

VOICE
AGENCY
COMICS



ISSUE
#3

75¢
FALL 2026

VOICE AGENCY COMICS PRESENTS

THE GEORGE STORIES

ISSUE #3 — GEORGE THE END

by GORDON ATKINSON

"I don't
want
George's
name to
go away."

"George came,
he sang, he
talked to
people, and
he helped put
things away."

THE LORD
IS CLOSE TO
THE BROKEN
HEARTED.
— PSALM 34:18

WELL DONE,
GOOD AND
FAITHFUL
SERVANT.
— MATTHEW 25:23

George's
Rock

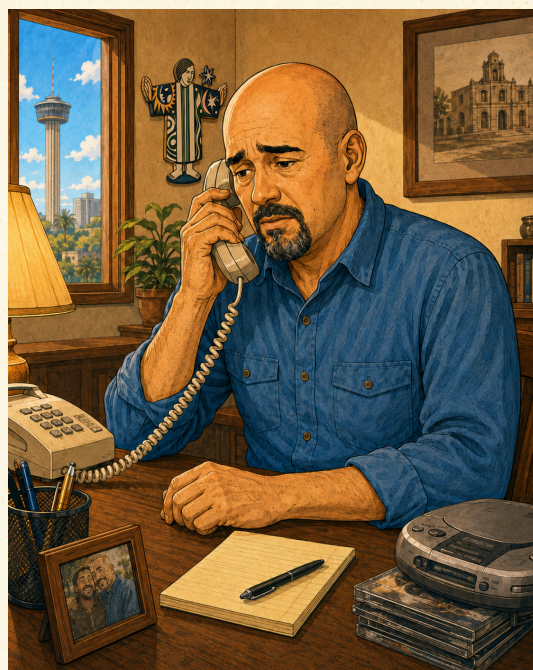


A REAL LIVE
PREACHER STORY

When George stopped taking his medicine, I knew it was only a matter of time, but I couldn't believe how fast it happened. In just a few days I got a phone call and was told George had fallen asleep and could not wake up. He was taken to a hospice facility to be made as comfortable as possible. We were told it wouldn't be long.

At that time our church had three deacons. JoAnn, a school nurse and mother of three; Tom, a high school band director; and George.

I called the other deacons, grabbed my portable CD player, and jumped in the car. When I arrived, JoAnn and Tom were already



there. I saw a tiny stick figure lying on his left side under a thin sheet. He was so small and frail. JoAnn was leaning on the bed, stroking George's hair and talking to him. Tom was holding his hand and standing quietly by. The only noise coming from George was the mantra sound of labored breathing.

We waited for death with George. He never did respond to us, but we said a lot to him. We had all heard that dying people are aware of more than you think. We didn't know if this was true, but we talked to George just in case it was. We took turns holding his hands and speaking softly into his ear. I don't remember how long we were there, but it seemed long.

Eventually we got tired. George seemed stable, so we decided to go home and return in the morning.

I placed my CD player on the pillow behind his head and put in "Singing with the Angels" by Darrell Adams. Darrell is a friend of mine who sings hymns with nothing but a guitar and a soul full of conviction. He also has one of the most angelic voices you've ever heard. Imagine Burl Ives as a whiskey drinking, Kentucky Baptist Democrat with fire in his eyes and a finger on the pulse of Jesus. Imagine that and you're close to understanding Darrell Adams.

George loved hymns so much that I figured Darrell's music would reach him if anything could. I set my player to repeat forever, and we left.



I got the call at 3:30 that morning. When I walked into the room, Darrell was still singing but George had gone away.

I never really got to say a formal goodbye because he died so suddenly. On the other hand, our whole friendship was one big goodbye.

It was one of the strangest funerals I ever did. About half of those present were George's friends from his former life, and about half were people from our church. George's friends looked like a rowdy goth circus, and we looked like, well, church people. George's folk were polite but antsy during the prayers and the words and the Jesus songs. When I said the final amen, a guy shouted, "Everyone meet at Jason's house for beer and smokes!"

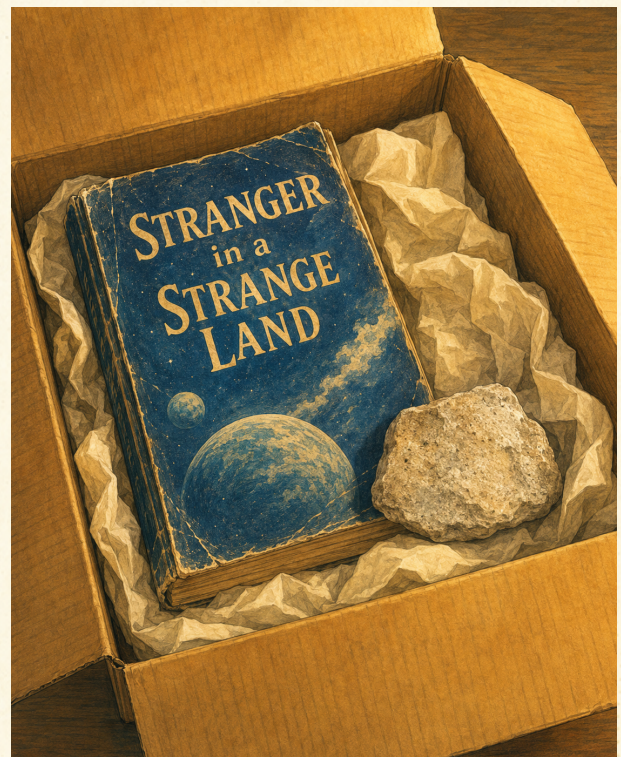


They lit out and we kind of shuffled away to our cars, the way you do at the end of a funeral.

