

Anthony “Johnny” Arisco, Jr.

June 20, 1946 - November 8, 2025

Celebrating the Life of
Anthony “Johnny” Arisco, Jr.
Tuesday, November 18, 2025 6:00 p.m.
Broussard’s Chapel
Beaumont, Texas

Opening Remarks and Prayer
Terry Burd

“Imagine”
by John Lennon

“Olive – March 8, 1920”
Written by Anthony Arisco, Jr.
Read by Pamela Clasgens

“Morning Has Broken”
by Cat Stevens

Remarks
Nancy Standeffer

“When The Ship Comes In”
by Bob Dylan

Closing Prayer
Terry Burd

“Goodnight Moon”
by Will Kimbrough

Olive – March 8, 1920

*In my craft of passing time
Exercised on this sullen night
A beautiful rose stands frozen
In the raging moon of my grief
As I labor in the faintest light
To watch a star birth circle
Yet another place of rapture
While the roots of grave filled kin
That see through bone hole sockets
Can never be more beautiful
Than the passion of the secret heart*

*On the darkest day
My tear pierced eyes
Watch angels float like rock
Through heaven blind and black
To die before bedtime comes
To tear the womb to dust and stone
Before I can return to claim my own
They dig your grave in my soul.*

Coaris 2000



Anthony John “Johnny” Arisco, Jr., 79, of Lumberton, passed away peacefully Saturday, November 8, 2025, after a long illness, at Bonne Vie, Port Arthur. He was born on June 20, 1946, to Olive Fern Loy Arisco and Anthony John Arisco, Sr., in Port Arthur, Texas.

Whether you knew him as Johnny or AJ, he was an unforgettable character whose overall effect was larger than life. Quick witted and gregarious, he was at home in insurance sales, his favorite company being American National Insurance Company. He loved helping his customers and friends and cheerfully worked nights and weekends to answer questions and work out solutions.

Johnny loved music, sports, especially his Houston Texans, Astros, and Rockets, and his pets. Music was always playing in his car, at the office, at home, or on his cell phone. If there was a sport on TV, he would watch. He was comfortable with his cats but learned to love the dogs deeply as well.

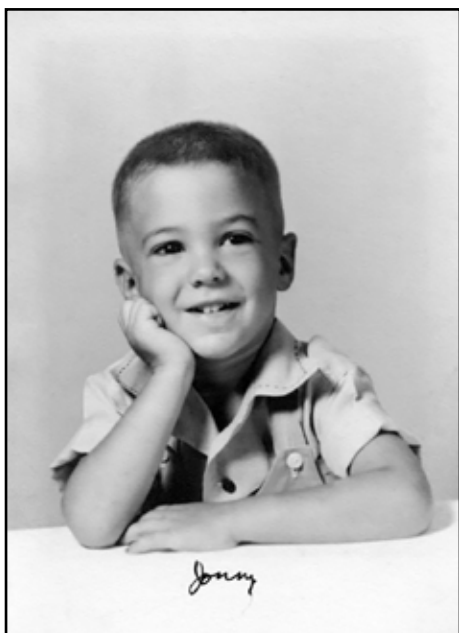
Family and friends were also great loves of his life. He cherished the people that he was born into, those he had acquired through marriage, and those he met along the way.

Survivors include his wife, Julie Arisco; brother, Buddy Arisco and his wife, Molly, of Lewisville; sister, Mia Burd and her husband, Terry, of Beaumont; brother-in-law, Bill Fears; stepmom, Margaret Arisco; stepbrother, Davey Bowman; and stepsister, Phyllis Hoffpauir; sister-and-brother-in-law, Nancy and Bill Standeffer; sister-and-brother-in-law, Pam and Brad Clasgens; sister-in-law, Melanie Felker; and brother-in-law, Joe Brockway, along with a large number of loved nieces and nephews, extended family in-laws in Oklahoma and Kansas, and growing number of great-nephews and nieces. He also leaves behind two adoring Australian shepherd dogs who loved visiting him at Bonne Vie Continuing Care.

He is preceded in death by his parents; sister, Vickie Fears; nephew, Damon Fears; and parents-in-laws, Janet and Stan Brockway.

The family would like to extend a special thank you to the staff of Bonne Vie for their care and compassion.









