**Words for my Uncle George…**

*Well they built the Titanic to be one of a kind, but many ships have ruled the seas
They built the Eiffel Tower to stand alone, but they could build another if they please
Taj Mahal, the pyramids of Egypt, are unique I suppose
But when they built you, uncle, they broke the mold*

*Now the world is filled with many wonders under the passing sun
And sometimes something comes along and you know it's for sure the only one
The Mona Lisa, the David, the Sistine Chapel, Jesus, Mary, and Joe
And when they built you, uncle, they broke the mold

They say you can't take it with you, but I think that they're wrong
'Cause all I know is I woke up this morning, and something big was gone
Gone into that dark ether where you're still young and hard and cold
Just like when they built you, uncle, they broke the mold

Now your death is upon us and we'll return your ashes to the earth
And I know you'll take comfort in knowing you've been roundly blessed and cursed
But love is a power greater than death, just like the songs and stories told
And when they built you, uncle, they broke the mold*

Those words were adapted from a song by Bruce Springsteen written about the passing of a best friend and I thought they were appropriate today.

George was certainly one of a kind. A husband, a father, a grandfather, a great grandfather, my Uncle George. A man of love, kindness, morality, humour and positive attitude.

While there are many things to remember about Uncle George it is perhaps my last visit with him shortly before Christmas just a few weeks ago that I will remember most. When Susan, Bonita and I went to see George at Oakville Trafalgar Memorial Hospital we weren’t sure what we would find. While we found a man physically weakened, we also found good ole Uncle George. He was 100% aware of his surroundings, where he was, why he was there and he was content, with mind still sharp and humour intact.

While visiting, his cell phone rang, the same cell phone he kept buried in his covers trying to hide it from the nurses. I answered it for him, told him a friend was on the line and when I handed him the phone he immediately greeted the caller with “Sibley Mausoleum”!

Admittedly during our visit, George was reflective of his 95 years and at one point was questioning the path chosen for him and whether he had lived a life that was worthy for up there. Imagine that, how could George, after the life he lived, the manner in which he lived it and his lasting impact on everyone he met, question if he is headed up there. If that is the measuring stick then I am certainly on a bullet train headed down there!

George, I will never forget you, my life has been made better by you. Sadly your life is no longer beside me but your life remains within me.

When they built you Uncle they broke the mold.