



Brendan M. Fitzpatrick

August 24, 2021

Brendan M. Fitzpatrick, a former Hartford firefighter and beloved father, son and brother, died Aug. 24 in Hartford. He was 57.

Born in Pontiac, Michigan, to Elizabeth E. and Thomas H. Fitzpatrick, Brendan moved with his family to Massachusetts and then to West Hartford, where they settled and he attended Conard High School.

His career highlights included proudly serving for more than 14 years as a firefighter with the Hartford Fire Department, which he joined in 1993, and working most recently as a case management and recovery coach for Youth Challenge of CT in Hartford.

Brendan took an interest in politics and pop culture. He wrote beautiful poetry and loved to read, but the art form he turned to most often was music. The Grateful Dead topped his list of favorite bands. Brendan also enjoyed watching movies, including horror films. A fan of the “Night of the Living Dead” series, he once entertained his family by sketching a plan to protect them in the event of a zombie invasion.

His sense of humor endeared him to many. Brendan could lighten any gathering with his keen, sometimes irreverent wit, which at its core reflected an uncommon empathy for people, particularly those who have known

struggle.

In recent years, Brendan saw with an emerging sense of purpose how his desire to help people, coupled with his spiritual awareness and his experiences, could be used to guide others as they addressed their addictions.

Above all, Brendan cherished being a father to his son, Aidan Fitzpatrick, and his daughter, Fiona Fitzpatrick, both of West Hartford. His capacity for being fully present with them was unsurpassed, and activities such as playing a board game or taking a walk could generate a memory that far outshone the moment's potential ordinariness. Simply, Brendan made his family, and untold friends and colleagues, feel loved.

Besides his son, daughter and mother, survivors include his brother Kevin Fitzpatrick of Taichung, Taiwan, sisters Kate Fitzpatrick of West Hartford and Colleen Fitzpatrick and her husband Jeffrey Michelson of Simsbury, daughter-in-law Kylie (Hoang) Fitzpatrick of West Hartford and several loving cousins. Brendan was predeceased by his father, in 2010.

A memorial service will be private. Memorial donations may be made to To Write Love on Her Arms, P.O. Box 2203, Melbourne, FL 32902, www.twloha.org, or Connecticut Community for Addiction Recovery, 75 Charter Oak Ave., Building 1-305, Hartford, CT 06106, www.ccar.us.

Molloy Funeral Home in West Hartford is in care of arrangements.

Tribute Wall



“ *Fairest of All was purchased for the family of Brendan M. Fitzpatrick.*



September 23, 2021 at 03:04 PM



“ *A father, son. brother, best friend, mentor, poet, firefighter. Lover of music, food, nature, a good joke, and one book a night. I always marveled at your ability to sleep just a few hours a day. You were a beacon of light through cloudy times, I know you still shine and when we meet again we will swap stories like it was yesterday. Rest in Peace.*

Bill Roberts - September 23, 2021 at 10:20 AM

DP

“ I loved you Brendan. You were one of my dearest friends from high school. We lived together with my twin and Bill Silver on Gerard Street in Hartford. We exploded into adulthood together, sharing so much time together with our intensely special, extraordinarily bonded group of very close friend. You were the one responsible for FINALLY turning Matthew and I on to the Grateful Dead by playing a good sound quality (finally) recording of the band on the Student Union Steps of MIT on May 6, 1970. Teddy gets honorable mention certainly. In this way you changed my life profoundly....and oh the tremendous experiences we all had adjacent to the deep love of this band.

There were many years that past when you were out of contact with Ted, Mark, Mike, Matthew and I. But when you returned it was like there was never a gap. In the last few years, the several times we spent together, I really felt how much you loved me. That was truly special. I adored you as well Brendan. I know you felt that from me. I always admired you for your off the charts intelligence, your conversational mastery, your snarky sense of humor and wit, and your ability to acknowledge your missteps and apologize when it was called for. In fact, you were a brilliant man.

It hurts really bad that we all won't be able to create cherished memories with you as we all move through this life. I know you tried your best Brendan.

My deepest condolences go out to Kate and the Fitzpatrick family.

