



Doris J. Johnson

July 14, 1934 - December 20, 2019

It is with great sadness that the family of Doris J. Johnson announces her passing at home in Milan on December 20, 2019 at the age of 85. She was born on July 14, 1934 in Sayre to the late John J. and Lydia (nee Garris) Casselbury. Doris was a 1954 graduate of Wyalusing Valley High School, where she proudly performed as a drum majorette for six years. After high school, she worked as a seamstress for Sayre Lingerie for many years. Doris married Donald R. Johnson on December 1, 1956.

Doris especially enjoyed gardening, attending auctions, and making arts and crafts, with her creations winning many awards at local fairs. But most of all, she loved her family.

In addition to her husband of 63 years, Doris leaves behind her sons Rodney D. (Alicia Downey) of Needham, MA and Brian K. (Lisa) of Monroe, NC; granddaughter Ashley L. Johnson and great-grandson Kaiden Johnson of Jacksonville, NC; granddaughter Fionnuala D. Johnson of Chelmsford, MA; special granddaughter Jennifer Diaz (nee Franco) (Richard) of Leesville, LA, and her daughters Gabrielle and Sophia; as well as numerous nieces and nephews. Doris will be sadly missed.

The family will receive friends Monday, December 23, 2019 from 12:00 p.m. to 1:00 p.m. followed by a funeral service at 1:00 p.m. at the Alteri-Bowen Funeral Home 314 Desmond St. Sayre, PA. Officiating the service will be Rev. Robert W. Martin.

Interment will be in the Camptown Cemetery, Camptown, PA.

The family suggests that contributions may be directed to the Bradford County Humane Society, P.O. Box 179, Ulster, PA 18850 in memory of Doris J. Johnson.

Memories and condolences may be expressed by visiting www.bowenfuneralhomes.com.

Cemetery Details

Camptown Cemetery

Crow Hill Road
Camptown, PA 18815

Previous Events

Visitation

DEC **23**. 12:00 PM - 1:00 PM (ET)

Alteri-Bowen Funeral Home
314 Desmond Street
Sayre, PA 18840
(570) 888-2113
info@bowenfuneralhomes.com

Service

DEC **23**. 1:00 PM (ET)

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Tribute Wall



“ *Doris J. Johnson*

October 22, 2023 at 08:10 PM



“ *Doris J. Johnson*

October 08, 2023 at 10:34 PM



“ *Doris J. Johnson*

October 06, 2023 at 09:57 AM



“ *Doris J. Johnson*

October 06, 2023 at 03:29 AM



“ *Doris J. Johnson*

October 05, 2023 at 02:02 PM

“ Continuation of Eulogy excerpt:

My mother tended to worry about everyone. But, as far back as I can remember, Brian and I would spend the whole day during the summer running loose in the neighborhood with the neighbor kids, until she would come outside and call us for lunch or dinner. What was the worst thing that could have happened? Sure, we broke bones and have some scars, but what childhood would be complete without taking a few trips to the ER with mom?

I feel I must recite one particularly funny childhood experience because mom would often comment on it over the last 50 years (I guess so I would never forget it). It happened when we lived on Bridge Street. To give you some context, Brian and I would usually play with neighbor girls from across the street -- Jane, Kay, and Patti. Sometimes we would play softball, or football, or hide-and-seek, or cops & robbers, and sometimes we would bring our GI Joe dolls over while they played with their Barbies. It all seemed fair enough.

Well, one day I think we were pretending to be doing a play or something. Anyway, the girls somehow talked us into putting on dresses. Now, while some may snicker, I'm sure it was before the flood so we would have been MAYBE 7 and 10 years old and were just having some fun. And apparently we were pretty "progressive" for the times.

Of course, our mom was called over and just had to memorialize the occasion by taking a picture, as she tended to do. Of course, Jennifer and her sister Ashley happened to find that picture over the weekend (and snickered). I don't know whether it was the funniest thing mom thought we had ever done or whether she just enjoyed the idea of having two daughters, if only for a few minutes. (She would later be rewarded with 3 granddaughters.) But I will always remember her asking me over the years, even recently: "do you remember that time you wore a dress?" I am glad that our youthful silliness gave her some lasting joy, and that she assumed I only

wore a dress once.

More seriously -- speaking of dresses -- my mother could sew, knit, or crochet anything! I am not talking about sewing a loose button back on a shirt either. I think it was a natural talent, maybe honed by her time at Sayre Lingerie. Anyway, her home sewing machines were serious, complex pieces of equipment that she could use to do all kinds of stuff that I frankly never understood -- and I'm an engineer. Yet, she had them mastered.

