



## Allen Kenneth Johnson

January 18, 1946 - May 28, 2025

Johnson, Allen Kenneth from the metro area and, most recently, Silver Bay, MN, left us on May 28, 2025. It had always been his request for us not to post his age in his obituary, so you will just have to trust us when we say he had a long and well-loved life. Even though he is no longer here with us, he will continue to live on in the hearts of his daughters.

We want to begin by thanking, from the bottoms of our hearts, the kind, caring, and adept group of people at the Silver Bay Veterans Home. Their generosity and compassion is a gift we were given in which we can never repay.

He was preceded in death by parents, Kenneth and Irene Johnson; sister, Marilyn Bolduc; grandson, Jakob Zins; and his wife, Louie, whose loss 23 ago he never recovered from. He searched for "home" from the day she died and although he moved several times, he was just never quite able to find it. We hope that he has found his home again now-with her.

Dad met our Mom (Louie) when he was in the Coast Guard stationed in Cheboygan, MI. He was an electrician on the Cutter Mackinaw, and sailed the Great Lakes. They married in 1968.

He is survived by his daughters Hannah and Holly, and his sister, Laurie (Byron) Johnson-Blanchard.

If you ever met Al-who it seems as though met just about everyone-you would remember him for his sense of humor, his kindness, and his stories. Did he tell them over and over? Sure. But we would do anything to hear him tell us just one more time. He was an

avid outdoorsman and loved nothing more than to hunt, fish, or just walk and be in nature. He was a skilled gardener, was able to identify any plant, bird or wildlife, and could navigate his way through the Brooten hills with his eyes closed.

We cannot forget his love for Michigan. Not only because of Mom, but for his dear friends that he met and kept from his days living there, and for the Masonic Lodge in which he was raised. The area surrounding Cheboygan remained close to his heart until the end. The crazy stories of the shenanigans from those times will always remain as warm and treasured memories in his daughters minds-even if we will never know the details of those events. (We are good with the edited versions!)

An avid reader, he passed on his love of books and learning to his daughters. He always had a book nearby, and loved spending time in Mayday bookstore. He never passed up the opportunity to have a beer (or two), and loved to listen to old country music.

He became a great cook later in life. His ribs and rice were legendary, and he was happy to share a meal with friends, both old and new. You could generally catch him in the kitchen cooking while watching Gunsmoke, each episode of which he could recite line by line.

It would be remiss of us not to mention his unwavering political views, and thoughts on how people should be treated. We find it a small blessing that

Alzheimer's kept Dad from the last several years of political, how shall we put it-turmoil? He would have been beside himself knowing this is where we have landed as a country. He was a staunch union supporter, and member of the IBEW 292 and the IWW.

He preached solidarity and the need to learn and remember our labor history.

Now, with the exception of the three buxom blondes in black dresses with sunglasses and Sunday hats who are blotting their eyes with tissues while milling around, I think we have tied a bow on this life well lived. If anyone knows the story of these ladies...you know to keep quiet!