



In Memory of Andrew Archer

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“Nothing really matters, but everything counts”-Andy Archer

There are people who are famous, people who are infamous, those who give and take, people who are known for their good deeds and very many who go unnoticed no matter how much credit or remembrance is deserved.

Someone, who is very important to a lot of people, was lost this past June in what could only be called a tragedy. This person was one of those who did those good deeds without so much as a hint or a whisper to his name.

This young man, of course recognized for his accomplishments, his triumphs had a keen sense of loyalty and morality. If someone needed him, he was there. And if no one asked for him, he would just know.

For his father, he was a lifesaver, one who lifted a multitude of depression before he was even born. For his mother, an intuitive, spirited guy who offered a special connection whether it was a look, a gentle touch or a well timed phone call.

As a brother, he was a sidekick, an inspiration and a protector. For his girlfriend, he was the whole world and company from the nighttime until the birds chirped.

Finally as a friend, he was the kind of person you could always depend on, and follow through the good and the bad, a brother separated only by blood.

This man's name is Andrew Richard Archer, “Andy” to most people. Though not everyone knew him, those who did knew all these characteristics about him.

Andy was a pilot, and if there was anything he enjoyed more than life itself, it was flying. He discovered he loved it so much when on a scouting trip to the Airport, and he got to take the controls, it was fate...especially since the name of the airplane was Archer.

It meant the world to him, and that being said, it was not like my brother to not understand when something was important to his parents or his siblings or his friends either.

For those who had the opportunity to experience his first flight in that ironically named airplane, at the time it didn't seem so poignant, but while the rest looked out the windows of the cockpit marveling at how interesting the world below looked, Andy, maintained his gaze forward, transfixed by the heavens before him. It was beautiful.

It's incredible how few people achieve their dreams. In the years following Andy's first taste of piloting, he worked towards that goal of being a pilot himself. At the time of that faithful day where it all began, Andy was only thirteen. Somewhere around nine years later, that dream



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came true, Andy graduated from Seneca College's flight program.

Andy never looked back but always forward to the future and what he could do to get to his next goal. He worked hard at achieving his goal to fly and with much persistence he was able to finally get that job of flying planes. When Andy was flying his face lit up and he was happy.

It's amazing that despite Andy's youth, he was a source of tremendous wisdom and life lessons passed onto his friends and co-workers of all ages.

Family was an important part of Andy's life, it was always important for newcomers into his life to accept that family was a high priority for him. He was always proud to be the son to his parents, he respected the roles they played in his life and the lessons they taught him. He sang praises about his siblings, nothing made him prouder than his family and he always let the world know that.

With friends, family and co-workers you're always very different, you show parts of your personality that after such a tragedy like this shine through for all to see and those who are left behind... are given a special gift of togetherness and learning who that person was for each person whose life people like Andy touched.

In 23 years Andy touched hundreds of lives in ways only he could, we all have something special to give and what Andy did was give his heart to everyone. If anyone else had been in his position and Andy still was here today, he'd celebrate the legacy left behind... Because he always realized the answers we seek or the what ifs we conjure up don't really matter, it's the problems we face, how we lived and everything we did in our lives that count.

Andy lived, and he made a short life an adventure. An adventure that ended on a calm Sunday evening while the sun was setting, after a perfect flight and once again as Andy had all those years ago on that first flying experience he saw the heavens.

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