



Norman O. Johnson

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

DJ

“ My Dad was a man a few words. I thank the Lord he lived a long life. After moving to Portland, I got to know him better. He was always up for an adventure. We hiked the falls of Silver Falls State Park and went to the Oregon Coast. We watched many documentaries together. His favorite was *The Perilous Fight* colored home movies taken after D-Day. The movies were just as he remembered. In the end Dad made me laugh as he relived the past. Fortunately there was medicine for that, as he would get very persistent about needing a truck for his horse trailer or there were two men at a house who are there right now who we need to see about a farm. Amazingly Dad remained in the present especially with his family. He insisted on a trip to see his sister Gladyce . He was always aware and never forgot Jenny, David, Steven, Roger, Sue, Alan, Patti, Doug, Kathy, Dan, the girls Julie and Mom and the puppies. He constantly asked how Steven was. He loved his family very much. I love you Dad.

Doug Johnson - March 27, 2014 at 12:00 AM

RJ

“ I guess I learned more about Dad than any where else would be the time we spend with horses. He taught me more than horsemanship. He was always gentle with animals and you could tell they respected him for his way with them. This was more than evident when we finally found a 4 year horse that he had purchased from a friend that was lost since he was a colt. He was a wild maverick. Would kick or bite you whenever you got close to him. Dad put in a lot of hours and days before he build up his confidence enough to throw a saddle on him. Then came that uncomfortable moment when he stood looking at the bay saddle and tethered to a post, and we would look at each other as he mentioned it was time for a rider.

Roger Johnson - March 22, 2014 at 12:00 AM

RJ

“ Well, I always jumped on the back of any of his horses even this beast because he would lead us around and I knew he would keep the horse under control. All I had to do was sit still and he would lead the horse around the corral without an incident due to the trust he had instilled. Truth be told I was the rider only because I couldn't be the one leading the horse. I have had my share of being thrown from the saddle, I don't remember him ever being thrown. Tonight Sue and I will head down to an old style bar without the poker machines and even has an old time pool table. The environment reminds us a day gone by with Dad sitting on a bar stool laughing without a care in the world. Here's to the best guy I ever knew. Love you Dad.

Roger Johnson - March 22, 2014 at 12:00 AM

RJ

“ Part 1: A great man with a great heart. Over the years we have shared many memories. From learning to drive to, when I could barely touch the the pedals to learning how to ride and break horses. As for the driving, when we were together I did most of the driving. Even though I had the most wrecks. Even was able to muster one up before I got my license. Which of course is a different story, that includes Mom and Dad. Even got Alan involved with that one. But once more he taught me how to drive which I wanted to learn. We would drive up to the gate of the horse pasture and I would drive the car to the barn. Short drive but educational. Really builds your confidence when there are no lines to drive between. Of course, the first time I drove on the streets with the lines is a reflection of the previous incident.

Roger Johnson - March 22, 2014 at 12:00 AM

RT

“ *Doug, we are so sorry for your loss. Please give your family our heartfelt condolences. We will keep you all in our prayers. All our love, Rachel Trevino & Carlos*

Rachel Trevino - March 21, 2014 at 12:00 AM