



Samuel J. Fitzgerald

September 25, 1987 - April 5, 2002

For this child I prayed: and the Lord hath given me my petition, which I asked of Him. -I Samuel 1:27 Samuel Jonathan Fitzgerald, son of Merle and Althea Fitzgerald, was born on September 25, 1987 in Baltimore, Maryland. God called him home on April 6, 2002. Sam was a ninth grader at Northern High School in Baltimore, Maryland. He was popular and had many friends there. Sam enjoyed trips to Trinidad to visit his family and friends there. He loved baggy clothes, Tupac Shakur, and loved to eat anything with meat in it. How do we know? "Where's the meat," he would often say. Sam was a very gifted young man. He loved music and art. He was either singing/ rapping to songs or free styling to his own beat. He would open his sketchpad and draw whatever came to mind. After years of training, Sam, along with his big brother received his red belt in Tae Kwon Do under the teaching of Travis Jenkins. Sam loved his brothers very much, they were always together. Lastly, it is important to know that Sam received Jesus as his Lord and Savior at a young age. And though he had hard test and trials, he never forgot that Jesus is Lord. In addition to his parents, Sam is survived by his two brothers, Nelson and Frederick Fitzgerald; his maternal grandparents, Ansil and Shirley Gaskin of Trinidad, West Indies; his paternal grandparents, Merle and Elizabeth Fitzgerald; uncle, Steve, Eddie and David Fitzgerald, Peter Gaskin, aunts, Dawn Gaskin, Toni Fitzgerald, Debris Fitzgerald, LEEANNE Fitzgerald and Kim Fitzgerald; many cousins and friends.

Tribute Wall



“ Samuel J. Fitzgerald

October 13, 2022 at 08:33 AM



“ he was a close friend to me.he was the first boy i noticed when i walked in my new class at northern high school.and i knew he was going to be a close friend.we spend alot of time together weather it was on the phone,class,after school or when he walked me home.i will always love you and you will have a place in my heart.##imported-begin##shanaia smith##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ A Poem In Loving Memory of Samuel J. Fitzgerald...RIP.. There goes the mother who tossed and turned but could not sleep As she prays to God her children's souls to keep... And protect them from the elements of harm... Because she cannot always keep them in her arms Somewhere a daddy looks into his daughters' eyes As the tears roll down her face she hollers "why?"... That in the middle of her soft and gentle sleep Her lullaby the sound of gunshots from her streets... When Will It End...? As she sits there shocked and shattered to the bone Because the dreams she had to be his wife now gone And the only evidence the police found...? "Perhaps the color that he wore was what brought him down...?" My little brothers' just a baby this I know But I'm worried about the path he'll have to go Will he be a man who's lived to see his dreams? Or will they take him down before he's 17...? When Will It End...?##imported-begin##Ms Marjorie Y Johnson##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ Although you might find little solace in the why behind your sorrow. The one you love is gone from here, and this changes not tomorrow. If loss comes, too, with tragedy, its harder even still, to believe such pain was preference, much less anybody’s will. God Bless You##imported-begin##The March Family and Staff##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM