

PALLBEARERS
Cousins & Friends of the Family

Floral Bearers
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Acknowledgements

The family of

Deacon Curtis Johnson

is deeply appreciative of all acts of kindness, deeds of thoughtfulness, and words of sympathy expressed, implied or demonstrated to them during their bereavement. May God richly bless you for your prayers and support.

Job's Mortuary, Inc.
Ralph W. Canty Sr., Director

312 South Main St.
P. O. Box 1231 - Sumter, SC 29151
803-773-3323 or 803-773-3324



Home of Distinctively Finer
Funeral Service

HOMEGOING CELEBRATION FOR

Deacon Curtis Johnson

**Saturday, August 29, 2026
3:30PM**

**St. James Holiness Church
3655 Myrtle Beach Highway
Sumter, South Carolina**

Elder Alfreda Johnson, Pastor

Arrival
August 11, 1955

Departure
August 23, 2026

Life Reflections

“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” II Corinthians 4:6

Deacon Curtis Johnson, 71, the son of the late Johnnie Johnson and Mary James Johnson, was born August 11, 1955, in Sumter County, South Carolina. He peacefully departed this life on Sunday, August 23, 2026, at his residence in Sumter, SC.

Deacon Curtis received his education through the public school system of Sumter County. He was a member of the 1973 graduating class of Mayewood High School. On March 9, 1977, he united in holy matrimony to his beloved wife, Eva Mae Sigler Johnson.

Deacon Curtis accepted Christ at an early age. One of his greatest joys was attending church, where he was a faithful servant. He joined St. James Holiness Church under the leadership of the late Elder Samuel Eaddy. Later, he was ordained as a deacon under the late Bishop Robert L. Attaway, Presiding Bishop of the Progressive Church of Jesus. Throughout his years of service at St. James, Deacon Curtis Johnson served in many capacities, including as a member of the Gospel Choir, Male Chorus, and Usher Board. He was also the Chairman Deacon, Sunday School Superintendent, Adult Sunday School teacher, musician, and church van driver until his health began to decline. If you knew Deacon Curtis, you knew his favorite word was “Hallelujah!” and his favorite scripture was I Corinthians 6:7-11.

Deacon Curtis was a hardworking man who took pride in providing for his family. Throughout his working years, he was employed by Carolina Fabrication Company, Gamble & Gamble Cleaning Services, Sumter Packing Company, Westinghouse, Job’s Mortuary, and Cutler Hammer (currently Eaton). He retired from Eaton after 37 years of diligent service.

In his spare time, he enjoyed playing tennis, golf, basketball, as well as farming. He was truly a little country boy at heart and enjoyed the simple pleasures of life.

Deacon Curtis leaves to cherish his precious memories his loving, devoted wife and caregiver, Deaconess Eva Mae Sigler Johnson of the home; his loving children, Edith Maureen (Roderick) Lewis of Columbus, GA, and Byron CJ (Sharonda) Johnson of Blythewood, SC; his six loving and devoted grandchildren Danta Johnson, Shanesa Johnson, Shanquel Johnson, and Nyocia Bryant all of Columbus GA, Andrew Johnson and Reagan Johnson of Blythewood, SC. He was affectionately known as Papa by his seven great-grandchildren, Aaliyah McGuire, Danta Johnson Jr., Nevaeh Johnson, Kysen Johnson, Autumn Johnson, D’Angelo Johnson, and Syaire Saxton, all of Columbus, GA; one sister, Susie Smith of Kentucky; two aunts, Elizabeth Johnson of Sumter, SC and Fannie Rumph of Mt. Vernon, NY; eleven sisters-in-law, five brothers-in-law, and a host of nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends.

Deacon Curtis was preceded in death by his parents, Johnnie Johnson and Mary James Johnson; four brothers; four sisters; his mother-in-law; father-in-law; and six brothers-in-law.

Deacon Curtis was truly a devoted husband, father, grandfather, great-grandfather, brother, church servant, and friend. His faith, hard work, love for his family, and joyful spirit will forever remain in the hearts of those who knew and loved him.



THE GREATEST GENERATION: OUR PAPA



Thank you, PAPA! Our Hero!

We may be your youngest generation, but we are some of the luckiest people in the world because we get to call you our papa. Thank you for loving us, laughing with us, and always making us feel special. Thank you for the hugs, the smiles, and the memories that we carry with us forever. Even though we are growing up in a different time than when you were a little boy, your love connects us all. Because of you, we are part of a family filled with love, strength, and togetherness. We are branches on a tree whose roots were planted by your hard work, sacrifices, and dedication. Some of us may be too young to fully understand just how much you have done for our family, but one day we will. Your influence will continue to guide us long after we are grown. Your legacy lives on in each of us, and one day, we will share your stories with future generations so they will know the amazing man who helped shape our family. Your roots gave us strength, your love gave us wings, and your legacy will live on through us forever. We love you papa!



