



Des and David invite you to join them for refreshments and to continue sharing your memories of Tony at Greens Restaurant in Wickham Square at 12.00 noon, where they will join you following a private committal held immediately after this service.

Donations in memory of Tony may be made to support the work of
CLL Support,
a patient-led UK charity run by volunteers
<https://www.clisupport.org.uk/donate/>



Fareham Funeralcare
Unit 1, Davis Way, New Gate Lane Industrial Estate, Fareham PO14 1JF
Telephone: 01329 288587

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Anthony Richard Johnson
'Tony'

27th June 1936 - 2nd April 2023



Monday 24th April 2023 at 11.00 am
St Nicholas Church, Wickham

Order of Service

Hymn on Entry

Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Tune: John Stainer

Opening Sentences

Welcome and Opening Prayers

Reading

The Book of Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3: verses 1-12

Family Tribute

Tony 1936 - 2023
read by Stephen Campion

Dad always encouraged us to go our own way. Not to follow him onto the rugby field where he sustained the knee injury. Nor the cricket field where he spent many happy hours with Rowner cricketers. Instead he got up if we woke him and drove us to early morning swim training. He picked us up from long distance hiking trips with fellow venture scouts, suffering the smell in the car until we could be hosed down.

Following Ann into the world of sailing his quick reactions and spatial awareness honed on the rugby field and cricket pitch were a good complement to Mum's practical and methodical approach. Her focus and determination kept them going, his quick reactions getting them out of trouble on occasions. With Mum he co-chaired the Wickham Twinning Association for many years and made many friends in both villages on visits to Villiers-Sur-Mer.

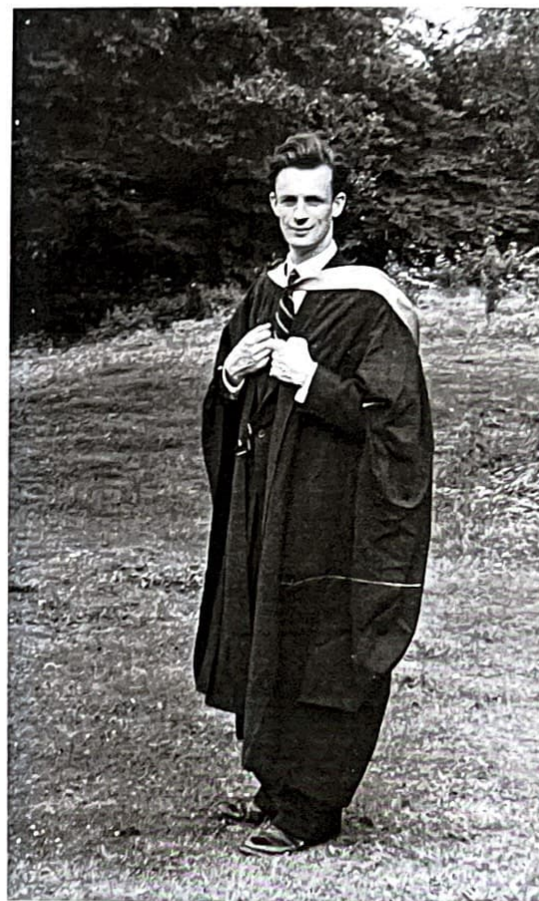
His mind was often musing over more dramatic themes, teaching English and producing school plays in the job he loved at Prices College, writing poems and short stories, reading Caribbean literature, revelling in all good literature. Acting with the Titchfield group and paid gigs at murder mystery events.

None of this rubbed off on his sons. David went his own way into mathematics, physics and electronics, all alien to him. Derek into nursing and dealing with disturbed minds, closer to Dad's own field of understanding and where his Mum had worked many years before. He supported us both to the best of his abilities giving us love, time and encouragement all the way.

Grandchildren arrived eventually, Poppy, Berry, Monty and Persephone. Each treasured and loved by their grandparents. In a celebration of their arrival in the garden at Willowden, Dad proclaimed the family had all been promoted. Tammy and Derek to Mum and Dad, Ann and Tony to Nan and Granddad and David to Uncle. Dad and Mum were delighted to be part of the grandchildren's lives, celebrating their achievements and seeing them grow into the fabulous young people they are.

A Shakespeare quote, which he would have known, but we had to look up, reminds us how he was many things to many people.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.
Thank you Dad.





Hymn

The Lord's My Shepherd

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
The quiet waters by.

