



*In Loving
Memory
of*

Constance Elizabeth Johnson-Gemillion

Sunrise
November 2, 1964

Sunset
September 30, 2014

Service
Monday, October 6, 2014 - 10:00 a.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Rev. David Jenkins, Organist

Obituary

The Creator saw you were tired and with no earthly care to be, He wrapped you safely in His arms and whispered, "Come here to Me." A golden heart stopped beating, hardworking hands at rest. God broke our hearts to prove to us, He only takes the best!



Constance Elizabeth Johnson-Gomillion was born in Manhattan's New York Hospital on November 2, 1964. Constance was the beloved daughter of the late Griff Primus and Fannie Mae Johnson both of Manhattan, New York. She was called home September 30, 2014.

Connie attended Public School Allen Lock located on 112th Street across the street from where she resided. She then attended IS 88, then she went to Charles Evans Hughes High School, all in New York.

Constance was a daughter, sister, wife, mother and a friend. While growing up, and during her adult life, she was known for saying what she felt whether you wanted to hear it or not. She was lovingly known as "Aunt Connie" to all of the children of the neighborhood and they would surely miss her. She loved her boys (and you know who you are), she wanted them to go to school, be men and get a job, most of all she wanted them to stay off of the corner of 123rd Street. She would have a cook-out at a drop of a hat for any reason and she fed everyone. Everybody knows her macaroni and cheese, macaroni salad, her sliders and of course her ka-bobs, she was there for her family and friends but most of all her children. We must understand Connie had to go home, her work here was done. She leaves her most precious behind, but surely we will meet her on another day.

Constance leaves behind to cherish her memory: one daughter, Kiana Shonta Gomillion; one son, Jordan Michael Johnson both of Harlem, NY; three siblings, Cheyenne Johnson, Ronnie Johnson and Cynthia Maria Johnson all from NYC; one aunt and two uncles, Ernest and Betty Elliot of Queens, NY and William Hilton of Denver, Colorado; nephews, Rahiem, Dwight, Tahj and Shaquille; and nieces, Naquan, Naadira, Taliyah, Denise, Nectavia and Jasmine; one grand nephew, Anthony; her best friends, Theresa, Dawn, Nicky, Ms. Carol and Tammy; and a host of family and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Old Testament

New Testament

Prayer

Selection

Poem Reading

My Last Party

Obituary

Solo

Obituary

Solo

Viewing

Interment

Rosehill Cemetery
Linden, New Jersey

I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free I'm following the path God laid for me

I took his hand when I heard Him call I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day. To laugh, to love, to work or play.

Tasks left undone must stay that way, I found that peace at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void, then fill it up with remembered joy.

A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss, oh, yes these things I too will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow, I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.

My life's been full, I savored much Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief, don't lengthen it now with undue grief.

Lift up your heart and share with me, God wanted me now, He set me free!

-author unknown

My Last Party

*When you come to my last party
Don't come with faces long
But come with memories that are pleasant
In your heart let there be song
The place will be full of flowers and I will be dressed grand
The only thing I shall be sorry for
I will not be able to shake your hand.
When you come to my last party
I don't know yet how soon it will be,
The daily papers will print the invitations that everyone might see.
I am going to hold it in a church-like place
And no one will be turned away
At the place where I hold my party
Many of my friends will come to pray
When you come to my last party, we won't play games
But there will be a register where you can sign your name.
As you stand there and sing my praises in voices so silently
Of what good things you know about me
When you come to my last party
My Lord will be your host
Because "tis He" amongst all my friends who really loves me most
He bore my cross at calvary
He bears my cross today
When you leave He will still be with me
To comfort me on my way.*

Acknowledgement

*The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.
May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.*

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