

*In Loving Memory*



*Byrne Lee Johnson*

*December 20, 1929 ~ December 2, 2023*

## Terminal

For every departure  
there is an arrival.  
It is the law of the axe  
Whose handle was a tree  
It is the secret  
The fire caves in upon  
Whose smoke disappears  
Along its own trail....  
The leaves push off again-  
A whole fleet of small sails-  
And no one knows where they land.  
Children wave from train windows  
Their years growing  
Heavy on their backs.  
But somewhere a cloud is forming  
That will flower here in petals  
Of snow  
And light from a star  
That started towards us  
A million years ago  
Arrives at last.

Linda Pastan

# **In Memory Of**

## ***Byrne Lee Johnson***

***December 20, 1929 ~ December 2, 2023***

### **Services**

*11:00 AM, December 20, 2023*

*Faith United Church of Christ*

*International Falls, Minnesota*

### **Officiating**

*Joe Belanger    Karen Gustafson*

### **Special Music**

*Darcy Sullivan*

### **Livestream**

*Jim Yount*



### **Services In Care Of**

*Green Larsen Mortuary*

*International Falls, Minnesota*

*We are Transmitters*

*As we live, we are transmitters of life.*

*And when we fail to transmit life, life fails to flow through us.*

*And if, as we work, we can transmit life into our work, life, still more life, rushes into us to compensate, to be ready and we ripple with life through the days.*

*Even if it is a woman making an apple dumpling, or a man a stool,  
if life goes into the pudding, good is the pudding  
good is the stool,  
content is the woman, with fresh life rippling in to her,  
content is the man.*

*Give, and it shall be given unto you  
is still the truth about life.*

*But giving life is not so easy.*

*It doesn't mean handing it out to some mean fool, or letting the living  
dead eat you up.*

*It means kindling the life-quality where it was not,  
even if it's only in the whiteness of a washed pocket-handkerchief.*

*-D.H. Lawrence*