

Pallbearers

Nephews

Floral Bearers

Nieces and Friends

Acknowledgement

We are deeply grateful for all expressions of sympathy shown to us during our bereavement. You have exemplified true love and concern and for that we must say "Thank You and May God Bless You Real Good".

-The Johnson Family

**A Service of Remembrance
Celebrating the Life
of
Mrs. Barbara Ann Rice Johnson**



**Saturday, October 25, 2025
1:00 p.m.**

**Outreach Deliverance Church
4317 King Kennedy Street
Carlisle, South Carolina**

**Pastor Eddie McConnell
-Pastor-**

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Reflections of the Life of Mrs. Barbara Ann Rice Johnson

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies." – Proverbs 31:10

Mrs. Barbara Ann Rice Johnson, a beloved daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother, and friend, peacefully transitioned to be with the Lord on October 6th at 8:00 AM. She was surrounded by love and left this world with grace from her daughter's residence 612 O'Neil Court Columbia, SC.

Early Life and Education

Born on January 9, 1940, in Union, South Carolina, Barbara was the treasured daughter of the late Reverend Clifford Rice Sr. and the late Mary Lillie Rice. Her academic journey was marked by dedication and excellence, graduating from Benedict College in 1960 with a bachelor's degree in education. During her college years, she pledged Delta Sigma Theta Sorority in 1959, a sisterhood she cherished deeply.

In 1971, Barbara furthered her education by earning a master's degree in social work from Howard University, shaping her professional path with compassion and commitment.

Career and Contributions

Barbara's career was as diverse as it was impactful. She served as a parole officer in New York City, owned a childcare center in Maryland, and contributed over 20 years to the D.C. Government before retiring. Her dedication to service extended beyond her professional life, as she was known for her tireless work in her community and church.

Faith and Service

A God-fearing woman, Barbara accepted Christ at the tender age of nine. Her faith was the cornerstone of her life, guiding her actions and service. As a devoted member of several congregations, including St. Paul Baptist Church in Union, SC, First Baptist Church of Marshall Heights in Washington, DC, First Baptist Church of Glenarden in Maryland, and ODC in Carlisle, SC, where she served faithfully in various capacities. Her work included roles on the Hospitality Committee, participation in choirs, involvement with Sisters In Discipleship, completion of the Turning Point Program, and establishing the Shabach Food and Clothing Pantry Ministry.

Barbara's generosity knew no bounds; she never met a stranger and was always ready to help anyone in need, anytime and anywhere.

Family and Friends

Barbara was united in marriage to the late Charlie Johnson, sharing 64 years together. She leaves behind a legacy of love and cherished memories with her three daughters: Angela Perkins (Derrin Sr.) of Columbia, SC, Monica Johnson-Gist of Union, SC, and Crystal King (Travis) of Mexico. Her family also includes a brother, Clifford (Glenda); four grandsons, Derrin Jr. (Teneasha), DK, Jeremiah, and Micah, and a great-granddaughter, Layla, along with two great-grandsons, Amarion and Jordan Boyd. A host of nieces and nephews also hold her memory dear. Barbara's life was enriched by her best friend of over 50 years, Grace Clark, whose companionship and love were constant in her life. Barbara Ann Rice Johnson's life was a testament to love, service, and unwavering faith. Her memory will forever be cherished by those who knew her, and her legacy will continue to inspire future generations.

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 a part of the Master's Plan,
A step on the road to home.*

*When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds*

Memories



Memories

