



When did you first learn Martin Andrews was a benediction? How did you find out if something needed done, Martin did it? No questions asked. You must have discovered our Martin was a very busy fellow.

Did Martin stride up to your mail box in Sun City? Then you knew he delivered as many good deeds and kind words as letters and postcards. You could always rely on his help to move something heavy. Or cheer you up. Or admire the artwork of your favorite child. Or tell you about concert tickets or a new Master Chorale CD. Martin was always motivated where the Master Chorale was concerned; almost every retiree in Sun City Center now owns a Christmas CD. Even a rather famous retiree, former President George Bush, owns a Christmas CD.

Were you were a struggling voice student at USF? You could count on Martin for your tuition, or to quietly cover your expenses on tour, or to help launch your career on Broadway or the opera stage. He'd even hand you lunch money. No task was too big to look over or too small to overlook.

Did you enjoy the Madrigal Dinners last Christmas? Martin was the second Knight from the right. He even owned his own suit of armor - thirty-six long.

And if you were orphaned in the Dominican Republic, then Martin found you there. You might have an old tennis ball or tee shirt or even a salvaged musical instrument Martin heaped in his garage. So you could be warm at night. So you could play with your first simple toy all your own. So you could experience some of his joy of music making. You should see the treasures Martin saved especially for you.

Were you singing beside him in the Master Chorale? Or maybe at St. Catherine's or St. John's? Were you in the audience? Did you notice Martin on the top riser? He was over six feet tall with a golden beard and a golden voice. Singing was his passion. He perfected every rehearsal note. He perfected every concert note. He made us all laugh. He passed out 45 red clown noses during dress rehearsal in London's Westminster Cathedral. But nobody in the Master Chorale except for Martin had the nerve to put one on.

Or did he give you photos? Perhaps Martin's chief delight was taking pictures. Beautiful, beautiful pictures. And so many. So you could cradle your happy faces and times and places in your hands, and visit them again and again.

You say Martin wasn't a rich man? I don't think so. If you're one of his three beautiful children, or his three thousand best friends, if you basked in the light of his ready smile, if he held out both hands when you needed but one, if Martin gave you a kiss or a bear hug, if you sang with him, if you served beside him on a Dominican mission, if you looked up to him, if you were lucky enough to walk beside him or in his footsteps in any way, you also know some measure of the wealth Martin created for our world.

By anyone's yardstick, Martin Andrews is one of the richest men ever known. And generous to the last, he's left us all his change.