



Earl Gorel

October 11, 1924 - November 7, 2015

Earl was the oldest child of four, born to Joseph and Mae Gorel in Pittsburgh, PA. The family moved to Houston shortly after his Bar Mitzvah in 1937. He attended San Jacinto High School, was active in ROTC and graduated in 1941.

With a strong sense of patriotism, he enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps the day after Pearl Harbor and attended Texas A&M to achieve his radio certification before shipping out overseas to serve in the South Pacific.

Having courageously fought in the Philippines during WWII, he returned home to be honorably discharged at the rank of corporal.

Back in Houston, after approximately five years of managing Lynn's (a woman's retail clothing store) racing cars, playing polo, nightly flamenco dancing and generally wild bachelorhood, he met, courted and married the love of his life, Selene Roth.

As young newlyweds, they moved to Galveston, where Earl managed the Seawall Hotel while Selene drove the city's bookmobile and contracted every childhood disease known to man. Together, they hosted singers, wrestlers, and a colorful assortment of hotel guests while enjoying a newlywed life of working and fishing by day and frequenting places like the Balinese Room by night. It was a yearlong honeymoon, but the young couple was eager to start

a family, so they returned to Houston to be close to their parents.

Always a "people person" and a born salesman, Earl began his career in Houston selling insurance with Mutual of New York, where he was awarded national salesman of the year while Selene started popping out children- Everett, Marla, Sheri and Lance. After numerous entrepreneurial endeavors, Earl finally co-founded MDSA with his friend Ronnie Borger, allowing Earl to work alongside his daughter Marla, and later his son Lance, until the business was sold almost 20 years later.

Once retired, Earl and Selene began their second honeymoon with trips all over the world by land, sea and RV. But first, they took all of their children, their spouses and grandchildren on a cruise through the Caribbean. They traveled to Spain with Selene's sister Mitzie and her husband Warren; they visited Hawaii, Alaska, Thailand and Israel, to name a few destinations. In between these big trips, there were frequent RV treks all over the U.S and Canada, playing golf and fishing along the way. Though Earl had done his fair share of saltwater fishing in the Gulf, had been a sailor all his life and owned a boat with his lifelong friend Barry Tobias, it wasn't until his retirement that he developed an avid love of fly fishing. Like everything else he pursued, Earl did so with a vengeance. It wasn't long until he was tying his own flies and completely hooked on the sport.

After he and his wife Selene were no longer able to golf, and even the fly fishing was becoming too strenuous, Earl turned to his other self taught skill, woodworking. Always meticulous in anything he did, he continued cranking out all kinds of useful woodwork mostly for family and friends from gorgeous shifter knobs for his son's 1954 Willys to specialty fly holders that he sold at sporting goods stores to planter boxes for his wife and even a baby cradle for his first grandson.

In the final analysis, Earl lived a full life that touched many people. His legacy is a loving family, a wonderful marriage and many enduring friendships. He is survived by his wife of 63 years, Selene, his brother Frazier, his children Everett (and his wife Mary), Marla, Sheri, Lance (and his wife Marilyn), his grandchildren Justin (and his wife Jamie), Tasha and Danya, his great grandchildren Jackson and Macie, and last but not least, his devoted dog Duke.

Poem (given by Earl to Selene on their last Anniversary)

For My One and Only Love

When I Die give what's left of me away to children and old men that wait to die.

And if you need to cry, cry for your brother walking the street beside you.

And when you need me, put your arms around anyone and give them what you need to give me.

I want to leave you something, something better than words and sounds.

Look for me in the people I've known or loved, and if you cannot give me away, at least let me live in your eyes and not in your mind.

You can love me best by letting hands touch hands and letting go of children that need to be free.

Love doesn't die, people do.

So, when all that's left of me is love.

GIVE ME AWAY.....