



ARL

OCTOBER 4, 1953 – NOVEMBER 27, 2013



A CELEBRATION OF LIFE  
FOR THE LATE

*Anthony*  
LIVINGSTONE ROACH, SR.

**BORN:** October 4, 1953

**DIED:** November 27, 2013

**AGED:** 60 years

**SERVICE HELD AT:**

*Hillview Seventh-day Adventist Church*

Tonique Williams-Darling Highway

Nassau, N.P., The Bahamas

*Sunday, December 8, 2013 at 1:00 p.m.*

**OFFICIATING:**

Pastor Leonardo D. Rahming

**ASSISTED BY:**

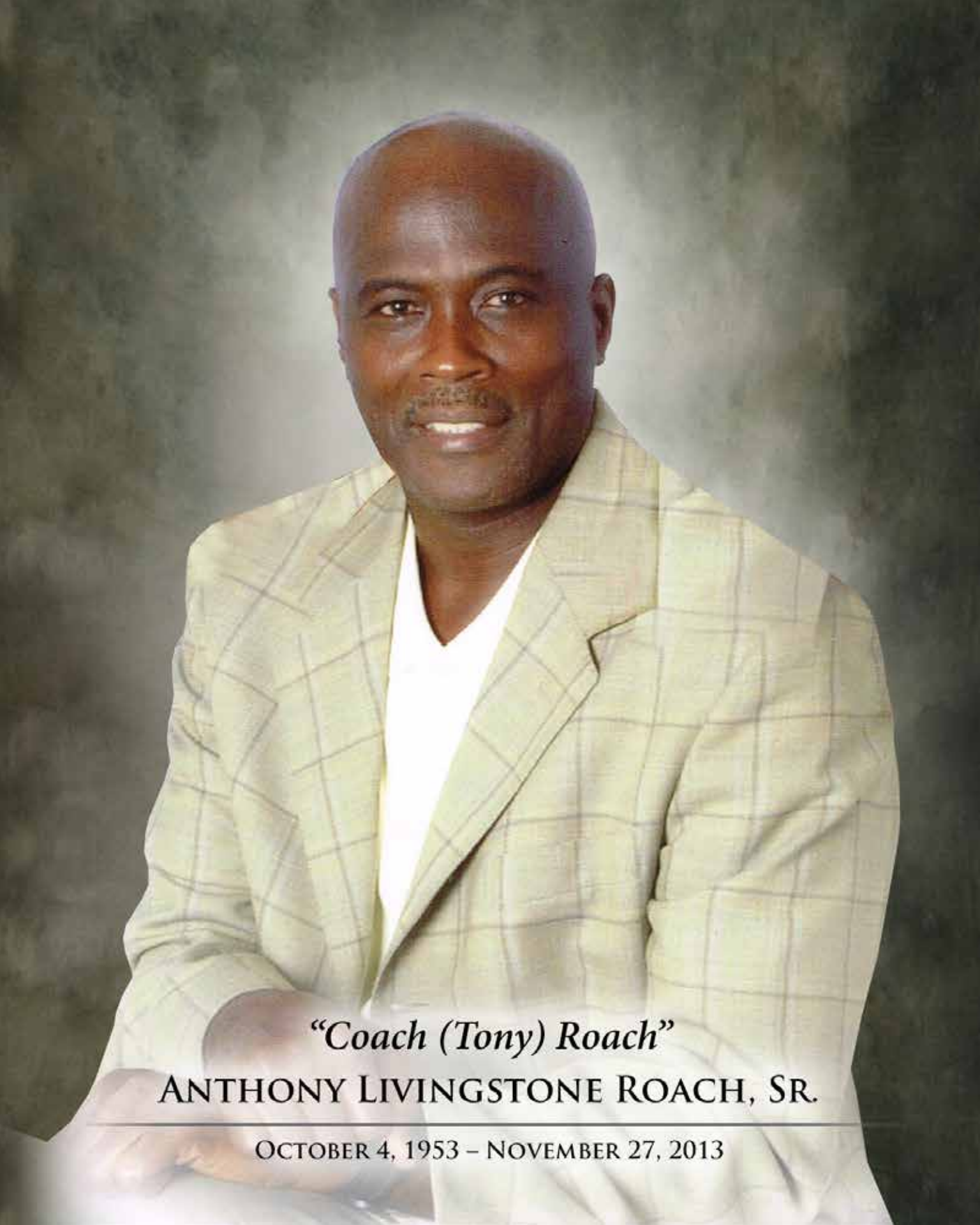
Other Ministers of The Gospel

**INTERMENT:**

Woodlawn Gardens

Soldier Road

Nassau, N.P., The Bahamas



*“Coach (Tony) Roach”*

**ANTHONY LIVINGSTONE ROACH, SR.**

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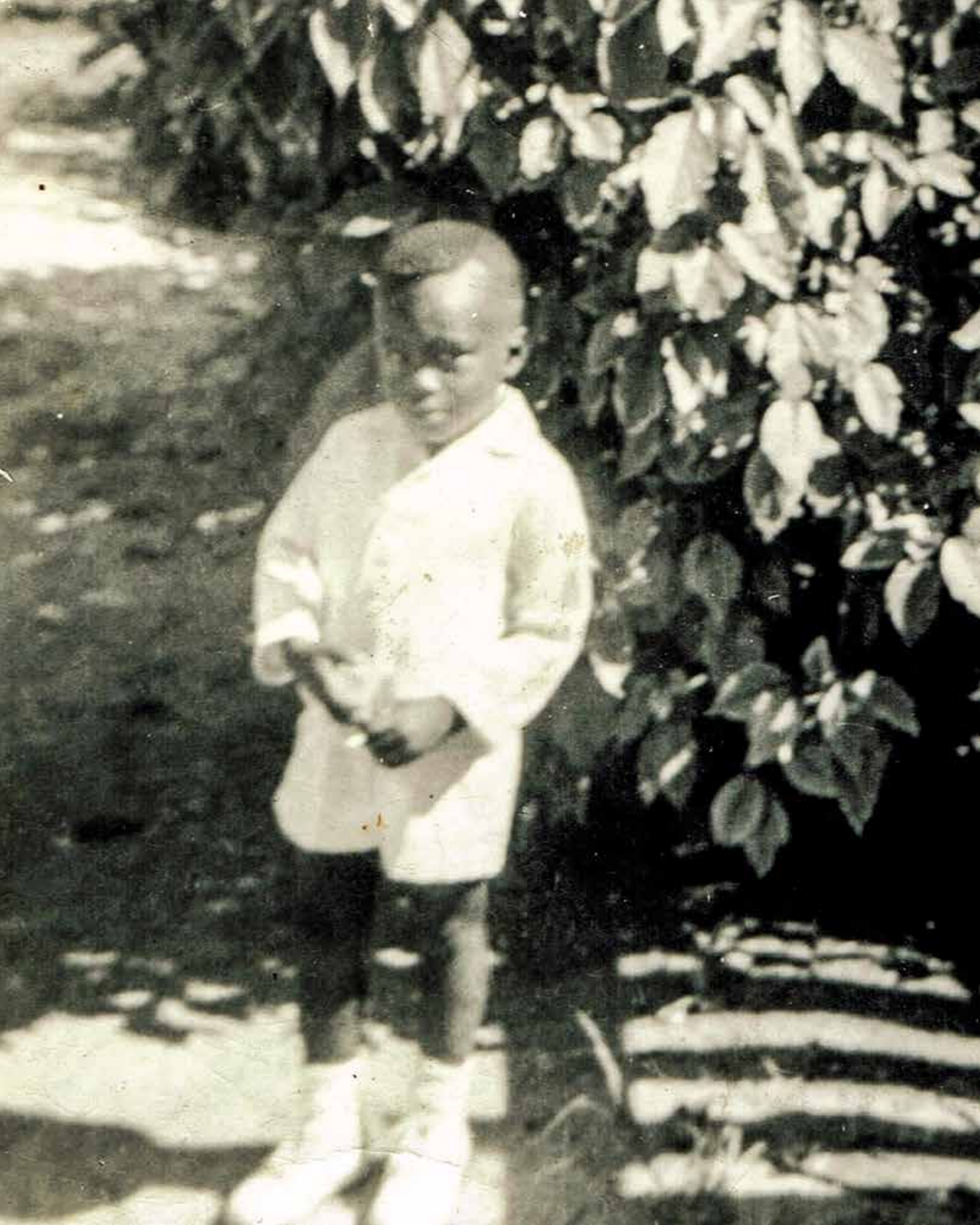
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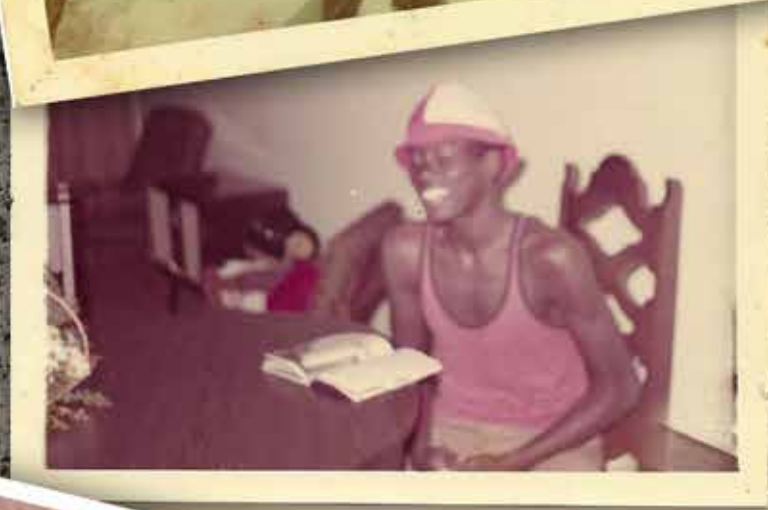
# *Proverbs 3:1-6*