Season's Greetings
from our house to your house



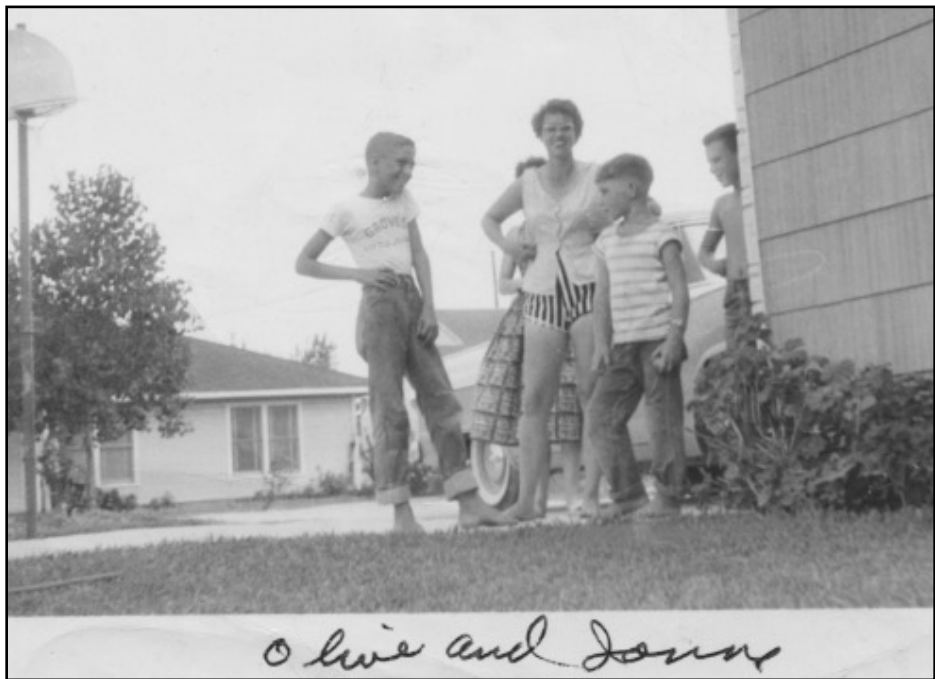
*Tony, Olive,
Jon + Vickie*

6201 East Drive



Jonny

SCHOOL DAYS 1955-'56
West Groves Elem.



