

The 2019 Run For The Animals is dedicated in loving memory of my parents:

Albert C. Johnson, Jr. (*June 12, 1922 ~ May 29, 1999*)

Marie W. Johnson (*March 15, 1926 ~ January 2, 2018*)



Being children of the Great Depression, (Dad being born in 1922 and Mother in 1926), they were taught the value of a dollar and not to waste. They had a large family and therefore had to be very saving. Yet, even with eight children to feed and clothe, they allowed us to take in every stray animal we came across, including dogs, cats, birds, mice and even a stray chicken, that we affectionately named Colonel Sanders, (but that's another story).

Daddy always had a dog in the house.....seemingly against Mother's wishes. However, Dad passed in 1999, and somehow Mother continued to keep dogs in her home, even up until her passing in 2018. During her last month, as her health was declining, when asked how her day was, she replied "that the only good thing was that King had hung out with her."

In 2012, when we started the Run For The Animals, she admitted that she didn't understand why we made "all this work for ourselves," and then asked, how many cakes we needed her to bake for the event. Even being in her mid 80s, she happily baked for us each year.

Mom and Dad both had soft spots in their hearts for critters and passed that trait on to their children. They taught us many things; including kindness and empathy towards animals.

To say I was lucky or blessed to have them as parents would be an understatement. They also say time heals all wounds.....I'll have to get back to you on that as the jury is still out.

Your loving daughter,

Andrea