

Jerry Otis Harrington

February 15, 1940 - January 14, 2019

Celebrating the Life of
Jerry Otis Harrington

Friday, January 18, 2019 10:00 a.m.
St. Matthew's United Methodist Church
High Island, Texas

Greeting
Reverend Valerie Hudson

Obituary
Reverend Bucky Faggard

Prayer

"The Old Rugged Cross"
by Alan Jackson

Psalm 23, John 14, selected verses

Message

A Time of Remembrance

Prayer and Benediction

"Amazing Grace"
by Alan Jackson



Jerry Otis Harrington, 78, of High Island, died Monday, January 14, 2019, at Harbor Hospice of Beaumont. He was born to Ellie Evelyn Keneson and George Edward Harrington, on February 15, 1940, in Beaumont.

Survivors include his daughter, Marla Vergo and her husband, Richard, of Shreveport, Louisiana; grandchildren, Cecelia Elise Vergo and Jessica LilyAnn Vergo; niece, Sherrie Lynn Taylor, of High Island; and nephew, Gary Wayne Fortenberry.

He is preceded in death by his grandparents, George and Pearly Harrington; parents, George and Evelyn Harrington; wife, Nancy Harrington; aunt and uncle, English and Sadie Lee Brannan; sister, Barbara Jean Harrington; nephew, Jerry Lynn Fortenberry; and niece, Carla Jean Fortenberry.

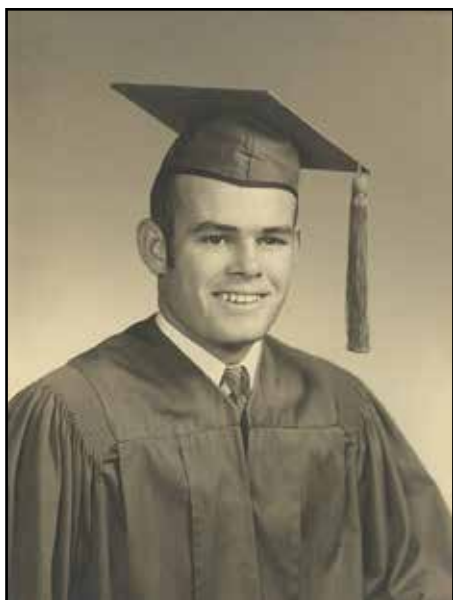
Remember
me with
laughter.
That's
how I'll
remember
you all.
If you can
remember
me only
with tears,
Then don't
remember
me at all.



College of Pharmacy Admissions Personal Statement

Cecelia Vergo, 2015

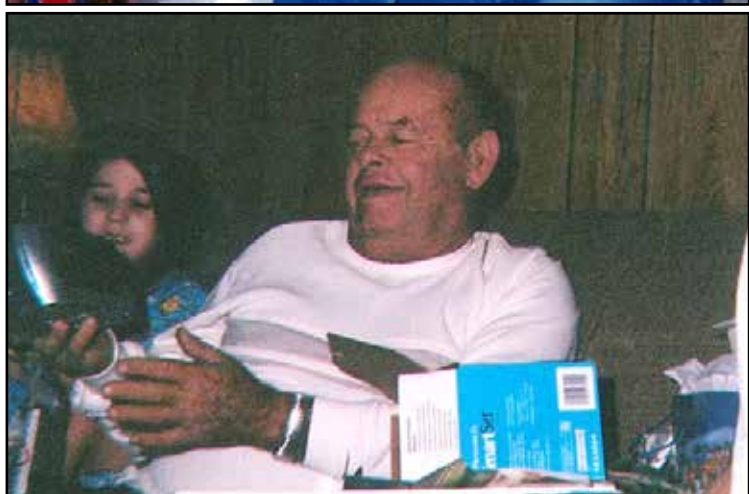
My desire to become a pharmacist started with my grandfather. Though an incredibly hard working man, he is not a pharmacist, nor did he ever want to be. He is and has been for as long as I can remember, however, on at least twenty medications. When I was very young, I would go to the hospital with “Paw Paw” for his surgeries and appointments. I knew that the way the surgeons poked and prodded at his chest should have made him cry out in pain, but he didn’t. Even though I didn’t really understand what was going on, I did know that the medicine made him pain free and also helped him get better so our visits to the hospital were less frequent. When I was older, I became curious in what medications he was taking, so I started asking him and making lists. I would then research through books and the Internet to better explain to him and myself how the medicine worked. His doctors were uninterested in whether or not he understood why he was taking his medication. Even if they were, their explanation was so convoluted he could not understand it. In their apparent absence, I made it my unofficial job to find out anything I could about my grandfather’s conditions and medications, educating both of us in the process...It has been almost twenty years since the first time I went to the hospital with my grandfather, but the desire to be a Doctor of Pharmacy has stayed with me.



While these simple food events tend to get overlooked, they can have lasting effects in the long run. As Lamle mentions in his article "Hot, Sticky, and Sweet," food is just the repository for all of the stories in our lives.¹ One of my fondest memories that I associate with food are those with my grandfather. While we ate lunch together, he would share his stories with me. He would talk all about his time in the Army while he was stationed in Germany during the Cold War. Our conversations were simple during those first few years, but I can still hear him complaining about how much he hates sauerkraut, and how even the smell of it makes him gag to this day. As I grew older, and more educated, however, we were able to have detailed discussions about the history that he lived through. I will never forget his wild stories of flying through the windshields of Volkswagen Beetles, drinking German beer while talking to soldiers from other countries, and the chaos that ensued during the Cuban Missile Crisis. These simple lunch table conversations helped to lay the foundation of my interests and my future. I accredit my choice of becoming a history major to him and our food centered conversations. Through our meals, he was able to share his passion and his history with me. Sadly, we do not really get to do that as much anymore, as we are both growing older. However, without the driving force of food, I am not sure that we would have been able to establish quite the same bond that we have now. It is especially difficult to bring together people from two vastly different generations merely due to the fundamental differences in age. I am thankful that food was able to do that for me and my grandfather because my life would not have turned out the same way without our lunchtime chats.

¹ Keaton Lamle, "Hot, Sticky, and Sweet," *The Bitter Southerner*: <http://bittersoutherner.com/hot-sticky-and-sweet-doughnuts-krispy-kreme-dunkin/>.









Pallbearers

Paul Lynn Bobino
Joe Richard Keneson
Norman Burkett
Richard Vergo
Hershel Williams
Mike Roessler

Honorary Pallbearers

George Bland
Bubba Burke
Mike Kirkpatrick
Buddy Brannen

Interment

High Island Cemetery
High Island, Texas



Please sign Mr. Harrington's guest book and share your memories at
broussards1889.com