

## *Acknowledgement*

The family of Phillip George gives great thanks to everyone for thinking of our family during this time and for the many prayers, cards, phone calls and condolences. The endless memories will be with us always. We love you and may God bless each of you!

A special thank you to Marlan Gary Funeral Home and Elder Timothy Blair Williams.

## *Pallbearers*

Winston George - Carlos George - Anthony George  
Stuart George - Christopher George - Conrad George  
Stanford Straughter - Ralph Blaine Smith - Anthony Parks

## *Honorary Pallbearers*

Vincent "Joe" Straughter - Jeffrey Ogden - Jessie Erwin, Jr.

## *Flower bearers*

Alexis George

To offer condolences to The **George** Family,  
visit [www.TheChapelofPeace.com](http://www.TheChapelofPeace.com)

## *Marlan J. Gary Funeral Home*



— THE CHAPEL OF PEACE —

North Chapel: 2500 Cleveland Ave., Columbus, OH 43211, Phone: (614) 267-8310

East Chapel: 5456 E. Livingston Ave., Columbus, OH 43232, Phone: (614) 604-8774

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**EVERLASTING**  
GRAPHICS & PRINT

A DIVISION OF *Marlan J. Gary Funeral Home*

# A *Celebration* of the Life of



## Phillip Jose *George*

January 24, 1956 - January 5, 2024

Monday, January 15, 2024

**Marlan J. Gary Funeral Home**  
**Chapel of Peace North**

2500 Cleveland Ave., Columbus, OH 43211

Visitation: 10:00am - Service: 11:00am

## *The Obituary*

Phillip Jose George, 67, of Columbus, Ohio, passed away at home on January 5, 2024. Born January 24, 1956, in Queens, New York to Roland and Dorothy George. The family moved to southside of Columbus, Ohio, in Lincoln Park. "Phil" spent his childhood playing lead guitar like one of his favorite guitar players, Jimi Hendrix, who was also left-handed. Phil would play lead guitar and Jesse Ervin, Jr. played bass guitar in their band. His brother Joe encouraged him to join the military. While in the Air Force, he became interested in technology, then went on to attend Franklin University. He earned a Bachelor Science degree in Computer Engineering. While in his last years of college and military, he met the love of his life, Helaine Smith George. They went on to have three amazing children, Alexis Dyana George, Winston Roland George, and Carlos Jose George.

## *Family*

Parents, Roland and Dorothy George (Deceased); Brothers and Sisters, Stanford Straughter, Ronald Straughter (Deceased), Vincent (Joe) Straughter, Doris Borden, Conrad George, Anthony George, Christopher George, Liza George-Dolan, Stuart George; Aunt, Norma George; Cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley George, Lifelong Friend, Jesse Ervin Jr, Caley Chapman, Jeff Ogden, and Ted.

# Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep

By Mary Elizabeth Frye



Do not stand at my grave and weep

I am not there; I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow,

I am the diamond glints on snow,

I am the sun on ripened grain,

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry,

I am not there; I did not die.



## *Order of Service*

ORGAN PRELUDE ..... The Chapel of Peace Music Ministry

PROCESSIONAL ..... Immediate Family

SCRIPTURE READING ..... Elder Timothy Blair Williams  
Old Testament.....  
New Testament .....

PRAYER ..... Elder Timothy Blair Williams

SELECTION ..... Elder Timothy Blair Williams

REMARKS ..... Family & Friends (2 mins. Please)

READING OF OBITUARY ..... Read Silently

SELECTION ..... Elder Timothy Blair Williams

## *The Eulogy*

Elder Timothy Blair Williams

BENEDICTION ..... Elder Timothy Blair Williams

RECESSIONAL .....Clergy, Family, & Friends

## *Interment*

Resurrection Catholic Cemetery  
9571 N. High Street  
Lewis Center, OH 43035

## *The Thing Is*

to love life, to love it even  
when you have no stomach for it  
and everything you've held dear  
crumbles like burnt paper in your hands,  
your throat filled with the silt of it.  
When grief sits with you, its tropical heat  
thickening the air, heavy as water  
more fit for gills than lungs;  
when grief weights you like your own flesh  
only more of it, an obesity of grief,  
you think, How can a body withstand this?  
Then you hold life like a face  
between your palms, a plain face,  
no charming smile, no violet eyes,  
and you say, yes, I will take you  
I will love you, again.

