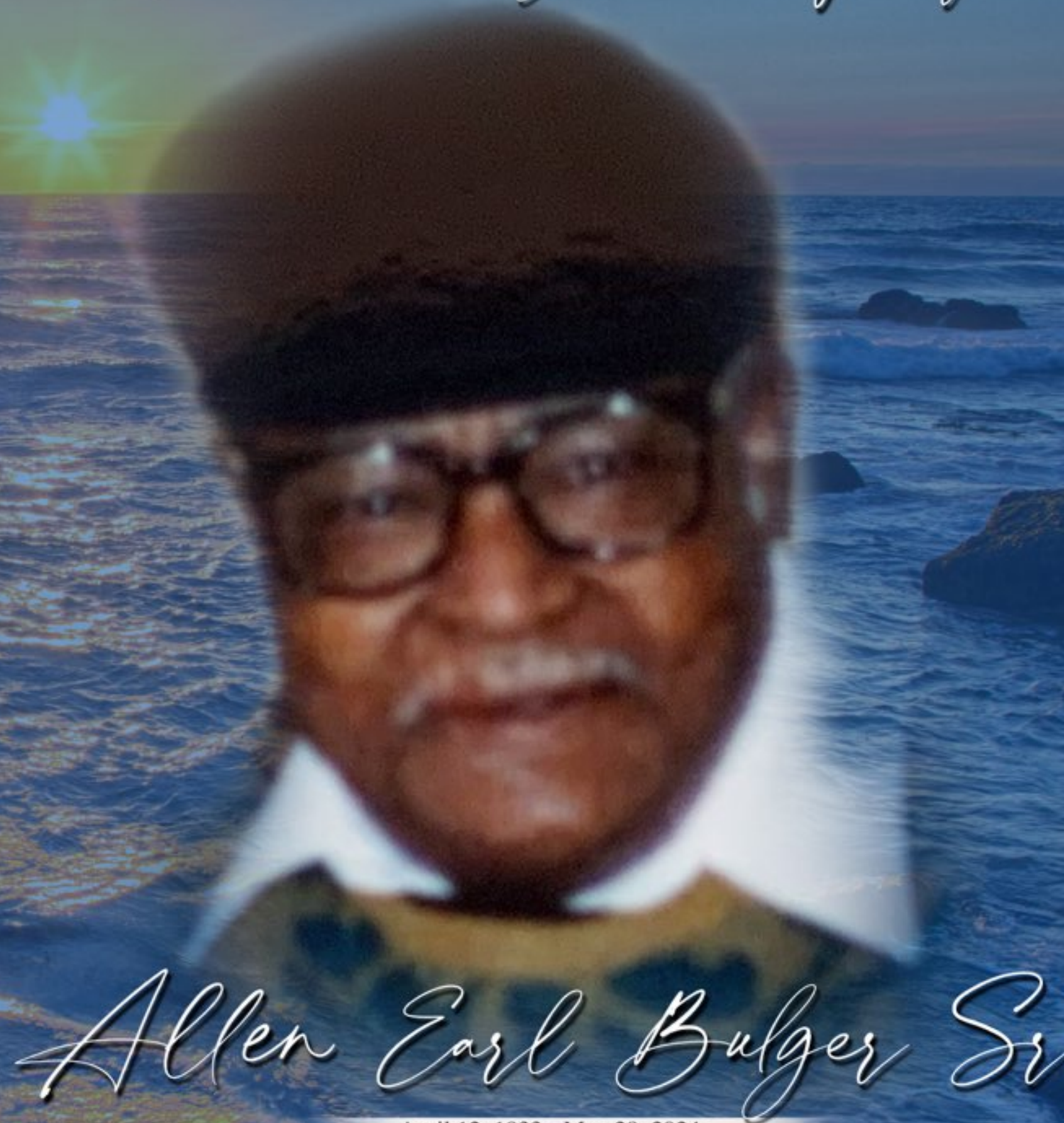


To Those I Love and Those Who Love Me

*When I am gone, release me, let me go
I have so many things to see and do
You must not tie yourself to me with tears
Be happy that I have had so many years
I gave you my love, you can only guess
How much you gave me in happiness
I thank you for the love each have shown
But now it is time I travelled on alone
So grieve a while for me, if grieve you must
Then let your grief be comforted by trust
It is only for a while that we must part
So bless the memories in your heart
I will not be far away, for life goes on
So if you need me, call and I will come
Though you cannot see or touch me, I will be near
And if you listen with your heart, you will hear
All of my love around you soft and clear
Then, when you must come this way alone
I will greet you with a smile and welcome you home.*



Celebrating The Life of



Final Arrangements Entrusted To

James H. Cole Home For Funerals, Inc.
2624 West Grand Blvd. • Detroit, MI (313) 873-0771
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Acknowledgment of Appreciation

The family of the late **Allen Earl Bulger Sr.** wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many comforting messages, floral tributes, prayers and many other expressions of kindness and concern evidenced at this time in thought and deed. A more personal acknowledgment will be made at a later date.

