



## Mr. George P. Hand III

July 27, 1967 - April 13, 2019

George P. Hand III age 51 years of Deptford, formerly of Gibbstown died Saturday April 13, 2019 in Deptford Center, Deptford. George was born in Woodbury, raised in Greenfields and lived in Gibbstown for 25 years. He worked as Produce Manager for ShopRite in Gibbstown and attended Clonmell United Methodist Church in Gibbstown. George enjoyed playing the Bass guitar and was an avid Philadelphia sports fan. He is survived by his children, Eric and Gwen Krause of Carneys Point, Rebecca Hand of Roebling, Kimberly Hand of Auburn, Tara DiTonno of Georgia; his grandchildren, Dakota Featherer, Keaghan Salisbury and Logan Krause; his parents, George and Reba Hand Jr. of Pitman and his sister, Vicki and Albert Labinski of Lindenwold. George was predeceased by his wife, Maureen Hand and his sister, Laura Lasecki.

A Memorial Service will be held at 11 AM Saturday April 20, 2019 in the McBride – Foley Funeral Home, 228 W. Broad St., Paulsboro. Relatives and friends may visit with the family Saturday morning after 10 AM until service time. Inurnment Private. Arrangements by McBride – Foley Funeral Home, Paulsboro. Memories can be shared at [www.mcbridefoleyfh.com](http://www.mcbridefoleyfh.com).

# Cemetery

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# Events

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**Inurnment Private**

**APR Visitation 10:00AM - 11:00AM**

**20**

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McBride-Foley Funeral Home

228 West Broad Street, Paulsboro, NJ, US, 08066

**APR Service 11:00AM**

**20**

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McBride-Foley Funeral Home

228 West Broad Street, Paulsboro, NJ, US, 08066

# Comments

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“ A tribute video has been added.



McBride-Foley Funeral Home - April 17 at 12:36 PM

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“ Donna Buchmoyer lit a candle in memory of Mr. George P. Hand III



Donna Buchmoyer - April 22 at 02:43 PM

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“ Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of Mr. George P. Hand III.



April 19 at 10:07 AM

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“ My dear, sweet George,  
I'm thanking God that He came and took you to your Heavenly home and that you are reunited with your beloved Maureen. I'm also thanking God that you're not suffering anymore. It was unbearable to see you living like that, even though LuLu and Maurice took great care of you and watched over you. I thought that when this time came I would just be relieved and happy for you but I'm not. I'm broken, hurting, and waiting for time to pass and take this sting away. You gave me enough love in two months to last a lifetime and I will carry you in my heart until I see you again. I can't wait. There was never anyone like you and will never be again, my love. I met this beautiful man on Christian Mingle website. He posted two pics of himself that would scare Chucky, Jason, and Freddy. Then he made his move on me and I

was scared. But, being the kind person I am I told him that we could be friends and just correspond on the website. I thought I was blessing him, but, really it was God blessing me with George Paul Hand III. Everything he said and the way he said it made me laugh or smile. Once I started talking to him I never stopped and I never wanted to, but there was still the huge obnoxious thing on his face and the gang colors. I was literally stuck, though, because he was the sweetest man I ever met. Shortly after that we were engaged and both so very, very happy.

Thank you Mr. George and Reba for your beautiful, beautiful boy. I'm so very sorry that you lost him. Vicki, I know that you loved your baby brother to pieces and he loved you the same.

Eric, Rebecca, Tara, and Kim I'm so very sorry that you lost your dad. He loved you all immensely and talked about you all so much. He will always be with us all.

**Donna Buchmoyer** - April 18 at 09:17 PM

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“ My heart is torn for you my friend, yet elated that you are no longer suffering. George and I bonded in the Gibbstown ShopRite. The unlikely pair who set out on a path to balance what we did with an artistic flair. One who truly understood my peculiar sense of humor and would throw gasoline on it. He knew how to talk me down when times were rough and remind me to keep focused. Our love of music and playing bass guitar replaced the stitching between us with a weld. It even led us on to a little adventure to see our favorite band. My sincerest condolences to the Hand family, Donna and friends .

**Michael Miduski** - April 18 at 07:42 PM

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“ Sweetest Sunrise Bouquet was purchased for the family of Mr. George P. Hand III.



