

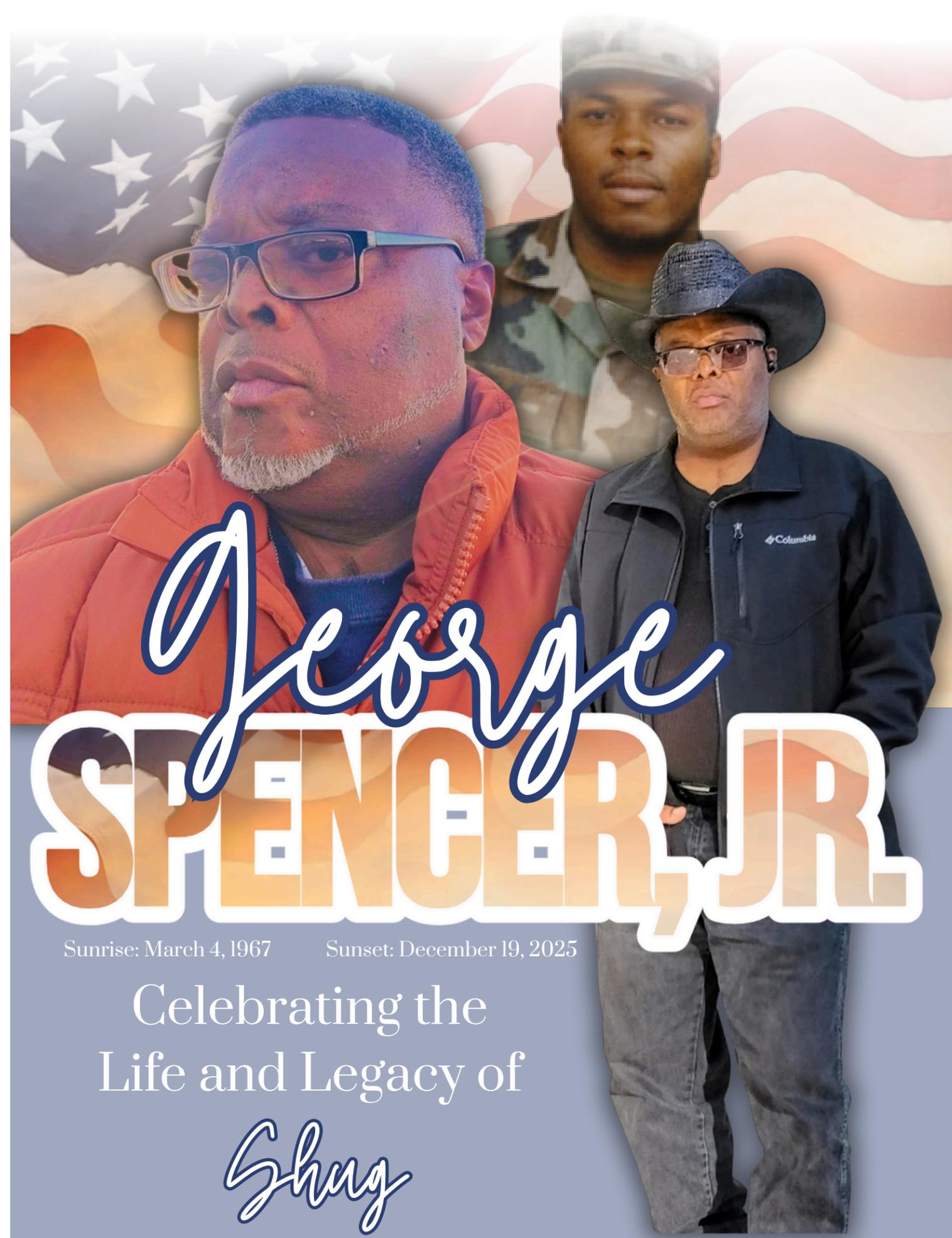
When Tomorrow Starts
Without Me

When tomorrow starts without me
And I'm not here to see
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
Are filled with tears for me
I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you did today
While thinking of the many things
We didn't get to say
I know how much you love me
As much as I love you
And each time you think of me
I know you'll miss me too
But when tomorrow starts without me
Please try to understand
That an angel came and called my name
And took me by the hand
And said my place was ready
In Heaven far above
And that I'd have to leave behind
All those I dearly love
But when I walked through Heaven's gates
I felt so much at home
When God looked down and smiled at me
From His great golden throne
He said this is eternity
And all I promised you
Today your life on earth is past
But here it starts anew
I promise no tomorrow
For today will always last
And since each day's the same way
There's no longing for the past
So when tomorrow starts without me
Don't think we're far apart
For every time you think of me
I'm right here in your heart.



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George

George “Shug” Spencer, Jr., age 58, transitioned peacefully on December 19, 2025, at North Texas Veteran Administration Medical Center in Dallas, Texas. He was born on March 4, 1967, in Chicago, Illinois, to George Spencer, Sr. and Bertha Nick.

George was a graduate of Eastern High School and honorably served his country in the United States Army. During his time in service, he demonstrated dedication, discipline, and a strong work ethic, earning multiple certifications in areas including computer repair and cosmetology. Upon receiving an honorable discharge, George carried those skills into civilian life, where he found his calling as a barber. What began as training became a lifelong passion, and he took great pride in his craft and in serving others through it.

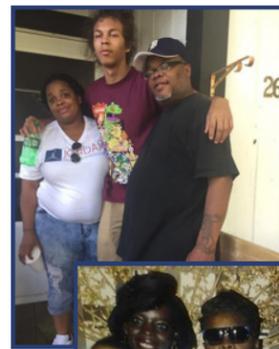
George lived life with purpose and appreciation for its simple joys—grilling, listening to music, watching football, cutting hair, and spending meaningful time with family. He often spoke about living without regret and expressed a sincere desire to strengthen and restore relationships with those he loved. Known for his laughter and outgoing spirit, George was often the one bringing light to the room and lifting the spirits of everyone around him.

George leaves to cherish his memory his loving mother, Bertha Nick; his daughters, Amber Spencer and Mykala Spencer; his son, Jaylon Spencer; and his stepdaughter, Anjelica Crawford. He is also survived by his sisters, Patricia Jones, JoeAnn Spencer-Taylor, Princess Nick, and Tracey Nick; his brothers, Robert (Daphne) Nick and Ray Nick, Jr.; his devoted uncle, Charles Whilhite; his devoted cousin, Jonnie McGhee; along with a host of aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces, nephews, and many special friends.

George was preceded in death by his father, George Spencer, Sr., and his stepfather, Ray Nick, Sr.

A special thank you is extended to his devoted nephew, Gary Jackson III, for his unwavering love, support, and presence in George’s life.

We thank you for joining us as we honor and celebrate the life of George Spencer, Jr.—a son, father, family man, barber, and proud Army veteran. On behalf of the family, we sincerely appreciate all expressions of love, prayers, calls, texts, and donations. May God bless you all during this time of remembrance and reflection.



“What We Didn’t Get to Say”

We didn’t always know how to reach you,
or how to say the things that mattered most.
Sometimes love stayed quiet,
standing just outside the door.

There were years we didn’t understand,
words we never found in time.
But even in the silence,
we carried the hope of someday.

Someday we would talk it through.
Someday we would start again.
We believed there was still time
to make things right.

Now we speak the words to heaven,
trusting you can finally hear.
We forgive what was broken,
and ask forgiveness too.

Know this, Dad—
we never stopped wanting you.
We never stopped loving you.
And though goodbye came too soon,
our hearts still reach for peace.

Rest now, knowing we tried,
knowing love remained.

Love,

Amber, Jaylon, and Mykal

