



George Hayes

May 20, 2015

George Hayes, age 87, was reunited with his beloved wife of fifty-nine years on Sunday May 17, 2015. He was born in Starke, Florida to Calvin Brinkley Hayes and Annie McLeod Hayes, and raised in Lake Butler, Florida. He was an athlete lettering four years and earning All-Conference honors in football. George enlisted in the U.S. Army at the age of seventeen after graduating from high school and served his country during the final stages of WWII in the infantry as a member of an artillery battery. He was educated at the University of Florida and Gupton Jones Mortuary School in Nashville located at Vanderbilt University. George married Wilma Watson Hayes after returning home from service. He was a funeral director and in 1966 became President and co-owner of the Johnson - Hayes Funeral Home where he served the public for decades.

George was a member of the Free and Accepted Masons since 1950 and enjoyed memberships in Gainesville Lodge No. 41 and Micanopy Lodge No. 29. He served his fraternal brothers as Grand Master of Masons of Florida, 1987-1988. George was a member of many allied bodies of Masonry and he was honored to be a 33rd Degree Mason. He often advised and mentored younger members of his lodges. George was an honorary member of many Masonic Lodges throughout the State of Florida. He regularly attended services at First Presbyterian Church in Gainesville.

George is survived by his son Calvin Hayes (Vicki), his grandson Gaines Hayes, and his sister Allegra Saunders.

The funeral services will be Thursday, May 21, 2015 at 3:00 PM at the First Presbyterian Church of Gainesville, all are welcome to attend and share with the family.

The family requests that in lieu of flowers that his friends provide assistance or donations to Hospice.

Tribute Wall

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“ Calvin: Saddened to hear of Mr. Hayes's passing. He and your mom were such great people and I'm fortunate to have enjoyed wonderful relationships with them for many years. Had a chance to visit with them before your mom passed and when in town would often drive by the house in hopes of seeing your dad outside in the yard. Can still see him in that big straw hat. Take Care, Rob Leonard

Rob Leonard - May 26, 2015 at 02:41 PM