About a week later I was given a cardboard box containing a few things that George left me. Pegasus was not in the box. I never found out what happened to him. George left me his beloved copy of *Stranger in a Strange Land* and a rock.

At that time our church owned a piece of land, but had no building. We were dreaming of a place of our own while meeting in schools, bars, fire stations, and anywhere else we could gather. George had picked up a rock during a prayer service on the land and kept it by his bed. He knew he would not live to see the building.

This was the rock he left me.





Two years after George died, we built a small church nestled among the live oak, mountain laurel, and native persimmon trees on a wild piece of property that we never intend to tame. It is a simple, stone building that suits us well. There is no pulpit or stage in our church. The main feature is a large fireplace with a mantle that is a huge beam from a 150-year-old Amish barn that was torn down.



During construction, I met the stonemason and gave him George's rock. He embedded it in the wall near the back door. I took a black marker and wrote "George's Rock" on it. I have to rewrite this about twice a year because the wind and the rain wear his name away.

I don't want George's name to go away. That's probably why I'm telling you this story.

Sometimes new people notice George's rock. If they ask about it, someone who knew him will tell them the story. We hope they come to understand that love is a deep and powerful force that can outlast death. Witness how George continues to touch lives.

We hope they see that God's best blessings are given to the world through people who have the courage to be faithful in small ways. George came, he sang, he talked to people, and he helped put things away.

This was the George we knew. He was both the least and the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven.



BONUS! GEORGE THE END EXTRA!

MORE GOOD STUFF FROM GEORGE'S STORY!

DARRELL ADAMS HYMN HOUR



HYMNS. GUITAR. DEEP VOICE. BIG MERCY.

Sing with us. Lift your heart. God's listening.

SUNDAYS BEFORE AND AFTER LUNCH
ALL ARE WELCOME • NO AUDITION • JUST JOY!

HYMNS ALL NIGHT LONG

REPEAT MODE: ON



FOR THOSE NIGHTS WHEN MEMORIES WON'T GO QUIET. FAITH. LYRICS. COMFORT. SLEEP OPTIONAL.

GEORGE'S ROCK

A SMALL STONE. A BIG REMINDER.



When the wind and rain wear it away, write it again. Names matter. Love is stubborn.

STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND READERS CLUB



BIG QUESTIONS. BIGGER STORIES. WE READ. WE TALK. WE WONDER. EVERYONE'S WELCOME—EVEN THE SKEPTICS.

CURIOSITY IS A GIFT FROM GOD.

COVENANT BAPTIST BUILDING FUND

A STONE CHURCH AMONG THE OAKS



FOR TODAY. FOR TOMORROW. FOR THE NEXT GENERATION. ROOTED IN SCRIPTURE. BUILT WITH PRAYER. SUSTAINED BY GENEROSITY.

EVERY GIFT • EVERY BRICK • EVERY PRAYER MATTERS.

AFTER THE AMEN FUNERAL FELLOWSHIP MIXER



GOTHS. CHURCH FOLKS. COFFEE. COOKIES. GRACE FOR ALL.

WE ALL MISS HIM. LET'S EAT.

SMALL THINGS. ETERNAL IMPACT.



- STACK CHAIRS.
- FOLD BULLETINS.
- WIPE TABLES.
- BRING CASSEROLES.
- LISTEN WELL.
- SHOW UP.

QUIET SERVICE. LOUD PRAISE.

LOVE TO SING? SAVE A SEAT FOR GEORGE.



HE LOVED THE OLD HYMNS. HE LOVED THE NEW ONES TOO. HE LOVED TO SING WITH YOU.

THE CHOIR GOT LOUDER IN HEAVEN.

DEACONS: ORDINARY HEROES

PRAYER. PRESENCE. PRACTICAL HELP.



- ★ THEY PRAY.
- ★ THEY SHOW UP.
- ★ THEY LISTEN.
- ★ THEY BRING SOUP.
- ★ THEY CARRY THE HEAVY STUFF.

THANK A DEACON TODAY. THEY'RE BUSY LOVING PEOPLE.

WAIT WITH LOVE



SIT. HOLD HANDS. PRAY. BE STILL. PRESENCE IS A GIFT. LOVE DOESN'T RUSH A GOODBYE.

YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

BLACK MARKER SPECIAL



BOLD TIP. STRONG INK. NAME WON'T FADE. PERMANENT

GOOD FOR ROCKS, LABELS, MEMORY BOXES, AND HEARTS.

JUST \$1.00

KEEP SHOWING UP.



GRIEF COMES IN WAVES. FAITH SHOWS UP ANYWAY.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE STRONG. JUST FAITHFUL.

COUPON FOR LIFE LOVE OUTLASTS DEATH.



NOTHING CAN SEPARATE US FROM GOD'S LOVE. ROMANS 8:38-39

GOOD FOREVER • NO EXPIRATION • NO FINE PRINT



THANKS, FRIEND, FOR WALKING GEORGE HOME.
STAY CURIOUS. STAY KIND. STAY FAITHFUL. ♥

