

**A Celebration of the Life of
George W. McBurney**

**August 12, 1996
Brentwood Presbyterian Church**

Master Artisan of Life

George W. McBurney
February 17, 1926 to August 5, 1996

Prelude

Welcome to family and friends

Rev. Milan Hamilton

"I Walk The Line"

George loved this song. This simple song reminded him of his relationship to the three great passions of his life.

A Passion for Family

Written by Jana McBurney-Lin, read by Kay Dennis

"Amazing Grace"

George was always aware that he had come a long way from Newtown, Missouri, and in the presence of his family he felt the joy and gratitude of amazing grace. This was his favorite hymn.

A Passion for Law

Stuart Kadison

"The Gambler"

George was delighted and amused in the parallels between the life of a gambler and the life of a trial lawyer.

A Passion for Justice

Donald Moffett

"Fifth City Love Song"

For 25 years, George was an active enabler of a pioneering community development model in Chicago called "5th City." The words written by the community, had great meaning for him.

Reading "Song of a Man Who has Come Through", D.H. Lawrence
Rev. Milan Hamilton

Blessing

"When the Saints Go Marching In"

When it came to music, George loved Dixieland for its vibrancy, color,
and its life beat. This was his favorite.

Please remain seated until the family is ushered out.

Music by Danny Burgin

A reception will be held in the church garden immediately following this
celebration.

Memorial gifts may be made to:

George W. McBurney Law Scholarship Fund,
c/o Stuart Kadison, Sidley & Austin, 555 W. Fifth Street,
Los Angeles, CA 90013

SONGS & READING

COLORS OF MY LIFE

The colors of my life
Are bountiful and bold
The purple glow of indigo
The gleam of green and gold
The splendor of a sunrise
The dazzle of a flame
The glory of a rainbow
I'd put 'em all to shame
No quiet browns and greys
I'll take my days instead
And fill them til they overflow
With rose and cherry red!
And should this sunlit world
Grow dark one day
The colors of my life
Will leave a shining light
To show the way.

I WALK THE LINE

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine.
I keep my eyes wide open all the time.
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds,
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

I find it very, very easy to be true.
I find myself alone when each day's through.
Yes, I'll admit that I'm a fool for you,
Because your mine, I walk the line.

As sure as night is dark and day is light,
I keep you on my mind both day and night.
And happiness I've known proves that it's right,
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

You've got a way to keep me on your side.
You give me cause for love that I can't hide.
For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide,
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine.
I keep my eyes wide open all the time.
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds,
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

THE GAMBLER

On a warm summer's evening
A train bound for nowhere
Met up with a gambler
We were both too tired to sleep
So we took turns a starin' at the window at the darkness
'Till boredom overtook us and he began to speak.

He said, Son, I've made a life out of reading people's faces,
Knowin' what the cards were by the way they held their eyes.
So if you don't mind my saying, I can see you're out of aces.
For a taste of your whiskey, I'll give you some advice.
So I handed him my bottle and he drank down my last swallow.
Then he bummed a cigarette and asked me for a light.
And the night got deathly quiet and his face lost all expression.
Said if you're gonna' play the game, boy, you got to learn to play it right.

You got to know when to hold 'em.
Know when to fold 'em.
Know when to walk away,
And know when to run.
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealings done.

Every gambler knows that the secret to survivin'
Is knowing what to throw away and knowin' what to keep.
Cause every hand's a winner,
And every hand's a loser,
And the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep.

And when he finished speakin',
He turned back toward the window,
Crushed out his cigarette,
And faded off to sleep.
And somewhere in the darkness,
The gambler he broke even.
And in his final words I found an ace that I could keep.

You got to know when to hold 'em.
Know when to fold 'em.
Know when to walk away,
And know when to run.
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealings done.

FIFTH CITY LOVE SONG

Tune: And I Love You So

And I love you so, that people ask me how,
How I've lived til now, I tell them I don't know.
People say I've changed, that they don't understand,
Ever since the day, the day I took your hand.

First refrain:

And yes, I know how lonely life can be.
The shadows follow me, and night won't set me free.
But I don't let the evenings get me down,
Now that you're around me.

And you love me too; your thoughts are just for me.
You make my heart alive and set my spirit free.
The book of life is brief, but once a page is read
All of love is there; this is my belief.

Repeat first refrain

You are City Five, Chicago's old Westside,
Where Iron Man first was born to build a global sign.
Oh yes I know you've changed, and some do not believe
This world has a new day since courage set you free.

Second refrain:

Oh yes, we've known this world's great agony,
The billions still denied their hopes and destiny.
But we will go wherever they may be,
Till all communities live free.

I've lived with you so long, no other love have I,
Your pain is all my own, your buildings, streets and cries.
Soon I may pass away, but love will still remain,
The Iron Man standing tall, that all the world may gain.

Repeat second refrain

SONG OF A MAN WHO HAS COME THROUGH

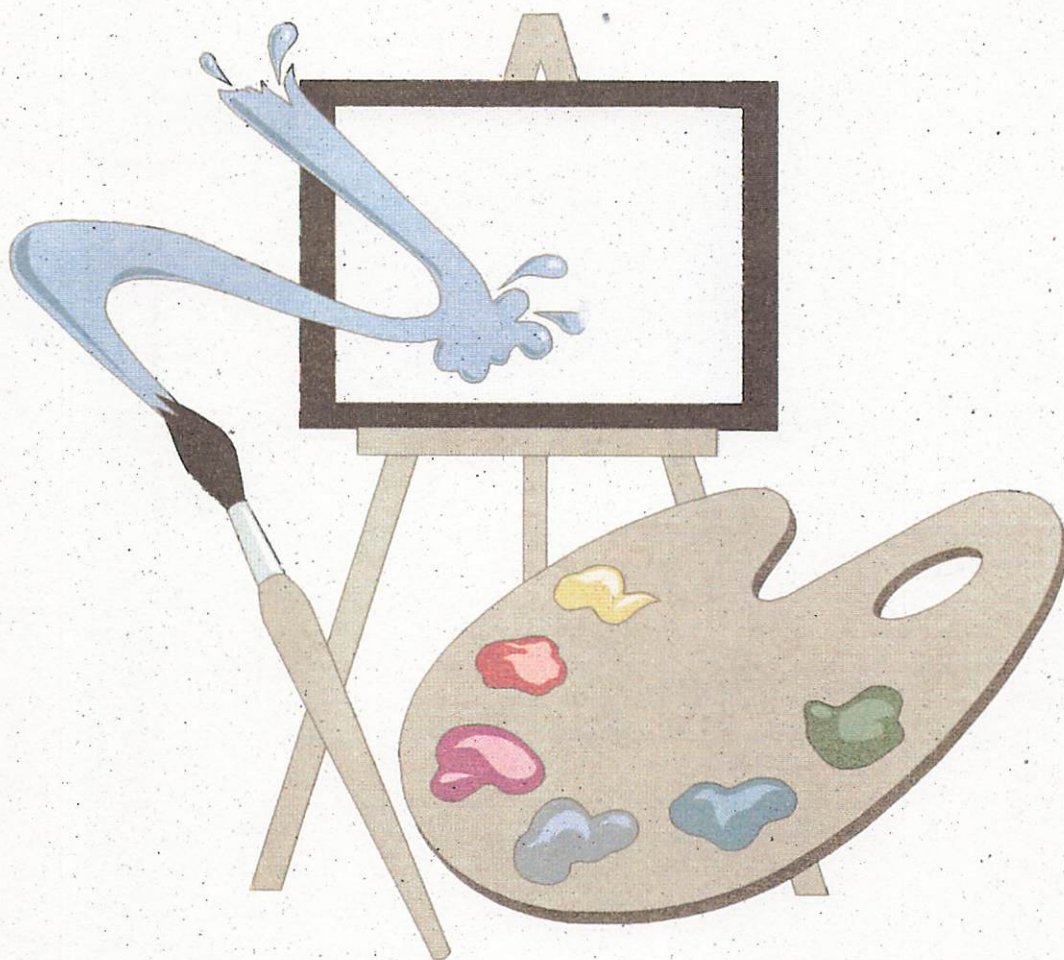
D. H. Lawrence

Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me!
A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time.
If only I let it bear me, carry me, if only it carry me!
If only I am sensitive, subtle, oh, delicate, a winged gift!
If only, most lovely of all, I yield myself and am borrowed
By the fine, fine wind that takes its course through the chaos of
the world
Like a fine, an exquisite chisel, a wedge-blade inserted;
If only I am keen and hard like the sheer tip of a wedge
Driven by invisible blows,
The rock will split, we shall come at the wonder, we shall find the
Hesperides.

Oh, for the wonder that bubbles into my soul,
I would be a good fountain, a good well-head,
Would blur no whisper, spoil no expression.

What is the knocking?
What is the knocking at the door in the night?
It is somebody wants to do us harm.

No, no, it is the three strange angels.
Admit them, admit them.



