

George Wilber Lewis 111,

Big George, Geo, Big G, G, George, Georgie, Wah Wah,

Faith,

George had the strongest faith of any person I know. He studied scripture and attended mass daily. He truly was a student of the Bible.

George's Faith is helping us get through this now. I know he is at peace and in paradise.

George's Faith was so strong it spilled over onto others, including myself. My faith is stronger as a result of Big George. George took this faith quietly into all his acts in everyday life. He touched many people. As I called all over the country delivering bad news the past couple of days, the common denominator was, that guy was larger than life. I believe the outpouring of respect we saw yesterday was only a fraction of those George influenced by his actions and faith.

Family,

George was completely devoted to his Wife and Family. College sweethearts he and Mitzy have been married for 41 years. His devotion to Mitzy never wavered. We've been looking at a lot of pictures the last few days and always Geo had his arm around Mitzy holding her close. Life partners and Business partners they worked together to build a successful life. Mitzy is a rock!

George was a dutiful Son. Georgie would do whatever his Mom or Dad asked, which at times could be a lot. In her later years he cared for her through illness and passing, which was difficult. George took this very hard, as with passing of all friends and love ones.

Geo integrated and embraced Mitzy's family from St. Mienrad. He loved the Farm and farm life and quickly became able to through more hay than any 2 men in Southern Indiana. Just ask him.

I think one way you can really assess a person's success in life as a /father/ family, is by their children. George and Mitzy have a wonderful family> I have known them all their lives and they were really great kids and have grown to really great adults. They have taken great spouses and begun to raise their own wonderful families. I don't think there is a greater success/compliment in life.

Our families have so close for so long the relationship goes farther than friends. George was more like a second father to my kids than anything else.

Friends,

I have known George for 43 years. Mitzy was the first person I met coming to Bloomington, George the second. George and I are both only Children, grew up in Detroit, our fathers were both Engineers, we played Hockey growing up. We became lifelong friends quickly. George is the Big brother I never had. For many years we worked together, played rugby together and raised our families together.

As I said earlier, the redundant thing I keep hearing about George is he was larger than life, bigger than big. (and he was big) So many people stated "I wouldn't be where I am today if it wasn't for Big George". He got me a job, he hooked me up with this guy. He showed how to do this. He gave me a job. For many years the community of 110 East 19th was a hub of activity. George would put people to work with little or no experience. Not only to help them but I think partly because they were cheap. (George was proud of his Scottish Heritage and quick to point out that copper wire was invented by Scotchmen fighting over a penny>) George is responsible for giving one of our Billionaire buddies his start in Business. The guy had a small pub in town and George helped keep the doors open allowing the guy to move on become a success! Oh yea, just ask him. One day we were driving in his Jeep, scouting firewood out in the woods in Owen county. We came upon this skinny starving kid living in a tent. We struck up a conversation and determined the kid had no food, no job, and no money. George being the Christian man and entrepreneur he was, seized the opportunity, a chance to help and cheap labor! I of course was thrilled because there was new Blood to do the hard labor. George immediately put him in charge of the Demo department. Of course I 'm speaking of Lee Chapman our fireman and close friend. We just couldn't get along in this community without Bodeen and his wife Barb. Mate, Aaron, Kenny Gurley, Mike Edwards, are few from that team that have passed. Others have gone on to do great things. Between the Rugby centered at Evans House and the Construction worker going on out of George's Basement that neighborhood was a lot of fun.

George was a really smart guy and had an incredible memory. He could and would spout facts details history about any and all subjects. Sometimes I would wonder if he was making it up. His conviction and argument was strong and I couldn't prove it. Wah wah wah. I don't know how I will remember things without him. I am at a loss.

Georges work was Stellar. The planning engineering and execution of his projects was Stellar. Nobody can sweat pipe or run pipe as cleanly as Big George

In case some of you don't know it George was a saver of things. Let me re-state a saver of all things. The Basement and front yard are infamous. Surrounded by vintage vehicles and slightly used equipment (that Scottish thing again). This was a source of discussion for Mitzy and George on more than one occasion. Mitzy would have the fellas haul things to the street for pick up, and when she wasn't looking George would have them haul it right back. But if you needed something, especially on the weekend or at night when Kliendorfer was closed, George new right where it was and would gladly give it to you.

In case you didn't know also, Geo absolutely positively did not care what anybody thought about this saving thing or anything else. He was completely undeterred by others opinions. Cyrilla tells a great story about being dropped off at private school, Geo pulls behind a Lexus or Ferrari with her in the Mate truck, out you go! Didn't care, never crossed his mind. She turned all right!

In case you also don't know George could be a little opinionated. As with most things it was his way or the high way. I can't say I disagreed with his convictions, but there wasn't much compromise with regard to Big George. Black or White.

Brotherhood

George and I were members of the Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity. Many of our Brothers are here today. There was a membership program. Pledgeships, included study, memorization and work. George took this very seriously. Being a member of that Fraternity was important. No one knew the rites, rituals, rules and Mysteries, better than Big George. He still remembered all that to this day, after all those years. Tommy and most recently Rocket are brothers passed, have been waiting for George.

It was not only our Fraternal Brotherhood but if you were George's friend, exemplified the values that he held dear, you became his Brother. We played Rugby together for many years. In Bloomington at IU, on the City team we founded, and in Indianapolis for the Indianapolis Rugby Club. George was a solid player who you could count on in a pinch. When the chips were down Big George could provide the push that was needed. The guys we played and spilled blood on the pitch together with, are all considered Brothers. George was lucky enough to follow his Sons during their Rugby careers. They travelled all over the Country playing at a high level.

George considered the Construction guys his Brother also. If you were able to work hard out in the elements all day and do a good Job George held that in High regard. He had Brothers all over town. The guys at Kliendiffers, Plumbing supply house, Colman attorney, Black Lumber, Jankos, (I'll bet Janko and George got something going already.) Nicks, Sum's Dragon. And many I'm forgetting. But if you didn't see eye to eye with George you might want to look out, your water might mysteriously get shut off.

I could go on and on and on.

I am going to finish with quoting my lovely wife Joann. The loss of a loved one leaves a hole in your heart that can never be filled. I felt that before and feel it again. But now after having experienced grief before I know I don't want it filled. The bad hurt turns to good hurt. I always want that reminder and to remember.