



Connor Michael Johns

October 18, 2013 - November 19, 2025

Connor Michael Johns, cloud-dwelling thinker, black-hole solver, roller-coaster devotee, slope enthusiast, movie buff, gaming fanatic, and fiercely loving big brother, died at 12 years old. He was born on October 18, 2013 in Metairie, Louisiana. Just as Connor insisted on truth and objectivity in all things, the telling of his life will honor him with the same honesty, specificity, and wonder he brought into ours.

Connor's mind lived miles above the ground, somewhere between the multiverse and the mountains he longed to ski. He was the most inquisitive soul, trying to unravel the mysteries of space while regularly forgetting where the dinner plates were kept. Brilliant, nerdy in the most endearing and enviable way, anxiously perfectionist, and kind to his core, Connor greeted the world with relentless curiosity. He couldn't wait to learn algebra, planned to be a scientist during the week and a doctor on the weekends, and respected Neil deGrasse Tyson and Mark Rober with a reverence typically reserved for superheroes.

He was a thrill-seeker who never said no to a roller coaster, a skier who chased first chair to last with his dad, and an impossibly difficult-to-follow storyteller who could turn a movie, book, or theory into an entire universe. His deepest connection with his dad was found on the slopes. He was coachable, joyful, and undeniably happy in the snow, counting down the days until he

could ski the back bowls of Vail in March, his dad's favorite spot in the world. His enthusiasm for fantasy (namely The Matrix, The Lord of the Rings, and every Rick Riordan book ever written) was contagious. With his dad, he watched Aragorn stride across Middle-earth and cheered during the ride of the Rohirrim. With his mom, he proudly embraced his Ravenclaw roots and practiced leviOsa, not leviosA. And with his siblings, he excitedly shared his gaming knowledge and his love for the Greek, Roman, Norse, and Egyptian mythologies found between the pages of his books.

Connor lived by an internal code of truth, logic, and fairness that far outpaced his years. When something went wrong (an unflushed toilet, a missing remote, a mysteriously empty roll of toilet paper, or an errant candy wrapper on the floor), Connor was always the unwaveringly honest one. He held everyone, especially himself, to the highest expectations. In the rare instances when consequences were needed, his own assessments of what was fair required softening from his parents.

Though his mind soared, his heart lived at home. The deepest joys of his life were the five of us together: family movies every Friday night, games around the table, holidays planned with gleeful precision, and the rituals that made our home feel like the safest, happiest place on earth. He never went to bed without asking his mom to tuck him in, he never passed up a chess match with his dad (which he won), and he never missed an opportunity to hype up his beloved siblings: Adam, "a god at soccer," and Zoey, "a god at art and music." He made sure everyone in the family knew exactly what they excelled at, because Connor saw the best in everyone.

Connor had the appetite of a tiny, discerning food critic: salmon sashimi yuzu from Tokyo Grill, chargrilled oysters from Dragon's, chicken tikka masala and garlic shrimp from Mantra, and anything cooked in the Johns family kitchen. He started helping his mom cook, worried about how he'd survive in college

without knowing the recipes he loved most, namely loaded baked potatoes and meatballs and spaghetti. Together, they began writing a cookbook of his favorites to ensure he'd be prepared.

He also helped sort laundry and dishes with gusto, though he never fully understood that Adam and Eric wore different sizes, that Zoey did not (in fact) wear boxers, that his mom did not own Airline Park or Haynes polos, and that the utensils had the same place they called home for over a decade. He tried so hard, but it was too simple. Not complex or interesting enough to keep his attention. It was impossible not to love him for it.

He adored his friends—a brilliant, quirky, loyal, welcoming group who made him feel at home in the world: Ishaan, Cameron, Aaron, Brody, Bennett, Dean, Leighton, Spencer, and many others he met at Airline Park and Haynes. With them, he built worlds, solved problems, played Roblox, and cracked up at trends his parents never fully understood. His laugh was pure joy: bright, calming, irreplaceable...and its absence is deafening.

