

Johannes Lambertus Antonius

Birth ***Tuesday, August 13th, 1912***
Deceased ***Friday, June 19th, 1981***



Johannes was born in Borne in the house that was situated on the corner of Grotestraat and Ennekerdijk. He was the second child born to Hermanus and Catharina Janesen.

As a boy, Johannes was adept at imitating people, telling stories and reciting poems. He frequently entertained his brothers and sisters when they were in bed. After he graduated from the MULO (high school), Johannes started an apprenticeship in his fathers' painting company. He never really loved this profession. He hated the coarse painting jobs, especially on rainy days. Rainy weather depressed him.

He was not a morning person (grouchy), he was best left to himself of a morning! He was then silent and withdrawn, but if he lost his cool, all the doors in the neighbourhood got damaged. Yet he had a huge sense of humour. He knew how to pick the precise moment to make appropriate comments so striking that no one forgot quickly.

Johannes loved to draw. All wrappers, edges of newspapers, etc. were drawn full of figures of animals or humans. He made several paintings in his early years as well as pen drawings. The colouring of door and cabinet panels, in a particular type of wood grain (either mahogany, oak, beech pine), was his specialty. In this he was a true master. With simple objects such as a cork, a piece of cardboard and his thumb, he knew transform them into true masterpieces.

Johannes was also a deeply religious man. He was a faithful choir member of the St. Therese Church male choir in Borne. Actually, he sang for most of his adult life in a choir. He had a fantastic heavy bass voice. When he spoke on the phone, people always thought they had to do with a big man, but in actual fact he was quite small, with a reasonable heavy build.

He married Riek van Kessel reasonably late in life on Wednesday June 13th 1951. They continued to live in the house that his father had built in 1931 at the Grotestraat number 109 in Borne.

They had three children in quick succession. His family meant everything to him, and so the company (painting & decorating) he ran with his brother Bertus, became a necessity of life.

In the time that his children were growing up, the notorious sixties, Johannes developed a dislike for all "conspicuous" behaviour. He was ashamed of the loud beat music produced by his eldest son. That of course was outrageous for the neighbourhood. He also found the long hair and untidy appearance of his two sons and his friends, not very pleasant at all. Yet he could accept that better than all the noise they produced.

Holidays was a word he did not know or understand. He felt that the grass was green everywhere, so the family was always stayed home.

After his wife's death in December 1975, he was a broken man and lost all interest worldly matters. Only the birth of his first granddaughter helped in getting himself out of isolation.

He remained faithful to the church and visited services every Sunday.

He died from the effects of a massive heart attack in the Queen Juliana hospital located in Hengelo. During his ten day hospitalisation he often prayed to God to come and take him home. His prayers were answered.