



Andrew Green

November 5, 1962 - November 3, 2023

MANSFIELD GREEN, Andrew Bruce
November 5, 1962 – November 3, 2023

Andrew died, sort of on his own terms, a couple of days before his chosen date (his 61st birthday), with the help of the compassionate team of kind people at the Peterborough Regional Health Corporation. We say “sort of”, because, given his druthers, he’d have died ages ago from the two strokes that left him living, but unable to play his guitar and sing, to work at the Land Registry office, or to grow his lovely garden. He suffered a long wait for medical assistance in dying, but was so grateful for the option. It gave him a couple of last opportunities for a drop of whisky and a puff of smoke.

Andrew leaves behind his much-loved children, Josh and Sarah, two siblings, Joan Moriarty (Mary) and John Green (Laura), and his former wife Donna and former partner, Susanne, both of whom he loved in his big, extravagant way. He was particularly sad to leave his step-children, Tyler, Lyndzie, and Jordyn Greenhalgh, who grew up with Andrew’s music. Predeceased by his parents, Ray and Barbara Green, and by siblings, Daniel, Bill, and Marc Green, Andrew is missed by nieces Megan, Erin, and Taylor.

The youngest of six children in a blended family, Andrew grew up in Orillia with a reputation for wildness and unpredictability. He was smart, funny,

talented, and looked out for the underdog. He was in trouble, a lot. He and high school never saw eye-to-eye, and he left it all behind to work at group homes for teens.

He loved passionately. He wrote a thousand songs, and left the lyrics behind for us to celebrate. He taught himself guitar and spent years pursuing a career in music, in spite of a crippling performance anxiety. To pay the rent, he learned how to search land titles in Ontario's ancient system, and became the hard-working and respected land conveyancer for lawyers and real estate brokers in Peterborough.

Thanks to the sacrament of assisted dying, Andrew was able to work through forgiveness of others, but most important, of himself. He recognized his legacy, through his children and step-children, ("your children come not from you, but through you") and through the monumental art he leaves behind in his music. In the midst of his suffering, Andrew loved stories and gossip and sarcasm. And swearing. He couldn't talk, but he could grin. And he could lick the whisky off his lips.

While we mourn the loss of this unique human, we also find joy in his legacy. His last gift to the world was that pair of blue eyes that saw deep into your soul. He was an organ donor. Arrangements for cremation were made through Community Alternative Funeral and Cremation Services. No memorial service will be held. Just raise a glass at the Black Horse on a Rick-and-Gailie night. He loved the Beatles. We loved him.

Tribute Wall



“ *In honour of the memory of our cousin Andy and in respect of his final wishes.* ”

Underhill cousins, Kathy, Carol, Blake and Cheri. - August 06, 2025 at 04:13 PM