



George Grant Parry, Jr.

April 8, 1963 - August 2, 2021

The world has lost a good man. George Parry passed away unexpectedly at his home on August 2, 2021. George was a principal member of the Parry-Korth clan; a loving father, husband, and stalwart friend. His patience, humor, generosity and genius will be sorely missed by all who knew him.

George was born on April 8th, 1963 in Aspen, Colorado to Carolyn Parry (Hiatt) and George Parry Sr. He grew up in Aspen where he excelled at skiing, motocross, skateboarding, ice skating, cycling, and unbridled mischief.

Norman Mclean may very well have had a river run through his life, but George Parry most certainly had a bicycle ride through his. George began racing bicycles while attending college in Tucson, Arizona, as well as at Colorado State University. George would make his career in the bicycle industry. George designed bicycles for GT, Schwinn, Cannondale, and Niner bikes. He helped design two of America's Olympic bikes.

The bicycle community of Fort Collins would eventually help facilitate the introduction of George to Launie Korth, and the two married in 1996. They have two daughters: Katie (2000) and Sarah (2002). Together, George and Launie set a high standard of parenthood and their obvious love and devotion to their children is unquestioned.

He is survived by: His wife, Launie (Korth); Daughters, Katherine and Sarah; Mother, Carolyn Parry (Hiatt); His sister, Amy Collier; His 6 nephews, Daniel, Chris, Cody, Konrad, Kilian, and Kevin, and his 2 nieces, Jessica and Cata. He was preceded in death by his father, George Parry Sr., and sister, Laura Parry.

If you'd like to make a donation in George's honor, please consider the following organizations:

<https://allianceforsuicideprevention.org/>

<https://www.imba.com/join#>

<https://bikefortcollins.org/donate/>

An informal memorial is scheduled for Saturday, August 7th from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. at the Parry residence in Fort Collins. Anyone who knew George or his family is welcome to come and celebrate his life with his family.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

AUG 7. 1:00 PM - 4:00 PM (MT)

Parry Residence
921 Chippewa Court
Fort Collins, CO 80525

Tribute Wall

HT

“ I lived only a few blocks away from the Parry's place on Sneaky Lane. In those days the entire west end of Aspen was our playground; lots of vacant lots, the Meadows and Institute campus, Castle Creek, an old horse race track. We roamed and played hard, Georgie and I. He was Georgie then. George Sr. taught us how to handle tools and gave us an incredible amount of free rein in the shop that always had several projects in various states of progress, the way a tinkerer's shop does.

Bicycles, boats, tire swings, remote control airplanes, rockets, and the motor buggy. Lunches prepared by Carolyn, and later by ourselves, eaten out on the patio or at the kitchen counter or down by the creek. For some reason the summers stick out in my mind, but my experience with the Parry's was year-round and made a profound difference in my life. We were allowed to be kids. And kids we were.

Georgie was smart, always kind, and inquisitive and mischievous. We lost touch in later years but I can imagine him as a nurturing father and supportive partner.

There may be some argument from some insecure, biking-nerd-troll about the genesis of mountain biking in the Aspen area. But when George Sr. mentioned what some Californians were doing to old Schwinn Excelsior bicycles, we stripped our sting ray-style bikes of the banana seats and high handle bars for simple saddles and low bars and hit the dirt, becoming the first mountain bikers in the west end of Aspen. So, we'll always have that going for us.

Ham Tharp - August 16, 2021 at 05:29 PM

SR

“ My favorite memory of George comes from one of the summers I spent living with the Parry family during college. We decided one evening to go out for ice cream at Dairy Queen after dinner, so we all loaded up and biked over. Dairy Queen was really busy, so after we got our cones we decided to bike over to a quieter area of the park to sit and eat them. After George got back onto his bike with his cone in one hand, something went wrong and he ended up flipping over the front of the bike while the rest of us watched on wide-eyed and unable to help. Miraculously, George managed to hold his ice cream perfectly aloft as he flipped, and while he ended up laid out on the concrete, his ice cream cone was fine. It gave us all such a laugh that George instinctively protected his ice cream rather than his head (he hadn't put his helmet back on yet, since we were going such a short distance), and to this day it always makes me smile.

George was an unbelievably kind, generous, funny, and all-around amazing person. He will be so sincerely missed. I'll forever cherish the summers spent with George and the Parry family, and will look upon my memories of him with fondness and laughter. I'm grateful to have known George and will endeavor to honor his memory with early morning cups of coffee, dry jokes, and of course, Dairy Queen ice cream cones.

Susie Renfrow - August 07, 2021 at 03:02 PM

MK

“ Dear George,

Thank you for teaching me how to ski, even though stopping wasn't a big emphasis and I crashed into the magic carpet line almost immediately. Thank you for tolerating my rambunctious kids and dogs (and husband, let's be real) coming into your calm, introverted house once or more a week for the last five years. Thank you for helping me appreciate a good cup of coffee in the ski condo... because yours tasted like tar. Thank you for finding my shoe Maisie had taken so I made it to my interview on time. Thank you for warming up the orthopedic surgeon so I could trust I was in good hands. And thank you for always taking the blind last to save me from playing countless leasters in sheephead.

My favorite memory is tweezing cactus out of your butt even though we had only just met. I will miss our glances at each other when the Korths were being especially Korth-like which I always took to mean "We aren't like them.... We only married into this". Rest easy, T-bone.

marissa korth - August 07, 2021 at 12:37 PM

MK

*P.S. carrot cake sucks
<3*

marissa korth - August 07, 2021 at 06:33 PM

SP

“ My dad was the kindest person I know, he was patient, adventurous, funny, and a father figure to so many people other than just me and my sister. He first taught me how to ride a bike, then he taught me how to drive, he bought me my first car, and he’s the one I call anytime I have a problem with it. He would make sure there was coffee left in the machine for me every morning. On my way out the door, We would wave at each other through the window. He would send me sweet text messages encouraging me on the hard days. My dad helped me through my struggle with depression, he understood my feelings more than anyone. I’d come to him hyperventilating and sobbing uncontrollably but by the end of the hour we’d be laughing. He and I would always withdraw from conflict so we found ourselves avoiding our problems together. I’d tell my friends “you are going to love my dad’ before they first met him. I am grateful for every minute I was able to spend with him and I am lucky to call him my dad. I miss his voice, I miss his laugh, I miss his hugs, I miss his face, I miss his stupid all-caps handwriting. I don’t think there will be a day that goes by for the rest of life where I don’t miss him.

I love you so much dad, I know you trusted me enough to get through this and I will. I’ll always remember you.



Sarah Parry - August 07, 2021 at 12:57 AM



“ *Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum* was purchased for the family of George Grant Parry, Jr..



August 05, 2021 at 05:50 AM