



Honoured to serve the family of Gerry Moore
To send a condolence, please visit our website at
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IN LOVING MEMORY

Gerry Moore

JUNE 5, 1961 | JANUARY 4, 2019



GERALD "GERRY" FRANCIS MOORE, beloved husband of Karen Moore, passed away peacefully and surrounded by his family at the Chinook Regional Hospital in Lethbridge, on Friday, January 4, 2019 at the age of 57 years.

He is the loving father of Ryan (Tara) Moore of Lethbridge and Devin Moore of Lethbridge.

He will be fondly remembered by his grandchildren: Quinton and Xander Moore, his mother Marcella Moore and brothers Pat (Linda), Russell and Mark (Denise). Gerald will be lovingly remembered by many nieces, nephews and cousins. He is also survived by his aunt Marg Moore.

He was predeceased by his father William "Bill" Moore, as well as his father and mother-in-law Howard and Maureen Charlesworth.

Gerry was born June 5, 1961 in Carmangay, Alberta to Billy and Marcella Moore. He enjoyed curling, airplanes and especially his '64 Chevy Impala he bought from his grandparents.

He spent many hours building Remote Control Airplanes until he got sick. He had his private pilot's license, AG Mechanic license and Appliance tech tickets.

CELEBRATION OF *Gerry's* LIFE

Royal Canadian Legion General Stewart Branch #4
324 Mayor Magrath Drive South, Lethbridge, Alberta
Wednesday, January 9, 2019 from 1:00 P.M. - 4:00 P.M.

Officiant | Reverend Glenda Wert

Eulogy | Kelly McCarty

Words of Remembrance | Devin Moore

Video Tribute | Created by Merv Caven

Honourary Pallbearers
All of Gerry's Family and Friends

Interment
Gerry will be laid to rest in the Bowville Cemetery
at a later date.



Flyers Prayer

When this life I'm in is done,
And at the gates I stand,
My hope is that I answer all
His questions on command.

I doubt He'll ask me of my fame,
Or all the things I knew,
Instead He'll ask of rainbows sent
On rainy days I flew.

The hours logged, the status reached,
The ratings will not matter,
He'll ask if I saw the rays
And how He made them scatter

Or what about the droplets clear,
I spread across your screen?
And did you see the twinkling eyes,
Of student pilots keen?

The way your heart jumped in your chest
That special solo day -
Did you take time to thank the ones
Who fell along the way?

Remember how the runway lights
Looked one night long ago
When you were lost and found your way,
And how - you still don't know?

How fast, how far, how much, how high?
He'll ask me not these things
But did I take the time to watch
The moonbeams wash my wings?

And did you see the patchwork fields
And mountains I did mold
The mirrored lakes and velvet hills,
Of these did I behold?

The wind He flung along my wings,
On final almost stalled,
And did I know it was His name,
That I so fearfully called?

And when the goals are reached at last
When all the flying's done,
I'll answer Him with no regret -
Indeed, I had some fun.

So when these things are asked of me
And I can reach no higher,
My prayer this day - His hand extends
To welcome home a Flyer

By Patrick J. Phillips