April 17 at 07:40 PM

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“ Strength & Solace Spray was purchased for the family of Mr. George P. Hand III.





“ 47 files added to the album LifeTributes



**McBride-Foley Funeral Home** - April 17 at 11:21 AM

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“ Your Friends at United Supermarkets purchased the Tender Tribute for the family of Mr. George P. Hand III.



**Your Friends at United Supermarkets** - April 16 at 03:01 PM

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“ 3 files added to the album Tribute wall



**Donna Buchmoyer** - April 15 at 10:54 PM

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“ Aunt Reba, Uncle George and family, So sorry to hear about young George. Way too young to go. You are in our thoughts and prayers. Luv Robin Sebell

**Robin Sebell** - April 15 at 02:38 PM

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“ It was in the band room of West Deptford Middle School, 6th grade. Mr. Offer had just talked me out of the drums by reminding me that, “Son, your mother already owns a trumpet.” Those words sat me a mere 4 inches away from George Hand. We were constantly battling over 2nd chair. Seems neither of us ever quite had the chops to over throw Vanessa Penock from that number one seat. Now the difference between 2nd and 3rd chair may be just 4 inches, but it is a musical chasm! It’s the difference between playing the familiar Bah Ba Da Bum, Bah Ba Da Bum of the Carol of Bells to playing the BAHHH BAHHH BAHHH BAHHH. It went from playing that rapid fire beginning of the Bonanza theme to playing the long-winded half notes underneath. The same 4 inches that separated our orchestral importance, bonded us in a brotherhood that lasted upwards of 5 decades.

Mopper was a true original. Some of you know why I call him Mopper, for those who don’t, I’ll get to that later. He was as solid as a tree trunk, yet light as a feather. He Loved in a very big way and hurt in a very deep way. He was fiercely loyal, to family and friends. He was unshakingly faithful to God. Look at him in one light and you’d swear he was a Hell’s Angel, look again he was Jolly Ol’ St Nick. George was ALL of those things and so much more.

He was the type of guy who rarely craved the spotlight, but was always there to support. He was my protector and enforcer when we played hockey. I got away with a lot of “Kenny ‘THE RAT’ Linseman” type play, because all the big guys knew that if you messed with me you would soon be visited by Mr. Hand! He was the back beat and essential rhythm section of my Rock n Roll Dreams. George and I formed a band. I was the front man on my bright red Ibanez AS73. George was my right hand man on bass, keeping meticulous time and banging that Entwistle bullet at the beginning of “Pinball Wizard”. Our only other steady member of the group was Hank Williams on a keyboard that he probably built himself and later sold to the Moog company. The largest venue we ever played was the Hands’ carport on Holly Dr. It was about this time that George decided to get that perm! Wow! What a MOP!! For me, the name stuck, and the irony only became more and more fun as his hairline started to recede, then eventually retreat. He was always “Mopper” to me!

He walked with me, to my right, down the WDHS hallway as I pointed out the girl I was admiring from afar. He ran in front of her, stopped her in her tracks and gave me the okay sign! By the time she turned to see who he was signaling, I had bolted out the side door!

He stood to my right when I married her and for maybe the last time, George and I sung together that night.

He always called me “TIMMY” in a big South Jersey way! Reminding me that no matter where I was, no matter how old I got, I would forever be one of the boys in South Jersey.

The path of life always seemed rocky for George, but he never ran away, never shunned responsibility. He battled many aches and pains of the body and even more of the heart. He would always just put that big head down and move ahead.

I celebrate this wonderful life and cherish the room he made for me on those big broad shoulders of his. For Mopper, there was always room for more!

You're first chair brother! The drum major doing "David Lee Roth" splits again!!

I'll see you further on..up the road.

Cynthia and I share our very deepest sympathy to all the Hand Family.

**Tim Dixon** - April 15 at 08:58 AM

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“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



**Dave Anderson** - April 14 at 11:06 PM

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“ My heart goes out to you all who stuck by George during his suffering.. it's never easy when the suffering is drawn out over time but George is in a much better place with Maureen and Laura and will see us all eventually, God willing. RIP George.....

**Paul Lockman** - April 14 at 06:39 PM