

## *Acknowledgements*

The family of John Wesley Evans, Jr. would like to express our sincerest gratitude and appreciation for the many acts of kindness displayed during our time of bereavement. We thank God for all of you!

--The Family

**RA** Service of Loving Memory Entrusted To:

Riley-Antoine Funeral Home  
Louis Antoine, Funeral Director

171 Humboldt Avenue, Dorchester, MA 02121-1781

Tel: (617) 427-5625 Fax: (617) 427-2869

[www.rileyantoinefuneralhome.com](http://www.rileyantoinefuneralhome.com)

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### PRIVATE INTERMENT

St. Michael's Crematory  
Boston, MA

## *The Celebration Of Life Of*



*John Wesley Evans, Jr.*  
*"Johnny"*

SUNRISE: December 8, 1949 SUNSET: July 4, 2022

### SERVICES

Monday – July 11, 2022

2:00 p.m. Viewing

3:00 p.m. Funeral Service

Riley-Antoine Funeral Home  
171 Humboldt Avenue, Dorchester, MA 02121-1781

OBITUARY

*John "Johnny" Wesley Evans, Jr.*

December 8, 1949 – July 4, 2022

Mr. John "Johnny" Wesley Evans, Jr., born December 8, 1949, was the son of Arvil Bardett Evans and John W. Evans, Sr. He attended Boston Public Schools and the Boston Trade School. John attended the Ebenezer Baptist Church of Boston, where he sang in the choir. A man of many talents, he worked in the John Hancock Building in the Billing Department; a beautician, and a Pastry Chef at the Cabot Company. In 2015, he retired from Brigham and Women's Hospital.

John departed this life on July 4, 2022 in his home. He leaves to cherish his memory: his sister, Shelia Evans Crossland; brother, Luis Evans; his Life Partner of 29 years, Jerry L. Harvey, and a host of nieces, nephews, family and friends. John was preceded in death by his brothers, Roderick Burdett and William Evans; grandparents, William Arnet and Mary Ella Burdett, whom he was raised by.

In honoring John's wishes, a private service of cremation will follow.



*His Journey's Just Began  
Don't think of him as gone away  
His journey's just begun,  
Life holds so many facets  
This earth is only one  
Just think of him resting  
From the sorrows and the tears  
In a place of warmth and comfort  
Where there are no days and years.  
Think how he must be wishing  
That we could know today  
How nothing but our sadness  
Can really pass away  
And think of him as living  
In the hearts of those he touched...  
For nothing loved is ever lost  
And he was loved so much.*

--By Ellen Brenneman

