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Bertina began a career in social work in 1978 as a Medical Social Worker at New Rochelle Hospital-Medical Center in New Rochelle, NY. After retiring in 1990, Bertina used her social work skills to provide services to the elderly in her community. She served as the Senior Services Coordinator for the Office on Aging in Mount Vernon, New York for several years.

During the latter part of her life, Bertina resided in the suburbs of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania with her daughter. There she formed many new friendships as an active member of a local senior center. Bertina continued her legacy of providing guidance and comfort to others and was an inspiration to many of the young workers at the center.

Bertina is pre-deceased by her husband, Harold Edmund Johnson and her brother, Tommiel Young. She is survived by her three children: Donald Howie (Barbara), Derek Johnson (Susan), and Beth Johnson; three grandchildren: Razi Howie (Debbie), Dillon Johnson and Kira Johnson; two great-grandchildren: Camus Howie and Bethene Howie, one sister-in-law, Ruby Jones of North Carolina, four devoted cousins: Albert Dixon of California, Alfretha Jones, Barbara Olstead, and Eddie Miller of North Carolina; two devoted nieces: Patrice Pitts and Wilma Sumler of Washington, DC; two devoted nephews: Rodney Sumler of North Carolina and Michael Obey of Michigan, and a host of other relatives and friends. Bertina Robinson Johnson was born November 26, 1926 in Rockhill, South Carolina to the late Charles and Macie Bell Robinson. She departed this life on August 25, 2007 at her home in North Wales, Pennsylvania after a brief illness.

Bertina's life was a journey from humble beginnings to remarkable achievements. At an early age, it was clear to her family that Bertina was an exceptional child. Armed with a tenacious spirit and a strong Christian faith, Bertina dared to dream. She set high standards for herself and her family, and pursued her goals with courage, resourcefulness and determination. She was also a nurturing person who found great joy in helping others. These qualities defined Bertina's life and shaped her career.

Bertina was raised in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, where she was educated in Forsyth County public schools. After completing her high school education at Atkins High School in Winston-Salem and a semester at Shaw University in Raleigh, North Carolina, Bertina migrated north to New York City in search of better employment and educational opportunities. After settling in Harlem, Bertina enrolled at the Monroe Business Institute where she received training in business skills. This training opened the door to many new employment options.

In 1950, Bertina joined Metropolitan Community United Methodist Church in Harlem, NY, where she remained an active member for over forty years. She worked tirelessly in the church and was recognized as one of its most capable leaders. She held numerous mentoring and leadership roles, including Sunday School Teacher, President of the Young Adults and President of the United Methodist Women. Bertina developed a strong extended family within the church, forming many lifelong relationships.

In 1952 Bertina married the late Harold Edmund Johnson. She enjoyed family life and was a devoted wife and mother. Bertina instilled Christian values in the home and set high expectations for educational achievement.

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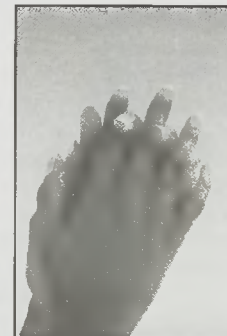
Reflections from a Son

I'm Derek Johnson, the middle of Bertina's three children, and I thought I would share just a few reflections about our Mom and the blessed life she led. This, obviously, is no easy task, and I couldn't find a suitable cram course that could capably ready me for this unfortunate occasion. The reality is the only "prep" we've ever had for this moment is the life our Mom has led, the values she instilled, and the many special memories she leaves behind. And it's also true that I'm the proverbial Mama's boy, and a proud one at that. Hence, it's my sense it's what she would want, and it gives me one last chance to strive for her approval in her presence. That said, I'm going to be brief, in fact briefer than Mom deserves, in the interest of getting through this with some semblance of decorum. That too is what Ma would want.

I want to start with the obvious, which is to thank each of you for coming this afternoon; thank you also for the many prayers and your acts of kindness since our mother's passing. And, thank you for the moments, memories and experiences with our Mom over the years. As to my mom, there is lots to be said. I'd like to focus not on the burden and magnitude of today's loss, but on the beauty and benefit that was our Mom's life. She was a devotedly Christian woman; an immense resource to others; a fiercely protective guardian of her children and grandchildren. She still holds the championship title for the most dotting accolades towards her grandchildren. She was a person of unrelenting determination; a person who would rather give than receive. She was a proud lady, a much traveled lady; a strong lady, a cultured lady, a private lady. She was caring and polite; but she also had a tenacity to get things done; she had grit, and she exerted unbounded effort on behalf of her children. She was also known to convene a compelling dinner conversation every holiday season spanning politics, sports, current events and the State of Black America.

Yes, lots could be said about our Mom, but 3 words characterize her best: sacrifice, expectation and quiet. But for her, they were the three words that mattered. And the words are the same, whether applied to you or her.

- Expectation
- Expectation of achievement
- Expectation of education
- Expectation that you'd reach for your potential
- Expectation of decorum
- Quiet
- quiet demeanor;
- quiet, but steadfast faith;
- quiet wit;
- quiet resolve; and
- quiet confidence



No one - exempting the 3 of us, - has ever heard her shout, or scream. No one ever heard her utter a curse. But she was direct; and she expected of everyone else what she expected of her children and herself. She suffered fools only slightly, and less you take that quiet for meekness; you could be summarily surprised at the depth of her bite, the determined protectionism, and pride she exerted over her children, and her dignity and her compassion for others. In many respects, she epitomized the purpose-driven life, and those who knew her, were all the better for it.

Before Closing, I want to say something about someone other than my Mom, but in her likeness, and that's my sister. Like every brother and sister, one generation to the next, we've have our personality differences and a minor squabble or two over the years - call them cat fights, if you will.

And like my Mom, she can be tough, if you get in her way, or cut corners where she thinks you shouldn't. Indeed, you'd pity the doctor who gets in front of her unprepared, or who utters something not well thought out. But for the last eight years, my sister, like my Mom, made one sacrifice after another, to ensure our mother's well-being. Like my Mom, her demeanor is quiet, her expectations are intense, and her sacrifices have been material and noble. By now, you get the point. She's my mother's daughter, and in her, lies all the attributes my Mom instilled. To Beth, my brother and I want to extend a very public thank you. To my Mom, we say job well done, and we will miss you dearly.