



George Thomas Rouse III

May 14, 1951 - December 11, 2024

George T. Rouse III, affectionally known to some family as “Tommy”, was born on May 14th, 1951 in New Orleans, Louisiana, and passed away on December 11th, 2024 in Chalmette, Louisiana at the age of 73.

George was a gifted musician who played drums at many functions throughout the New Orleans area. He worked for the St. Bernard Parish School Board in maintenance as a carpenter, where he especially enjoyed building stage props for the drama department. After retiring, he pursued his love of art, painting and drawing scenes of local landmarks and culture. His artwork was displayed in businesses, fairs, and at the flea market in New Orleans and St. Bernard Parish.

Beyond music and art, George enjoyed gardening, reading, documentaries, collecting antiques and carried a lifelong curiosity about the universe. After losing his wife, Margaret, to cancer, he devoted himself to raising his two children, George and Amanda, creating lasting memories together and guiding them through adulthood with love and care.

George is survived by his children, George T. Rouse IV and Amanda B.

Fitzpatrick (Joseph); his brother Donald P. Romero (Lynne); his sister Kathy R. Lacassagne (Lloyd). He was loved by friends and family, nieces and nephews, great-nieces and great-nephews, including his little sidekick and helper Lizzy Lacassagne. He was preceded in death by his wife, Margaret C. Rouse, his parents, George T. Rouse Jr, and Shirley H. Rouse, and an infant son, Jacob Michael Rouse.

A memorial service “The Last Art Show”, was held at Rocky and Carlos Restaurant on December 17th, 2024 to honor his memory.

New Orleans Funeral and Cremation Service
"Celebrating Life"

Tribute Wall

KL

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Kathy Lacassagne - November 29, 2025 at 01:16 AM

LL

“ One day Mal, mom, and I were at the Rose St. house while Uncle Tommy was working and mom was painting badly, according to Uncle Tommy. All of a sudden, he comes back into the room because the power tool he was using died. He was just going to finish up the next day, but I asked him what type of battery he needed because I carry around a bag of batteries. He didn't think I would have it, but he told me he needed a v9 battery and I looked and found one. I handed it to him, and he said "oh come on no way. thanks"

Lizzy Lacassagne - October 15, 2025 at 07:45 PM

KL

“ *The following memory is actually a short biography of George's love and achievements in music and art.*

At a young age George began to express himself through music and art, creating and preserving treasures of the past and present. He became an accomplished drummer, playing in many bands throughout the New Orleans area. In 2005 George merged his love of art and music into his company named called Art & Percussion.

His artwork consists of delightful, often whimsical expression of his many interests. Today much of his artwork focuses on famous architecture in the city capturing the cultural expressions of New Orleans.

George's art in not simply a business. It is his passion in life. He can't get his shoes on fast enough in the morning to begin creating, painting, and sharing his new ideas in art.

George's artwork can be found in regional craft shows, festivals, the Royal Street Art Co-op, and the Arabi Antique Store. For the last five years he has been a vendor at the New Orleans flea market selling artwork to tourists all over the world.

Kathy Lacassagne - September 18, 2025 at 02:33 PM

KL

The above memory is actually a short autobiography of George's love of music and art.

Kathy Lacassagne - September 18, 2025 at 02:35 PM

KL

My first memory was of my younger brother, George or Tommy, as most of the family called him. He looked so tiny lying in the “huge” baby bed wearing only a white cloth diaper. I loved him at first sight. He was my baby.

Growing up he was funny, curious, and creative. His favorite place was spending the day exploring in the woods in Chalmette before they became Judge Perez Dr. I can envision him twirling dressed in a skirt made out of a cardboard box. Commercials were the only time he’d appear to look at tv, singing and dancing along with the jingles. Ipana toothpaste was his favorite. Many times he’d come out with an Alfalfa colic about 2 inches long sticking straight up with the help of vasaline. Of course, this little prank was done right before we were to leave for Church or another engagement. Keys! When he was about 3 years old he loved to hide the keys. Everyone would be running around looking in every nook and cranny trying to find them. He’d help as though he wasn’t the one who hid them in the first place. The best was when my mom found them in a can of nails in the utility room.

There are so many more stories I could tell. I’ll leave you with one more. One afternoon King, the neighbor’s dog, bit him. He came running in to tell mom. He quickly said, “That’s ok mommy! I bit him back!” King never bit him again.

Tommy grew up to be a talented, musician, artist, carpenter, gardener, and could even build and renovate houses. I think he used every gift God gave him. He was spiritual and wise. The most important gifts he saved for raising his two children alone after losing his beloved wife, Margaret. He kept his family together. They grew up to be accomplished, loving, and caring people.

It was often said that I spoiled him. I did it with great joy. I have no regrets. He was my brother.

Kathy Lacassagne - September 18, 2025 at 04:45 PM