Connor dreamed big. He talked about college frequently, not to escape, but because he imagined himself coming home on weekends with new facts to unload on all of us. His convictions were ironclad; “vodka” was, in his view, the height of human recklessness, and cigarette smoke demanded immediate evacuation. Despite dreaming in galaxies, he was the most financially cautious twelve-year-old alive, needing parental intervention to spend money on anything , even when he deserved it.

He loved his room and the routines that grounded him, but even more, he loved the comfort of being exactly himself with the people he adored most. He reveled in our family traditions, our inside jokes, and even found joy in our ongoing argument over who had to take the back seat in the van instead of

the captain's chairs (because more often than not, he was vindicated when incorrectly told it was his turn in the back).

He said "specifically" as "pacifically" and "obliterate" as "oblitherate." He answered 80% of our questions with "Huh?" not out of disinterest, but because he was usually off solving something cosmic. When he invited us to join him in tracing the various thought strands, they were always magnificent. He loved his dad's crawfish boils and steak, and his mom's salmon and butter chicken. He loved teaming up with Adam in video games, knowing the win was almost guaranteed, and he loved the way Zoey could awaken a creative side he insisted he didn't have. He cherished that we were a family of five: safe, complete, and deeply intertwined.

He adored us. And we adored him.

Connor was his mother's person in the way some children just are. Drawn to her, anchored with her, and understood by her. While her grief holds a shape only he could fill, everyone who loved him carries their own version of that loss. We were the luckiest people on earth to have been loved by this boy. He made us parents. He made us better. He made our family whole.

Connor lived with an intensity that made ordinary life feel extraordinary. When he was joyful, the whole house brightened. When he was curious, he tugged the entire family into the universe with him. When he loved, he did it with a fullness adults spend lifetimes trying to achieve.

He thought often about life and death—not morbidly, but with the same scientific hunger he brought to black holes and multiverses. He feared losing his memories because he treasured them so fiercely. But he also believed in stardust, in energy that persists, in the idea that nothing truly beautiful ever

disappears.

And now we understand what he somehow knew all along: grief this big is proof of a love big enough to outlive him. His spark, his humor, his curiosity, his mind racing miles ahead of us, does not dim. It expands.

Though his twelve years were heartbreakingly short, they were dazzling. Every day with Connor mattered. Every story. Every question. Every hug and every “tuck me in, Mom.” Every ski run. Every laugh. Every barely sharpened pencil and broken eraser he left in his wake. Every memory he made with the people he loved most.

We will carry him in ours, permanent and unbreakable, like the constellations he adored. And though he feared losing his memories, he left us with enough for several lifetimes. Connor was, and will always be, our stardust.

Our light.

Our boy.

Connor Michael Johns was predeceased by his grandfathers, Gregory Johns and John Marcus, and his beloved furry brother, Strider. Connor is survived by his parents, Rachael and Eric; his siblings, Adam and Zoey; his grandmothers, Debbie Hastings and Julie Johns; his beloved aunts and uncles, Robert Johns, Madeleine Johns, Rebecca Palermo, and Stefano Palermo, and by many cousins, and friends. He is loved beyond measure and missed beyond comprehension.

A Celebration of Connor’s Life will be held Friday, December 19, 2025 at L.A. Muhleisen & Son Funeral Home. 2067 Williams Blvd., Kenner, LA 70062.
Visitation from 1:00 pm to 4:00 pm.

To share memories or condolences, please visit www.muhleisen.com

Previous Events

Visitation

DEC 19. 1:00 PM - 4:00 PM (CT)

L.A. Muhleisen & Son Funeral Home
2607 Williams Blvd
Kenner, LA 70062
(504) 466-8577
info@muhleisen.com

Celebration of Life / Memorial Service

DEC 19. 4:00 PM (CT)

L.A. Muhleisen & Son Funeral Home
2607 Williams Blvd
Kenner, LA 70062
(504) 466-8577
info@muhleisen.com

Tribute Wall



“ L.A. Muhleisen & Son Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Connor Michael Johns



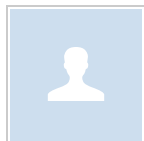
L.A. Muhleisen & Son Funeral Home - December 18, 2025 at 03:12 PM



“ Sayid Mohieldin & Family purchased the Arrive in Style for the family of Connor Michael Johns.



