

### *Obituary*

**Douglas Wayne Alexander Fidler**, was born in Kingston, Jamaica, to Yvonne and Keith Fidler. Upon graduating from Wolmer's Boys' School, he migrated to the United States to further his studies at Pace University. Working alongside his father, Keith, he distributed Jamaican publications to the tri-state area. This led to his involvement in radio newscasting, which he referred to as "analyzing the news".

Douglas' children were his pride and joy - son Brandon, from his first marriage, daughter Tiffany and son Jordan, from the union with his wife, Novlet, who was his rock.

To many, Douglas' life would seem short, but he believed that the quality of existence far exceeded the quantity of time. To that end, he distinguished himself with his particular brand of broadcasting. He delivered the news and commentary daily with unique intensity, humor and impartiality. Even on the most difficult days, Mr. Fidler, as he was known, showed up in his inimitable style to inform and entertain.

Douglas will be forever remembered by his wife and children, grandchildren Giorgio, Gianni, and Andre, father Keith, sisters Jewel and Kamla, brothers-in-law Edward and Keith, uncles Franklyn (Louis), Courtney (Val), aunts Sybil, Roswitha and Linda, Uncle Roy, Aunt Babs, niece Brianna, nephews Kraig, Kevin, Brenton, and Brycen, cousins, countless friends and listeners. He is preceded in death by his mother, Yvonne, who was his hero.

Many will remember him through his signature phrases — "blah, blah" and "not acceptable" to name a few. They will also remember his love and passion for his homeland, Jamaica, which blazed fiercely through his newscasts and commentaries.

Douglas, you will be missed!

### Order of Service

Prelude
Words of Grace
Hymn #147 "All Things Bright and Beautiful"
Prayer:  Almighty God, our Father, from whom we come, and to whom our spirits return: You have been our dwelling place in all generations. You are our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Grant us your blessing in this hour, and enable us so to put our trust in you that our spirits may grow calm and our hearts be comforted. Lift our eyes beyond the shadows of earth, and help us to see the light of eternity. So may we find grace and strength for this and every time of need; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.
Scripture
Hymn #377 "It Is Well With My Soul"
Scripture
Sermon
Obituary The Honorable Mrs. Justice Carol Lawrence Beswick (cousin)

#### Remembrances

Hymn ......#103 "Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise"

Recessional

#### **Interment**

Poughkeepsie Rural Cemetery 342 South Avenue Poughkeepsie, New York 12601



## Graveside Hymn

### Our God Our Help In Ages Past

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne, still may we dwell secure; sufficient is thine arm alone, and our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, or earth received her frame, from everlasting, thou art God, to endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight, are like an evening gone; short as the watch that ends the night, before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever rolling stream, bears all who breathe away;

they fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come; be thou our guide while life shall last, and our eternal home.



# Graveside Hymn

### **Morning Has Broken**

Morning has broken like the first morning; blackbird has spoken like the first bird. Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning! Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven, like the first dewfall, on the first grass

Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden, sprung in completeness where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning born of the one light, Eden saw play! Praise with elation, praise every morning, God's recreation of the new day!



Death is nothing at all.

I have only slipped away into the next room.

I am I and you are you.

Whatever we were to each other,

That we still are

Call me by my old familiar name.

Speak to me in the easy way

Which you always used to.

Put no difference in your tone,

Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed At the little jokes we enjoyed together.

Pray, smile and think of me, pray for me.

Let my name be the household word

That it always was.

Let it be spoken without affect,

Without the trace of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant
It is the same that it ever was
There is absolutely unbroken continuity
Why should I be out of mind
Because I am out of sight?

I am waiting for you, For an interval, Somewhere very near, Just around the corner.



Mr. Courtney Barnett (uncle)
Mr. Courtney McGregor (cousin)
Mr. Andrew Lazarus (special family friend)
Mr. Kraig Muschett (nephew)
Mr. Kevin Muschett (nephew)
Mr. Brian Edwards (longtime friend)

Acknowledgement

Douglas' family is grateful for the tremendous outpouring of love and support during this difficult time. Our hearts have been warmed by every phone call, every text, every fond mention of his name and every prayer. Thank you.



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