The Master Artisan of Life

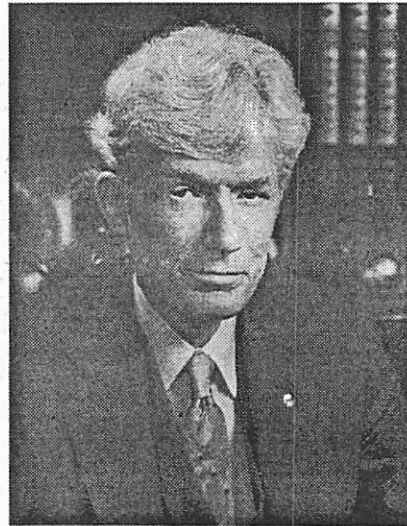
A Celebration of
George McBurney

1926 - 1996

THE MASTER ARTISAN OF LIFE

A CELEBRATION OF GEORGE MCBURNEY

February 17, 1926 — August 5, 1996



Who's Who In America

McBURNY, GEORGE WILLIAM, lawyer; b. Ames, Iowa, Feb. 17, 1926; s. James William and Elsie Hazel (Jones) McB; m. Georgianna Edwards, aug. 28, 1949; children: Hollis Lynn, Jana Lee McBurney-Lin, John Edwards. B.A., State U. Iowa, 1950, J.D. with distinction, 1953. Bar: Iowa 1953, Ill. 1954, Calif. 1985. With Sidley & Austin and predecessor, Chgo., 1953—1996, ptnr., 1964—1993, counsel, 1994—1996; resident ptnr. Singapore, 1982—1984. Editor-in-chief: Iowa Law Rev., 1952—53. Mem. Chgo. Crime Commn., 1966—84; trustee Iowa Law Sch. Found., 1988—96, Old People's Home of City of Chgo., 1968—83, sec., 1967—69, exec. v.p., 1969—74, pres., 1974—82, hon. life trustee, 1983—96; hon. life trustee Georgian, Evanston, Ill., trustee, counsel, 1976—82, v.p., 1980—82. Serve with inf. AUS, 1944—46. Fellow Am. Coll. Trial Lawyers, Am. Bar Found. (life); mem. ABA, State Bar of Calif., Los Angeles County Bar Assn., Fed. Bar Assn., Am. Judicature Soc., Bar. Assn., 7th Fed. Circuit, Am. Arbitration Assn. (panelist large complex dispute resolution program), Assn. Bus. Trial Lawyers, The Ctr. for Internat. Comml. Arbitration L.A. (bd. dirs., exec. v.p.), Nat. Coll. Edn. (bd. Assocs. 1967—84), U.S. C. of C. (govt. and regulatory affairs com. of council on antitrust policy 1980—82), L.A. Complex Litigation Inn of Ct., Law. Soc. Singapore (hon.), Western Ctr. on Law and Poverty (bd. dirs. 1992—96), L.A. Union League Club (vet.), Mid-Day Club Chgo., Am. Club., Cricket Club. Town Club Singapore, Phi Kappa Psi, Omicron Delta Kappa, Delta Sigma Rho, Phi Delta Phi. Republican. Presbyterian. Home: Malibu Pacifica 13, 3601 Vista Pacifica, Malibu, CA 90265-4830. Office: Sidley & Austin, 555 West 5th St., Ste. 4000, Los Angeles, CA 90013-1010.

Rev. Milan Hamilton

(Bill Cosby, in his recording about Noah and the Ark, captured the dilemma of modern life. The Lord says to Noah, "Noah! Build an Ark!" Noah, standing in the hot sun of the desert, replies, "Right Lord," and pausing, queries, "What's an ark?" George struggled every day with the question, "What is the call to commitment and responsible action in a world of chaos and collapse." Rev. Milan Hamilton is a colleague who struggled with him in the quest for direction.)

George McBurney is one of those rare human beings who become part of your meditative counsel of advisors almost as soon as you meet them. These are the people you go to for advice when you're in a tight spot even when they aren't there. George was always free with his advice as many of you can attest, but he was just as free with his friendship.

I'm here because George is my friend and I'm honored that he considered me his friend. I've learned by interacting with George's family that George was a fighter. Deeply involved in life and who, in the tradition of Winston Churchill, never, never, never gave up. In fact, the last page of his life reflects that fact.

