



Floral Bearers

Family and Friends

Casket Bearers

Family and Friends

Acknowledgement

We, the family of Howard Lloyd Johnson Sr., would like to thank all the staff of NHC Healthcare Clinton and Hospice of Laurens County for the care and compassion given and displayed during this difficult time. We would also like to express our gratitude to all of our friends for the many gestures of sympathy and love. The prayers, food, visits, phone calls, flowers, cards, and other acts of kindness during our time of sorrow will always be remembered. May God bless each of you in a special way.
 ~~ The Family ~~



Sanders-Thompson Mortuary, LLC

*Caring for The Family
 Let the Final Touch be a Gentle and Memorable One*
 1235 South Bell Street
 Clinton, South Carolina 29325
 (864) 833-0271

Online Condolences: sandersthompsonfuneralservice.com
"The choice for those who care."

Designed by Dianna Rice/ inspiredfirst@yahoo.com

In His Loving Memory

SUNRISE

10-05-1931

SUNSET

11-25-2022

"HOJO"

"BO"

"HJ"

Mr. Howard Lloyd

JOHNSON, SR.

Thursday, December 01, 2022

Twelve O'clock Noon

Flint Hill Baptist Church

Whitmire, South Carolina

Reverend James Farr, *Pastor*

Reverend Ricky Johnson, *Presiding*

Order of Service

Reverend Ricky Johnson, *Presiding*

Prelude	
Processional	Clergy and Family
Final Viewing	Family and Friends
Selection	Choir
Scripture Readings	
OLD TESTAMENT	Reverend Willie Hair
NEW TESTAMENT	Reverend Wallace Hunter, III
Prayer of Comfort	Reverend Ricky Johnson
Selection	Choir
Remarks	Deacon Calvin Singleton Brother Tony Henderson
Acknowledgements	Sanders-Thompson Mortuary Staff
Selection	Ms. Mary Lou Price and Ms. Melissa McDowell
Words of Comfort	Reverend James Farr
Closing Prayer	Reverend James Farr
Recessional	
Committal Service	
Prayer, Committal, and Benediction	Graveside

Interment

Flint Hill Baptist Church
Clinton, South Carolina

MY, DAD, MY HERO, MY ROLE MODEL

It has been a blessing for me to have called you my dad for sixty-six years. For that I am eternally grateful. I know that you are in heaven with your baby girl, five brothers, sister and parents and are no longer having to suffer.

My hero was a quiet humble man who did not like a lot attention drawn to him. But I feel now is the time to do so. Know that he was first and foremost a man of God. A church member once sad he was always the first to show up to Sunday School and the first to leave after church service.

My role model was a proud military veteran having spent twenty-seven years in the United States Air Force. He did quite well in the military having finished his career as a Senior Master Sergeant, which is the second highest ranking one can earn without a college degree. After retiring from the military at age forty-six, my dad went on to earn two retirements. He worked for the state of South Carolina as a correctional office for sixteen years, and at age sixty-three he went to work for the county of Newberry as a jail bailiff. Finally, at age eighty he officially retired.

When I look back over the years and think about the Johnson brothers, the common thread they all shared was that they were all hardworking men who provided for their families. That character trait was not only carried over to me but to the other Johnson sons as well.

One of my dad's life dreams was for me to follow in his footsteps and go to the Air Force Academy to become an officer there. That was the first and only time I really hurt and disappointed him. He would always tell me that he worked hard all those years so I could go to the academy. I let him down. I wasn't perfect, but I never wanted to embarrass or disappoint my family or the Johnson name. So, for the next forty-four years I worked hard in my insurance career to make dad proud.

Love you dad...may you rest in peace until we meet again,
Your son. Howard. Jr. "Mickey"

BEYOND THE SUNSET (SHOULD YOU GO FIRST)

Should you go first, and I remain to walk the road alone
I'll live in mem'ry's garden dear with happy days we've known.
In spring, I'll wait for roses red when fades the lilacs blue.
And in early fall when brown leaves call I'll catch a glimpse of you.

Should you go first, and I remain for battles to be fought
Each thing you've touched along the way will be a hallowed spot.
I'll hear your voice- I'll see your smile though blindly I may grope'
The mem'ry of your helping hand will buoy me on with hope.

Beyond the sunset oh blissful morning when with our Saviour Heaven is begun
Earth's toiling ended oh glorious dawning beyond the sunset when day is done.

Should you go first, and I remain to finish with the scroll,
No less than shadows shall ever creep in to make this life seem droll.

We've known so much of happiness we've had our cup of joy
And memory is one gift of God that death cannot destroy.
I want to know each step you take that I may walk the same
For someday down that lonely road you'll hear me call your name.

Should you go first, and I remain one thing I'll have you do
Walk slowly down that long, long path for soon I'll follow you.



Obituary

Mr. Howard Lloyd Johnson, Sr. was born on October 05, 1931 in Whitmire, South Carolina to the late Thomas Johnson and Helen Renwick Johnson.

On May 24, 1956, he married his loving wife, Dorothy. One of his biggest accomplishments was being a loving and impactful father to his two children, Howard Jr., known to many as Mickey, and Debra.

At an early age, Howard joined Cedar Grove African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in Whitmire, South Carolina. He later attended Flint Hill Baptist Church, also in Whitmire, South Carolina, where he avidly attended Sunday School in addition to Sunday service until his passing.

Howard, affectionately known as "Hojo, Bo, and HJ," was the youngest boy of ten children. He earned his diploma from Carver High School in Whitmire, South Carolina. After graduation in June 1948, he enlisted into the armed forces. He proudly served twenty-seven years in the United States Air Force. His time in the military allowed him and his family to be world travelers. He was stationed in Germany, Alaska, Ohio, Maine, and Washington D.C among other places around the world. He retired from the military in 1975 and moved back to Whitmire.

After retirement from the military, Howard began a fulfilling career in law enforcement. For sixteen years, he worked as a corrections officer for the state of South Carolina. In the early 2000's, he started working at the Newberry County Courthouse as a bailiff, until 2012.

Howard had many hobbies including planting in his garden, solving crossword puzzles and researching his family history. He was known as the family historian, as he uncovered and traced the origins of his father and mother back to the early 1800's. He also loved to watch baseball, always rooting for his favorite team the Atlanta Braves. A lover of nature and animals, the last few years he enjoyed spending time outside and caring for his cats.

Howard developed a close bond with two people, who could be referred to as nephews though they were actually his cousins. He enjoyed his daily conversations, working on household projects and sharing many laughs and wisdom with his buddies Tony Henderson and Tommie Young.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Thomas and Helen Johnson and his loving daughter Debra Inez Johnson Clark.

Mr. Howard Lloyd Johnson, Sr. passed away peacefully on Friday, November 25, 2022 at the Hospice of Laurens County in Clinton, South Carolina at the age of ninety-one.

Left behind to cherish his fond memories are his dear and devoted wife of sixty-six years, Dorothy Johnson; his son, Howard L. (Cristina) Johnson Jr. of Charlotte NC; two grandchildren: Howard L. Johnson III of Charleston, SC; Janie (Julian) Parham of Atlanta, GA; one great-granddaughter, Harper Noelle Parham; three sisters: Evelyn Miles, Hazel Jordan, Maxine Chisholm, all of Philadelphia, PA; three sisters-in-law: Billie Watts, Jackie (Robert) Harlan, of Maryland, Sylvia Johnson of Philadelphia, PA; brother in law, Charles (Diane) Williams of Maryland; special family, Tony (Edna) Henderson of Carlisle, SC; god-daughter, Alesia Henderson of Columbia, SC; and a host of nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends.