



Antony





THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR
ANTONY DAVID ALLOTEY BULLEY

23rd June, 1968 – 31st October, 2020

Transitions Place, Haatso – Atomic Road, Haatso
Thursday 26th November, 2020
8:30am



OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Very Rev. Benjamin Eugene Preko – The Methodist Church Ghana
Rev. Michael Essel – Grace Outreach Church

CHOIR

P6 Chorale

ORDER OF SERVICE

PART I

PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

8:30 AM – 9.00 AM

- Call to worship
- Opening hymn – MHB 69
- Prayer
- Hymns for filing past – MHB 50, 80, 538, 634, 608
- Tributes

PART II

BURIAL SERVICE

9:00 AM – 10:00 AM

- Scriptural sentences (congregation standing)
- Purpose of gathering
- Opening hymn – MHB 427
- Prayer
- Biography
- MHB 351 – by the choir
- Tributes – siblings and parents
- Scriptural readings:
 - i) Revelation 7: 9 – 17.
 - ii) John 14: 1 -6, 27
- Sermon hymn – MHB 538
- Sermon
- Affirmation of faith (The Apostles Creed)

- Offering

THANKSGIVING AND COMMENDATION SERVICE

- Hymn – MHB 831
- Prayers of thanksgiving
- Commendation
- The Lord's Prayer
- Announcements / Vote of thanks
- Closing hymn – MHB 313
- Benediction
- Recessional hymn – MHB 216

PART III

AT THE GRAVESIDE

- Hymn – MHB 651
- Prayers
- Committal
- Wreath laying
- Vote of thanks
- Hymn – MHB 948
- Benediction



Biography

ANTONY DAVID
ALLOTEY BULLEY



BIOGRAPHY

Antony David Allotey Bulley

So teach us dear lord, to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Psalm 90:12.

- **Ancestry**

The late Antony David Allotey Bulley was born in Cheltenham UK, on 23 June, 1968 to Mr. Napoleon Kpakpo Bulley, a retired engineer, and Mrs. Agnes Jane Bulley, a retired midwifery tutor, both of Accra. He was the oldest of four children. Baptised in the Christian faith as a Methodist at the St Mark's Methodist Church in Cheltenham, Antony was put on the cradle roll on 29 September 1968 and was confirmed in 1984.

He was delighted by his ability to take apart toys and attempt to put them together again. He grew very upset if he could not put the toy together. He later moved on to Majosda School and then onto St. Martin de Porres School. He was in the second group of students who sat the Common Entrance Examination in 1980. He gained admission into St. Peters Secondary School, Nkwatia-Kwahu. Antony had a happy 7 years at St. Peters. He passed out in 1988 with 'O' and 'A' level certificates.

- **Early life and education.**

Antony had his pre-school education at New Hope Preparatory School at Korle Bu. Antony was an enthusiastic student who would fret and cry when he could not go to school for some reason. We

While growing up, Antony thought about studying engineering or train to be a pilot when he finished secondary school. This was not to be as he elected to study medicine. He was admitted to the Kwame Nkrumah University



of Science and Technology to study medicine in 1988. Regrettably, Antony's heart was not in medical studies. In 1992 he withdrew from the medical school at KNUST. The following year he travelled to the UK to study Optometry.

In 1994, Antony gained admission to Glasgow Caledonian University, Glasgow. He passed out in 1998 with a BSc. (Hons) in Optometry, MC option. Between 1998 – 1999 he did his professional registration attachment and in 2000 he was admitted into the College of Optometrists as a fully qualified optometrist. Antony loved his

profession. He read widely and sought to improve and extend his knowledge in optometry practice. He was on point with little children as well as the pensioners who came to his practice for consultation.

Much loved among his mates in school, Antony had a love for extracurricular activities-especially acting and drumming. He very happily played King Herod in the annual carols night service at St. Martin de Porres for a long time and was part of the drum team. Antony was very popular among his peers as he had a fantastic sense of humour that was forever getting him into all sorts

of scrapes. In Tech, Antony would be the life and soul of the party and was known for his famous blue high top trainers, his love for music and fashion. As sweet and as gentle as he was he ended up with the nickname 'Nasty'.

● Working life

Antony started his career as a pre-registration optometrist at the Conquest Hospital in Hastings and went on to hone his skills as an optical assistant/glazing technician at Vision Express and Specsavers. After qualification, he worked across several optometry shops including Vision Express, Tesco and Specsavers, providing his skill and expertise. His expertise was managing pre-cataract patients and binocular vision. Antony loved his job as an optometrist and took great pride in delivering his services. He was very committed to his job and diligently applied himself to every patient's care. Very well known and loved by his patients, Antony treated every patient with the highest level of respect and consideration. He had patients requesting to specifically be seen by him because he was so thorough and caring. He had a knack for picking up on underlying issues of his patients and doing everything within his power to get them the support they required.

He cherished and did not take lightly the opportunity to be of service and care for those who needed it. He was well respected by his colleagues and supported all of them in various aspects of their lives. His desire to be of service saw him spend his spare time sorting labelling and tagging old glasses for export and distribution in economically deprived countries.

● Personal Life

Antony, by nature, was kind, generous and was willing to help when needed even when it would inconvenience him. He was very private and careful of who he allowed in his space, but had a very pleasant disposition and was a joy to have around. He had a big heart for all, especially for the elderly and children, and this was evident in the way he interacted with his very young and aged patients. He was considerate of others and always wore a blue shirt to work so his autistic patients would have familiarity and not be spooked when they came to see him. He was a loved member of the Optometrists Association and was active in their work.

In his teens Antony suffered a kidney problem from a sore throat that did not heal properly and spent a few months in

hospital. He came out this strong with a firm belief that that life was meant to be lived and each day should count and had an incredible zest for life.

Antony was a fitness fanatic who exercised regularly and ate very healthily. He took up jujitsu and advanced to a green belt and went wall climbing to stay fit. He was always passing on health tips on various issues and would do further research if you asked him for clarification. He was a regular sight in the Woolwich Town Centre with his dreads, exercising before work in the morning. His great love though was biking! An avid biker he did the famous British Heart Foundation's (BHF) 60 mile London-Brighton ride for over ten years and loved to show off his medals. His bicycles were his pride and passion and occupied pride of place in his house. He regularly taught his neighbours' children how to balance and ride a bike, a task which he did very patiently.

In spite of all his efforts to stay fit he unfortunately suffered a stroke three years ago, a few days after his 49th birthday. Antony, true to form, accepted that his life had changed and that he had to live his best life! He got all the gadgets he needed to live his new reality and got on with living life. God

in his infinite wisdom blessed Antony with 3 more years. During this time, he and the family were hopeful, especially as he was making good progress in getting better. Being the fighter he was, Antony worked hard to get his strength and independence back to attain some sense of normalcy. When there was a family reunion last year, he intimated that he wanted to do the BHF London-Brighton ride in 2021 much to our excitement. So, Antony being who he is, enlisted the help of his friend Rich and got on back on his bicycle and start training for the ride. He had also gone back to tending his beloved garden and making his own meals.

Antony was an endearing member of the family and was very supportive of the rest of the family. One had only to make an enquiry about a gadget. Antony would be fired to interrogate the internet to find out all about the gadget.

Antony though he loved his gadgets, lived a very simple life and did not like a fuss. When he had to give of himself, he did so as much as he could and did not expect anything back. Antony had a big heart for everyone who crossed his path and truly valued the friendships he very carefully cultivated. He had a strong sense of fairness and used this

to ensure that the right thing was done by those who needed it. This extended beyond family. Akwelle, Oko and Tawiah, his younger siblings all enjoyed his hospitality at some point during their studies abroad. We recall with fondness the time and care he put in when he adopted Skye his dog from the Battersea Dogs Home and how he doted on her.

Antony was different. He stood out from the crowd both physically and in behaviour. He was not afraid to speak his mind and be true to himself. He drank deeply from life and lived his life as simply as he could without bothering others. He loved his music, drumming, enjoyed reading his National Geographic magazines and spending time with friends and family. And oh, how he loved his friends!! If you were lucky enough to be counted on his list of friends there was nothing he wouldn't do for you. Whatever it was you were into, whether he was into that or not, he would get excited talking with you about it or listen attentively to you talk excitedly about it.

Following his stroke, his fellowship with the local church was curtailed as his mobility was impaired and remembering details was difficult. In the last year or so though Antony built

a closer relationship with God looking forward to the evening prayer with Mummy every night before he went to bed. His 'AMEN' was always loud and full. His prayer plaque which had the Lord's Prayer (the one prayer that kept him going in his darkest days) was a constant companion at bedtime secure under his pillow and taken downstairs when he started the day.

● The farewell dance

Antony David Allotey Bulley was called home to glory on Saturday 31st October 2020 having been taken ill suddenly. Mummy spoke to a talkative and hearty Antony on the Thursday before he passed, we chatted with him on the family platform all through Thursday and Friday and he told us of a dream he had had where he was running free up Shooter's Hill where he lived; little did we know how symbolic that was. Antony, your exit from life's stage is really hard to comprehend and bear especially as you were getting back to your old self, riding your bicycle and caring for your garden. But we are comforted by the words of the hymnist William Cowper 'God is His own interpreter, and He will make it plain' We know that those we love never leave us, they walk beside us every day. Unheard but always near still loved,

still missed and very dear. Your life will remain engraved in our memories and live in the hearts of all who knew you. We loved you so much but God loves you best. We remain thankful to God that he gifted you to us and will always remember and hold you dear. He is survived by his parents, his three younger siblings. Antony David Allotey Bulley fare thee well thou child of God.

Antony, May Your Precious Soul Rest In Perfect Peace.

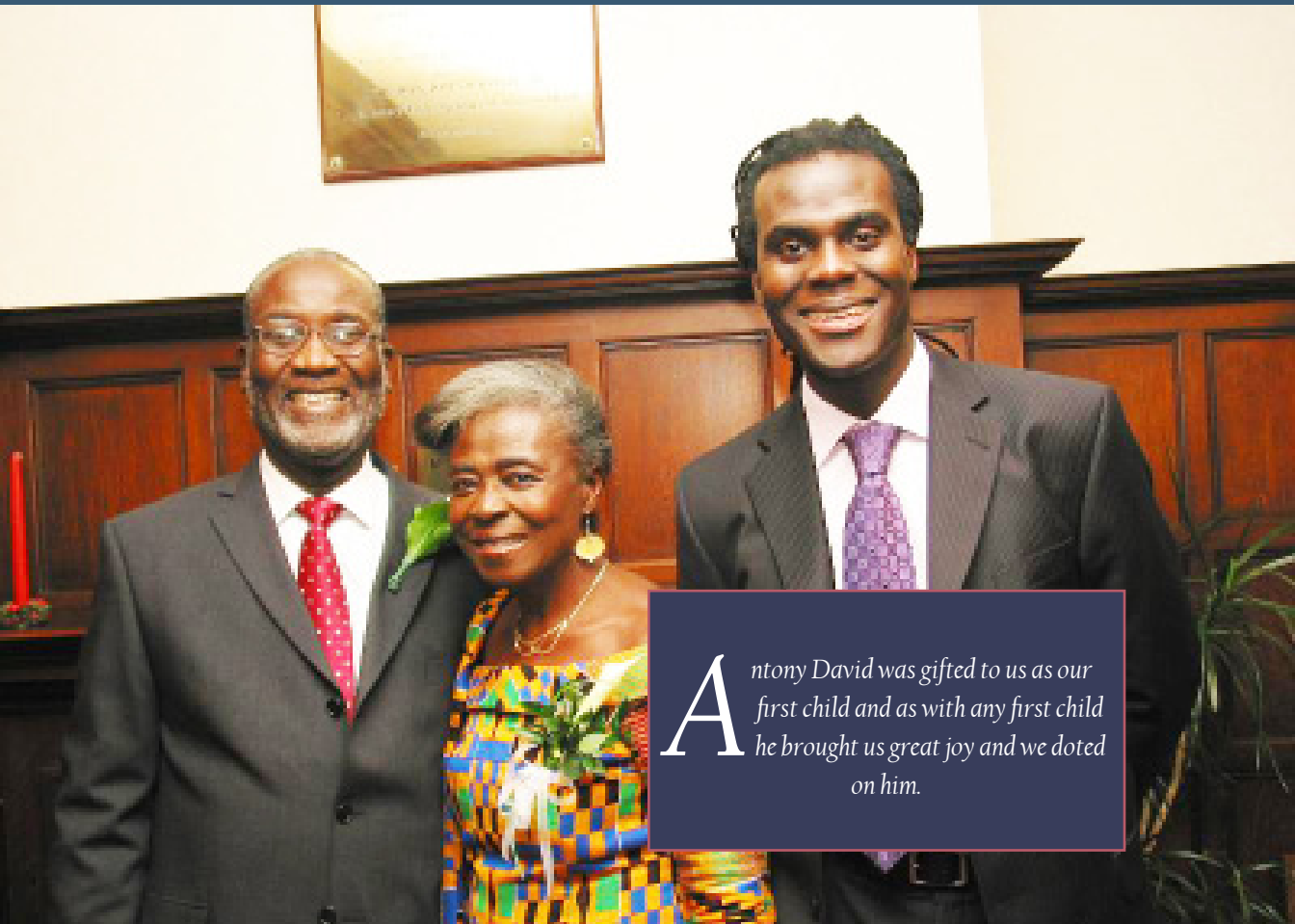
Antony Dampirifa Due, Antony Yaawodzogbaan





TRIBUTE BY
Daddy and Mummy

The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away by the evil to come. Isaiah 57:1



Antony David was gifted to us as our first child and as with any first child he brought us great joy and we doted on him.

Antony was a sweet caring child and these are traits that he carried into adulthood. Very determined he charted his path through life with all the challenges. When he was about 16 years, he suffered a serious health setback but did not let this in any way change his outlook on life; if anything at all it made him more determined to enjoy a full life and value his time with family. His tenacity and can do spirit was both an endearing and exasperating trait.

From adolescence, you had a special way with younger people and the elderly. They gelled with you easily. It was therefore no surprise that the elderly and mothers who visited your practice wherever you worked would ask for your care and if you were not available, would book an appointment for when you were on duty. We will be comforted by the songs you loved – "Children of Jerusalem" and "Joy to the world, the Lord has come".

Mummy says, "my sweetheart, my love, my beloved, my second husband. My second husband because you were so caring like your Daddy. Our joy and happiness were your priority. Words cannot describe how I feel and Daddy too. Considering what is going on in the world now, we are comforted by the above scripture Isaiah 57:1b. There are many experiences to remember you by. An example is the way you used to wrap your very long arms around me. They were like pincers but very warm, safe and full of love and affection. The name Antony will always bring us joy as before. We will always cherish how passer-by cooed at you in your pram when I went shopping in Cheltenham." You were a novelty as with the exception of another black man we were the only black family in the town

When you had your stroke, the shock was great but your indomitable spirit and positive outlook on life kept up our spirits and fuelled our belief that this was just another setback you would overcome. After the precious time spent in the UK last year with you celebrating your birthday we were both so happy with the immense progress you continued to make in getting better. A few weeks ago you told mummy about how you were able to move your left shoulder and support yourself on your left leg and we saw your videos of you on your Sunday bike rides. When you posted on Wednesday 29th October that you had dreamed you were running up Shooter's Hill we were so happy; not knowing that, that was you

running your last race. Speaking to you twice every day has become such a part of our day that the last few days have been extremely difficult. The family platform is so quiet without you. This is not how we expected to end the year. According to the law of averages, you should be around to bury us because we are much older. But alas it cannot be because God's ways are not our ways and his thoughts are not our thoughts!! We are now beginning to understand. We thank God that you built your relationship with God and we will miss the evening prayers with you that have become part of our routine. We will miss you so much.

A poem goes like this, "Those we love don't go away. They walk beside us every day, unheard but always near, still missed but ever dear".

We know you loved us so much. You have gone ahead to choose a special mansion for us to be forever with you and the Lord. Thank you, dear son. Rest in peace.





TRIBUTE FROM

Ak, Oko, Tee

Dear Antony

Now there are three of us. A part of us is gone forever. The pain that we feel is not something that we have experienced before. Antony, our Big Bruva, Bra Panyin, Bigs who embodied the good and bright for us transitioned on 31st October; so now there's just us, the devastated, the heartbroken, the left behind in a world that is a little dimmer now. Someone larger than life has left us too soon.

You were everything a big brother was supposed to be – bossy, exasperating, caring, supportive, protective, annoying and a big tease. Even when you were far away you remained our big brother watching out for us and touching our lives in your unique way. We came to you for all sorts of things knowing that if you didn't know you would know how to get it. The regular links you shared with the family from hotukdeals on various offers, especially android apps, will be missed. How can we forget the pranks you used to play on us when mummy got you that book of magic tricks? You understood each of our personalities and treated us as such, knowing when to protect us and let us make our own mistakes. We will miss the hugs you so freely gave; (you know you gave the best hugs right?) your smile, your laughter and that twinkle you got in your eyes when you were about to get mischievous.

The best brother we could have ever asked or hoped for, you were the glue that held us together telling and showing us what to do when you were strong and fit and showing us how to love unconditionally when you were unwell. You were forever checking on us and kept in touch religiously. You encouraged our love for reading, telling us what comics to read and explaining all the big words to us. When it came to declaring 'thundering typhoons' or 'blistering barnacles'

nobody did it better than you Antony! Our long vacations were filled with fun because we were sure you would take us on trips to the beach without fail, some jams somewhere or some other adventure. One thing we will miss the most is the birthday messages you would send!!! As with any siblings we had our fights big ones and small ones, but you were always quick to make amends not because 'wo sro aka y3' but because you valued and cherished the relationships you had. As we grew older we always knew the latest fashion trends because you told us what was in vogue and you bought these for us when you started working. Your generosity did not end with us; you extended it to our spouses and your nieces and nephews inundating the kids with gifts and gadgets.

You were so cool and different! Unapologetically living your life. Through your years in 'Tech' loving your kind of music; your Glasgow Cale days when you grew your dreads which cemented your place in our hearts as the coolest big bruva , to when you took up jujitsu and kite flying to the Shooters Hill days when you bought your home, you didn't just tell us, you showed us that it was important to live our lives fully and enjoy every day. We were truly in awe of you and all the things you wanted to do and did.

When you had your stroke 3 years ago, we were as bewildered as you were but we watched you fight back and knew that we would stand by you every step of the way. We know you hated being differently abled after your stroke, but you got yourself through your hardest days and carried on with life as best as you could. You remained the idol in our eyes as we watched you relearn how to fully work out the Rubik's cube; became an even bigger hero when you got on your two wheeler bike; then you declared you were going to attempt the London Brighton ride!! This was great news and we started planning round how we could train and do it with you. Of course Tawiah and Oko had to learn to ride and Akwellely had to 'polish up' her never used riding skills. Remember when you tried to teach her to ride? You were so determined that she would learn how to ride! You did not let the change in your life get to you. We watched you remain your sweet, kind self even when it was not easy. You kept your sense of humour and looked out for everyone, remaining the true gentleman and rushing to help mummy out of the chair. Your kindness paid back ehn. We have seen how your friends have rallied around you to support you and ensure that you had the best care.



Over the last year we have watched you become more of your old self and the light come back in your eyes as you were able to do the things you loved. All of us being together with mummy and daddy on your birthday last year was truly enjoyable; seeing you all loved up in spite of you thinking we were making a fuss. Naah, it was not a fuss we were loving you as you had taught us to love each other. Gosh we will miss you and your wicked sense of humour and your ability to see the humour in serious situations. The names you gave us; 'Gbamti' or the 'T' for your beloved Tee, 'Odartey' for your baby brother Oko and 'Ak' for your fight companion Akwellely.

In all of your trials these last 3 years you have shown us more than ever that life is about relationships that we have, that we should live our lives fully and fearlessly, think of each day as precious and value it. Thank you for being the best big brother we could ask for. We will do you proud! We will learn to ride the bikes and who knows London Brighton might just see us! Don't worry too much about mummy and daddy. They know you are resting and free from pain. We are here for them always. Sleep tight Bigs! Know that we will always carry you in our hearts wherever we go.

*Love you
Ak, Ko, Tee
Xxxx*



TRIBUTE FROM

Nephews And Nieces

Uncle Anthony was one of those people we expected to would live forever, like, to see our kids even. Although he did not live in Ghana we knew him and were in awe of him as he was our cool uncle who got us the things that mummy and daddy usually wouldn't.

He was fearless and free, with dreadlocks that dared you to stop and stare.

We remember Uncle Anthony finding out what our interests were and remembering them. Asking Baffour if he liked music, about five or six years back meant that he got him earphones then two years ago a giant portable speaker because "Baffour you said you liked music"

Uncle Anthony probably put more interest in our interests than we did.

Adukwei's love for rollerskating caught his attention and so he got her a pair just as he got Akwasi a "build yourself an engine" set when he declared he wanted to be an engineer. How could we forget Manye and her famous guitar she got as a Christmas present when she said wanted to learn to play it. We remember all this and think "how are we going to go on, now that you're gone? Who is going to get us the things our parents think are unnecessary? But being who he was Uncle Antony would want us to go on anyways because he was strong, positive and had the most determined can do spirit so we will carry on and make you proud.

When we think about Uncle Anthony, we think about forever. we just may not know how long forever is truly meant to last, but we know that he lived a happy and

fruitful life. Uncle Antony to say we miss you sounds inadequate, but words aren't enough to speak of the pain so we just hope you see our hearts from above and smile. We love you, Uncle Anthony.

Baffour, Manye, Akwasi, Aku, Papa Nii, Adukwei





DARE TO BE DIFFERENT

Cecilia Priddy

'I am UNIQUE..I am SPECIAL ...I am ME'

This is what comes to mind, as I tried to define who Antony was... Exactly all of the above.

That huge physical presence spoke volumes, but his soul warmly kindled the fire that most of us did not have the courage and tenacity to fan into flames.

Antony and I became buddies whilst living in South Odorkor, and both students at KNUST. 'Is he your friend? What do you two talk about?' I got questioned everywhere Accra, Kumasi, London..

One needs not to have known him for long to experience the difference he brings to all spheres of life. Once in a while we all meet people during our life journeys who come and stir our nests, challenge our prejudiced minds, change the status quo and reposition the goal posts. Confusing and disturbing, but that is who he was in a good way. For God is a genius who created each of us body, soul and spirit with our own unique patent that cannot be replicated.

*Antony you have manifested that;
'There is no perfect life, no perfect job, no perfect childhood, no perfect marriage and no perfect set of people who will always do what we expect them to do. What we do have is a perfect God who is able to lead us through an imperfect life with unifying strength, impeccable wisdom and infinite love'*

Also that a 'Meaningful life is not by being rich, popular, highly educated or by being perfect, it's about being real, humble and being able to share ourselves, and touch the lives of others.'

And you've projected that. Without fear or favour, with that look in your eyes and the smile on your face – as you explained, that music was about the poetry in the lyrics and the joyful feeling the sounds elicits. The different genres were just an expression of culture. Photography was all about capturing beyond what the ordinary eye cannot see.

"Eno! Riding is the ultimate freedom". Teasing me as I never learnt how to ride a bicycle nor swim. Imagine all this and more coming from the widely read Optometrist and extremely

knowledgeable British English, Ga and Twi speaking African Giant.

Menua, this one cuts deep! The sharp pain hurts! Will the bleeding ever stop?

We seek comfort in the Lord our God for 'Even the darkest night will end, and the sun will rise' and 'like the moon we must go through phases of emptiness to feel full again'.

Thank you for the numerous gifts and bike visits - Plumstead to Richmond! The added Blessing of your family. Daddy, Sweetheart Mummy, Oko, Akwelle and Tee 'My' siblings'.

Sleep well my friend and brother – and just as you would have ended it...With laughter.

"Ehh ENO"... Nice One!





TRIBUTE FROM

Victor Yaw Asante

Antony and I knew each other casually in our Dansoman neighbourhood. We shared many more things than is apparent. It was when both of us were dragged by our parents to reluctantly re-write some of our 'A' level papers that we got close. We took physics classes in Achimota School while we went through our national service and waited to enter the university.

Antony's first influence on me was the 'walkman' influence. Going for our classes on Motown campus, we had his mum's orange VW Beetle. Perhaps, our 'walkmans' were to make up for the car brand. We succeeded, and I became a student of Antony's music and style. His next major influence was the investment into a stone wash denim jacket.

The Bulleys are a close knit family and you do not become a friend to one of them in isolation. Soon, I was going through the informal examination through 'harmless' conversations with mummy and daddy, followed by his siblings. The day Mr. Bulley, Antony and I went on a trip around Accra together in daddy's BMW, was

my confirmation that I had cleared the hurdle. My initiation into the BMW and Mercedes Benz battle for supremacy also started.

I made a detour through University of Ghana, Legon, before I arrived at Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology (KNUST), precisely to Katanga, to join Antony for first year. While in Legon, I had gone to check on the progress of my "Tech" pharmacy admission. There, Antony and I went to swim, play basketball, then ended up at the Junior Common Room (JCR) to hang out. By the end of that day, I knew I had to be in Tech or die. I simply transferred my application forms from the pharmacy department to the agriculture department, got my

admission sorted, then moved into the residence at Katanga even before my dad knew what was going on. It was my first major blow out with my Dad as a young adult.

In our first year, Antony was the rap music guy, Patrick Ansah (Patans) the jazz music guy and I was the R&B guy. We attacked each other's choice but in the end we complimented each other very well.

Antony's insistence on being different was admirable and curious at the same time. Trademark jeans, t-shirts, walkman, knapsack, sneakers and rap music. Add this to a height of six feet and four inches, big hands and shoe size 14 and Antony was unmissable.

Two incidents stand out that I go on to recount.

The first one was in first year when Antony fell very ill from malaria. I sent a note to Mrs. Bulley because Antony had gone on admission at Tech hospital but was refusing to go home. The day after, Mr. and Mrs. Bulley arrived to fetch Antony. When we got to the parking area of the hall, a few Katanga guys were examining Mr. Bulley's BMW 5 series car. So everyone saw a weak Antony being let into the back



seat of the car, and eased onto well-arranged pillows. As weak as Antony felt, he recognized the moment as defining. Serious street cred was about to be lost. He gave me a 'gbonyo' look and I grinned back in triumph. I had demystified Antony Bulley and ensured that he was seen as a hopeless dadaba.

The second one happened in second year when I was running for a hall executive position. I was in my room when a few friends came to tell me Antony was busily putting up posters to help my campaign. The problem,

however, was that the messaging and style of the posters would do more harm than good. “Word Up!” “Yo!” “Time for the Big Time”. To cut a long story short, the damage was massive for a very conservative crowd who had been handed enough evidence of our “elitism”. The derogatory phrase “Katanga – Repu” was cemented.

When Antony left medical school after three years to pursue optometry in UK, little did we know it will take nearly a decade to see each other physically again. Everything had changed, but nothing had changed. The dreadlocks were touching his waist, the rap music was toning down, new hobbies had come and gone. At the core of it all, Antony remained unique.

Over the last two decades, through the karate years, through the kite years, through the drumming years, through the wall and mountain climbing years, through the gadget years, through the biking years; the more things changed, the more they remained the same.

Three years ago Antony was preparing for a surprise appearance at the

celebration of mummy and daddy’s 50th wedding anniversary at Mount Olivet Methodist Church in Dansoman. Alas, man proposes but God disposes. It was a very tough Sunday the day after the event, when we all gathered to call Antony in hospital after a bad accident just before his intended travel to Ghana. It was an even tougher Sunday on 1st November, 2020 when we gathered to console mummy and daddy and ourselves after news came in that Antony had been recalled by his maker.

Antony lived, Antony loved, Antony laughed and Antony was the most liberated person who ever lived.

He didn’t hang around to compromise on how he wanted to live. He is probably looking at us with his trademark big smirk, wondering why all the fuss because he decided to check out, because he couldn’t do things his way anymore, with his physical limitation.

Antony lived his way and left us his way.

Rest well, my brother.



TRIBUTE FROM

Claud Joojo Abban

*When I was asked to write a tribute to Antony,
I simply said "what can I say. Where do I begin?"*

In attempting to eulogise this gentle giant brother of mine, I found myself choking at the thought of speaking about Antony in the past tense. Antony was a true brother, not the kind your parents gave you, but what God gifted you. And I am truly blessed to have had him in my life. Auntie Aggie and my late mother were work colleagues and good friends. This brought our families very close together. Antony and I happened to be first born children in our families, and destiny kept bestowing commonalities on us.

When Antony decided to join me in Glasgow to study optometry, I couldn't hold back my excitement and put in a strong word at the admissions office. I soon had a brother with whom I shared not only a common background and experience, but also looked forward to

sharing the tapestry of life. We shared a lot of thoughts, advice, worries, joy, and oh ROOTS MUSIC. Antony was so good at convincing me to try new things, such as food, music and especially, technology.

Antony would do anything for his friends, but would avoid being a bother to anyone. His reason for not picking my calls or telling me he had had a stroke was he knew I will drop everything and come down to London and he didn't want to bother me! He truly loved his parents and siblings and wouldn't stop talking about them. Anyone who knows Antony would know his love for keeping fit, his bicycles, his music and love for a good bargain! I will sorely miss that.

Antony, after his initial stroke, fought hard and made an impressive recovery,

even riding his bicycle again and talking about returning to work. After one of our chats on the phone, I promised to go and see him after that weekend. Adorkor called me on Sunday with the devastating news that Antony had passed on.

Everyone who met Antony had a good word to say about him. Antony was inspirational, courteous, helpful, cheerful, positive, handsome, intelligent, oh and I can go on and on about this great man.

The good certainly die young. I do and will always miss you, Antony.
May God keep you till we meet again.

COOL RUNNINGS.

Joojo





TRIBUTE BY HIS

MATES AT KATANGA HALL KNUST



Our entry into University was delayed by a few months and instead of an October 1988 start date, we entered Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology (KNUST) in early February, 1989. Our great expectations of what lay ahead for the next stage of our lives were heightened by the fact that we were taking up residency in the famous University Hall, more popularly known as Katanga Hall.

As we all settled in the “Zongo Lane”, reserved for first year students, there was a natural tendency for us to gravitate towards friends from our previous schools and neighbourhoods. There was this one striking, cannot be missed, very tall, very energetic guy with a jeans culture we all noticed very quickly.

Antony Bulley had entered ‘Tech’ from St. Peters Secondary School Nkwatia to study medicine. Everybody said he looked like he had come from Motown to study liberal arts. He simply defied stereotyping. Antony was a cosmopolitan figure who lived life on his own terms. He loved rap music, he played loud music and he went everywhere in jeans, his walkman and a backpack.

When he returned from England after first year long vacation with a ghetto blaster, he established the ‘Hood’ - a small community of people- and preached his mantra of “Big time or no time at all”; played even louder rap music and insisted that rap was the music of choice. Rappers like LL Cool Jay, Naughty by Nature and NWA were made famous by Antony and music like ‘I need love’ and ‘OPP’ were

burnished into the heads of anyone in or close to “The Hood”. His infatuation with the ‘80s African-American lifestyle made him a stand out figure loved or avoided in equal measure.

He was always smiling, always correcting English, always laughing loud and always unsettling people around him. Antony was the guy who asked you for toothpaste or sugar and then reprimanded you for your poor choice of paste brand or for giving him white instead of brown sugar.

“Big Time or No Time at All”; “All or Nothing” were intended to be harmless rallying cries to motivate, but they became the defining description of Antony’s outlook to life. His nickname ‘Nasty’ was from rap music but got misunderstood to be for his nature.

Antony was that big guy with big feet, big hands and a big personality. There was that famous discussion that Antony once had to use his bare hands in an anatomy practical session in medical school, because his hands did not fit into any of the available gloves. Legend also had it that back in St. Peters school, there was a long procession of students to go and have a look at the feet of his dad when he once came to visit him.

An endearing incident was when Antony lost his jeans and wrote a notice for the Katanga notice board thus; “The chap who peeled my denim off the drying line should please return it to me”. Katanga Boys spent many days discussing the style of the message and not the unfortunate incident of the stolen pair of jeans. In the end, the verdict was that Antony was not serious enough to deserve the usual effort Katanga puts into fishing out thieves.

After three years of Medical School, Antony relocated to UK to train as an Optometrist. Before departing, he had inspired Katanga to its very first “Katanga Goes Yankee” during the annual hall week Celebration.

Antony was a gentle giant caught in a time loop in our Katanga days. No one will ever forget Antony.

The “Rest Not’ days of Katanga are over now. Rest in Peace, Antony.



A TRIBUTE TO MY BELOVED FRIEND

BY JOAN GREAN



I first met Antony when he and his wonderful parents came to my place of work in Hampstead NW3 back in the 80s. I knew straight away our friendship would last a lifetime, forged in gold from that day onwards, that wonderful smile of his was etched firmly in my mind's eye! He always kept in touch even when at uni in Glasgow and later at placements in various hospitals. He studied hard and had many academic achievements, but would always take time to pop in to see me when he was in London town.

As the years passed, our friendship grew. He was so happy living in Greenwich and we shared many happy times walking Sky around Shooters Hill, mind you.. he could climb Everest, my little Irish legs often struggled going up that hill! We spent wonderful warm

hazy days holding hands, laughing, chatting whilst walking Chester and Sky on Hampstead Heath. Life was beautiful. We loved arriving at the carpark in his Smart car... what a sight to behold. How we laughed when people would stand and stare in awe at us as we would clamber out of the tiny car, one by one...this handsome tall 6"4 man with a beautiful akita, followed by a huge German shepherd and a little Irish Coleen! (With short legs)

Gosh, how he loved his sports, from martial arts to cycling. Always doing the London to Brighton ride, biking around London when locuming ..teaching the local kids mentoring, unicycling, helping with computing (gadget man, I often joked as he loved electronics) and doing so much for his local community.. fit as a fiddle and enjoying life to the fullest. He even managed to include

some salsa classes. Now that's a story for another time!

His kindness, values and morals had a huge impact on anyone who were lucky enough to get to know him. He was so generous with his time and

knowledge and was caring to a fault. I am so proud and so lucky to have him as a friend and I cherish all the wonderful times we spent together, especially our Christmases. Carols from king's followed by a super dinner and endless chats.

I loved going drumming with him in Camden market, he introduced me to the wonderful world of drumming, that magical sound of African drums. He was so proud of his heritage and often spoke of Ghana and his wonderful family there.

Antony my beloved friend, life will never be the same without you. I love you and always have, it makes me proud to call myself your friend and I know one day we shall meet again, and until then, rest in peace.

I extend my deepest condolences to all the family and I shall light some candles for you all and I ask God to help you through this great sadness.

*"For with God, nothing is impossible, if we trust in God we can get through anything."
Luke 1:37.*





TRIBUTE FROM DAL BAHAI

There are so many happy memories of Tony that it would take years to tell them all. But there is one that I always go back to every so often. As anybody who knew Tony, he was the life and soul of any party. Whether organising his own or DJ'ing at other people's parties, Tony was always in demand when I used to hang out with him in Glasgow.

Unlike so many other people, Tony didn't feel the need to fit in to be popular, his constantly cheery and inquisitive character always drew people to him, not to mention his striking presence, he didn't get the name 'Big Tony' by accident. It was at one of these parties that someone I'd never met came up to me and asked why Tony didn't drink (alcohol). After fielding this question so many times, for some reason I said "Because he doesn't feel the need to prove anything to anybody, ...Because he has inner peace". It put the question to rest and I thought nothing more of it. As with many of my stories of Tony, many weeks went by and Tony came around my flat and was sat draped (literally) across my armchair just silently watching TV with me. Out of the blue, he turned to me and asked "Did you tell someone that I don't drink because I have Inner Peace?". Taken aback, as I'd long forgotten





about this, I said that I had. He then left a pause and said, “I like that explanation”, turned back to the TV and continued watching it. For some reason, this has stuck with me for the past 20 years. Every so often, for no particular reason, I will recall the moment and replay it so vividly in my mind that I could be there at that moment in time. In many ways, Tony was always confident and at peace with himself, the friendships that he built over those years proved that.

TRIBUTE FROM ASH THAPAR

I have known Tony now for over 20 years. He always used to come to my shop and we became good friends. When he came, we used to chill and talk about all his new technology that he bought and the funny customers that we both had to deal with. He was even friends with my family. Tony was an amazing, kind, caring and generous person who never wanted a thing of anyone, but was always there to help. He was passionate about his bikes, loved being active from his cycling to his pogo stick. Nothing could stop him. He loved a bargain and was always on his computer getting up to mischief.

I can't believe Tony is not here with us anymore. He will truly be missed by all that knew him. I will most certainly feel a gap where his presence used to be. May you rest in peace Tony.



TRIBUTE BY GABRIELLA MOLINA

I met Antony in November 2019 - a beautiful soul, a courageous human and I became his carer. It became more than that straight away because we became close friends. Antony would love to tell the most beautiful stories. We would spend lots of time talking about his childhood of being raised in Ghana, his love of his culture, his parents, and all the adventures he would have with his siblings. I felt I was momentarily being transported to his wonderful country. His descriptive narrative was so clear. He spoke so much about his mother and her delicious cooking and her incredible work as a midwife. He spoke with such pride when he spoke about her.

Another true love of his was his bikes and when he spoke about riding, he would light up. Journeying down to Brighton and his dear friend Richard, a fellow bike rider. I would listen intently too embarrassed to tell him I didn't ride a bike. One day I will always hold dear was the day he asked me to take him out on his bike. I was petrified but knew how much it meant to him and how determined he was and I was not going to get in the way of that. With my heart in my mouth clutching the tail of the bike, I just prayed and off he went, with me running like a mad woman behind. He was ecstatic. When we got back home safely, I told him I didn't know how to ride a bike and I will never forget his laugh. He was completely fearless it was





admirable. We had a shared passion for reggae and he would play it loudly whilst I cleaned and we would sit and talk about the different reggae festivals across the globe. My time with Antony was a joy he was always positive always looked at life like an adventure. He was never down. We had such precious times. Nothing was ever too heavy or too much. In fact, he worried about everyone else.

Antony was an inspiration in my life and always will be. I am so grateful for the time I had with him and know he is doing all those amazing tricks on his bike in heaven.

TRIBUTE FROM MATT FITZPATRICK

My name is Matt and I've known Antony for 18 years now. We first met at my Vodafone store in Woolwich when I was just 22 years old. One morning I see this Giant with dreadlocks skid up to the shop entrance on his BMX, Built like a tank! I was a little taken aback at first, but it soon became clear he was here for a bargain! And boy was he a tough sale. After a long back and forth, we finally agreed on a price and let's just say my manager wasn't too happy with the discount I used, but then was quite happy when Antony



stated he worked in Spec Savers up the road, and he was actually looking for some new glasses. He soon became my optician, and not long after a real close friend. We would speak for hours on end about Life, Health, Music, Technology, Culture, Bikes, Fitness, Bargains and the prettiest women working on Powis Street. He helped me a lot with my Type 1 diabetes and got me to a special eye clinic unaware when I had Diabetic retinopathy. Writing this now, I'm thinking of what words comes to mind when I'm thinking of Antony, and here are just a few in the years to have known him - Caring, Strong, Thoughtful, Genuine, Courageous, Humorous, Determined, Encourager, Compassionate, Genius, Thankful, Biker and Reggae man.

“Antony if you are parked up with your bike on the side of the clouds watching right now, I just want to Thank-you for being my pal, I'm going to miss our little chats, the laughs, the wisdom. Who's going to remind me to get my eyes checked? I promise I'll keep the blood glucose in range, I will keep your wisdom for the rest of my life pal, and cherish all the laughs we had. Never forgotten! Take care my friend and look forward to seeing you on the other side.

TRIBUTE BY HELEN AND COLIN GARLAND

Antony was our next door neighbour and friend for 19 years. He was always very friendly, would get on with everyone and be willing to help at any time. Antony's outlook on life, determination, bravery and courage was an inspiration to us all.

Colin and Antony shared a love of fitness and cutting the grass, and spent many hours discussing both! One Saturday evening in the summer, Colin asked where Antony was going - he said he was going out on a 40km cycle ride just for fun! His love of cycling was legendary around Shooters Hill.

When our daughter Elizabeth turned 18, we had a party for her and her friends in our garden. Colin mentioned to Antony that there would be loud music late into the night and his comment was “louder the better” a great response from a wonderful neighbour. Helen's Dad was also very fond of Antony and on many occasions the two of them would chat away together across the garden.

It was lovely to meet Antony's parents, brother, sisters and niece last year in celebration of his

TRIBUTE FROM RICHARD AND HANNAH WAKEFIELD



big birthday, such a beautiful, loving, warm family.

We were very privileged to have known Antony for the last 19 years. His passing has come as a terrible shock and loss to us and he will be solely missed around the neighbourhood by many, many people. We will never forget you Antony - God bless you.

Antony. 242 pounds of kindness, goodness and joy. We are beyond devastated to have lost such a wonderful friend, a truly remarkable man, a perfect gentleman, and a real example of the way that God wanted us to live our lives. Your determination and sheer will to live life to the full, despite so much adversity in recent years, has taught us how to live our lives. You are an inspiration to us all.

You were not afraid to stand out from the crowd. You didn't conform to societal norms, and you had time for everyone. You were never in a rush, always happy to help people and stop and chat. You were a local celebrity, known and loved by all. You loved fitness, gadgets, bargains, kites, listening to freakonomics on the radio and expanding your mind and knowledge. If we ever needed to borrow something, we knew you'd have it. Your perseverance to get back on the bike and be able to ride again after your stroke was astounding. You never gave up your hopes and dreams or let anything hold you back. You were so easy-going, and always grateful for what you had. Every time we met, we went away feeling positive and

encouraged. You had the most amazing smile, infectious, always able to light up the room and you challenged and changed the way another person was feeling.

We believe that God made us in His own image and we couldn't think of a better example of such godly characteristics than you Antony. You were so generous, thoughtful and caring and always had time for our children, Magnus and Samson who loved you so much - their own real life BFG (big friendly giant). Thank you for all you did for them and for the way that you inspired them to always persevere, to always have hope and to always smile. You enriched this world and everyone in it, that you connected with. We miss you so much Antony, and each of us cherish the time we spent with you. We are eternally grateful and privileged to have known you and called you our friend, and more than that - you were a part of our family. You were truly one of the very best people on earth, and it is now a far poorer place without you. We will never ever forget you. Enjoy your heavenly bike rides. No more pain, no more struggle.

Until we meet again. A true friend, a brother, a legend.

TRIBUTE FROM LEWIS BHOBHO

Like many of us who knew Antony, it was through our working together. Antony was a great colleague, but I also had the pleasure of calling him my friend.

I speak for all of colleagues when I say how very much he will be missed. One of the best things about having Antony as a colleague and friend was that, he was always prepared to help you out if ever you needed it. On a personal level, every one of us who knew Antony and worked alongside him whether things were going well or badly will remember him with great affection.



When all is said and done, however much you like your work, it's the people that you meet along the way that really matter and colleagues like Antony become a true friend.

*Antony we are really going to miss you.
RIP my friend.*





IN MEMORY OF BRO. ANTONY

Nene, Niki, Akuyo Quarmyne



I had the “misfortune” of being the only boy, sandwiched between two sisters but Bro Antony as we called him made all of that easy. He was an influential male figure in my life. Bro. Antony was more than a big brother to me and my sisters. He cared genuinely about us and had our best interest at heart. Growing up, most of our weekends were spent with the Bulleys. On Saturdays, Antony would drive over with one of his siblings and along with my sisters, we would climb into mummy’s orange VW Beetle and head over to the Bulleys for the day. Some of my favorite childhood memories are from those weekends with the Bulleys. Bro Antony helped me understand what growing up into my teen years was all about. He was honest and transparent with me about facts in any given situation.

He introduced me to rap music as we called it back then and because some of the lyrics were inappropriate, he would explain to me the importance of not using such words. My first “Public Enemy” CD was a gift from Antony. He was my big brother - we talked about everything including music, cars, relationships and careers. Technology was his passion and to me, he always had the latest and coolest gadgets. Before he left for London in the 90s, he gave me an electronic chess game which I never learnt to use. I still have the game and will always cherish it. Life took us to different parts of the world and we lost contact until 2015 when we reconnected. Our last communication was in August of this year. Like many of our family and friends, I am still finding it hard to process that, it would be our final one. Bro. Antony, rest peacefully in the bosom of our Lord till we meet again.

Nene Quarmyne, with my sisters Niki & Akuyo



A TRIBUTE BY

Pat Gearey



'This is for my dear friend Antony.

Firstly, he will be missed greatly every day as a very dear friend to me and my wife. A man who would never accept the difficulties that were put upon him when he suffered a stroke some time ago and, with great determination, he managed to ride his bike again as he used to previously.

We were communicating on a daily basis, sharing stories and laughing at jokes, and not once did he ever complain. One of his most recent texts was telling me about a bike ride he took with the details of the route he took, finishing by saying that it had started to rain and 'it was bliss'.

He loved life and quite often would reminisce about his days at university in Scotland. Antony was a man of great stature in both size and good nature, always having a big smile for everybody who came in contact with him. He was a very popular man on our housing estate, with a greeting for everyone, and was described by one as a "gentle giant". Once he met someone, they became a friend for life.

*He leaves a great void in our lives and is in our thoughts every day.
from Patrick'*



A TRIBUTE FROM

UNCLE KING AND FAMILY, LONDON



'Farewell and partings may bring grief and the sorrow can be hard to bear but some day, those who know the Lord will meet in heaven with Him.'

It is with great sadness that we, the Magnusen Family, find ourselves writing this tribute to Antony. We were and are still devastated to hear of your sudden departure from this world. The first time I met Antony was when I went to collect Mr and Mrs Bulley together with Antony at Tema Harbour, Ghana on their return from the United Kingdom. Antony was then a toddler. Antony was a happy boy, always wearing a big smile. He was kind, gentle and extremely courteous. I would often see Antony when the family visited us in our house in North Kaneshie. Antony was in secondary school when I left Ghana for the UK in 1979.

My family and I were very privileged to rekindle our relationship with Antony when he came to the UK to further his education. He contacted me immediately and I was very pleased to see him after all these years. In London Antony became a regular visitor to the house. He would visit us most Saturdays, assisting us with any problems we had. He would patiently help me with any problems I have with the computer, my mobile phone, any technical problem. Antony was always willing to help.

I remember when Antony was preparing to leave for Scotland, where he studied for his degree. He asked my wife Becky to teach him how to cook some Ghanaian

dishes. He would spend Saturdays, in the kitchen, learning to make jollof, banku and chicken stew. Anyone who knew Antony would know that it was important to him what he put in his body.

After his graduation Antony returned to London and worked as an Optician for Specsavers. He continued to visit us most weekends and help us anyway he could. Antony was respected and well -liked by our circle of friends and family. He was always polite, cheerful, generous and thoughtful of others.

In 2015 when tragedy struck our family, Antony was running around, back and forth, doing his might to lift some of the weight off our shoulders.

Antony has been part of our family for over 30 years. He was one of the kindest, generous and most loving people you would ever meet. His passing has left a big hole in our hearts.

May his soul rest in perfect peace.



A POEM OF COMFORT I AM FREE

*Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free,
I'm now following the path God laid for me.
I took his hand when I heard his call,
I turned my back and left it all.
I could not stay another day,
To laugh, to love, to work, to play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I've found that peace at the end of the day.
If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship shared , a laugh, a kiss,
Ah, yes, these things too I will miss.
Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.*

*My life's been full, I savoured much,
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief.
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me.
God wanted me now, He set me free*

*Antony has gone but never forgotten. He left
a legacy that will live in our minds forever.*



A TRIBUTE FROM

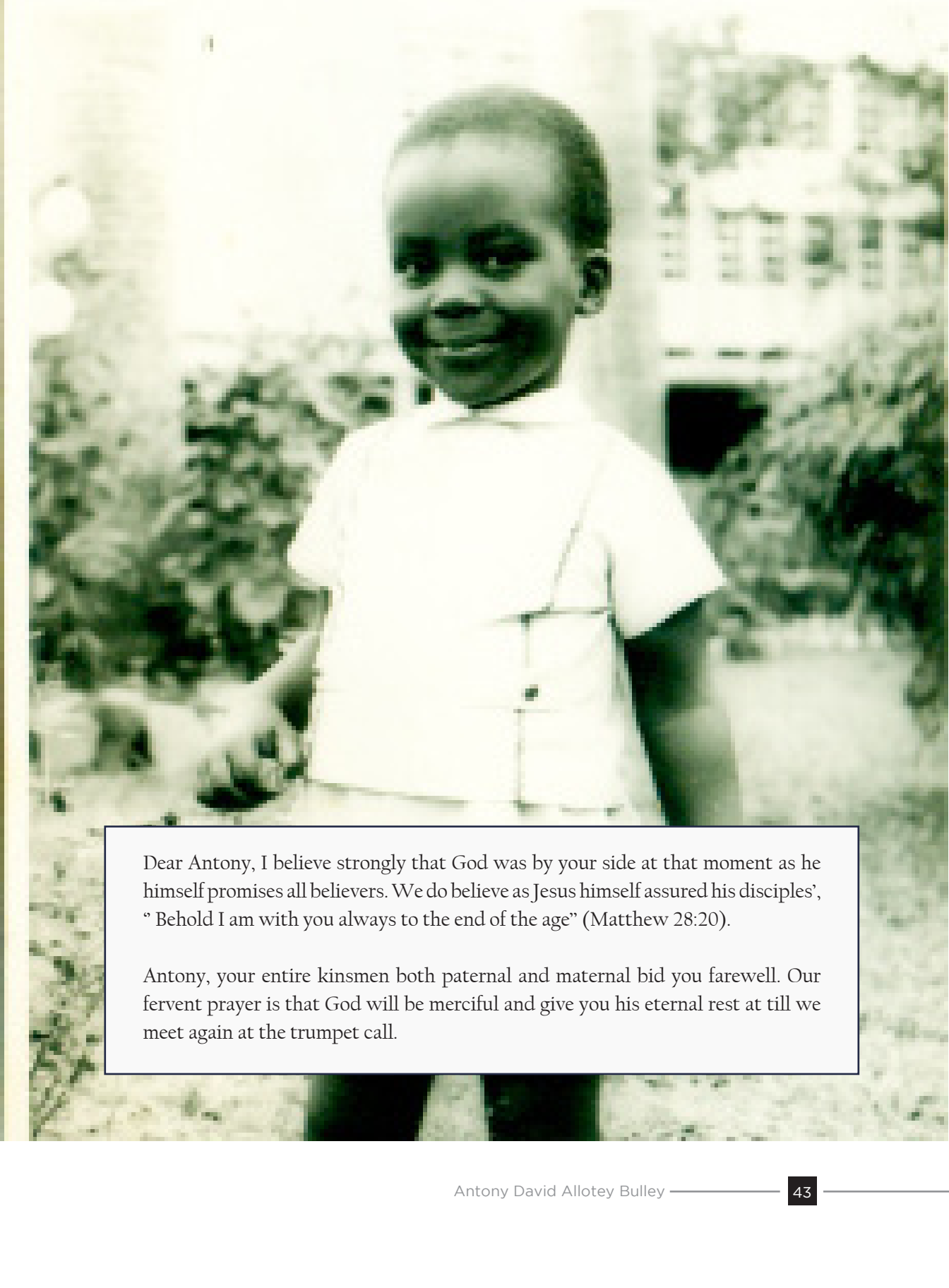
AUNTIE LIZ (MRS. ELIZABETH ASANTE)



Antony, I call to memory your arrival from England to Ghana in October 1969 having been brought home by your mum and dad after their studies and work abroad.

Your grandma and uncles and aunties from your different extended families, extended so much love and were happy to have you around. You would regularly be seen bouncing and playing football around. When the ball went away from you you would call your young uncle, Wofa Yaw Wusu, aged around 12 then fervently to retrieve the ball for you or whenever you were faced with the slightest difficulty. Usually you would often be heard calling “Yaw, go and retrieve my ball for me”. Your grandmother, our mother, in an effort to let you know our Akan custom and to show respect for your uncle would often times shout across the proper appellation for your uncle. So the entire family young and old alike adopted the name Wofa Yaw for our Pastor Uncle Rev. Michael Essel of Grace Outreach Church.

Antony, both the Bulley and Essel and allied families received the news of your passing in tears. Your dad and mum are devastated by the news of your passing. Characteristic of all mothers, your mother has been lamenting the issue of who was close by in your last moments in hospital. In her frustration, and characteristic of a mother in grief, her concern has been centred on the issue of who was close by your side during those critical last moments of your life.



Dear Antony, I believe strongly that God was by your side at that moment as he himself promises all believers. We do believe as Jesus himself assured his disciples', "Behold I am with you always to the end of the age" (Matthew 28:20).

Antony, your entire kinsmen both paternal and maternal bid you farewell. Our fervent prayer is that God will be merciful and give you his eternal rest at till we meet again at the trumpet call.



A TRIBUTE FROM

Uncle Ben, Auntie Wilma & Family



What a loss? Antony our gentle giant, full of passion and admiration.

There is no doubt that we will not forget Antony's caring nature and warmth.

Matthew 5:4 “Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.”

Hearing about the loss of Antony Bulley filled us all with mixed emotions, mainly sadness and shock. We were all looking forward to the day when he would cycle to our door again. There is no doubt that all of us, friends and family are mourning in what is still shocking and unwelcome news.

Antony was a good addition to the Laryea and Larbie households. Antony had a wealth of knowledge that he was always willing to share with everyone around him. He listened, learned and shared anecdotes with everyone he encountered from all walks of life. Antony was a trusted and kind hearted gentleman guided by his principles. He was always a joy to be around, never passing judgement and had an impeccable moral compass.

Antony's passion for keeping fit was one we admired greatly, he told us stories about his never-ending bike rides. In fact, he told us about a venture which involved making smoothies which in-spired us to take a leaf out of his book and invest in a smoothie maker. Eventually, that led us to discover many recipes that we could exchange with him.

We will miss Antony's feedback when Auntie Wilma served a delightful spread. He would always serve himself a small plate whilst deciphering which element of the meal he liked most. He would politely ask if he could have a second helping. With this you would hear a story reminiscent of his youth in Ghana, with every mouthful of food and sip of his Supermalt another exciting story would ensue. In return Antony felt that it was his duty to clear the table and wash the dishes, woe betide you if you tried to decline his offer to help!

Antony always knew where to get the best deal, and how to make your pound last a little bit longer. You would ask him a question about anything technical and would always say "I'll look into it." True to his word, he would. You would receive the most elaborate text message explaining why, what, when and where with all the information you could ask for. We will be at a loss without these text messages, screenshots or just a random picture of his latest discoveries whilst being out on his bicycle!

From Uncle Ben and Auntie Wilma and family, Antony you will be missed. May your soul Rest in Peace.

Yaawo Dzogbaa.





A TRIBUTE FROM

SAMUEL OPOKU-BOADU (SIMOO)



Philippians 1:21 - For to me, to live is Christ and to die is gain

It was the first days in form one in St Peters Secondary School in Nkwatia, Kwahu, that I run into Tony Bulley as he was popularly called. As a young innocent “Dada Ba” as my classmates in school used to incessantly tease me about, we instantly gravitated towards each other. Our feelings for each other was very mutual. We were so close to each other that we shared everything we had and our relationship progressed to involve both our individual families. It was that deep that his Father was the obvious choice to be the Chairman when I tied the knot so many years later.

What made Tony so unique was the size of his shoes which was easily the largest foot in the whole school. He jokingly said his Dad always had to order custom made shoes for him. During our time in school his prowess for the English language was so exceptional that all our classmates always consulted him on matters pertaining to the language. He was a very well liked, generous and affable Dude, and despite his giant towering stature you will be the Devil himself not to get along with him.

