



John Cleveland Johnson Jr.

October 5, 1925 - August 23, 2018

John Cleveland Johnson Jr.

Age 92, August 23, 2018

Beloved husband of Rhea Johnson (nee Seibert)

Loving father of Kenneth (Jean) Johnson, Cheryl A. Nolan, Keith A. Johnson, and Kevin L. Johnson.

Proud grandfather of 5 grandchildren, and 7 great-grandchildren.

Dear brother of David (Jean) Johnson, Robert (June) Johnson, and the late Leemon Smith, Anna Nell McChristian, Ruth Armstrong

Visitation at the Wm Sullivan and Son Funeral Home 8459 Hall Road (3 Blks E. of Van Dyke)

Utica Thursday, August 30 from 2-8pm

Funeral Service Friday, August 31 at 10am from the funeral home

Interment Oakview Cemetery

Family request donations to Disabled American Veterans P.O. Box 14301, Cincinnati, Oh, 45250-0301

Please share a memory at www.sullivanfuneraldirectors.com

Cemetery Details

Oakview Cemetery

1032 N. Main Street
(south of 12 Mile Road)
Royal Oak, MI 48067

Previous Events

Visitation

AUG 30. 2:00 PM - 8:00 PM (ET)

Wm Sullivan and Son Funeral Home
8459 Hall Road
Utica, MI 48317
(586) 731-2411
utica@sullivanfh.com
<https://www.sullivanfuneraldirectors.com/>

Funeral Service

AUG 31. 10:00 AM (ET)

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Utica, MI 48317
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Tribute Wall

KJ

“ *Uncle Johnny, I have a lot of fond memories!!!* ”



karen Johnson/Bomya - August 30, 2018 at 11:48 AM

MJ

“ *I am saddened to learn of the passing of your father, brother, husband and grandfather, John Jr. May his many memories bring you comfort at this time and always. Mary Johnson* ”



Mary Johnson - August 30, 2018 at 06:51 AM

TJ

“ *The Family of Chuck & Edna Johnson purchased the Large Basket Garden for the family of John Cleveland Johnson Jr..* ”



The Family of Chuck & Edna Johnson - August 28, 2018 at 10:06 AM

JJ

“ 9 files added to the album *Memorable Photos*



Jean Johnson - August 27, 2018 at 11:20 AM

RJ

“ *Memories of my brother John c. Johnson, Jr. by Robert E. Johnson*

My memories of John go back to the time that I was a little boy. John taught me to ride a bicycle. The bike was his and he allowed me to ride it around the neighborhood.

He was a hard worker even at an early age. He worked for Mr. Dupoyster making hamburger patties and cutting onions and getting the popcorn wagon ready to go to the local park.

He would chop wood for use in our old cook stove and the potbellied stove for heating the house.

He worshipped his mother in many ways. Here is one. John would bring a peck sack full of popcorn home from work to mom. Most of the time she had already gone to bed, but he would bring the bag of popcorn to her bedside.

Nothing was too hard for him. He would even collect garbage from the neighborhood, so it could be taken by his uncle earl to the farm for hog feed.

John joined the U.S. navy when world war II began. He served on the battleship New Mexico and survived major battles and attacks on his ship by Japanese kamikaze aircraft. John suffered minor injuries from those attacks. His ship returned to base for repairs and John was able to come home on leave. He looked really sharp in his uniform. He already had campaign ribbons. Some of the ribbons had stars on them signifying battles they had survived.

After the war, John attended a trade school in Detroit and learned to repair automobiles. His naval training and the trade school provided the basis for a long and successful career with Roy O'Brien ford agency. It was there that John advanced to sales manager and service manager.

I saw John at work several times at the ford agency. He was always dressed professionally and had a professional demeanor. I was proud of how he looked every time I saw him at work.

John had a good voice and had an easy way of meeting people. He knew how to talk to his customers and he knew other business men near the ford agency. When I was ready to get married, John directed me to a local jeweler. I bought an engagement ring and wedding ring from him. Now after 66 years of marriage the rings are still beautiful on my wife, June's fingers.

John was always interesting to talk with on the phone. When I would call him, he would always take time to talk. It was only a few days before he died that I talked to him again. If I had known that he had only a few days to live, i would have asked more questions and would have taken more time. Now, those opportunities are gone.

I remember some of the letters John wrote from the south pacific. They had been heavily censored, and the pages were cut almost to shreds. He was apparently trying to tell us his location and thus the need to censor them.

I will miss John greatly. I will miss his voice. I will miss his kindness to me. I will miss how he showed his love to his mom and dad and the rest of the family.

I know he is now in a better place called heaven. He is back with mom and dad, his sisters Anna Nell and Ruth.

Although John lived almost 93 years, he left us too soon. He was the kind of man every family needs, the workplace needs, and the country needs. John was a hero in every way. He served his country well and was an icon to his loving family. We miss him now, but we will meet again and live together eternally. I look forward to that day.

Robert E. Johnson - August 26, 2018 at 06:45 PM