In November of last year, he had another close encounter with his death. Daughter Jana was elected by the family to get him to cut down on his many activities. She got him to promise to resign from everything but two or three activities that were his favorites. George being the man of integrity that he was did what he said he was going to do. And when the children returned in June for his 70th year of celebration at which a number of you were privileged to be present, as I was, they discovered for each activity he had cut out he had replaced it with another one. George, being ever the astute lawyer, had immediately spotted the loop holes in the Agreement and was operating at full speed until his death.

This is a recollection and celebration of George's three great life passions:

- His passion for family,
 - His passion for the law; and
 - His passion for justice.
- 2

Occasionally, George found music that seemed to illuminate his passions. The song "I Walk the Line" was a great favorite of George's. It expressed his relationship to the three great passions of his life; that is if you care, you are careful about how you live your life.

I WALK THE LINE

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine.
I keep my eyes wide open all the time.
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds,
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

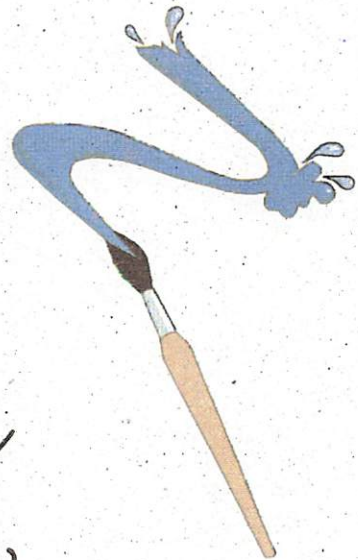
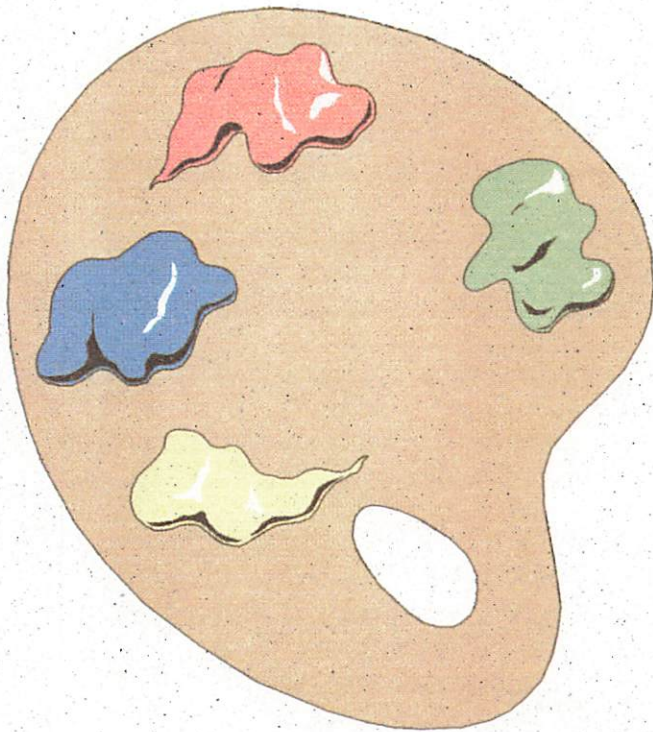
I find it very, very easy to be true.
I find myself alone when each day's through.
Yes, I'll admit that I'm a fool for you,
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

As sure as night is dark and day is light
I keep you on my mind both day and night
And happiness I've known proves that it's right,
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

You've got a way to keep me on your side.
You give me cause for love that I can't hide.
For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide,
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine.
I keep my eyes wide open all the time.
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds,
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

A Passion for Family



"Don't let life
get too daily"

A PASSION FOR FAMILY

Jana McBurney-Lin

(George's three children, Holly, Jana and John—each one unique—were much loved and important to him. The family asked Jana, a writer, to tell of her relationship with her father.)

MY DAD—THE MASTER ARTISAN

Dad always had a lot of wise sayings:

"Let's get this show on the road."

"Non illegitimi carborundum est." ("Don't let the bastards get you down.")

"Leave it lay where Jesus flang it."

"This too will pass away."

And the one that has stayed with me the most: "Don't let life get too daily." When I was a little girl, Dad would frequently take me on walks around the block and we would talk about our days—what had happened, what was good, what was bad—and he would help me to draw a picture of my day ... of my life ... of my world.

And he always kept me drawing—helping me to see not the tiny little details of a failed test or a lost race—but the larger strokes of a gained understanding or an intriguing contest. He was a master artisan ... and his masterpiece was Life itself.

When I was sixteen, and life was pretty "daily" at high school (as I worried about not being chosen as a cheerleader on the A squad and was hung up over whether to wear my purple or green Gloria Vanderbilt designer jeans to the school play tryouts), Dad came to me with a wild suggestion. "How'd you like to spend a year in Japan?"