We parted company briefly in 1985 when I left him at St Peters to do my Sixth Form in Presec, Legon. But as fate will have it we caught up again in KNUST in 1988 when he was the obvious candidate to be my roommate again in Katanga Hall. His exuberance and highly infectious nature and good humor endeared him to all during our Zongo days in Katanga leading him to form the Hood, a pseudo

arbitrary group of Katanga Dudes, that made a lot of noise and had lots of fun during our first years in the University. During this time he informed us that we should now call him “Nasty” wherever that came from. “Nasty Bulley” was indeed one who always described himself as a non-conformist, and was very set in his own ways as was evident in his style of dressing as reminiscent of one who came from the inner ghettos of a typical New York inner city.

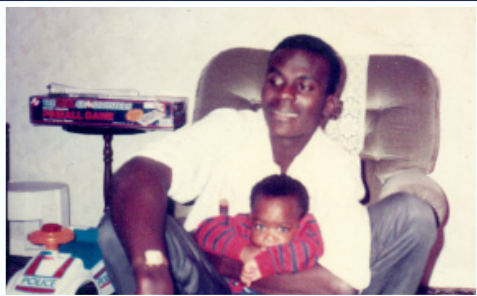
My good friend fortunately or unfortunately decided to drop out of medical school to pursue a degree in Optometry in England in the early eighties and as fate will have it, I lost physical contact with him for a period of at least 28 years until due to my persistence I managed to track him down in the year 2018 when I visited him in England. Prior to that, we had intermittent contact with each other via social media, and for the first time since he left Ghana he remembered to send me a birthday wish this year. I was so touched that he still remembered the date, but in hindsight, it appeared it was a signal that he was preparing to bow out.

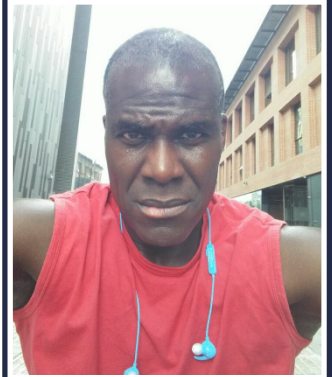
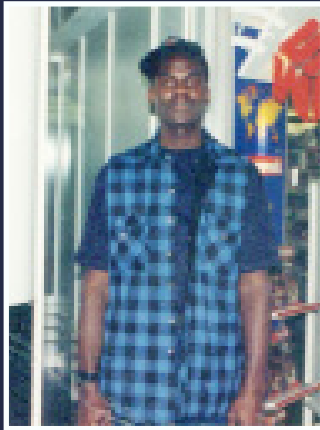
It is with great sadness to me that I have lost a second best friend from my secondary school days within a period

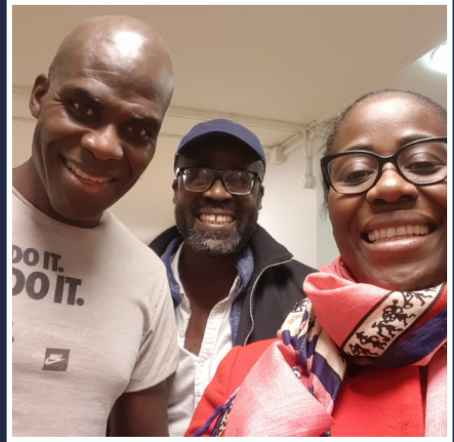
of 19 years. From a Family as hospitable and generous as the Bulley Family I can only say, ... Yesterday is history, tomorrow is a mystery, today is a gift of God, which is why we call it the present.”

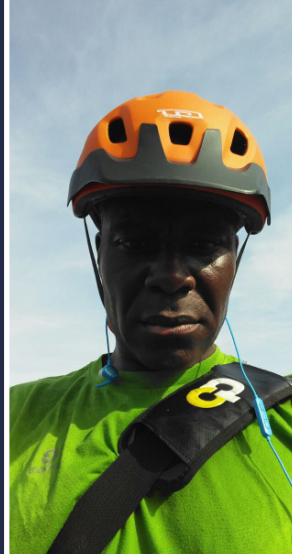
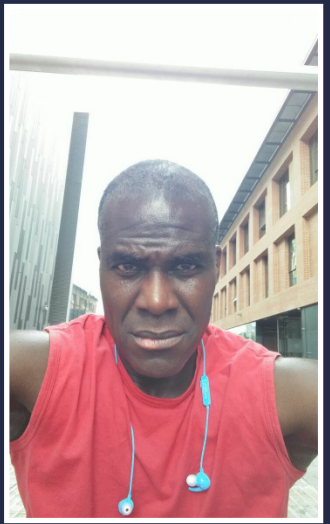
Damirifa Due, my bosom Friend, Antony David Allotey “Nasty” Bulley. Nante Yie. Rest in peace as you lie in death until the Resurrection Day dawns when you will be raised to be partaker of God’s Heavenly Kingdom. Amen













HYMNS

MHB 69

1. *This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.*
2. *'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come..*

MHB 80

1. *Thee will I praise with all my heart,
And tell mankind all how good Thou art,
How marvellous Thy works of grace;
Thy name I will in songs record,
And joy and glory in my Lord,
Extolled above all thanks and praise.*
2. *The Lord will save His people here;
In times of need their help is near
To all by sin and hell oppressed;
And they that know Thy name will trust
In Thee, who, to Thy promise just,
Hast never left a soul distressed.*

3. *The Lord is by His judgements known;
He helps his poor afflicted one,
His sorrows all He bears in mind;
The mourner shall not always weep,
Who sows in tears in joy shall reap,
With grief who seeks with joy shall find.*
4. *A helpless soul that looks to Thee
Is sure at last Thy face to see,
And all Thy goodness to partake;
The sinner who for Thee doth grieve,
And longs, and labours to believe,
Thou never, never wilt forsake.*

MHB 538

1. *What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!*
2. *Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?*

*We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.*

- 3. Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.*

MHB 634

- 1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables
strain,
Will your anchor drift or firm remain?*

*We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.*

- 2. Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear?
When the breakers roar and the reef is near;
While the surges rave, and the wild winds
blow,
Shall the angry waves then your bark o'er
flow?*

- 3. Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill your latest breath?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
While your anchor holds within the veil.*

- 4. Will your eyes behold through the morning
light,
The city of gold and the harbour bright?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore.
When life's storms are past for evermore?*

MHB 608

- 1. Captain of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love;
Our strength, thy grace; our rule, thy word:
Our end, the glory of the Lord.*

- 2. By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear
While love, almighty love, is near.*

MHB 427

- 1. Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.*
- 2. Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed*

*From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.*

- 3. O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.*
- 4. The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.*
- 5. O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.*
- 6. Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight;
He'll make your wants His care.*

MHB 351

- 1. I hear Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.*

*I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary!*

- 2. Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.*
- 3. 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.*
- 4. 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.*
- 5. All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.*

HB 538

- 1. What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!*
- 2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful*

*Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.*

- 3. Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.*

MHB 831

- 1. GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.*
- 2. Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.*
- 3. I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.*
- 4. They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.*

- 5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.*

MHB 313

- 1. To God be the glory, great things He hath
done,
So loved He the world that He gave us His
Son,
Who yielded His life an atonment for sin,
And opened the life-gate that all may go in.*

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Let the earth hear His voice;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Let the people rejoice;
Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory; great things He hath
done.*

- 2. Oh, perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
To every believer the promise of God;
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.*
- 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things
He hath done,
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our rapture when Jesus we see.*

MHB 651

1. *Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!*

*Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!*

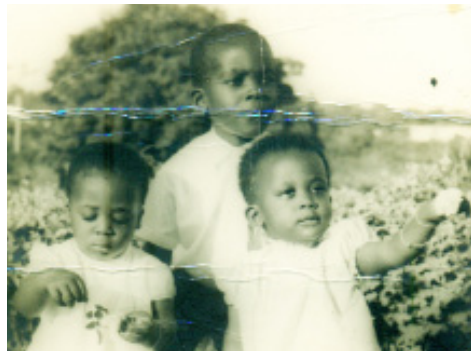
2. *Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.*
3. *Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd turn their weary steps to Thee.*
4. *Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home will come at last.*
5. *Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping:
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above:
Till morning's joy shall end the night of*

*weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.*

MHB 948

1. *Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.*
2. *Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O thou who changest not, abide with me.*
3. *I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and strength can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.*
4. *I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.*
5. *Hold thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.*









Acknowledgement

The entire family are extremely grateful for the immense support received from friends, sympathizers and well wishers during our bereavement.

May the Almighty God bless you