



## Gregory Eugene George

March 25, 1966 - December 20, 2016

Gregory Eugene George, 50, of Orlando, Florida, passed away on December 20, 2016. He was born in Lincoln, Nebraska on March 25, 1966 to Gary and Carolyn George. He is survived by his sister, Kimberly Abbott (Mike Gustine), his nephews, Taylor and Kennedy Abbott, and his great-nephew, Wyatt. He will be missed by all who knew him.

Greg George passed away on Dec. 20, 2016, leaving a void for family, friends and co-workers who will miss his passion for music and sports, his intense loyalty, gentle demeanor and unapologetic weakness for all kinds of goofy jokes.

He was 50.

“He was the kind of man who would do anything in the world for you if he could do it,” said Jodi Renee Thomas, a friend for more than 25 years in Orlando. “He had a huge heart and an incredible soul.”

Born March 25, 1966, in Lincoln, Nebraska, Greg moved to Orlando in 1978 with his parents, Gary and Carolyn George, and his younger sister, Kim. He attended Meadowbrook Middle School, less than a block from the family’s home, then graduated from Evans High School in 1984.

A few years later, he began working as a bouncer and bartender at Visage

nightclub, immersing himself in the Orlando club scene that would provide him with a network of friends that would become a second family.

“He was my big strong protector,” Thomas said. “He was the bartender and the bouncer. I was the pretty little young naïve punk rocker. We became friends.”

For 20 years, Greg spent Thanksgivings with Thomas and her family. He also pushed her to pursue her career as a freelance writer.

“Once you had a spot in his heart, you were there forever,” Thomas said. “That was a lucky thing for me, to earn a place so long ago.”

At the same time, Greg was a devoted uncle to two young nephews, Kennedy and Taylor, who lived not far from Orlando. At annual holiday gatherings in Sanford and Mount Dora, he tossed footballs and baseballs with the kids.

At such gatherings, he introduced the boys to his quirky sense of humor as well as the virtues of his favored sports teams: the Kansas City Royals and the Nebraska Cornhuskers.

"He was a cool uncle, " said his sister, Kim. "Of course he was. He was really just a big kid. "

Recently, Greg added the Orlando City Lions and Orlando Pride to his list of favorites.

After a bad knee ended his bouncer days, Greg worked in landscaping and other jobs before returning to school. In 2008, he graduated from Herzing University in Orlando, where he was honored as Student of the Year in the Medical Billing & Insurance Coding program.

"I was really impressed when he went back to school and got his degree," Kim said. "He sought to do better for himself and really knocked it out of the park. He excelled in the work and made a very successful transition."

When he died, Greg was working in the billing office of Dr. Joseph Wehman Neurosurgery in Orlando.

In addition to his sister and her sons, Greg is survived by many aunts, uncles & cousins.

A Celebration of Life Party for Greg George will be held Saturday January 7th at the Hourglass Brewery in Longwood, at 1p.m. All are welcome. There will be an open mic, and food is available. There will be a raffle/silent auction to help Greg's family tie up some loose ends. Please come help us celebrate Greg's life, and everything he meant to us.

# Tribute Wall

MA

“ So very sorry for the loss of your loved one. Within your grieving and recovery, please, fall into the hand of God, for his mercy is great.

*2 Samuel 24:14*

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**Marie** - December 26, 2016 at 11:10 AM

SS

“ Greg was one of my most wonderful students at Herzing. We have kept in touch all these years, to my delight. Be in peace, Greg. I will miss you!

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**Shelley Safian** - December 23, 2016 at 05:24 PM

LF

“ I too worked with Greg in Orlando for about 3 years. He always had a smile on his face and a way of making everyone feel welcome. I don't remember a trip to the copier without a funny joke from him. He will be missed by many.

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**Lisa Fousek** - December 23, 2016 at 05:10 PM

“The funny thing is, I can’t remember how Greg came into my life. It was 1986 and I remember him just... being there. My first memory was Greg, a handful of his friends, and a handful of my friends from Edgewater, partying at his dad’s townhouse in Rosemont. We spent many weekend nights at that house drinking, eating pizza, listening to records, and playing poker. Our friendship grew from there. We bonded over our taste in music, always sharing our music collection with each other (which we did up until 3 days before his death), and our love of sports. As I bragged about my Pittsburgh Penguins, Pirates and Penn State Nittany Lions, he bragged about his Montreal Canadiens, KC Royals and Nebraska Cornhuskers. Always in a friendly competition, but sharing a mutual passion for the Orlando City Lions and UCF Knights. We went to many games together and if we didn’t make it to the game, we would meet at either Wing House or Friendly Confines to watch them. Our friendship grew closer and closer over the years. Greg was my closest friend and it feels like I lost a brother. He was a groomsman in my wedding and helped calm my nerves through his warped sense of humor. Everyone there loved him.

Greg and I were always texting about something. I looked back at all the texts in my phone and saw that we texted about something literally every single day for the last 3 months, whether it was about the tv shows that we both watched, new cd’s that we got, or talking trash about each other’s fantasy football team. He was part of my daily life. I think that’s why this hurts so much. Just this morning I actually picked up the phone and went to text him about some Aerosmith album I wanted to see if he owned, and remembered that he wasn’t there. So instead I texted him “I miss you, buddy”. Hopefully he sees it from wherever he is and knows that his good friend is thinking about him and misses him beyond belief.

Though I did not get to say goodbye to Greg, I do feel incredibly lucky that I spent quality time with him the Saturday before he left us. We were at Friendly Confines watching UCF struggle in their bowl game. He was in good spirits, laughing, making jokes, yelling

*at the tv, and you know, just Greg being Greg. I never knew that would be the last time I'd see my best friend.*

*I know that Greg had a few different circles of friends, not all of us knowing each other, but we are all now put into one circle: those who knew and loved Greg George. Rest in peace, my brother. I will be thinking of you every day.*

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**Chris Spagnola** - December 23, 2016 at 04:52 PM



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**Kimmi Katz** - December 24, 2016 at 10:43 AM

DH

“ *The first time I met Greg was on the job at a medical billing company. I had recently moved to Florida and finding it hard to adjust. One day on my way to the coffee room. I was singing Eastbound and Down from one of my favorite movies Smokey and the Bandit. I thought it was under my breath when Greg yelled hey the new girl likes Jerry Reed! I was so embarrassed until Greg came in the break room and told me he's the sarcastic goofball and we bonded immediately. Greg was a kind soul. I'll miss the spontaneous "Watcha doin " texts, the long talks about nothing, Outback, Friendly Confines, Victory Cruise, steaks and bud light on pay day. Music and laughter. I still have a very small circle of friends and now one is missing. I'll miss you, Greg. Till we meet again, my friend.*

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**Donna Hufnagel** - December 23, 2016 at 02:43 PM