I was scared. I was bogged down in details. "What about all my friends at school? Who would take over my job as PR director of the school radio station? How would I ever make the A squad of cheerleaders if I wasn't around to practice?" With a stroke of his brush, Dad wiped all those minor issues away, again asking, "How'd you like to spend a year in Japan?"

That was one turning point in my life—it opened a small window into new ideas, new cultures, new worlds.

When I graduated from college and again my life had become pretty daily (as I scoured the want-ads in the newspaper (examined the want-jobs in my soul) and juggled my schedule to work around that of my college beau), Dad took me on a walk along the beach. (Yes, Dad

did make it to the beach from time to time). "Jana, life is not a matter of playing house—getting a job, finding a husband, having children," he said, as we watched the waves crashing to the shore. And it was then that I stopped searching for a fairytale job and walked away from a fairytale relationship and returned to Japan to discover what adventures life had to offer.

That was another major turning point in my life.

I found all kinds of interesting jobs, fascinating places and wonderful people. And the advantage of being in Japan—and having so many jobs, none of which were overly-permanent—was that I was able to travel. The first year I was there, I remember Dad had an American College of Trial Lawyers conference in the U.S.S.R. I had been trying to decide on a place to visit—Thailand? Malaysia? China???? But when Dad said he was going to the U.S.S.R., I immediately wanted to go meet him there.

Despite his reservations about "Commies" and the fact that I planned to travel alone wherever I decided to go, Dad said to me—once again thinking of the big picture—"Jana, if I only had one place to visit in my time in Asia, I would choose China—not the U.S.S.R. It's one of the oldest countries in the world ... it has a fascinating history ... and by the way, here is the number of an American lawyer in Beijing."

That was a third major turning point in my life.

China was the beginning of many travels in my time in Asia. (Each time I told Dad of my plans, he would jokingly say, "You're giving me grey hairs, Jana." But he would always send me off with Godspeed.) China was the beginning of something wonderful for me. For as fate would have it, China is now one of my homes, as my husband, whom I met in Japan, is from Fujian Province, in the south of China.

Now, while I married Hui Hui with the lofty ideals of being able to live in two cultures at once, with the idea of waking to a new story or tradition each day, with a heart brimming full of excitement, life in the "Married Lane" has its similarities no matter where you travel. Babies, diapers, dishes, laundry—those are cross-cultural details. And it was when I began feeling snowed under by these mundanities rather than rejoicing over my chosen path, that Dad wrote to me, reminding me "Don't let your Life get too daily." I've always tried to remember that—not always with success.

The day before Dad died, I forgot. It was five minutes before eight; five minutes before we all had to rush out the door to go to school, work, the doctor. I sat down to grab a quick bite of breakfast. The kids were still fiddling with their toast; the kitchen table was a mass of dirty dishes; no one had shoes or socks on; and my husband was reading the paper! Reading the paper!

With a mouthful of food, I began to clear away the dishes, taking them in the kitchen and starting to wash up. "We don't have time for that," Hui Hui said. "Oh, yes we do—the children still need to get their shoes and socks on. Can you do that?" He said he could. The next moment I heard him yelling, like the drill sergeant in *Officer and A Gentleman*, "Hurry up! Get your socks on."

And when the two of us were driving downtown, I remembered yelling back at him. All he could say was, "I feel sad that we're arguing about dishes." "It has nothing to do with dishes," I countered.

But that night, after an evening in which not one valuable word had passed between us—not one highlight, not one adventuresome tale—I lay down and heard a voice. It was Dad. "Don't let life get so daily," he reminded. And once again I was at peace.

To Dad, I am eternally grateful—grateful for his gentle influence in my life; directing me when I felt lost; grateful for his helping me to see the big picture; for helping me to paint my world with large brush strokes rather than overly-detailed sketches; grateful that my life was touched by his.

And these gifts—while I may forget them from time to time—are mine to keep forever and ever.

When Dad came out of the hospital last November—after he had had a near fatal brush with death—I came running home from Singapore.

And one night, while watching the late news, Dad turned to me and said, out of the blue, "It wasn't my time. You know, I've been reflecting over my life—and there have been several times when I could have died. When I was a small boy, I was running alongside my Dad's tractor and I tripped. My Dad ran over my leg—but what if it had been my chest? During the great war, I was shot in the leg and foot. But what if the enemy had shot a bit higher? No, this time it wasn't time. When it is time, the Lord will take me. I'm not afraid." "You're not?" I asked. "No. Who knows? The next life might be better than this one." He laughed. "Won't know 'til I get there."