Order of Service
Pastor Elder Alfreda Johnson, Presiding

Musical Prelude	Brother Byron Johnson (Son) and Musical Staff
Processional	Clergy and Family
Invocation	Dr. Gloria Cooper
Scriptures:	
Old Testament	Ecclesiastes 3:1-10 Pastor Joan Wilson
New Testament	II Corinthians 1:2-4 Pastor Barrington Pierson
Selection	Bible Way Praise Team
Remarks: <i>(Please Limit to 3 minutes please)</i>	
Co-worker	Mr. Conyers Harrison
Friend.....	Mr. Norris Deas
Church	Mother Goldie Harper
	Deacon Board
Family	Sister Edith Lewis (Daughter)
	Brother Byron Johnson (Son)
	Sister Shanesa Johnson (Granddaughter)
Acknowledgements/Resolution	Sister Barbara Jackson
Selection	Sister Gwendolyn Webb
Words of Comfort	Bishop Jeffery Johnson
Recessional	Sister Gwendolyn Webb and Bible Way Praise Team

Committal, Benediction, and Interment
St. James Church Cemetery

Repast
St. James Fellowship Hall

Curt, fifty-plus years of love and being side by side,
Through laughter, through tears, and through every season of life.
You were my husband, my headache, the one who somehow made me love you even more, my companion, my friend, and my prayer partner.

And I never imagined our journey would come to an end so soon.
For more than fifty years, I heard you call my name—sometimes softly, sometimes loudly—but now, nothing sounds the same.

I'll miss you calling, "V."
I'll miss your voice.
I'll miss your laughter.
I'll miss the little things.
I'll even miss fussing at you in my own special way, because loving you was never something I could complain about.

There were good days and hard days. Days we laughed, and days we cried. But through every chapter, every season, every high and every low, I was blessed to be your wife.

And then came those final moments, when time seemed to stand still.
I held on to you tightly while praying, knowing you were becoming still.
I stayed right there beside you. I was blessed to spend those final moments with you, holding you, praying for you, loving you, and being right there until the end.
I wish I could have stopped time.
I wish I could have held on forever.
I wish those final moments could have lasted just a little longer.
But **GOD called you home**, and I know **HE knows what is best**.
So, my husband, I say goodbye for now, but my love will remain true.
Fifty-plus years was a lifetime, but somehow, it still wasn't enough.

Thank you for choosing me.
Thank you for loving me.
Thank you for building a life with me.
Thank you for being my husband, my friend, my companion, and my prayer partner.
And thank you for giving me more memories than I could ever count—memories that I will carry with me for the rest of my life.

There will be days when I laugh because I remember something you did.
There will be days when I cry because I wish I could hear your voice.
There will be days when I look around and expect to hear you call, "V."
And I know there will be days when I fuss at you even though you're not here, because after fifty-plus years, that is just what I do.

Rest now, my love.
You are no longer in pain, and your work here is done.
I will carry you in my heart until my own journey is through.
And when the **LORD** calls my name, I pray that somewhere beyond these earthly tears, I will hear you calling my name again:
"V."
And this time, my love,
I will come running.

Until we meet again,
My husband.
My love.
My heart.
Fifty-plus years of love,
and forever to go.

—Your wife,
Eva Mae Sigler Johnson

The Strength of a Father



Thank you for the sacrifices you made that we didn't always see, for the lessons you taught without words, and for the strength you showed even during difficult times. You taught us what integrity means and how to face life with courage. No matter how much we grow, no matter where life takes us, a part of us will always be that little girl and boy who looked up to their dad and believed he could do anything. The older we get, the more we realize how lucky we are to have a father like you. I hope you know how deeply loved, appreciated, and admired you are. We are proud to be your daughter and son, and we will forever be grateful for the bond we share. We love you more than words can ever truly express! We love you dad!!!



A GRANDFATHER'S LOVE



What Grandfathers Are Made of

Grandfathers are made of faith, wisdom, strength, patience, and love. They lead with grace. They are made of stories passed down through generations, lessons learned through experience, and a steady presence that makes us feel safe. Grandfathers are made of hard work, quiet sacrifices, warm hugs, and a love that never fades. They leave footprints on our hearts that last a lifetime. We love your granddaddy!!!