O live and Jonny

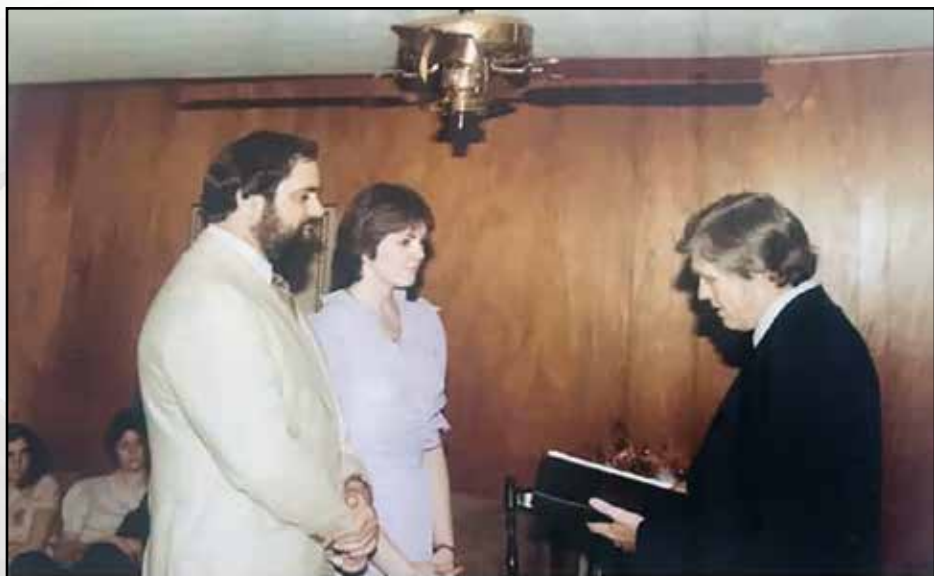
Middle Life

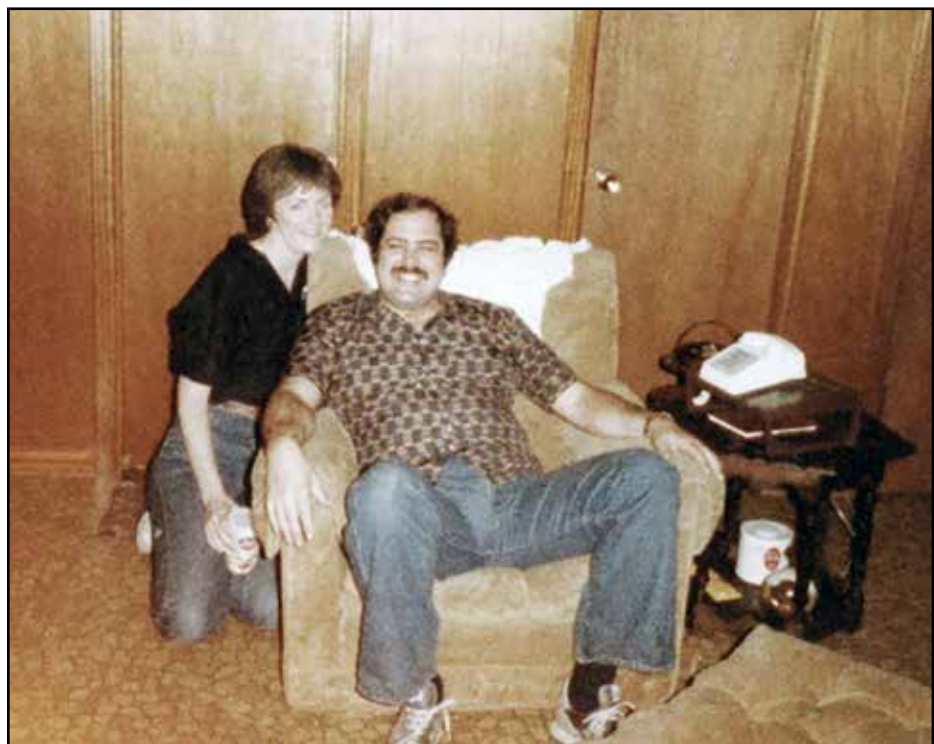
*The middle life now shakes my hand.
The dread dark laugh breaks my stand.
Fear, my God, I fear it so;
Not when or why, but how I go.
It floats around in tumbling time;
While sun and moon and stars still climb.
I hold rock hard with small control,
While wondering where to put my soul.*

*There is of course, the hope of hope,
A life filled dream to try and cope.
I offer you this twisted ear
That only hears a silent tear.
I offer you a sobbing heart
That tries to mend lives torn apart.
If you accept this fitted glove,
A time may come that we call love.*

*I've watched a hurricane blow from front to back;
Seen a roaring train jump from track to track.
I've seen buzzards eat babies in the fields,
And boats in rivers filled with killed.
Perhaps some would say I've seen too much,
But these things fade with age's touch.
And though this road is soon to end.
I hold it close like my best friend.*

*Now is the silent, now is the still;
All are watching without a will.
This is the last second to the last.
I've waiting all my life to see this path.
Each is different in the mind,
What will it be like inside mine?
I will know the short and sweet;
I know again that we will meet.*





*As I wander through this life
I notice you are there.
When my heart is filled with strife
I wonder if you care.*

*Before you give me an answer,
Let me make it very clear.
If you claw me like a cancer
I will cry you like a tear.*

*Like the mountains under water
And the graves grilled by the sun,
We exist in certain order
And together link as one.*

*Just because our days are numbered
Like blowing bits of sand.
It will cause our minds to wander
And ignore the master plan.*

*Through the father of the mother
Is the future of the past;
I can love you like a brother
Or shed you like a cast.*

*What does the wind then whisper
When the last breath blows the light?
Our souls breathe as one mixture
As they slip into the night.*

Co Arisco 2001





David

I saw the sunshine, I heard the morning.

Your gone forever riding the stars

Remember we love you As you ride the

heavens ~~across~~ in Gods sacred cars

Here lies a man as cool as Gods

hand

BREWSTER



Committal

Broussard's Crematorium
Beaumont, Texas

Memorial Contributions

Lewy Body Dementia Association
912 Killian Hill Road S.W.
Lilburn, Georgia 30047

Broussard's
Established 1889

Please sign Mr. Arisco's guest book and share your memories at
broussards1889.com