



Johnson, Randell Clarence

April 6, 1961 — May 31, 2025

Moore, Oklahoma

In Loving Memory of Randell Clarence Johnson

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Randell Clarence Johnson, aged 64, of Moore, Oklahoma, passed peacefully on May 31, 2025, at home with his wife and mother-in-law by his side, exactly the way he would have wanted in his favorite chair, in his own space, while laughing at his favorite tv show, The Three Stooges.

Born April 6, 1961, in El Paso, Texas, Randell was a proud Texan to the core and never let anyone forget that the air was just a little sweeter and the grass a little greener once you crossed back over the state line. He lived a life that was bold, bright, and entirely his own, larger than life in every way, from his booming laugh to the loudly colored Hawaiian shirts he wore. He loved loud, laughed hard, and had strong opinions about everything from the best dessert (never chocolate, almost always something with coconut or, unfortunately, mincemeat) to the 1980s Dallas Cowboys glory days and the 1970s WWE lineup.

Randell's greatest joy was sharing life with his best friend and wife of 44 years, Janet, whom he met in 7th grade when fate, and the Alvord school system, placed them in the same class. Together, they shared a lifetime of memories and adventures, from their wedding on Valentine's Day in 1981 to raising their daughter, Michelle (or "Michellerella," as he called her), and eventually welcoming the joys of his life: his twin granddaughters, Addie and Cora. He was the ultimate "Papa", silly, playful, and always ready to sneak in a joke or a king-sized candy bar.

Randell had a deep love of working with his hands and was happiest when he was fixing something, building something, or dreaming up something new. Over the years, he was a maintenance supervisor, school bus driver, tour bus driver, bookkeeper, minister, prison chaplain and Navy veteran. He tinkered with computers before most people even knew what a hard drive was, carved wood into treasures, and more recently crafted jewelry with a passion and precision that only he could bring.

He loved first and foremost God, his family and friends; then thunderstorms, tornadoes, aliens, outer space, Texas Tech football, old-school video games, Perry Mason, Columbo, and anything starring John Wayne. He had a knack for storytelling and a stubborn streak that made life with him unforgettable, unpredictable, and incredibly fun. Though he swore up and down he "wasn't a dog person," he fell head over heels for every four-legged companion that came into the family, especially his beloved Boston Terrier, DooDad.

Randell is survived by his wife Janet; daughter Michelle White and son-in-law Bobby; granddaughters Addie and Cora; mother-in-law Merle Claborn; sister-in-law Jenny Brown and her husband Pat; sisters Donna Johnson, Sally Esparza; Cindy Connally, Faye Ross, and a host of nieces and nephews. He is preceded in death by his parents RN and Velma Johnson, his brother John Johnson, and his father-in-law Kenneth Claborn.

His family invites all who knew and loved him to join them in remembering a man who never did anything halfway, who lived with a heart as big as Texas, and who will be dearly missed but joyfully remembered.

