



Anthony Joseph Mirande

January 5, 1929 - April 19, 2020

Anthony Joseph Mirande was born in New York City on January 5, 1929, to his Italian parents, Frank and Theresa Mirande. In high school, he excelled in many things. He was a very talented trumpet player and athlete. After he graduated from high school, he played professional baseball all over the country for the Washington Senators, in the late '40s and early '50s. His primary position was short stop. When he traveled to Orlando, Florida to play for the Orlando Senators, he decided to settle there with his wife, Vera, who he met in New York. They had 8 children: Theresa, Rosemary, Frank, Linda, Elizabeth, Marguerite, Annette, and Christine. He became a fireman for Orange County in Orlando. From there, he decided to work for himself and became a carpenter. He also volunteered and coached a boys little league team. While working as a carpenter, he studied mathematics, and soon became a draftsman in Cape Canaveral, Florida. He was using a slide rule in the '60s. He had a very interesting and varied life, and he could do anything he set his mind to. He loved to travel the continent, sometimes walking from Florida to British Columbia to California and back, but he spent most of his life in Orlando, Florida. He also has 19 grandchildren, 19 great grandchildren, and 2 great-great grandchildren. He passed away on Sunday, April 19, 2020 of a virus. He will be sadly missed.

Cemetery

Greenwood Cemetery
1603 Greenwood Street
Orlando, FL, 32801

Events

MAY	Graveside Service	11:30AM
4	<hr/>	
	Greenwood Cemetery 1603 Greenwood Street, Orlando, FL, US, 32801	

Comments



“ I was glad to have spent time with Grandpa in several occasions, and I would have liked the opportunity to spend more time with him. I remember sitting and talking with him during visits, he was very talkative and interesting. He was always very friendly with the people around him wherever we would visit him. He will be missed.

Allie Mirande - May 04, 2020 at 10:04 AM



“ We visited Grandpa several years ago and took him out to eat ice cream and pizza. Everyone at the restaurant knew him and was excited to see him. We really enjoyed the wonderful conversation and stories that evening.

Katelyn Mirande - May 04, 2020 at 09:57 AM



“ As a boy, my father impressed me as being kind, loving, and very respectable. He was also very forgiving. A couple of stories illustrate this:

It was my first day at school in first grade. I was instructed to eat lunch in the cafeteria and then my dad was supposed to pick me up. Because I was confused (being new to school), I didn't end up going to the cafeteria. Instead, I went to the "loading zone" and waited for my dad. I eventually realized my mistake and was afraid of what he might say when he came. I got in the car and right away, he asked "how was lunch?" After hearing that I forgot that I was supposed to go to the cafeteria, he laughed and said "Let's go to Burger King".

Another time, he gave me specific instructions to stay with my older sisters going to and from school recreation. I became bored and decided to go home by myself. Upon arrival, fear overcame me and I went and hid in the backyard. I especially dreaded when Dad would come home; I was afraid of what he would say so I just stayed hidden in the yard. Apparently, my mom knew where I was the whole time and when my dad got home, she sent him out to me. He did say that I had disobeyed but instead of being angry, he told me that I had punished myself enough and said not to let it happen again.

He was what every boy would want in a dad in those early years of my life! He was a professional ball player, champion Little League coach, fireman, and carpenter. I was proud to call him my dad.

Dad encouraged my interests in aviation, astronomy, and art in several ways. Because of my hobby, our whole family traveled probably five hours one way to witness a total eclipse of the sun. My sisters were unhappy with the long trip, especially when it became overcast and we never saw the eclipse! Dad took me to air shows, he even arranged a trip to the control tower at the local airport on my 6th birthday. Later, I worked for him to earn money to buy a telescope. My birthday and Christmas gifts always reflected my interests. He may have been a little disappointed in the fact that I wasn't very interested in baseball but he never showed it.

In the summer of 1966 when I was eleven years old, my dad's carpenter's union had work for him in Iowa. It was decided that I would go with him. It was our longest road trip together and we stayed in Davenport area for a week. He would drop me off at the library every morning and pick me up in the afternoon after work. We would then go out to eat. Being from a large family, it was nice to get to know my dad on a more personal level, taking that long trip and spending a lot of time together.



“ This one reads: "The Senators' all important keystone combination is shown in action here, brushing up on its technique before opening the season in Sanford tomorrow. Lyle Lutrell, rookie shortstop, at the left, has just scooped up a grounder and is starting a twin-killing with Tony Mirande while Mgr. Ed Levy who worked the pair long and hard on this particular play yesterday, watches intently in the background." Dad was shortstop for most of his career, but he also played second base.



Elizabeth Mirande - May 03, 2020 at 06:17 PM



“ From Orlando Evening Star May 1, 1951



Elizabeth Mirande - May 03, 2020 at 06:02 PM



“ Dad was mentioned in almost every game when he played ball. This is the Orlando Evening Star April 27, 1948.



