

## **A Tribute to Henry Johnson**

One of the first times I spoke with Henry over the phone, I apologized for something, and he told me, “Now, if you want to be my friend, don’t say sorry. You don’t have to worry about offending me.” He also expressed that one should live without regrets. So I imagine if I said that I was sorry I didn’t call him the week before, he would say the same thing to me.

I, while working on my dinosaur video project, had made several friends over e-mail, and some had suggested talking over the phone. Henry was the first one I spoke with, as telephone conversations with people I didn’t know was something opposed to my nature. But from the moment he first picked up and I introduced myself, I felt a bond that I had never, and have never, felt with anyone else. I made it a practice to call Henry and two other people I became close with, Phillip and Ian, both of whom were close friends with Henry. I tried to call each of them every week, and sometimes I couldn’t, or decided not to for some reason.

The week before his passing was one such week. I felt I should call them and talk for a time, but decided not to call any of them because I wanted to get ahead with some of my ministry projects which I had little time to work on as a student. That week I set up my flash drive with a folder for the new class, removed the old class folder, made sure I had all of the books, even worked ahead on some of the assignments. But most of my time went into work on my video lectures called The Scientific Problems with Evolution. That week, I managed to get two more done – SPWE part 2 on the Creation of Life, and one of the bonus videos, Determining Intelligent Design. I was so sure that I could just wait until that next week, this week, but learned that early on Monday morning, November 10, 2008 that Henry Johnson had a heart attack and died. I did not find out until Wednesday, November 12<sup>th</sup>. I had sent out an e-mail to the three people I called regularly, including Henry, that I would try to call them that week. I sent that e-mail around noon on Monday, not knowing that hours earlier he had died. I received an e-mail from Ian notifying me of such on Wednesday.

My readers know well that I am tutoring two very promising young girls. Just last night, Tuesday the 11<sup>th</sup> of November, I was thinking to myself of one of the classes I had to finish, OMNI 100 – Comparative Views on Origins. Henry Johnson had founded the website Omniology.com, and defined it as the study of everything, especially origins. I was hoping last night that he would help me with the course material. I had also spoken to him about calling him with the girls I tutor and letting him teach them. But that never happened. I was also hoping to get to interview him for my video project on dinosaurs, but that never happened, either. I was never able to meet Henry face to face, but I remember our phone conversations. I remember talking about Tesla and his experiments, living mammoths, all kinds of things. I knew him only for the last few months (since about May or June), but I feel like I knew him much longer.

I was hoping to get to meet Joe Taylor, one of Henry’s friends, but now I don’t know how to do that. “Hi, I’m Brock, one of Henry’s friends. You probably never heard about

me, but I've heard a lot about you." Were it not for Henry, my ministries would be nothing more than a newsletter. He helped me so much. But one of the things that I will remember most is that he said he liked my preview disk of the dinosaur video project. I had sent a letter out to some of my closest consultants including a DVD with some of the scenes so that they could see the progress I had made, so that they wouldn't get discouraged when I didn't contact them as much because of school. He told me he liked it! That project hasn't advanced much since then, barely at all, but to know that he liked it is enough for me. And to let everyone know, **The Truth about Dinosaurs** (the new name for my **Dinosaurs and the Bible** project) will be made in dedication to Henry Johnson, without whom I would never have been able to do so much. Henry once told me that he only expected to live until he was 35, and so had accomplished everything he wanted to finish, so when he died he wouldn't have any regrets.

I know Henry was a Christian, so the tears I shed now may only be sin, because I know he is in Heaven standing before our King and Savior. I know I can't speak for anyone but myself, but Henry Johnson will not be forgotten. Not by me, at least. And I will try to make sure all of you remember him, too. I will make additions to my newsletter to try and include Henry's writings and pictures. He had such skill with graphics.

Attached is a paper he wrote. It has a picture of Henry on it. Please, read it. He may not have been the greatest scholar, or the most eloquent speaker, but I wouldn't trade his writings for anything.

Henry Johnson – I will never forget you!

Brock Lee

Wednesday, November 12<sup>th</sup>, 2008

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