

*In Loving  
Memory of*



*Andre' B. McClamb-Johnson*

**Sunrise**

*May 28, 1958*

**Sunset**

*October 19, 2014*

*Service*

Friday, October 24, 2014 - 11:00 a.m.

**Clinton Memorial AME Zion Church**

151 Broadway  
Newark, New Jersey

# Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Processional ..... Clergy and Family

Hymn of Assurance ..... Solo/Choir

Scripture Readings ..... Clergy

Old Testament ..... Tyson James

New Testament ..... Tyandre Mills

Prayer of Comfort ..... Clergy

Selection /Solo ..... Rose Randell

Acknowledgements.....Diondre S. Logan

Obituary ..... Silence

Reflections

Selection/Solo ..... Devon Horton

Eulogy ..... Rev. Dr. William E. Kelly  
Silver Spring, Maryland

Recessional

**Interment**  
Rosehill Cemetery  
Linden, New Jersey

# Obituary

**Andre' B. McClamb-Johnson** was born on May 28<sup>th</sup>, 1958 to Helena Johnson in Newark, NJ.

He departed this life on October 19<sup>th</sup>, 2014 at Riverton Nursing Home in Rahway, NJ.

Andre' graduated from Malcolm X Shabazz High School in 1976, and later attended Camden County College and majored in Criminal Justice. Andre' was employed at General Motors Corporation in Linden, NJ.

He married his childhood girlfriend, Rocklein Morgan. Out of this union two daughters were born, Andrea McClamb and Tyesha James. Later Andre's youngest daughter Diondre Logan was born.

Andre' was a devoted father and son. He loved his family. On his spare time Andre' loved to play basketball, play his guitar and keep his car clean.

Andre' leaves to cherish his memory: his parents, Nathaniel Johnson and Helena Johnson; only brother, Nathaniel Johnson III; sister-in-law, Shamise Johnson; three daughters, Andrea McClamb and Tyesha James of VA, Diondre Logan of Newark, NJ; son-in-law, Tyson James; nephew, Nathaniel Johnson IV; eight grandchildren, Shakira, Teondrea, Andre, Brionna, Alyssa, Shaquan, Sincere and Aniyah; two aunts, Ivy B. Bullock and Carrie Bullock; and a host of cousins, other relatives and friends.

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# *Miss Me, But Let Me Go*

*When I come to the end of the  
road and the sun has set for me,  
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,  
Why cry for a soul set free?  
Miss me a little-but not too long,  
and not with your head bowed low.  
Remember the love that we once shared,  
Miss me-but let me go.  
For this is a journey that we all must take,  
And each must go alone.  
It's all part of the Master's plan,  
A step on the road to home.  
When you are lonely and sick at heart,  
Go to the friends we know.  
Laugh at the things we use to do  
Miss me-but let me go.*

*-author unknown*

## *Acknowledgement*

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**

130 Main Street  
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