- 1** My son, do not forget my teaching, but keep my commands in your heart,
- 2** for they will prolong your life many years and bring you peace and prosperity.
- 3** Let love and faithfulness never leave you; bind them round your neck, write them on the tablet of your heart.
- 4** Then you will win favour and a good name in the sight of God and man.
- 5** Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding;
- 6** in all your ways acknowledge him, and he will direct your path.











# REMEMBERING Tony...

Upon the advice of the family midwife, the late Nurse Cecilia Cooper, mother of the late Rev. R.E. Cooper Sr., Arthur Leon Roach Sr. took his wife Blunetta to the maternity Ward of the Princess Margaret Hospital, two days before her delivery date, to ensure that the birth of their 6th child was safe. On Sunday morning, 4th October, 1953, a rainy day on the island of New Providence, a baby boy, was born to this lovely couple.

“Tony” as he was affectionately called, like most of the little boys around Young Street and Windsor Lane, played marbles; built and drove his box cart in the streets; made tops from lignum vitae trees and played “pegging”. This was one of Tony’s favourite games and he would not stop until he split your top in half.

Racing bicycle tire rims (with old clothes hangers) with his friends Snooge Ferguson and Walter Musgrove in the streets was another of Tony’s favourite pastimes. One Saturday night, after Sabbath had ended, the “boys” decided to settle the score as to who was the best racer, so “the race was on!” Contrary to Mama’s instructions not to race in the street at night, Tony was off with the boys racing to Mr. Moss’ shop. Before Tony could finish the race course, which he was leading, the screeching sounds of car tires could be heard up the street and Snooge and Walter running back saying “Mrs. Roach Tony get knock down!” Tony was rushed to the hospital where he spent three days suffering from a concussion. Tony did not like

the hospital, and Mama could not stay with him, so his sister Veronica spent three nights in hospital with him until he was discharged.

At the age of 10, Tony moved to Hanna Road, Fox Hill with his parents and siblings. Because of his effervescent personality, Tony made many friends quickly; amongst them were Mark Hanna, Paul and Philip Greenslade, Larry Pinder, Bruce Pinder, Earnest “Tilly” Burrows, Dr. Arthur Clarke to name a few. Tony and his friends especially Mark Hanna, spent countless hours in Malcolm Creek catching broad shads and piper fish; this was where his love for the sea and fishing was cultivated. Led by Mark, a group of boys from the blocks –Tony, Larry, Paul and Philip- took the Honourable A.D. Hanna’s boat to sea on a fishing expedition that ended with them being rescued by BASRA because they went adrift after running out of fuel. That was something through Hanna Road that day!

