

Acknowledgements

Perhaps you may have sent a card, Perhaps you may have picked up the phone to call or even sent a text, Your overwhelming love and support to our family during this time of bereavement has not gone unnoticed. On behalf of Deacon Johnnie English Sr Family, we take this time to say Thank you. Your love and kindness and prayers has gotten us through this path and we believe you will continue to call out our family in prayer for the days to come, as days turn into weeks, weeks turn into months, months turn into years, We thank you.

Active Pallbearers

Michael Conway Jr., Shawn Andrews James Gray, Aaron Stelly
Kevin English, Devin English Don Bankhead, Steven Parrish

Honorary Pallbearers

The Great Grandkids

Repass

Berea Missionary Baptist Church
11507 Homestead Road
Houston Tx 77016

Professional Services Entrusted To:



Millennium Memorial
Funeral Home and Cremation
17583 Imperial Valley Dr.
Houston, TX. 77060
(346) 235-3704

CELEBRATING THE LIFE AND LEGACY
OF



DEACON
Johnnie
ENGLISH SR.

APRIL 12, 1935 * JULY 8, 2025

Life Celebration

Saturday, July 19, 2025
Visitation: 9:00AM Service: 11:00AM
BEREA MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH
11507 Homestead Road
Houston, TX. 77016

The Legend

DEACON JOHNNIE ENGLISH SR.

Johnnie James English Sr., affectionately known by his loved ones as “Superman,” departed this life on July 8, 2025, at the age of 90, leaving behind a legacy built on faith, family, music, and unwavering dedication. Born on April 12, 1935, in Dodge, Texas, to Timothy and Elrader (née Dean) English, Johnnie was the sixth of eight siblings—a position that shaped both his sense of responsibility and resilience. He was a man whose life spoke louder than words ever could.

He accepted Christ at an early age, and from that moment on, his faith became the foundation of who he was—a guiding light in all he did. He firstly was a member of House of Prayer and Life for many years. On December 23, 1953, he married the love of his life, Cora Lee Denman, and together they built a strong, loving family rooted in faith, discipline, and devotion. From their union came five wonderful children: Jacquelyn, Gregory, Yolande, Sabrina, and Johnnie Jr. As a father and husband, Johnnie took his role seriously—serving selflessly as caregiver to his wife and two children until their passing. His love for his family was quiet but powerful, always present in his actions, his sacrifices, and his unwavering presence.

A man of many gifts, Johnnie was revered for his boundless talents, unwavering work ethic, and a heart that pulsed in harmony with the gospel music he so dearly loved. For over 70 years, he lifted his voice in praise, and for more than 62 of those years, he stood as a beloved member of the legendary gospel group “The Soprococ,” whose harmonies echoed through churches and hearts alike, uniting communities through faith and song. As an accomplished songwriter, he poured his testimony into every lyric, crafting music that stirred souls and left an imprint on all who heard it.

But just as much as he cherished the stage and sanctuary, Johnnie found deep solace in the simplicity of the land. An avid country man at heart, he spent countless days in the countryside of Huntsville, tending to his cattle and caring for the animals that brought him peace. It was more than a pastime—it was a reflection of his spirit. Out in the quiet, surrounded by nature’s rhythm and God’s creation, he was in his element—just a faithful man, his thoughts, and the open fields.

Johnnie was also a sharp and enterprising businessman, proudly owning and operating D&J Barbershop until his retirement in the early 2000s. That shop wasn’t just a place for fresh cuts—it was a space for stories, laughter, advice, and brotherhood.

Later, Johnnie became a pillar of Bethesda MBC, where he served faithfully for many years, including as President of the Male Chorus and a proud member of the Brotherhood and a long standing Deacon as well. His leadership wasn’t loud or boastful—it was steadfast, humble, and rooted in a sincere desire to serve God and others.

One thing everyone knew about Johnnie—he had a sweet tooth. A slice of cake or a piece of candy brought him just as much joy as a perfectly sung gospel note. It was a small pleasure that lit up his eyes and warmed his spirit.

