



Albert J. Desrosiers

February 18, 2022

Albert Joseph Desrosiers, 86, succumbed to cancer on 18 February 2022, surrounded by family at a rehabilitation facility in West Hartford, Connecticut. He is survived by his wife Linda of 17 years, brother Robert, son Michael, daughters Michelle Hamer and Marcy Beck, and stepchildren Julie Warwick and David Sweedler. He and Linda recently relocated from Clermont, Florida, where they enjoyed a beautiful hillside home, overlooking a golf course and farmland with their cat, Kylie. They previously resided in Kihei, Maui, where Al enjoyed a daily swim and walk on the beach, and caring for their cat, Nani. He was born and raised by Bert and Winifred in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where he developed a lifelong friendship with Myron Schwager, sharing interests in classical music and art. Al obtained a master's degree in electrical engineering from Northeastern University, and briefly served in the Army. As a young adult in Boston, he married Ann, who blessed him with three wonderful children. His desire for self-improvement subsequently lead him in many directions, different from most, with a great interest in meditation, eastern philosophy and international travel. He also found calm and creativity through painting. Al worked as an engineer with the MITRE Corporation for most of his career, and was a government employee at SPAWAR San Diego in later years. After retiring and remarrying in 2005, he was very active in the stock market and enjoyed good health through 2021. Following recent illness, he passed peacefully and is lovingly remembered by family and friends. Deepest thanks to the many health professionals of Florida and Connecticut who assisted him,

and the prayers and sympathies of all.

Tribute Wall

“ When I entered Central junior High School it was my pleasure and good fortune to meet Al Desrosiers, who, as it turned out, lived only several blocks from me in Pittsfield, MA. Our friendship of over 70 years yielded many benefits for both of us. We were a good match. Both of us went to college in Boston, where we saw each other often – we even lived together for one of those years.

Al eventually went to work for MITRE Corp, which started him off in their office in Washington, D.C. After he did some work for MITRE in their La Jolla, CA office, Al requested to be transferred to that virtual paradise, even though it meant a temporary cut in pay. There he lived for the majority of his adult life.

It was to my benefit that Al settled in lovely La Jolla. In my 50's, Al invited me to visit him when I took a leave of absence from my professorship at The Hartt School of Music. I felt old and burnt out; the pain in my back prevented me from sitting during morning meetings. Thus I drove across the country with a big smile on my face, knowing that CA was a place to get healthy through exercise, diet and good friendship. Driving through the southwest I had the windows wide open and played a tape of a symphony by Roy Harris, whose music is claimed to stir images of wide-open spaces and majestic rugged countryside.

Al was more than ready to help nurse me back to health, introducing me even to something called ‘wheat grass,’ which we could buy at a bar, although Al was growing his own at home. I did the cooking and we ate only healthy foods. It did not rain once while I was there, and I got used to perpetual blue skies.

Those six months with Al changed my life. In addition to feeling much better, Al taught me to use a computer, giving me an old model that he owned. So I started trading stocks. During that six month period, I took out a loan against my house and made more than twice my annual salary from day trading. Then, to top things off, the University offered me a ‘golden parachute’ to retire at the

age of 55.

A few years later, I returned the favor to Al when life and work had gotten the better of him. I hosted him at my house to bring him back to the point he was strong enough to return to California and resume the lifestyle he loved. From then on, until he married Linda and moved to Hawaii for a few years, I would visit him every Winter and stay until Spring. Our deal was that I'd get a roof over my head and he would be repaid with great homemade meals (no more wheatgrass!) and comradeship. That arrangement continued even after I remarried. (Al was always gracious and would host whatever lady I was courting. In fact, it was in Al's condo that I proposed to Su, my now wife of almost 23 years.)

Al and I planned to make our friendship a "happily ever after" saga. The plan was for Al to move next door to me in Middlewoods, an assisted living community in which I plan to live the rest of my life. The night he was to move into the apartment, Father Time came knocking. Al made it to the lobby, but never made it upstairs. He lived only a couple more weeks – enough time for family and friends to say goodbye.

Al was my friend for over 70 glorious years! My wish now is that Al rests happily in a well-deserved sleep – better yet, may he move forward to a meaningful and enriching new life where we can share good times again!

Myron Schwager - April 11, 2022 at 11:23 AM

MD

“ 14 files added to the album *Photos from Michael*



Michael Desrosiers - March 06, 2022 at 02:33 PM