

Andrew Fitzgerald



Andrew J. "Fitzie" Fitzgerald, 55, of 8 Binney St., Newport, a proud lifelong Fifth-Warder, passed away unexpectedly on July 28, 2008.

He was the husband of Mary (Martin) Fitzgerald, and a son of Timothy J. and Helen (McMahon) Fitzgerald of Newport.

Andrew was a friend to everyone, generous to all, and famous for his basketball wizardry at the "Rich" at Murphy Park. His devotion to his wife Mary was an inspiration to his family and friends. His quick wit and Irish way with words was perhaps his most endearing trait. Andrew understood that "happiness comes from within," and lived a full life, focused on the simple pleasures of the day.

Andrew was a 1972 graduate of Rogers High School. He worked for 30 years at the Newport Shipyard and most recently was a foreman with the Meticulous Paint Job Company.

Besides his wife and parents, he leaves his brother Timothy J. Fitzgerald, Jr. and his wife Kathy of Narragansett, and sisters Sue Greene and her husband Joe of Virginia Beach, VA, Catherine Moore and her husband Bill of Napa, CA, and Clare Garcia and her husband Peter of Newport; his nieces and nephews Timothy J. Fitzgerald, III, Kelly Fitzgerald, Kerry Fitzgerald, Joseph Greene, III, Meredith Greene, Catherine Greene, Shannon Moore, Christopher Moore, Pierson Garcia, Stella Garcia, Sarah Nagle, and Michael Nagle; grandniece Ava Greene; and his beloved dog Cane.

A Mass of Christian Burial was held on Friday, August 1, 2008, at St. Augustin's Church, Carroll Ave, Newport. Burial at St. Columba Cemetery, Brown's Ln, Middletown. Visiting hours were held on Thursday, July 31, from 4:00-7:00pm in the O'Neill-Hayes Funeral Home, 465 Spring St., Newport, RI, 02840.

Donations may be made in Andrew's memory to the American Heart Association, 222 Richmond St., Suite 108, Providence, RI, 02903.

"When I come to the end of the road and the sun has set for me, I want no rites in a gloom-filled room. Why cry for a soul set free? Miss me a little, but not too long, and not with your head bowed low. Remember the love that we once shared, Miss me but let me go. For this is a journey we all must take, and each must go alone. It's all a part of the Master plan, a step on the road to home. When you are lonely and sick of heart, go to the friends we know, and bury your sorrows in doing good deeds. Miss me, but let me go."