Elizabeth Mirande - May 03, 2020 at 05:57 PM



“ Dad in the Orlando Evening Star on August 26, 1950



Elizabeth Mirande - May 03, 2020 at 05:51 PM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Elizabeth Mirande - May 03, 2020 at 11:12 AM



“ Sweet Tenderness was purchased for the family of Anthony Joseph Mirande.



May 03, 2020 at 10:56 AM



“ I posted some pictures and I thought you'd be able to read the dates, and if you can't, here's what they are:

Of course you know the one is of him in his Orlando Senators uniform. Then there's a picture of a newspaper page, I believe it marks the beginning of his short but sweet baseball career. It's a page from the New York Daily News, September 16, 1946, where he wrote a letter to the paper and it was highlighted in the 'Fan Forum' on the bottom of the page. Then there's a pic of the page out of The Charlotte News, February 9, 1948, about him getting signed.

Elizabeth Mirande - May 03, 2020 at 10:49 AM



“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Elizabeth Mirande - May 03, 2020 at 09:37 AM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Elizabeth Mirande - May 02, 2020 at 02:17 PM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Elizabeth Mirande - May 02, 2020 at 02:15 PM



“ Sweet Tranquility Basket was purchased for the family of Anthony Joseph Mirande.



May 02, 2020 at 10:31 AM



“ He loved the Statue of Liberty. Our last trip there that he was allowed out, we got a room overlooking the Hudson River and Statue of Liberty. He sat there for hours watching the boats go by, looking at Lady Liberty, playing with the boys, and talking to us all. Dominic and Michael loved him so much too. This was the same trip that we took him a few hours away to see my dad's side of the family in Mystic Island, NJ. He got to meet my dad, grandpa, step mom, Aunt Cathy, niece Junie, and all of the random family and friends that popped in the house. They got along wonderfully sharing stories. Grandpa Bill said he was gonna take him by the funeral home to get him some new teeth. He got a good laugh out of that. When we left, Grandpa Tony always kept saying, "boy, they're something!" He loved meeting them. They were all planning on hanging out, even after we left. Man, if only we had more time. But I'm so thankful for the time we did have.



Brandy Mirande - May 01, 2020 at 09:27 PM



“ Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of Anthony Joseph Mirande.



April 28, 2020 at 01:29 PM



“ Whenever we would visit in NJ, we would always take grandpa out with us if he wanted to go. Some trips, he would go with us for the entire time and spend nights with us, others we would just take him somewhere to eat. There were a few times when he couldn't go out at all, but we still visited him and spent time with him. He ALWAYS wanted to go see the Statue of Liberty. I remember when we took him up to the top of the new One World Trade building. He loved the view and we enjoyed a meal at the restaurant too. Anytime we were out eating, he would always stick his dirty looking unmanicured pointer finger directly in our food and ask what we were eating. It always made me crack up laughing. Dominic took his first steps at one of the hotels we stayed at in NYC with grandpa there. He walked from me to him, with me following behind. Grandpa always marveled at the new cars and all of the amenities. For some reason (I think mom would disagree), he thought my driving skills were impeccable, and that I fit right in driving in NYC. Every time we would bring him something new or try and tell him he could learn to use something, such as a nosehair trimmer, he would say, "I can't do that," yet he would learn. Years before Dom was born when I was at FSU, grandpa was in Chattahoochee. Mom used to pick me up all the time, and we would go get grandpa. We would take him to get his favorite burger at Hardee's, then go over to the picnic tables by the Chattahoochee River and play cards and just enjoy our time together. I'm so happy that he got to know both Dom and Michael. He only met Michael a few times, but he sure loved them both so much. I remember how when we would call, he would be so happy to talk to all of his, even if it was every day. There were some times where we couldn't really talk to him, but we did the best we could. He loved hearing from Dominic and Michael. Grandpa was the reason I chose to learn and play the trumpet too. Man, I sure miss his smile and laugh. I can hear it now.



Brandy Mirande - April 28, 2020 at 01:13 PM



“ I love that Brandy. Thanks for sharing those special memories with us. Aunt M.

Marguerite - April 28, 2020 at 01:34 PM



“ I remember one time in the early 80s that Dad built a greenhouse for me in Plantersville Alabama. He wanted to do it all by hand tools with no electricity. It turned out so nice with mortise and Timber joints not sure how you spell that correctly but they fit together like puzzle pieces. when we moved to Marion Junction Ivan moved that on a trailer and we still have it now and use it for our chickens laying house. It looks great the joints are still tight. Pretty amazing! I will always cherish it and all my good memories of Dad.

Marguerite Johnson - April 28, 2020 at 10:46 AM



“ I love that you still have that. I never knew that that was the chicken house!

Brandy - April 28, 2020 at 01:48 PM