Dad, as we celebrate all the wonderful gifts you've given us—and continue to give us—I pray that you're having the time of your life. I'm certain that you are. For, as the master artisan of life that you've always been, life can only get better on your journey onwards.

Grace and Peace.

George was always aware that he had come a long way from Newtown, Missouri, and in the presence of his family he felt the joy and gratitude of amazing grace. This was his favorite hymn.

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
was blind but now I see.

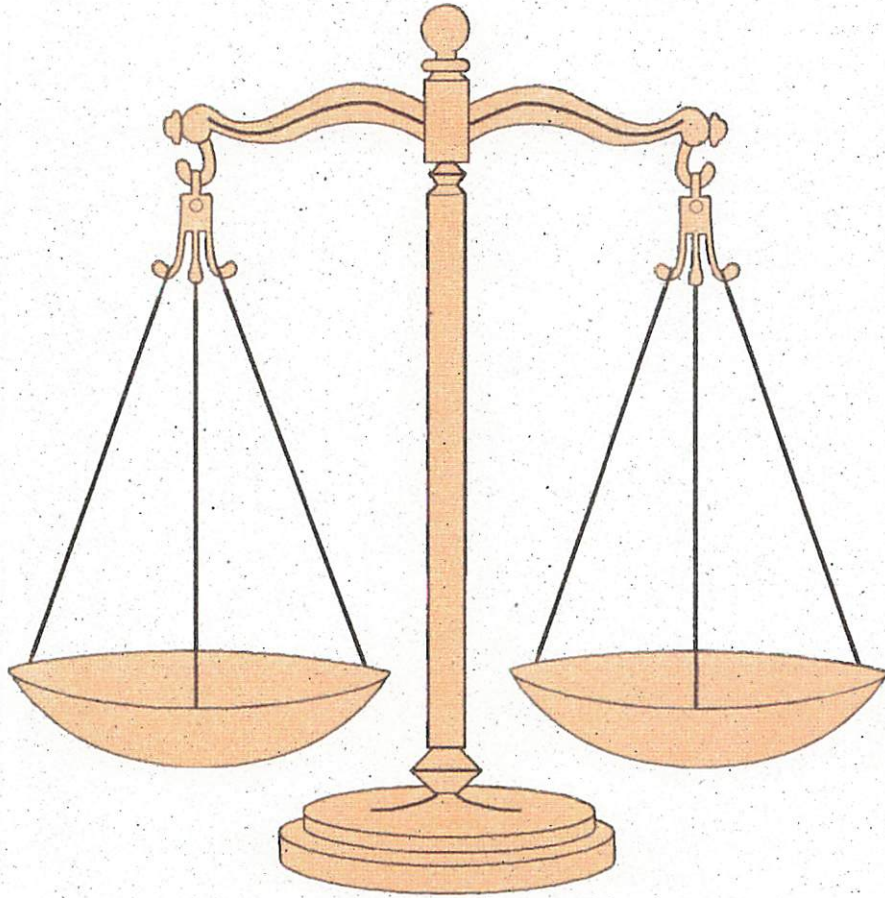
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

My god has promised good to me,
whose word my hope secures;
God will shield and portion be
as long as life endures.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we'd first begun.

A Passion for Law



“A fighter committed
to winning, but also to
the good fight”

A PASSION FOR LAW

Stuart Kadison

("To have a few TRUE friends is richness beyond belief," according to George. Stuart Kadison, his partner and colleague, was such a "true" friend beyond friends.)

Georgianna dear, I'm going to do my best to be faithful to your injunction that this occasion be one of celebration and not of sorrow, although you will know that our hearts are full, not only with joy and gratitude for George's life, but also with pain and deep regret that he is no longer with us.

It's not easy to think of George without the thought bringing a smile to one's face. When you and I spoke, Georgianna, of the venue in which the celebration of his life ought to be held, you promptly rejected my suggestion that we should repair to Tammany Hall and remember George in the shade of Boss Tweed and other liberal democrats with whom he had so much in common. The thought would have broken George up and somehow I think he would have found an excuse for being elsewhere.

There is much to celebrate in the life of this rare man even for those of us who shared no more than a part of it. No one except possibly George knows better than you, Georgianna. You and he were blessed with 47 years in which to get to know something of each other.

