



Gordon Elliott Emerson

September 9, 1947 - February 13, 2017

Events

FEB **Service** 02:00PM - 03:00PM

17

Flower Mound Family Funeral Home

3550 Firewheel Drive, Flower Mound, TX, US, 75028

Comments



“ I had the pleasure of walking Beverly down the aisle when she married Gordon. I went over the Bible College year book and reminisced about the special times back in the early '70's. Gordon was a quiet reflective and thoughtful person. I know he was a great father and husband. I share your grief and loss at this time. Gordon was a great man of God and is standing before the Throne and God is saying "well done faithful servant". Elizabeth Eakin

Elizabeth Eakin - February 18, 2017 at 12:44 PM



“ I knew Gordon as my friends' dad, or “Mr. Emerson” growing up. He always made a point to talk to me when we saw each other, and whether the topic was serious or lighthearted, it was always interesting. We both shared a quirky sense of humor, and our “schtick” that we often performed had us calling out each other's names while simultaneously pretending not to see each other. When our conversation became serious he spoke thoughtfully and respectfully, and he spoke to me like an adult (well before I actually was one).

Thank you, Mr. Emerson, for the fond memories, for your influence, and for your friendship.

–Ian



Ian Gray - February 15, 2017 at 01:51 PM



“ Rick Merrill lit a candle in memory of Gordon Elliott Emerson



Rick Merrill - February 13, 2017 at 07:09 PM



“ You were one of my most faithful friends...loyal, encouraging, thoughtful. I suspect Gordon never got angry with anyone...at least that anyone could tell. A kind and gentle soul you were my friend. I will see you at half-court after the wedding feast.

Rick Merrill - February 13, 2017 at 07:11 PM



“ As a young man of 15 years old, I met Gordon by emptying his trash can at his work station where he was a writer. I always would chat with him for a few minutes longer than I should. It is in these conversations that I learned a little more about Gordon who thought my name was Mark. Out of respect, I did not correct him but just began to learn about the love that Gordon had for Jesus and mentoring other young people like me. Out of that, Gordon became my friend, and we shared several meals together at his house with his family and other missionaries from time to time. Beyond my internal family, he was the first man of God to demonstrate the love and passion of Jesus with actions, not just words. Although I am saddened deeply, I know that I will see my friend again on the other side. He will be waiting by the North Gate looking for "Mark."

Scott Carpus - February 14, 2017 at 11:41 AM