It was at Bahamas Academy that Tony received a Seventh-day Adventist Christian education and along with Elliston Rahming, Garth Greene, Barry Brennen and Perry Decosta, formed a singing group called the Kings Voices. During the morning breaks and at lunch time, these boys would go in the bushes to the East of BA and practice. Soon, the Kings Voices were good enough to take their melodious voices from the bushes to audiences who loved their singing. In fact they held a grand concert at THE Government High School Auditorium, with a repertoire that included amongst others a rendition of “A Frog Went Walking on A Summer’s Day.”

Tony whose nickname had become “Lil Roach” because he was so short, was the quintessential athlete, playing volleyball, softball, running track and most of all soccer,



and was always the first pick for any team. During one soccer game, in which Isaac Daffinuis was team captain, "Lil Roach" played so hard, until he split the seat of his soccer pants. Determined to win that match, he played with such tenacity, not caring that his pants had become a skirt and that he was being teased - and won the game his team did! A member of the Dynamos Soccer Team for a number of years, Tony played under the coaching of Philip Worrell who later became his mentor in the insurance business.

Tony was taught the trade of carpentry by his father Leon Roach whom he accompanied as a helper on various jobs. By the time he was 14 years old, he was able to hold down summer jobs with V. G. Collie as a carpenter helper. One summer Tony earned a whopping pay check of \$200.00 in one week (lots of money in 1970) by working overtime; that money he put towards school fees at BA.

In 1971, Tony went to West Indies College, High School, Jamaica, to finish the 12th grade before transiting to College. Upon graduating in 1972, he returned to Nassau, then went to Grand Bahama to find work and was employed with the Bahamas Oil Refinery Company (BORCO) as a general worker. Tony lived with his sister Leona and worked at BORCO for almost a year, saving his money to enter Union College Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1973. At Union College, Tony majored in Mass Communication, graduating in 1977 with a Bachelor of Arts degree. He was also a member of the College Choir.

After graduating from college, Tony was employed as a Physical Education teacher at the Government High School and was widely known as "Coach Roach".

Determined to bring class and business style to coaching, he would be dressed to the nines in a suit as he coached the G.H.S. Magic basketball team during interschool competitions, championship games and the Hugh Campbell Games. Although he coached students, Tony still found time to play on soccer and volley ball teams in the various leagues. He was selected to play on the Bahamas National Volley Ball and Soccer Teams on a number of occasions; serving at times as a player coach.

In the winter of 1984 he won the heart of Carla McIntosh, whom he courted with his usual aplomb. It was a whirlwind romance and after dating for a short six months, he made the decision to take her as his bride. Tony & Carla were wed August 5, 1985.

Using the trade taught him by his father; Tony lay out and built his family home in Hanna Road, with his own hands. His father assisted him with the roof and he utilized the aid of one other helper. He laid the tiles and the wooden flooring himself and many nights the neighbourhood had to endure the banging as he completed the ceiling. Tony the Contractor!

An enthused expectant father, Tony was very attentive and would sing and read to the new baby in womb. He would constantly touch the belly and was fascinated by the movements. He embraced fatherhood with much pride, and insisted he be in the delivery room for the birth of his firstborn, Alcott Leon. So smitten was he with baby Alcott, that he would pack him up in his straw basinet and carry him to work at Government High School with him. On occasion, the staff would call his wife and report: "Mrs. Roach do you know Tony has this new baby up here 'round these children?" or





“Tony scald the baby mouth with the hot milk”. It was after the birth of baby no. 2, Toni Alexia, the very next year, that the seriousness of the responsibility of fatherhood hit home.

With very swift consideration of cost vs. income, he tendered his resignation as a teacher with GHS and entered into the insurance arena. He won many accolades as top producer at ManuLife. Tony was a natural salesman. His aggressive and charming personality was a winning combination. He once told Pastor Paul Scavella “I could sell ice to the Eskimos”. Indeed he could.

Despite his success as an insurance salesman and broker, Tony’s entrepreneurial spirit, along with his determination to provide the best for his family, led him to explore other avenues of earning an income.

There are many hair-raising stories of his exploitations as a fishing boat owner, where he himself was the captain, without any formal training or practical experience in manning a fishing vessel. Once, there was mutiny aboard the MV 3As (named for his three children) and Tony had to captain the boat back home alone. A storm arose and the dinghy broke away. Waves six feet high were crashing down on the vessel and the only thing he could do was pray and then lay down to sleep. He was sure he would meet his maker that night! Meanwhile at home, his wife was rudely awakened from sleep by a voice that sharply called his name. She immediately knew he needed prayers and so began praying for him in earnest. Later Tony would tell how he had awoken to calm seas and upon ascending to the deck, found the boat sitting amidst

black jagged rocks, emerging from the sea. It was as if angels had picked the boat up and gently placed it out of harm’s way. Miracles abounded and he was able to escape the fishing venture with limb and life intact.

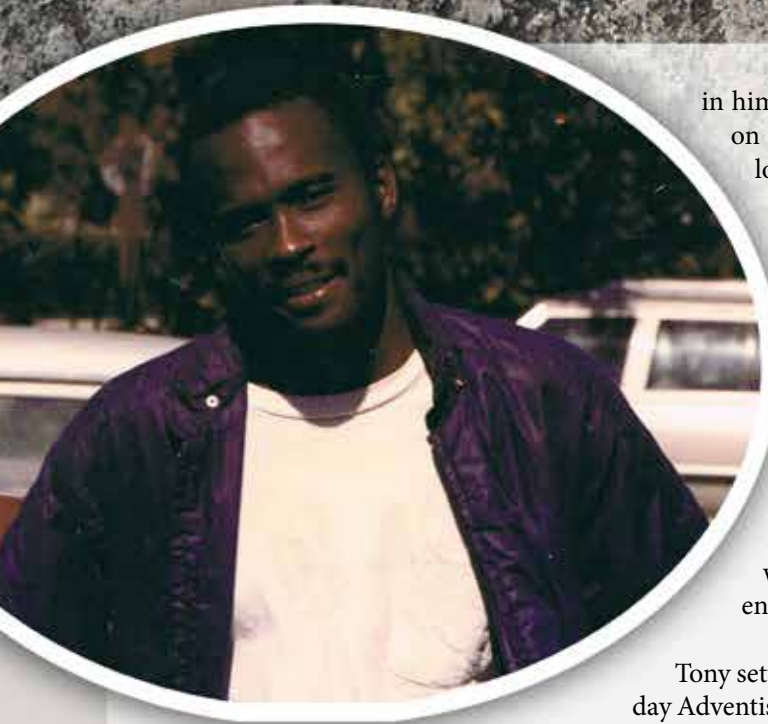
His next undertaking was the Shell East Bay Service Station and after much challenges, he walked away from that business.

It took a year to recover from those two disasters and although he was down he was not out. Tony got back on his feet and started the family business of A.L. Cleaning Company. This time, he got the requisite professional training in all aspects of the business. He ensured his sons Alcott and Anthony Jr. were a part of the business and taught them everything he knew. He demanded high work ethics and hard work and made men out of boys. His greatest lesson:” I can do all things through Christ...” – NEVER GIVE UP.

Tony loved politics. He was unabashedly a PLP. He loved talking politics, campaigning and attending rallies. During the political “season”, he was constantly on the phone with his cohorts and he thoroughly enjoyed engaging his children in conversation on the pertinent issues of the day. He never tired of making the rounds of ALL the rallies with wife Carla and sisters Annette and Ingrid. He found those outings thoroughly enjoyable and entertaining. Ingrid, He would often call Leona in Freeport to give an animated report and garner feedback from her side.

Family was of utmost importance to Tony. He determined to raise his children, as he had been reared, in the admonition of Christ. Those qualities instilled





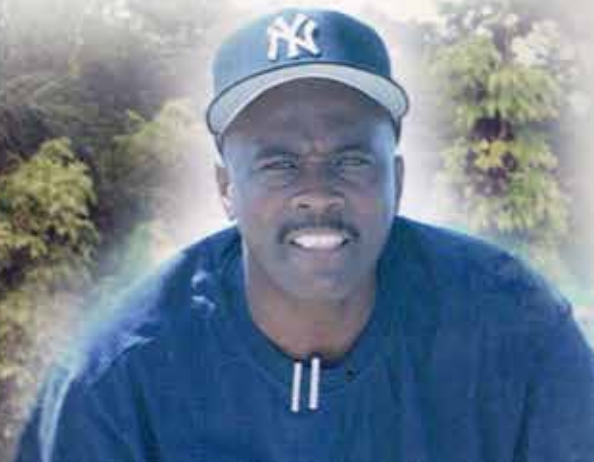
in him by his parents, he brought into his home and passed on to his wife and children. Alcott, Alexia and Anthony looked forward to Friday evening devotions, where they observed the consistency of a father leading out in worship: Lustful singing, reciting of memory verses and discussing scripture. There was much discussion on life applications. Tony would ensure singing was done in parts as he conducted his little family choir. The home was filled with music as he awoke the home to Christian music every Sabbath morning. On other days, there was classical, operatic and secular music – but ALWAYS there was music. He loved to take the family out to eat, to cultural affairs, dog shows, fishing and traveling. He would often invite other family members along and so ensured a bond was maintained.

Tony settled his family for worship at the Philadelphia Seventh-day Adventist Church, a warm little church in the heart of Elizabeth Estates. He held positions including First Elder, Choir Director, Men's Leader & Family Life Leader. He had a great concern for the youth and used his natural abilities in education, athletics, music and sales to help with Church ministry. It was after hearing the Philadelphia Male Choral, that Pastor Paul invited him to form and lead out in the Conference Adventist Men's Choral, which he did up to this year. He never expected or wanted accolades for his work or his giving. That was between "my wife and I and God". He simply did as Christ admonished, to be his brothers' keeper.

In March 2010 he had his first surgery to remove the offensive colon cancer. Despite all best efforts, it was discovered the cancer metastasized in 2012. It was pronounced that he was at stage four. Tony fought valiantly but lost the battle at 8 p.m., on a rainy Wednesday evening, November 27, 2013. He was alone at the time with his devoted wife Carla. He was in no pain. He simply breathed his last breath and went to sleep.

Tony loved the Lord. He prayed constantly for his healing and even if God chose not to restore his body on this earth, he trusted without question that God's Will be done. Tony accepted Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour into baptism on March 24, 1987 – we therefore have a hope of reuniting with our husband, father, brother, uncle, friend.

MAY HIS SOUL REST IN PEACE.





He is predeceased by his parents Arthur Leon Roach, Sr. and Blunetta Roach and his brother Arthur Leon Roach, Jr.

Left to cherish his memories are:

**Wife:** Carla Roach;

**Children:** Alcott Leon, Toni Alexia and Anthony Livingstone Roach, Jr.;

**Grandchildren:** Angel Alenae & Alandra Carla Roach;

**“Mum” Rosebud McIntosh & Grandmother:** Nora “Mama T” Turnquest;

**Sisters:** Clara McPhee, Veronica McGee, Leona Roach, Annette Dorsett, Adelmia Roach;

**Brothers-in-law:** Joe McGee, Ward Olgreen, Foster Dorsett, Sr., Alcott McIntosh, Jr.;

**Sisters-in-law:** Terry Olgreen, Ingrid McIntosh, Beatrice Keaton, Robyn McIntosh and Daphne McIntosh;

**Uncles:** Nathaniel Roach III, Alban Roach (Gussie Roach), Godfrey Turnquest;

**Nephews:** Trevor Bridgewater, Joel McPhee, Alan Anderson, Demeco Dorsett, Kurt Smith, Chadwick Matkins, Foster Dorsett, Jr., Andrew Penn, Christopher Keaton, Maxwell Keaton, Elijah McIntosh;

**Nieces:** Cheryl McPhee, Sharon Roach, Carina Bridgewater, Shaunda Matkins, Tamara Anderson, Abigail Penn, Tara McGee, Annaka Smith, Ashley Noel, Kelsey Roach, Jenay McIntosh, T’nee Moss, Asia McIntosh;