Sayid Mohieldin & Family - December 19, 2025 at 09:08 PM



“ Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Connor Michael Johns.



December 19, 2025 at 12:14 PM

GF

“ *Galiouras Family purchased the Sentiments of Serenity Spray for the family of Connor Michael Johns.*



Galiouras Family - December 19, 2025 at 10:53 AM



“ *Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Connor Michael Johns.*



December 18, 2025 at 01:07 PM

DF

“ *Dina Lossi and Family purchased the Beautiful Heart Bouquet for the family of Connor Michael Johns.*



Dina Lossi and Family - December 17, 2025 at 09:17 PM



“ *Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Connor Michael Johns.*



December 17, 2025 at 08:20 PM



“ Sentiments of Serenity Spray was purchased for the family of Connor Michael Johns.



December 17, 2025 at 03:56 PM



“ From Miller, Gillian, and Rowan Gordon purchased the Peaceful White Lilies Basket for the family of Connor Michael Johns.



From Miller, Gillian, and Rowan Gordon - December 17, 2025 at 10:45 AM



“ Metairie Pediatrics Staff purchased the Blue Caribbean Bouquet for the family of Connor Michael Johns.



Metairie Pediatrics Staff - December 16, 2025 at 11:51 AM



“ Jessica F. planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Connor Michael Johns.

Jessica F. - December 15, 2025 at 06:33 PM

KD

“ Kelia D. planted a grove of 3 [Memorial Trees](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Connor Michael Johns.

Kelia D. - December 15, 2025 at 10:40 AM

JS

“ Jennifer S. planted a grove of 3 [Memorial Trees](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Connor Michael Johns.

Jennifer S. - December 15, 2025 at 09:37 AM

SP

“ Sharon P. planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Connor Michael Johns.

Sharon P. - December 15, 2025 at 07:40 AM

SP

“ Sharon P. purchased the Beautiful Heart Bouquet for the family of Connor Michael Johns.



Sharon P. - December 15, 2025 at 07:40 AM

TT

“ The Treadaways planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Connor Michael Johns.

The Treadaways - December 14, 2025 at 10:23 PM



“ *Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Connor Michael Johns.*



December 14, 2025 at 10:23 PM



“ *Amanda Johns Lyons planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Connor Michael Johns.*

Amanda Johns Lyons - December 14, 2025 at 09:05 PM



“ *Crystal Cross Bouquet was purchased for the family of Connor Michael Johns.*



December 14, 2025 at 09:05 PM



“ *Aunt Janna and Aunt Carol XOXOXO planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Connor Michael Johns.*

Aunt Janna and Aunt Carol XOXOXO - December 14, 2025 at 08:32 PM



“ Sweetest Sunrise Bouquet was purchased for the family of Connor Michael Johns.



December 14, 2025 at 08:32 PM



“ Beautiful Dreams was purchased for the family of Connor Michael Johns.



December 14, 2025 at 07:00 PM



“ Christina Swift & David Theriot planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Connor Michael Johns.

Christina Swift & David Theriot - December 14, 2025 at 07:00 PM



“ From the deYoung family planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Connor Michael Johns.

From the deYoung family - December 14, 2025 at 03:54 PM

FF

“ From the deYoung family purchased the Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum for the family of Connor Michael Johns.



From the deYoung family - December 14, 2025 at 03:54 PM

AP

“ Our most heartfelt condolences to the Johns family. Not only did we consider Connor as a member of our family, but his whole family means the world to us. We grieve with you all and will hold on tight to all of the memories we were gifted to spend with him. Ishaan will always consider Connor his best friend and he will never be forgotten. We love you all, and know Connor is now learning all the secrets of the universe that he always wanted to know.

Aneesa patel - December 14, 2025 at 03:22 PM

TF

“ The Firmin Family planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Connor Michael Johns.

The Firmin Family - December 14, 2025 at 02:45 PM

TF

“ The Firmin Family purchased the Beautiful in Blue for the family of Connor Michael Johns.



The Firmin Family - December 14, 2025 at 02:45 PM