



Michael Arthur Buchanan

August 8, 1972 - September 27, 2022

Michael Arthur Buchanan, of Dunedin, Florida died unexpectedly on September 27, 2022, at his residence. He was born on August 8, 1972, in Cheverly, Maryland. A former resident of LaPlata, Maryland, and Abingdon, Maryland, he had been a resident of Florida since 2018.

He was preceded in death by his father Arthur J. Buchanan. He is survived by his wife Christina, his mother, Jean Buchanan of Bonita Springs, FL; his sister, Karen Blasingame, and her husband Derek of Devine, TX; and their two daughters, Samantha and Jessica. Michael's two nieces dearly loved their "Uncle Mikey", as did his many aunts, uncles, and cousins.

Mike graduated in 1996 from Towson State University, Towson, Maryland. He worked for Enterprise rental car immediately after graduation, moving to Allstate Insurance company where he remained until his death.

He belonged to the Sons of the American Legion and volunteered his time at Post #275 in Dunedin, Florida.

Mike was a fantastic cook who especially enjoyed grilling. Mike was a great golfer. He enjoyed riding his bike, fishing, softball, and shooting pool. If you needed help, just ask (most of the time you didn't need to ask) and he'd be there. He was selfless and generous; always willing to help. He truly was an

incredible person.

He is loved and missed every day by his entire family and many, many friends.

Internment at a date to be determined and will be private.

In lieu of flowers, donations in his memory may be made to a charity of your choice.

Tribute Wall

EP

“ Hey, Mike - We are sorry that the pandemic interrupted our developing friendship. Eric and I enjoyed the time we did get to spend with you guys, meeting up with you in the neighborhood on your nightly walks. Our hearts go out to your family whom you clearly cherished by the way you spoke of them. - Eric & Maria



Eric P. - February 24, 2024 at 11:10 PM



“ *Michael Arthur Buchanan*

October 09, 2023 at 03:40 AM

KB

“Never in a million years did I think I’d be having to write on my brother’s obituary page. Your siblings should be walking through life with you, side by side, the last living connection between your generation and your parents. Now I have to walk that path alone. It’s just me and mom. I only wish he knew how much he was loved and how much he meant to his friends and family. I imagine he did know. I just wish it had been enough. I know we all feel the same way.

The only thing bigger than his heart was his generosity. He had a knack for knowing when to step in to help, most of the time without even being asked. He had so many friends, good friends, because he himself was a good friend. He was an easy going man that did not have a quick temper. Well, except for that time that mom made him get a perm when he was 13... God as my witness, I tried not to laugh... really, I tried.

Animals. Not just referring to his kappa sigma fraternity brothers, but real animals. He was a softie. Especially with Mischief, that cranky orange tabby that an ex brought home one day. Well, that flea bag is probably purring his a\$\$ off in Mikey’s lap while trying to figure out how to scratch the rest of us from heaven. If you listen closely, you too might be able to hear him hissing. Of course, it could be because Mike is doing the “helpless lamb” on him right now... iykyk.

I miss him every day because every time I wake up, I remember he’s gone and loose him all over again. Like a twisted version of that movie, Groundhog Day. I dream about him, so in a way, I believe he’s never really far away in spirit. That right there is my life raft. That alone prevents me from drowning in my grief. One foot in front of the other... that’s what I tell myself. And really, isn’t that all we can do?





Karen Blasingame - August 07, 2023 at 03:09 PM