I have been trying to reach for the word most evocative of George. I've tried "passionate," "dedicated," "ethical," "committed," "wryly humorous" (but not humorous enough to go to Tammany Hall), "courageous," "caring," "gallant," "generous," "principled," "responsible," "decent," among many others, each descriptive of a facet of his many faceted persona but none and no combination of them sufficiently encompassing to do justice to the whole man.

George was all of those things. But he was so much more. None of them, for example, evokes his intolerance of the bumptious, his gift for subtly pricking what another has called the bloated bladder of pretense. I think "committed" comes closer than any other term. He was committed first to you, Georgianna, and to your family. He was committed to his friends in and out of the law firm to which he devoted his entire professional life and which played so important a part in that life, and committed also to the ideal of justice and the law as the best means of accomplishing justice.

He acknowledged the law's imperfections, he rejoiced when justice was done, and he worked for the law's improvement when it was not. He never lost faith in the law as the essential ingredient, the *sine qua non* of an ordered society. He deplored the contemporary

focus on the bottom line and throughout his life, professional and otherwise, placed principle above profit.

As a trial lawyer, and he was surely one of the very best, he was a fighter committed to winning but also committed to fighting the good fight. He never had a shabby thought and he never did a shabby act. He was ever on the side of the angels. He never represented a client who was not entirely in the right. He never lost a case to a good judge or to an honest jury.

It would be insincere, I think, and unworthy to describe him in elegiac terms as a man who had no enemies. No warrior goes through life unscathed, beloved of all whose lives he touches, and no advocate worthy of his salt neglects to flex his muscles in the courtroom. And those upon whom he sharpens his teeth have no reason and are under no obligation to love or admire him, but there were more who did than didn't and that is no small thing.

George was a partner to be treasured and I was not alone among his partners in treasuring him. I wrote of his sense of partnership on the occasion of the celebration of his 70th birthday. I recalled his generosity and his selflessness in relieving me of what he called "the scut work" in an important and complicated case the defense of which he was quite as well qualified to lead as I. His determination that our client should prevail was such that he volunteered to play a lessor role than that to which his gifts and his experience entitled him. As an advocate, George placed winning ahead of anything except, of course, principle, and professionalism.

Milan, the Reverend Hamilton, has spoken of Jana's experience with the catalog in which he ordered the priorities of his activities. He then went out and eliminated some and replaced them with others.

George was never meant to spend his life as an invalid. We last spoke the Friday before he died. I said "How's it going, George?" He replied, "I'm hanging in there." George was never a quitter. He was a fighter to his dying day. He didn't quit even when it was time to go and typically he left on a high note.

So we shed no tears for him, but rejoice in the many years we had together and in what he brought to them for all of us.

George was delighted and amused in the parallels between the life of a gambler and the life of a trial lawyer.

THE GAMBLER

On a warm summer's evening
A train bound for nowhere
Met up with a gambler
We were both too tired to sleep
So we took turns a starin' at the window at the darkness
'Till boredom overtook us and he began to speak.

He said, Son, I've made a life out of reading people's faces,
Knowin' what the cards were by the way they held their eyes.
So if you don't mind my saying, I can see you're out of aces.
For a taste of your whiskey, I'll give you some advice.
So I handed him my bottle and he drank down my last swallow.
Then he bummed a cigarette and asked me for a light.
And the night got deathly quiet and his face lost all expression.
Said if you're gonna' play the game, boy, you got to learn to play it right.

You got to know when to hold 'em.
Know when to fold 'em.
Know when to walk away,
And know when to run.
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealings done.

Every gambler knows that the secret to survivin'
Is knowing what to throw away and knowin' what to keep.
Cause every hand's a winner.
And every hand's a loser,
And the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep.

And when he finished speakin',
He turned back toward the window,
Crushed out his cigarette,
And faded off to sleep.
And somewhere in the darkness,
The gambler he broke even.
And in his final words I found an ace that I could keep.

You got to know when to hold 'em.
Know when to fold 'em.
Know when to walk away,
And know when to run.
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealings done.



A Passion for Justice

Oh yes, we've known this
world's great agony,
The billions still denied their
hopes and destiny.
But we will go wherever
they may be,
Till all communities live free.



A PASSION FOR JUSTICE

Donald Moffett

(George met Don in their common care for justice—to assure access to civil rights to all people. Over the years, Don has been a "true" friend beyond friends.)

Among his many attributes as a man of virtue, George McBurney had a great passion for social justice. George truly cared about people, his country and the globe. Now I happen to know about George and Georgianna in this arena because that's how we met. Thirty years ago on Chicago's tough westside, a fledgling not-for-profit organization was formed which became known as the Institute of Cultural Affairs. This was a group who believed they could help people help themselves, no matter their situation; and in so doing make their community, their village, their company, their State, country and the world better as well.