Love,
Daniel Pailas

Attics of My Life by Hunter/ Garcia

*In the attics of my life
Full of cloudy dreams; unreal
Full of tastes no tongue can know
And lights no eye can see
When there was no ear to hear
You sang to me*

*I have spent my life
Seeking all that's still unsung
Bent my ear to hear the tune
And closed my eyes to see
When there were no strings to play
You played to me*

*In the book of love's own dreams
Where all the print is blood
Where all the pages are my days
And all my lights grow old
When I had no wings to fly
You flew to me
You flew to me*

*In the secret space of dreams
Where I dreaming lay amazed
When the secrets all are told
And the petals all unfold
When there was no dream of mine
You dreamed of me*

Songwriters: Jerry Garcia / Robert Hunter

Daniel Pailas - September 23, 2021 at 12:12 AM

MP

“ Brendan,
We will all miss you.
You always managed to create adventure, mischief, and good times.
You were the one that strong armed Dan and I to get into the Grateful Dead... finally.
Although putting on Eyes of the World on repeat in the basement of the house you grew up in may not have been the best strategy. MIT student Union Steps was the clincher though.
You and Ted started pushing the edge a bit to far musically with Super Tramp and Bauhaus.
But anyways ... we shared so many epic moments from youth together.
These memories will last til the day I pass from these Earthly realms.
Many memories that perhaps best not be shared here... But with our community of friends whom still can reflect on those times and remember you.
I wish I had more time to have reconnected with you in this adult middle-age time period.
We shall meet again.
And if you can hear me, can you do me a favor... Tell Jerry Garcia to reincarnate already... And maybe I'll see you back here soon in this earthly realm as well.

My condolences to your family and all those that loved you.
RIP my friend,
Mathias Pailas

Mathias Pailas - September 22, 2021 at 11:50 PM

“ Part III

Brendan, you are forgiven for this one last crazy act. There is way too much good we all will remember you for and hold dearly in our hearts. To leave this plane on the most splendid of summer days with the golden rod ablaze, such was your soul and the sky as blue as your eyes.

Life is beautiful and so are you.

*“Ample make this bed.
Make this bed with awe;
In it wait till judgment break
Excellent and fair.*

*Be its mattress straight,
Be its pillow round;
Let no sunrise' yellow noise
Interrupt this ground.”*

We will always love you, Brendan.

My deepest condolences go out to his mom, Kate, Fiona and Aidan.

*“Been walking all morning
Went walking all night
I can't see much difference
Between the dark and the light
And I feel the wind
And I taste the rain
Never in my mind
To cause so much pain”*

Wooden Ships...one of his all-time favorite songs, ofcourse performed by the Jefferson Airplane, really captures so much about

what Brendan was reaching for.

Always the cosmic explorer... safe travels my friend.

*"If you smile at me, you know I will understand
Cause that is something everybody everywhere does
In the same language
I can see by your coat my friend that you're from the other side
There's just one thing I got to know
Can you tell me please who won?
You must try some of my purple berries
I been eating them for six or seven weeks now
Haven't got sick once
Probably keep us both alive
Wooden ships on the water very free and easy
Easy you know the way it's supposed to be
Silver people on the shoreline leave us be
Very free and easy
Sail away where the mornin sun goes high
Sail away where the wind blows sweet and young birds fly
Take a sister by her hand
Lead her far from this barren land
Horror grips us as we watch you die
All we can do is echo your anguished cry and
Stare as all your human feelings die
We are leaving
You don't need us
Go and take a sister by her hand
Lead her far from this foreign land
Somewhere where we might laugh again
We are leaving
You don't need us
Sailing ships on the water very free and easy
Easy you know the way it's supposed to be
Silver people on the shoreline leave us be
Very free*

*And gone
NO C'MON
GO RIDE THE MUSIC
C'MON RIDE IT CHILD”*

Terrence Donoghue - September 20, 2021 at 09:59 PM

DW

“ *My condolences to Kate and the rest of the Fitzpatrick family. Although I hadn't seen Brendan in many years, he was a great friend in high school. Always positive, always asking the right questions, always loyal. Brendan, you will be greatly missed.*
Don Wright
Lawrence, Kansas.

Don Wright - September 20, 2021 at 09:21 PM