



*A Service of Celebration for the Life of
George M. Whitton*

MARCH 12, 1937 - APRIL 29, 2026

THE GATHERING MUSIC

“Wind Beneath My Wings” | Bette Midler
Mark Maxwell, Guitar

THE PRELUDE

“Holy, Holy, Holy” | John B. Dykes
Raina Wood, Organist

THE GREETING AND OPENING PRAYER

Rev. Jeremy Lawson

*THE HYMN 77

“How Great Thou Art” | HOW GREAT THOU ART

*THE AFFIRMATION OF FAITH - THE APOSTLES' CREED

**I believe in God the Father Almighty,
maker of heaven and earth;
And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord:
who was conceived by the Holy Spirit,
born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, dead, and buried;
the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven,
and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty;
from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy catholic church,
the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.**

THE OLD TESTAMENT READING

Psalms 23 | Chip Whitton

THE NEW TESTAMENT READING

2 Timothy 4:7-8 | Meg Whitton

THE GOSPEL READING

John 14:26-27 | Carter Whitton

The Word of God for the People of God. **Thanks be to God.**

THE WORDS OF REMEMBRANCE

Christin Norman

Robert Whitton

THE SPECIAL MUSIC

“The Lord’s Prayer” | Albert Hay Malotte

Erin Towe, soloist

THE MESSAGE

Rev. Dr. Nancy Johnson

THE PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

***THE HYMN 378**

“Amazing Grace” | AMAZING GRACE

***THE BENEDICTION**

***THE POSTLUDE**

“Battle Hymn of the Republic” | BATTLE HYMN

Following the service, the family invites you to join them for a reception in Hancock Hall.

*Please stand as you are able.

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to
one of the following charities or a charity of your choice:

Wounded Warrior Project
woundedwarriorproject.org

Alzheimer's Association
alz.org



LET ME GO

When I come to the end of the road
and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little, but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
I'd like to leave an echo whispering.
Miss me but let me go.
For this is a journey we all must take,
and each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick of heart,
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss me, but let me go.



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