Those who visited Doris over the years can also probably remember her knitting or crocheting a sweater or an afghan, or something. She would sit in her chair or on the sofa, working her needles. She would watch TV or carry on a conversation while working, hardly ever looking down. That is where the dexterity and coordination developed as a majorette probably came through into her adult life. And if she ever made a rare mistake, however minor we might consider it, she would undo her work and fix it.

As you might expect, her final products were nothing but high quality masterpieces, often winning ribbons at the Troy Fairs, usually first place. And for those of us that have one of her afghans, you know that they are both HEAVY and WARM -- perfect for cold winter nights. They will also still be around for many, many decades to come -- thus serving as a lasting reminder of Doris J. Johnson.

Rodney Johnson - June 22, 2020 at 10:17 PM

RJ

“ Excerpt from Eulogy delivered by Rodney D. Johnson, her son:

As most of you know, Doris' health had failed over the last several months, while my dad, Don, cared for her and tried nursing her back to health. Neither my brother Brian nor I live in the area, but our parents received a lot of help and support from local friends and family. We know that it could not have been easy, and we thank all of them for their kindness.

We take much comfort in knowing that Doris was loved by so many people.

But we would like to especially acknowledge our neighbor, Heather, who was always there to help out and who would even join my parents when they met with the doctors. It would have been a far more difficult challenge without all her care and support. Now, unfortunately, Heather is facing health issues within her own family and our thoughts today are also with them.

As many of you know, Doris was born in 1934 and grew up on a small farm. Times were tough. She was the youngest and the last surviving child of John and Lydia Casselbury. Unfortunately, she lost both parents while Brian and I were young and had to continue raising her family without their support and guidance. It must have been difficult.

Fortunately, Brian and I were blessed to have had our mother in our lives for nearly 6 decades. As granddaughter Jennifer shared with me the other night: "She is and was the best woman I've ever known." I just wish I had followed my mother's advice more than I did. But, as they say, hindsight is always 20/20. Maybe we should all listen to our mothers more.

Now, to help us celebrate her life, I would like to briefly share a few of my memories of my mother. I hope my stories might lighten the mood and help others remember happier times.

First, Doris was very proud of being a drum majorette while in high

school. She often talked about her experiences. Indeed, over the weekend, we found a draft obituary that she had pre-written. It was only a couple of sentences, but she wrote that she wanted to be remembered as being a majorette.

As a child, I remember being challenged to twirl her baton. I couldn't do it and I doubt Brian could either. But she still could. Of course, we were children and she had had years of prior experience.

I have many happy memories of my mom. From her tasty egg-salad sandwiches she would pack when we went huckleberrying, to the even tastier pies she would make with the huckleberries. From how much she enjoyed visiting with her family, to fun game nights with Aunt Donna and Uncle Jim. From her tending to her flower garden to baking bread with zucchini from the vegetable garden. She was a saver, and she loved to can or freeze whatever fruits and vegetables we could not eat. And so much more....

(con't)

Rodney Johnson - June 22, 2020 at 10:13 PM

AR

“ *So sorry for your loss. She seem like a sweet lady from what I have heard. May she rest in peace now and feel no more pain.*



Amanda Roemelen - December 26, 2019 at 03:00 PM

JD

“ Hello all, this is Jennifer Diaz. Doris and Donalds granddaughter all the way from Louisiana. I'm sure most of you knew something about me.

I had the pleasure to stay during the holidays during this hard time with my granddad. He is still sad. As today is hard for him and I'm sure you all understand. He personally wanted to let you all know that he appreciates you all who were able to attend her service or be there in spirit. He thanks all of you for the phone calls, visits, food and flowers.

Please keep the Johnson family in your thoughts and prayers. Love to you all.

jennifer diaz - December 25, 2019 at 12:55 PM

DF

“ Diaz/Skelton Family purchased the Shades of Purple for the family of Doris J. Johnson.



Diaz/Skelton Family - December 22, 2019 at 07:19 PM



“ Love's Embrace Roses – Red was purchased for the family of Doris J. Johnson.



December 22, 2019 at 01:54 PM



“ *Healing Tears - All Pink was purchased for the family of Doris J. Johnson.*



December 22, 2019 at 01:05 PM



“ *uncle Donald, so sorry to hear about aunt Doris. she was a sweet sweet lady that I was proud to know. she will b missed greatly by anyone whom knew her. may she RIP always. Donna and Bonny*

Donna Zurn - December 22, 2019 at 07:45 AM



“ *Donald and family. Very sad to read about Doris. May she REST IN PEACE.*

*Your friend,
Paul Larrabee*

Paul Larrabee - December 22, 2019 at 07:22 AM