He was preceded in death by his beloved wife Cora, his children (Jacquelyn and Gregory “Wayne”), his parents (Timothy and Elrader), all of his siblings (Frank, Altie, Ethel, Mary, Marion, Jane and Ulyses) and grand children (Dontae and DeAndre). Their memories now join him in eternal rest.

He leaves behind a loving legacy carried on by his surviving children: Yolande (Curtis), Sabrina (Darrell), and Johnnie Jr. His impact reaches far and wide through his grandchildren: Shun (Libra), Shantele, Tomika, Syreeta, Toya, Michael (Tiffany), Michelle, Asisha, Chaunika, Dustin and Nigel. He was not only a grandfather, he was a Great Grandfather and even a Great-Great Grandfather, pouring love and wisdom into every generation.

To his nieces, nephews, extended family, church family, and lifelong bandmates he was more than family; he was foundation. A rock. A presence. An encourager.

To describe Johnnie English is to attempt the impossible. His presence was large, but his humility was even greater. If you needed something fixed, prayed over, or talked through he was there, willing and ready. In our family, he was Superman. No cape needed.

He was never shy about trusting in the Lord. His faith anchored him, and he used it to guide his family and anyone blessed to cross his path. Even in silence, his life spoke volumes. He carried out his roles as husband, father, caregiver, and servant with deep seriousness and love, especially in the care of his wife and children during their final seasons.

He remained strong and steadfast up until the age of 90, always moving forward, always lifting others as he went. He embodied everything a righteous man should be. There will never be another quite like him.

Johnnie James English Sr. leaves behind a resounding legacy of love, faith, music, family, songwriting, and hard work. To the man who gave so much of himself, who guided with gentle strength and led by powerful example—we say:

Servant, Well Done. We Will Miss You.

*To our Superman,
our Legend, Our
Hero*

Daddy, words can not Describe how we are feeling, But to know you is to know that your at peace and so shall we be. We will miss the many many days of coming by and talking with you, the many short phone calls, the love you poured into each and every one of us. You were a man of strength and a man of value. The day has come so unexpectedly but we didn't lose you, we just returned you to Mama, to your siblings, to your parents, to Wayne, Jacquelyn, Your grand kids, but most of all, to your Heavenly Father, we love you daddy and forever cherish your memories,

The Kids

A Legacy of Love

Your sunshine smile lit up every room and warmed every heart.
You weren't just our great-grandfather—you were our hero.
Whether you were fixing what was broken or helping us get where we needed to go,
you always looked out for us with quiet strength and deep love.
You weren't just our great-grandfather...
You were the cool one. The strong one. The one who showed up every time.
We'll miss your hugs, your laugh, and the way you made everything feel okay.
Thank you for being our forever example of love.
From your Great Grand and your Great Great GrandChildren

Order of Service

Family Processional.....How Great Is Our God

The Final Crown of The Legend

Old/New Testament.....Rev. C. N. Washington

Prayer.....Rev. C. N. Washington

Selection.....Bethesda Mass Choir

Expressions.....2 mins please

Selection.....Soproco Singers

Resolution/Acknowledgements.....Bethesda MBC

Special Tribute.....Johnnie English Jr & Nigel

Yarbrough

Sermonic Solo.....C'Tyre

Eulogy.....Rev. C. N. Washington

Recessional.....He'll Welcome Me

*When we all get to heaven, what a day
of rejoicing it will be.*

*For we know that in everyone's life,
some rain must come, some crying
times will appear, some dark days
may stand, but hold to his hand,
Gods unchanging hand. Don't weep
for me, my time has come, and yes
we are back together again, and one
day we will all join in the sky. To
my children, my grand children, my
greats and my great greats, Papa
will forever be in your heart, there's
no more sleepless nights, no more
lonely days, no more heart aches, no
more sickness or suffering, I'm
going to a place where the Wicked
Shall Cease Their Trouble. Every
day will be Sunday, I'm going to a
place where we can sing and shout,
forever
The Legend.*



