



George W. Ott

July 23, 1924 - January 30, 2014

OTT, MR. GEORGE W.,
Saginaw Twp., Michigan.

George was called home to his Lord, unexpectedly on Thursday, January 30, 2014, at an age of 89 years. George was born on July 23, 1924, in Saginaw, to the late John and Amelia (Marker) Ott. He married Alice Leona Schoenmeyer in 1947, she predeceased him in 2005, as did his three brothers; John, Harvey and Melvin. George served in the U.S. Army and retired from the Chevrolet Parts Plant in 1976 (local 668). He was a lifelong member of St. John's Ev. Lutheran Church. He enjoyed the Shiawassee Game Refuge, hunting and fishing.

The memorial service for George will take place 1:00 p.m., Friday, February 21, 2014, at St. John's Ev. Lutheran Church, 4705 Brockway Road. Friends are welcome to visit with the family at the church on Friday from 12:00 noon until the time of service. Memories and sympathies of George may be shared with the family on his memorial website at www.WakemanFuneralHome.com

George was a faithful Christian, a loving husband and a wonderful Uncle. He will be missed.

Previous Events

Visitation

FEB 21. 12:00 PM - 1:00 PM (ET)

St. John's Ev. Lutheran Church
4705 Brockway Rd.
Saginaw, Michigan, MI 48638

Memorial Service

FEB 21. 1:00 PM (ET)

St. John's Ev. Lutheran Church
4705 Brockway Rd.
Saginaw, Michigan, MI 48638

Tribute Wall



“ George W. Ott

September 13, 2022 at 05:01 PM



“ George W. Ott

September 13, 2022 at 02:27 PM



“ To the Family of Mr. Ott,

I am truly sorry for your dear loss. During your time of grief and sorrow, it is my hope that you are able to find some comfort and hope in knowing that God Almighty has the power and the desire to resurrect our dear loved ones to a paradise earth. You can read such loving promises at John 5:28, 29 and Revelation 21:3-5. Please accept my sympathies.

N Williams - May 31, 2014 at 09:02 PM

DP

“ A quick story. We went hunting together a few years back in the December Muzzleloading season. I was kind of his guide, and was supposed to put him on a Big Buck. We worked our way back to a no fail spot. George had his "hot-seat" fastened around his waist so it would be in position when he sat down. He carried no chair or blind. He brought a ball of red yarn to mark his path in and out. We reached the area. I told George where the deer usually run, and I headed on to my spot. At the end of the morning hunt I returned to pick him up and we discussed the deer that neither of us saw. I was curious where George sat. He brought me to the spot. I asked George why he chose to sit against that tree. "Well," he said, "I always look for a large log that lays against a tree, so I can sit on the log and lean against the tree." If I didn't agree then, I would certainly agree now that if your going to go hunting, you might as well have a comfortable spot to sit!

Don Poppe - February 21, 2014 at 07:59 AM

BO

“ Bonnie lit a candle in memory of George W. Ott



Bonnie - February 20, 2014 at 07:00 AM

MB

“ Marianne Belluni lit a candle in memory of George W. Ott



marianne belluni - February 17, 2014 at 09:54 AM

MB

“ Paul,

Your uncle George was a one-of-a kind man. I've never met someone so "off the cuff " funny, as he was. He always had a smile to give and a joke to tell. I also learned a lot about life from him, and feel fortunate to have known him.

He was a gentle spirit and will be missed greatly. Sending you my sympathy and love,

Marianne

marianne belluni - February 17, 2014 at 09:53 AM

BO

Yes he always had that smirk then tilted his head back and forth. Cute

Bonnie - February 20, 2014 at 07:08 AM

BO

“ George was one of those neighbors that was also a friend and a part of our family. You don't see that much these days. We would mosey over there maybe 2 times a week or he would come here on his lawnmower or car for many years. We shared our daughters wedding and baptisms and birthdays for the kids together. George went with us to concerts in the parks in Shields and Frankenmuth. He's also been up north to our cabin . Our son went hunting and fishing and walks in the woods with George. I believe George loved our son like a grandson. We had dinners at Pats and Jerrys in Auburn where Alice and him loved to eat. As well as Bob Evans. We helped each other out and kept an eye on each other, When I planted 3 butterfly bushes a few years ago he said ,now Bonnie make sure you can still see my front window, don't let them grow too tall. He had an interest in hunting and my husband took him out to sight in his hunting gun so he could get that bug buck. If he dd"nt get one he always came over to see the boys deer and take a picture. He rode his lawnmower over here in November as my husbands trunk was open, thinking he got a deer . When George took me to the car shop many times he always drove us by his old homestead off Mi avenue. I loved seeing George on his bike and bright yellow jacket so people could see him. I asked him to buy it when he quit riding. He said no it makes a good rag holder or coat rack. He was sentimental even about his boat. That held stuff he said and I like it. His lawnmower was rode every other day just about at 9am for about 7 months even in winter . We made sure George had dinner many times as I make so much and deer ones too like Alice made him. He used to bring us a half of pie and other desserts as well, I guess so I had to walk more. He was excited in July to get his license renewed and new glasses. He also loved it that my daughter got married on his birthday. So in July me, my husband , son in law and 3 grandkids went over to celebrate his birthday. He insisted on taking pictures 4 to be exact. Might be the last ones of him and all that was on his camera. I love them. We have had precious neighbors and memories and lost a few last year. I called him Georgie Porgie and he said only I can get away with that. George had flowers growing through his driveway cracks and you didn't

dare step on them.He grew tomatoes and used to share. We will miss our George and the many visits and talks while sitting on his broken lawn chairs in the garage. I told him if I fall through them this summer will he pick me up, so he finally got rid of a few. How many of us have a neighbor that you can just knock on their door and visit all the time and vise versa and come on in,or shoot the breeze in the yard or street. It's rare in our society. I wish more of my neighbors were like that.So thanks George for being unique like that ,we will miss that neighborly family type guy you were. My5 year old grandson said darn it when he learned of your passing.Brynn the 4 year old loves her piggy puzzle.Your not here today to celebrate the littles ones 1st though. Memories abound say Hi to Alice and we will always remember you and love you.God Bless The Poppes

Bonnie - February 16, 2014 at 08:07 AM