



In Loving Memory

Capt. Andrew Arthur "Buddy" Midgett

October 5, 1936 - February 21, 2024

Capt. Andrew Arthur "Buddy" Midgett

October 5, 1936 - February 21, 2024



Funeral Service

11 a.m., Monday, February 26, 2024
Open Door Baptist Church, Morehead City, NC

Prelude	Jerri Banks
Welcome	Rev. Bill Klear
Prayer	Rev. Bill Klear
Eulogy	Hayes Wilkerson
Hymn, "O The Deep, Deep Love Of Jesus!"	Congregation
Eulogy	Andrew A. Midgett Jr.
Hymn, "Like A River Glorious"	Congregation
Message	Rev. Bill Klear
Hymn, "All The Way My Savior Leads Me"	Congregation
Benediction	Rev. Bill Klear
Postlude	Jerri Banks

Capt. Andrew Arthur “Buddy” Midgett, 87, of Morehead City, NC, died peacefully in his home on February 21, 2024.

A descendant of the famed seafaring Midgett’s of the Outer Banks, Buddy was born in Southport, NC on October 5, 1936. Like his forebearers, he was a waterman through and through. His father, Pete, was a Chief Bosun Mate in the Coast Guard who chased German subs during WWII. Buddy spent part of his early childhood in Rodanthe, a small village on Hatteras Island; he attended a one-room schoolhouse there for first grade. Though most of his growing up years were spent in Morehead City, Rodanthe was a second home.

Buddy married Norma Sally Swinson in December 1954 when he was 18 years old and a senior in high school. They began their life together with nothing; he built their first set of furniture in shop class. Ten months later, they had their first child, Andrea Jean. Buddy supported his growing family by commercial fishing, working offshore for days at a time. He eventually moved to Norfolk, VA to become a deckhand on a tug. It’s there an uncle challenged him to become a harbor pilot. Buddy educated himself at night with nautical maps, a compass, and a slide rule. By the time he sat for his Pilot’s exams, he knew the material so thoroughly he was accused of cheating.

Buddy’s first piloting job was in Charleston, SC. In his early 30s, he took a position at the Morehead City Pilot’s Association, eventually becoming Chief Pilot. He loved his work—with all of its challenges—and often said he would have done it for free. He held the job until retiring at the age of 70.

Buddy was a daydreamer who loved learning and liked nothing more than figuring out how to solve a problem. He had numerous hobbies, including writing poetry. He was a gifted storyteller who enjoyed a good laugh. He learned how to fly airplanes and taught himself celestial navigation. He clammed, shrimped, and fished. With the help of church friends, he built Norma a home with his own hands. He grew corn and collards, bought a horse, kept honeybees, and raised chickens and the occasional goose.

As much as Buddy loved all these things, he loved the church even more. A conversion to Christianity in his 20s changed his life, giving him purpose and direction. He was a man of great integrity, uncompromising in his beliefs. Above all, he taught his children that family is everything.

Buddy was preceded in death by his wife of 67 years, Norma; sisters Betty Jo Baily and Ginger Yeager, and brother David Midgett. He is survived by four children (Andrea, Andrew, Lynne and Linda) and their spouses, 13 grandchildren, and 6 great-grandchildren.

His funeral will be held on Monday, February 26 at 11 a.m. at Open Door Baptist Church, Morehead City. The visitation will begin an hour earlier, at 10 a.m.

In lieu of flowers, the family would welcome donations to Open Door Baptist Church or Gideons International.

ARRANGEMENTS BY MUNDEN FUNERAL HOME, MOREHEAD CITY, NC

The Storm

By Andrew A. Midgett

I see the storm clouds gathering, how deep and dark the storm,
the rain that beats upon my face, the sting that lingers on,
the tempest of the storm is fierce, the waves an awesome sight.
The darkness, oh the darkness, how I long to see the light.

No one to share my burden, no one to comfort me,
I must face the gale alone upon this treacherous sea.
Mine eye doth strain to see some land, a comfort that would be,
but I must sail my bark alone, upon this darkened sea.

My heart beats hard and oh so fast and fear assaileth me,
I cry to God for mercy, upon this stormy sea.
Doth God not care, doth he not know? His servant though I be.
Alone, so alone, upon this stormy sea.

But now I look before my face, this compass now I see,
it points the way yet onward, across this stormy sea.
By faith I trust this compass, it's true as it can be;
the one who spoke and stilled the storm, who gave his life for me.

I ask the Lord to calm my fears and grant that I may be,
swept into his presence, across this stormy sea.

The Man of God

By Andrew A. Midgett

The man of God, what might He be,
is he a bit like you and me?
He often feels the wrath of men,
trodden down, burdened with sin.
Fearing failure, pain and grief,
not asking God for his relief.
Sometimes in the wilderness,
removed from God and in distress.

What do you here, in this forsaken place?
Have you come to seek my face?
Do you cower from the likes of man?
Do you fail to see I have a plan?
Men often think their sins unknown,
but are observed from yonder throne.
What would you have me do for you,
protect you from the rain and dew?
Feed you by my hand of grace,
when you fail to look upon my face?

Answer, now, O man of God,
lift up your face from off the sod,
Observe now as my glory pass
and remember that I have a task.
Get thee down from off this place
and do the work, amazing grace.
Warn the man who thinks that he
could do anything for such as me.

But I include you in my plan
and make you into a Godly man.
To go and tell, tell all that hear,
that the God of Elijah is always near.

O God make me a man amongst men,
filled with your spirit to rise again.

Crossing the Bar

By Lord Alfred Tennyson

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out
the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our
bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.



MUNDEN
FUNERAL HOME
Family Owned & Operated Since 1955