and grace in every single way. She was a diamond among rubies; a moon among stars, and the impact she had on others push them to go far. Her strength and her intellect gave hope to many, and when it came to giving she spared not one penny. She was special and unique and she did all she could for all those who needed guidance; for those that she loved. She smiled at a challenge; she stood for what was right... and when faced with adversity she never turned down a fight. She was a wife; a mother; a grandmother; a friend... and when it came to her family her love had no end. She was one classy lady. (by Robert Banks)*

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## *Acknowledgement*

The family wishes to express their deep appreciation and sincere thanks for your kindness during a time of sorrow.



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2352 8th Avenue • Manhattan, NY • (212) 666-8300  
1406 Pitkin Avenue • Brooklyn, NY • (718) 774-1023  
1018 Prospect Avenue • Bronx, NY • (718) 542-3833

Clifford V. James, V.P. & Gen. Mgr.  
www.unityfuneralchapels.com  
email: unityfc@aol.com

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