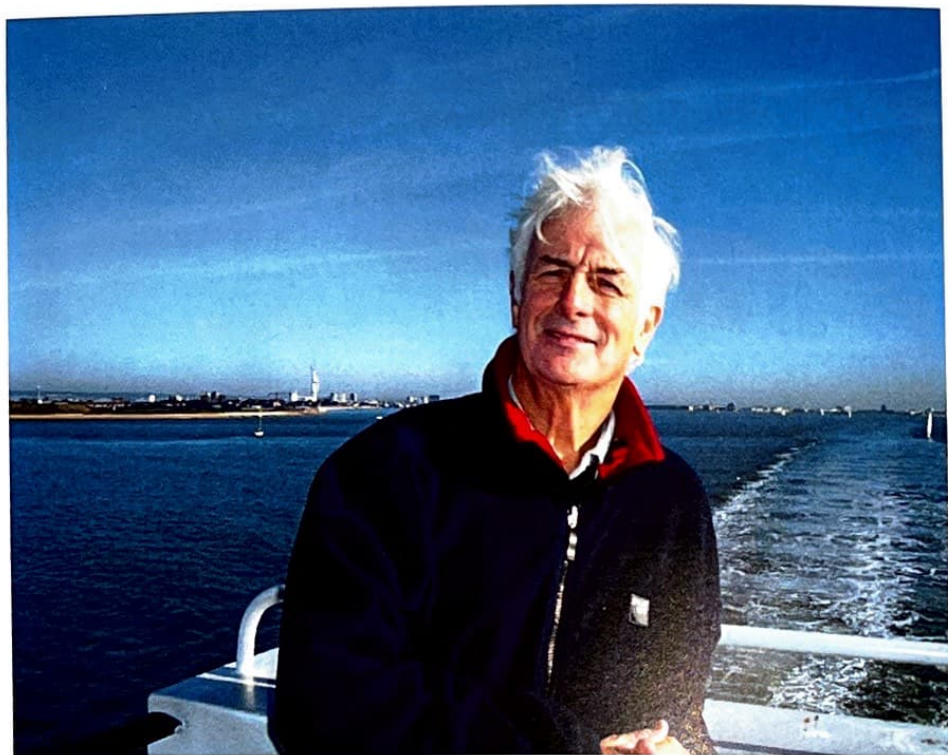
My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ee'n for His own Name's sake.
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ee'n for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I pass through shadows death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
Thy rod and staff they comfort still,
They comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishd
In presence of my foes;
My head with oil thou dost anoint,
And my cup overflows.
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my days
Will surely follow me;
And in my father's heart always
My dwelling-place shall be.

Tune: Brother James Air



Address

from Stephen Campion

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come; thy will be done; on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.

Poem

Counting

Worst subject at school, his maths was a joke
He never quite got. Now white cells proliferate,
Incurably, with compound interest,
Someone else better at sums counts for him.
Works out the answer he's no need to hear.
Quod est demonstrandum. Days are numbered.

Now knees are shot, he has need of benches,
Planted on the front for commemoration,
Inviting narcissistic calculation.
The year, month, day of births and deaths of folks
Gone on ahead. He does the sums. Just years.
To keep it simple. His maths was never very strong,
But, with his new obsession, is so improved
He'll soon catch up with those gone on ahead.

Tony Johnson

The Deadline

The deadline is certainly elusive.
As it approaches – some jitters now.
Time management is crucial.
Insignificant details divert the focus.
You've done it along the road to this point:
Avoidance of the inevitable; frivolous frittering.
Cut out killing time: it's killing you.
So stick to the absolute essentials.
You've not worked them out yet?
But you're four score years and more.
Go get a grip of this last bit.
Do something useful, meaningful,
Blissful, beautiful, hair-raising, amazing.
Go start a blaze before the last flicker.

Tony Johnson

Commendation and Farewell

Music on Exit

What A Wonderful World
Louis Armstrong

I see trees of green, red roses too
I see them bloom for me and you
And I think to myself
What a wonderful world

I see skies of blue and clouds of white
The bright blessed days, the dark sacred nights
And I think to myself
What a wonderful world

The colors of the rainbow
So pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces
Of people going by
I see friends shaking hands, saying, "How do you do?"
They're really saying, "I love you"

I hear babies cry, I watch them grow
They'll learn much more
Than I'll ever know
And I think to myself
What a wonderful world
Yes, I think to myself
What a wonderful world