B **BELOVED**
MEMORIES 313.529.0203
HOME-GOING AND MEMORIAL PROGRAMS

April 12, 1933 - May 29, 2024

Friday, June 21, 2024

3:00 PM Family Hour 3:30 PM Funeral Service

James H. Cole Home For Funerals, Inc.

2624 W Grand Blvd.
Detroit, Michigan 48208

A Tribute to Al

Your last words to me were "Gloria, you did good, you made sure the house was good." I thought you were just talking-not knowing that would be the last thing you would say to me. But I won't be sad because you lived a long Life.

Love you always-until we meet again, Gloria

I always asked you what would I do the day you ever left me? And you always said, "babygirl you will remember everything I ever taught you." Funny thing about it is, you were so right. I find myself saying things you would say, playing the 'End of The Rainbow' remembering you playing that song all the time. Words cannot describe the impact you had on my life. You taught me how to love, you taught me good morals, you taught me to always keep my word-no matter what. You taught me how to love myself and you taught me about Life! Al, I love you so much, you are and always will be my Rock! I am so glad I listened to you. You are the reason behind who I am. I am just so happy I was able to say all these things to you. One thing I will say is you stayed ready for a picture (lol). You didn't have to get ready; I would pull out my phone and you would sit right up to Smile and that's what I will have to live on.

Love you always, Skip

I remember the day you took me to Lillie's house, and I caught my first fish. I remember driving you to pay bills when I was 12 (only we knew). I remember all the talks we had from when I was a boy to becoming a man. I learned so much from you and I cherish having you as a granddad. The teachings and talks will not go unnoticed. Thanks to you I know what being a man looks like. Thanks for molding me!

Love you always- until we meet again, Chuck

Dear Al,

I've never thought about losing you. I thought you would just magically be here forever for me like you promised. I understand now I still have you, just in spirit. I'll miss your soul, smile, touch, energy and encouraging words to keep going. Your 'maw' will always live and treat life as you're watching me to continue making you proud.

Love, Lexi

This one hurt deeply, but I know you're in a better place filled with nothing but beauty, in a place built for a king. I thank you for being there for me.

Love you to infinity, Lonzetta

I love you Al, always. Tell my daddy and brother I said hi.

Devin

Order of Service

Organ Prelude.....

Processional.....Family

Prayer.....Chapel Ministry

Scripture.....

Selection..... "Amazing Grace".....

Acknowledgement of Cards
and Condolences.....Grandchildren

Tributes.....Family and Friends

Remarks.....(2 minutes please).....Family and Friends

Selection..... "Goin`Up Yonder".....

Eulogy.....Chapel Ministry

Recessional.....Clergy and Family

Organ Prelude.....

Psalm 23

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever.

We Shall Not Be Moved

A Tribute to Uncle Allen

Uncle Allen was dear to us not only because he was our uncle through marriage to our eldest aunt, Elvira, he was also our dad's good friend. He and dad grew up together in Alabama. They began courting sisters around the same time. Allen dated Aunt Elvira and dad dated mother. Elvira and Allen were the elder of the couples. Eventually each courtship resulted in marriage. Not long after the marriages, the couples moved to Panama City, Florida to join Aunt Elvira's and mom's parents who had left their farm earlier. We have fond memories of Uncle Allen. He was a leader. He was hospitable and he was supportive.

Uncle Al and our dad did not remain in Panama City long. Eventually, just as numerous blacks did during the time, they left the South and migrated to the North, Uncle Al came to Detroit and our dad moved to Buffalo, New York. After a while in Buffalo, dad joined Al here in Detroit. From that point, they and their families (wives and children) would live together for some years, as did many families. Also, around this time (and before and after) other families, friends and acquaintances from Alabama came to Detroit. Soon this intricate network of families, friends and acquaintances could be likened to a small "village." The adults would visit each other often and the children would accompany them. The children got to know each other well. These gatherings were filled with fun. Sometimes there would be birthday parties, block parties and just regular parties. We enjoyed each other immensely. And just like the network of families and friends could be likened to a village, Uncle Allen could be likened to one of the "chiefs." He was well liked by his peers. Many of the men and women looked up to him and looked to him for guidance and advice. Allen exuded strength and confidence.

Uncle Allen and Aunt Elvira were quite hospitable. We always felt welcomed in their home. Even after our families began to live apart, we would often visit and sometimes stay overnight. Almost every week or so, dad would take our older two brothers to get haircuts from Uncle Al. We visited each other during the holidays. Our parents would shop for Christmas trees together. They would go shopping together to Eastern Market or other outside markets. In the summer we would go to the park. Frequently Allen and dad would go beforehand to get and secure a good spot. As we think about these outings, it seems that Uncle Allen and dad may have made a concerted effort to entertain us. We didn't visit the same park all the time: mostly we picnicked at Belle Isle, but we would sometimes go to Rouge Park and Palmer Park. We even picnicked at Kensington Park a couple of times. We could go on and on about the fun times we shared with Uncle Allen and how he left space in his life for children and others.

