



Fay Johnson

June 9, 1932 - November 15, 2020

Fay James Johnson, Jr., 88, was born on June 9, 1932 and passed on November 15, 2020.

Comments



“ My grandfather was the greatest man there was and ever will be. He stepped up to be my father figure when I was growing up and taught me so much about life. I will forever cherish all the memories we had together: from him helping catch my first fish, to me helping him surprise grandma with a new car on Christmas, teaching me how to drive, carrying me on his shoulders back to the house for dinner, sharing his love for Batman movies with me, and teaching me to go above and beyond for the people that you love, along with so much more. My Papa went above any beyond for everyone. I will forever be thankful that God put him and my grandma in my life. You are and will always be my Papa and I will always carry you in my heart. Your little Krissy loves you always.

Kristina Johnson - November 20, 2020 at 02:05 PM



“ My uncle jr taught me to water ski when I was 4 years old. He chained my skis together. He stayed in the water while my dad drove the boat. Him & my dad was so instrumental in being the athlete I was. We had so much fun camping & playing at the lake. Life was simple then. I will miss him & Aunt Margie.

kathy flusche - November 21, 2020 at 09:56 AM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Kristina Johnson - November 20, 2020 at 01:24 PM



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Todd Johnson - November 17, 2020 at 12:57 PM



“ To the greatest father that a son could ever ask for, he was stern but loving. When you screwed up he let you know it, but in the same breath he would also tell you that he loved you and say never forget that. I remember one time living in Broken Arrow my grandpa gave me a wooden fire truck that you could sit in and ride and drive. I was 6 years old and decided to take it out of my back yard and drive it on the street of Richmond and when I went by the big picture window of the house I remember seeing him in it pointing at me. Needless to say that was the last time I drove that fire truck. I also remember him and my mom coming up to watch me graduate from the police academy in March of 1996 and him telling me how proud he was of me for being a police officer. I love you Dad and you will always be missed by me forever. Like coming and getting you and bringing you to the house for Thanksgiving dinner and staying over Christmas Eve and watching me wrap the kids presents and talking about when I was growing up. I love you Dad.

Todd Johnson - November 17, 2020 at 12:27 PM



“ Wonderful memories we all shared, especially at Ft Gibson lake when all the family gathered camping and skiing. Fay(Jr) and his brother Charles tried every trick they could think of on skies. They took some pretty hard tumbles and rolls on that lake and survived until the next weekend to try something else. It was a blast!!!!

Frances Johnson - November 17, 2020 at 08:45 PM



“ My Uncle Jr had the most breath taking sparkling-blue Pontiac Firebird when it first came out! He took me out for a drive and for a 10 year old girl --- I was Queen for the Day! I loved hearing the laughter of my Aunt Margie and Uncle Jr at the lake when everyone had small boats and life was just plain simple. Watching Uncle Jr water ski with his brother Uncle Charlie was the highlight of the day! I absolutely adored my Uncle!

LuAnn Pfeifer - November 20, 2020 at 12:53 PM



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Kristina - November 20, 2020 at 01:21 PM