They had a staff of fifteen and a tiny budget—\$40,000 to \$50,000 a year. They had just begun their first community development project which became known as Fifth City. The staff of fifteen was helping the westside residents renew that community.

The McBurneys became deeply involved in that project. From 1967 to the early 90's, George and Georgianna, along with eight other such Chicago-area couples participated with a staff that had grown to well over a thousand people with hundreds of volunteers worldwide in thirty-three countries and a budget of \$6,000,000.

In facilitating the local USA and global work of the ICA, George participated as a board member, as a lawyer, as a teacher, as a lecturer, a trainer, advisor and perhaps most of all as a role model of Mr. Integrity, Mr. Social Responsibility. He gave his time—20-30 hours a week—he gave a week or two weeks in many different years overseas—he gave his enormous talent and his quality as a person of virtue to countless people in many lands. He did this for years. And the people that he touched were the better for that. George did all this with a whole heart. He could do it no other way. You know, when a seasoned attorney, doctor, businessperson goes a way beyond one's own and one's peer's images of being socially responsible, it's a shock—to oneself, to your peers, family, associates and friends. George was shocked, but eventually he kind of liked being thought of as different. It was missionally enabling.

And it was not all peaches and cream. As a board member and an active participator in both the development and delivery of ICA programs, George stood tall and strong in several areas before the board and before the staff of the ICA. Under the rubric of fiscal responsibility, I remember one of George's mantras was, "It is not a goal of a not-for-profit

organization to lose money." On the subject of integrity, George said the ends do not justify the means. "Tell it straight, tell it like it is, no shading, be responsible." George was not always an easy sell; he would frequently say, "I was against that from the beginning," that was when "that" was at odds with his principles. George never wavered, he was always there when he was needed, he was respected and loved.

Aristotle would give George a "10" on the virtue scale of temperance, justice and courage.

For 25 years, George was an active enabler of a pioneering community development model in Chicago called "5th City." The words written by the community, had great meaning for him.

FIFTH CITY LOVE SONG

(Tune: And I Love You So)

And I love you so, that people ask me how,
How I've lived til now, I tell them I don't know.
People say I've changed, that they don't understand,
Ever since the day, the day I took your hand.

First refrain:

And yes, I know how lonely life can be.
The shadows follow me, and night won't set me free.
But I don't let the evenings get me down,
Now that you're around me.

And you love me too; your thoughts are just for me.
You make my heart alive and set my spirit free.
The book of life is brief, but once a page is read
All of love is there; this is my belief.

You are City Five, Chicago's old Westside,
Where Iron Man first was born to build a global sign.
Oh yes I know you've changed, and some do not believe
This world has a new day since courage set you free.

Second refrain:

Oh yes, we've known this worlds great agony,
The billions still denied their hopes and destiny.
But we will go wherever they may be,
Till all communities live free.

I've lived with you so long, no other love have I.
Your pain is all my own, your buildings, streets and cries.
Soon I may pass away, but love will still remain.
The Iron Man standing tall, that all the world may gain.

Rev. Milan Hamilton

D.H. Lawrence became one of George's spiritual counselors as he was for many of us. This poem captures the three passions of George's life, his aspirations as a man of spirit and his acceptance of his life and his death as an unqualified gift. This poem is representative of George's life and is a word for each of us who still struggle on this plain of the spiritual journey.

SONG OF A MAN WHO HAS COME THROUGH

D. H. Lawrence

Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me!
A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time.
If only I let it bear me, carry me, if only it carry me!
If only I am sensitive, subtle, oh, delicate, a winged gift!
If only, most lovely of all, I yield myself and am borrowed
By the fine, fine wind that takes its course through the chaos of the world
Like a fine, an exquisite chisel, a wedge-blade inserted;
If only I am keen and hard like the sheer tip of a wedge
Driven by invisible blows,
The rock will split, we shall come at the wonder, we shall find the Hesperides.

Oh, for the wonder that bubbles into my soul,
I would be a good fountain, a good well-head,
Would blur no whisper, spoil no expression.

What is the knocking?
What is the knocking at the door in the night?
It is somebody wants to do us harm?

No, no, it is the three strange angels.
Admit them, admit them.

When it came to music, George loved Dixieland for its vibrancy, color, and its life beat. This was his favorite.

WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

Oh when the Saints, go marching in,
Oh, when the Saints go marching in,
I want to be there in that number,
When the Saints go marching in.