

### *Footprints in the Sand*

One night I dreamed a dream.  
As I was walking along the beach with my Lord.  
Across the dark sky flashed scenes from my life.  
For each scene, I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand,  
One belonging to me and one to my Lord.  
After the last scene of my life flashed before me,  
I looked back at the footprints in the sand.  
I noticed that at many times along the path of my life,  
especially at the very lowest and saddest times,  
there was only one set of footprints.  
This really troubled me, so I asked the Lord about it.  
"Lord, you said once I decided to follow you,  
You'd walk with me all the way.  
But I noticed that during the saddest and most  
troublesome times of my life,  
there was only one set of footprints.  
I don't understand why, when I needed You the most,  
You would leave me."  
He whispered, "My precious child, I love you and will  
never leave you  
Never, ever, during your trials and testings.  
When you saw only one set of footprints,  
It was then that I carried you."



### *Acknowledgements and Appreciation*

The family of Mrs. Creola McMillan wishes to acknowledge the kind words of sympathy and comfort extended to our family during this time of loss. A special note of gratitude is given to those loving caregivers who supported our mother during her illness.



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### *Celebration of Life and Homegoing Services*

*for*

*Creola Johnson McMillan*



Sunrise  
November 4, 1929

Sunset  
March 1, 2018

### *Service*

Saturday, March 10, 2018  
Viewing 10:00 a.m. / Service 11:00 a.m.  
Zion Baptist Church  
630 Glenwood Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45229

## *Order of Service*

Organ Prelude  
Parting View.....The Family  
Musical Selection.....The Choir  
Scriptures.....Old Testament – Psalm 23  
New Testament – John 11:25-26  
Prayer of Comfort.....Rev. James H. Cantrell  
Musical Selection.....The Choir  
Remarks.....The Family  
Acknowledgements, Resolutions,  
And Condolences.....Mrs. Evelyn McKinney  
Obituary.....Read Silently  
Musical Selection.....The Choir  
Eulogy.....Rev. James H. Cantrell  
Benediction.....Minister  
Recessional.....Clergy, Family, Bearers

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## *Interment*

Spring Grove Cemetery  
Cincinnati, Ohio

## *Obituary*

Creola Johnson McMillan entered into life eternal in the presence of her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ on March 1, 2018.

Creola was born November 4, 1929 in Salisbury, North Carolina to William and Daisy Johnson. She was educated in the Rowan County School System, graduating from Joseph C. Price High School in 1948. Following high school, Creola attended Kate Bitting Reynolds Memorial School of Nursing, graduating in 1952 which marked the beginning of her lifelong career in healthcare as a Registered Nurse. Her career included employment at several hospitals in Cincinnati, including Bethesda Hospital from which she retired in 1985. “Mrs. McMillan”, as she was affectionately known to her neighbors and friends, was an avid gardener and her skills in cultivating beautiful plants were admired by all. Her large sunflower plants were the subject of field trips for local elementary students and their teachers. Creola was united in marriage to Lofton P. McMillan and together they raised two daughters, Tonya McMillan Smoot and Donna R. McMillan. She was a member of Zion Baptist Church, where The Reverend James H. Cantrell is pastor.

In her later years, as her health waned she was lovingly cared for by her daughter, Donna. Creola was preceded in death by her husband, Lofton P. McMillan; parents, William and Daisy Johnson; her sisters, Rosetta Johnson Davis and Ruth Johnson; and a brother, Albert Johnson. She leaves to cherish her memory her daughters, Ms. Donna R. McMillan and Dr. Tonya M. Smoot; son-in-law Mr. Myron L. Smoot; granddaughter, Ms. Moriah S. Smoot; sister, Mrs. Willie Mae Stout; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, friends and neighbors.

### *Miss Me but Let Me Go*

When I come to the end of the road  
And the sun has set for me  
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room  
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little-but not too long  
And not with your head bowed low  
Remember the love that we once shared  
Miss me-but let me go

For this is a journey that we all must take  
And each must go alone.  
It's all part of the Master's plan  
A step on the road to home

When you are lonely and sick of heart  
Go to the friends we know  
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds  
Miss me but let me go

*Author unknown*

