

<u> Obiluary</u>

Rodwell Alonza Johnson also known as Uncle Allan, Doc or Johno was born on September 25, 1926 to the late Thomas known as Daddy Levi and Marion Johnson at Leeds Village, Corentyne, Berbice, Guyana. He was one of thirteen siblings with one surviving brother Frederick Johnson.

He attended and graduated with honors from the Line Path Secondary School; after which he pursued a career in Nursing. He joined the New Amsterdam Hospital Nursing Staff in 1948 where he met and married his beautiful wife Cordelia in June 1953. This union produced five children. During this time with heavy aspirations he yearned for more knowledge so he continued his studies in Pharmacology and graduated with honors as the top student in his field. He also taught young aspiring students at the New Amsterdam Hospital. His passion and continued medical research for this profession made him one of the best in the regions of Guyana.

Rodwell was later promoted to general Medical Officer and was transferred to the hinter lands of Guyana where he covered the Mazaruni-Potaro region. During this period, he maximized his potentials and served diligently the people of that region in all areas of medicine. Later, he returned to the Berbice region and served at the Skeldon Hospital, Fort Canjie Hospital, the New Amsterdam Outpatients/Emergency Unit and the Albion Estate Outpatients Unit.

His deep spirituality and trust in God gave him the wisdom to love, care, be honest and cherish the finer things in life - these attributes along with his vast knowledge of his profession made him a very unique and popular individual.

After his extensive service in the regions of Guyana, he immigrated to the United States with his family; where he once again worked in the Emergency Unit of the Bronx Lebanon Hospital until he retired.

He has passed, but his memories will be treasured by his loving wife, Cordelia; his children, Jacqueline, June, Desiree, Roxanne, Rawle and Ivelaw; sons-in-law, Roy Griffith, Richard Kirton, Vibart Smith, Michael Clementson; daughter-in-law, Octavia Johnson; his grandchildren, Neikesha, Samantha, Renaldo, Tamara, Rochelle Jewann, Natasha, Omar, Kamala and AmberDawn; great grandchildren, Alicia, Ashton, Nehemiah and Amina; brother, Frederick Johnson; nieces and nephews, Lorna Ross Bizzeth, Keith Ross and six others, Percy and Staye Junor and three others, George and Cromwell Crawford and four others, Clairmonte Johnson and Bernard Hope; Claude Johnson and three others, Pearl Johnson and five others; Colin and Cordel Johnson and Jillian Johnson; great nephews and nieces, Leon Crawford Orin Bizzette, Jason and George Crawford and others too numerous to mention; brother-in-law, Winston Marshall; sister-in-law, Princess Gilgeous; cousins, the Johnsons, Georgesons, Welchs, Alert, Bournes, Jeffreys, Henery, Frasers, Heyligers, Ross, Daly and many others; cousins-in-law, the Batsons, Quintyns, Felix, Victors, Hazels, Liverpools and others; very good friends, Samuel Georgeson, Albert Ellis, John D'Andrade, Willet Floris, Oliver Batson, Kathleen Alexander, the Andries Family, Belinda Giddings, David Collins, Carl Brown and many, many others.

Order of Service

Opening Sentence

Prayer of Those Who Greive

| Song | "Great Is Thy Faithfulness" |
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| 1st Reading - Ecclesiastes 3:1-12 | Jewann Johnson |
| Psalms 23rd | (Sung in the Crimond version) |
| 2nd Reading - Revelation 21:1-7 | |
| Song "I Am Thine O Lord" Vs 1-2 before the Gospel 3-4 after the Gospel | |
| Gospel - John 10:11-16 | The Rev. Lloyd S. Batson |
| Reflection from Friends and Family | (3 minutes each) |
| Musical Rendition | Vibart Smith |
| Obituary | |
| Song | "Amazing Grace" |
| Homily | The Rev. Lloyd S. Batson |
| Prayers of the People | |
| The Great Thanksgiving Song | "How Great Thou Art" |
| The Eucharist | |
| Communion Hymn | "Pass Me Not O Gentle Savior" |
| Post Communion Prayer | |
| One Day At A Time Sweet Jesus | |
| Commendation | |
| Song | The Strife Is O'er The Battle Is Won" |
| Closing Anthem | |

Interment
Rosehill Cemetery Linden, New Jersey

The Master Called

I'm sorry I had to leave you. My loved ones, oh so dear. But you see, the Master called me, His voice was very clear! I had made my reservation A heaven bound ticket for one, And I knew that He would call me When He felt my work was done. I know that your hearts are heavy Because I have gone away, But when the Master called me, I knew that I could not stay. Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you My loved ones, oh so dear, But, you see, the Master called me And, now I'm resting here. Yes, I've crossed on over to glory And to you all I say Just stay in the hands of Jesus And we'll meet again someday.

-Author unknown

<u>Acknowledgement</u>

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.
Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there.
Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.
Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.
Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

Professional Services Provided By

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE

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