Uncle Allen was always supportive. We recall him being present and/or helping in some way in most, if not all major events in our lives, the good and the not so good. We remember the time when the families piled up in a 1957 Ford and dad and Allen shared the driving as they returned to Alabama and Florida to visit kin.

Yes, our hearts are broken from realizing that Allen is no longer with us on this earth (he will be greatly missed), but we're rejoicing, knowing that he has gone to be with Jesus. Knowing that he is with Jesus helps us to go on.

*God blessed Allen Bulger Sr. with a long life, now may he rest in peace.
We'll see you in the morning!*

The Salter Family

Lillie's Tribute to Allen

A Recent conversation with Al and Sister Lillie

One day after church we went by to see Al on Seymour Street. As I was talking to Al as he was sitting on the porch I said, "So you really seem to be enjoying what you're doing on this beautiful sunny day." He said, "yes. I like to sit out here. More so for my neighbor. Whenever he decides to get up, he comes out and we talk. And it's amazing at how similar our lives have been, even though we're from different places." "I can't remember where he's from, but I'm from Alabama and how similar our lives have been. I said, "Oh, okay, I know what you all do. You fill in the dash between the years. I said, "Yep, that's a good thing." He said, "I enjoy talking to him, but it seems like it's more enjoyable to him than anything.

And so, I said," yes, you all are filling in the dash between the years... and that includes for you...it depended on the weather conditions. If it was a sunny day, you would go to Mr. Smith's cotton field and pick cotton, or you would go to Mr. Len's sawmill and then work at the sawmill. But if it's raining, you would go to Miss Newman's math class...so it would depend on the weather what you did with your dash. Al said, "Yeah, you're right, you're right. That's it, That's it." I said, "but look and see how the Lord has blessed us. He brought us out of that cotton field. Away from the sawmill and brought us up to Michigan where we have comfortable homes, beautiful homes where we can sit on the porch and talk to our neighbors and just enjoy life. He said, "You're right, girl." "You're right!" ...

*On our visits, Al was always happy to see you, and he always had a word of wisdom. Whether he was encouraging you about something you were doing or checking you because your belly was getting bigger, you were always met with love. We will miss his loving smile, those amazing hugs, and that unforgettable raspy laugh that would fill a room. We will miss our trips to Seymour Street. We love you.
Rest in Peace.*

Sister, Lillie Anderson

I love my brother. He was a good brother.

Sister, Bertha Weems

Al was funny, and very protective. He always took care of his little sisters.

Sister, Mary Dumas

Our Tribute to Daddy

*Hear, ye Children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding.
Proverbs 4:1*

Allen Earl Bulger Sr, affectionately called “Daddy by us, and Butch” by some of his friends was born on April 12, 1933, in Abbeville, Henry County, Alabama to Mr. Henry and Mrs. Nancy Bulger. He and our mother, Elvira managed to raise seven children, Allen Jr (Lela), Edward, Kelvin, Lillian, Brenda, Marty (Katherine), and Terrance (Celeste). While our two older brothers, Allen Jr. and Edward were born in Panama City, Florida, the rest of us were born in Detroit, Michigan.

Coming from a farming background, our father exposed us to farming, where we learned how to plant and harvest okra, greens, tomatoes, squash, peppers, onions, string beans, and other vegetables. We did this with our cousins and uncles on the weekends during the summer. We worked as a team, and we never forgot it. It taught us how to help each other and to work towards a common goal for ourselves.

Daddy took us fishing on the Detroit River and other rivers in the Detroit area in the summers as well. If it rained the night before, we would get worms to prepare for our day of fishing. While fishing, we would catch frogs, tadpoles, and other small creatures. If we heard a bell ringing, we knew that a fish was on the hook of the fishing rod. We would get on the Giant Slide and in canoes if we were on Belle Isle Park. Daddy and our uncles would get there early so that we could get an open public barbecue grill. We carried this process of togetherness into adulthood and celebrate with each other to this day.

One key thing about being raised by Allen Sr. and Elvira is that if one of us got in trouble, we all got in trouble. The key term was, ‘Line up!’ We never got the chance to blame each other because we are all our daddy’s children. I later understood what daddy was doing. This method of discipline fortified the necessity for us to be our brothers’ and sisters’ keeper. All for one and one for all. We carry this commitment to each other to this day.

We learned to take care of each other because of our parents. The lessons will never leave our heart. Our daddy used to always be in teaching mode. We were taught to think and use our minds. We were taught to work and listen to our mother. We wanted our parents to be proud of us, and we did our best to make them smile every time they saw us.

Our parents have always been there for us, and we became strong, ambitious, and resilient in the face of all that life had to offer. We are forever grateful that God was always a part of our roots. We will forever pursue God and study the Bible to learn how to be better people because calling on God in prayer was what we did in times of need. Now daddy has joined ‘The Big Man’ above the clouds.

We love you, daddy. Rest easy...