**Other close relatives and friends, including:**

Deandra McKinney & family, Selene McKinney, Pastor H. A. Roach and Family, Deidre, Gigi & Gyles Turnquest, Edith Vernita Roach, Mrs. Missoule Joseph & Family, Ambassador & Mrs. Ellerston Rahming, Harvey & Betsey Morris and Family, Neil & Marlene Mckinney & Families, Rev. Simeon Hall & Mrs. Hall and Family, Mr. Arthur Clarke, Sr. & Family, The Rt. Hon. A.D. Hanna & Family, Dr. Kevin & Mrs. Karen Moss, Mrs. Dawn Albury-Gaitor, Mrs. Ona Bailey, Ms. Tracey Godet, Ms. Michelle Demeritte, Ms. Nisha Major, Dwain Wallace, C.B. Zonicle & Family, Mrs. Flora Curtis-Simpson & The Adventist Men’s Chorale and their wives, Officers and Members of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church (The Kirk), Bahamas Concert & Orchestra, President and officers of the Atlantic Caribbean Union and South Bahamas Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, Members & Officers of the Philadelphia Seventh-day Adventist Church, the Great Harbour Cay/Bullocks Harbour Community, Staff of A.L. Cleaning Company, Management and staff of Private Investment Bank Ltd. and others too numerous to mention here.



# Order of Service

PRE-SERVICE | 12:45 p.m. – 1:00 p.m.

## SCRIPTURE SENTENCES & OPENING REMARKS

**Pastor John Carey**

*Retired Pastor of Maranatha & Philadelphia Churches*

## OPENING HYMN | “When Peace Like a River”

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,  
when sorrows like sea billows roll;  
whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

*(Chorus)*

*It is well, it is well,  
With my soul, with my soul,  
It is well; it is well, with my soul.*

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,  
let this blest assurance control  
that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!  
My sin, not in part but the whole,  
is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,  
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

And, Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,  
the clouds be rolled back as a scroll;  
the trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend  
Even so, it is well with my soul.

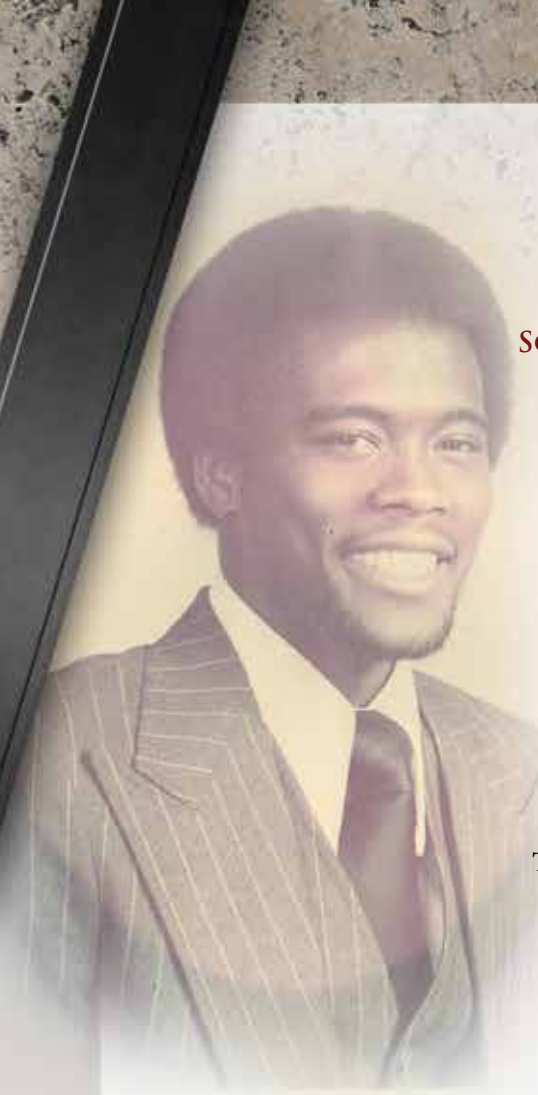
## PRAYER OF INVOCATION | **Pastor Michael Toote**

### PRAYER RESPONSE | “Nearer Still Nearer”

Nearer, still nearer, close to Thy heart,  
Draw me, my Savior—so precious Thou art!  
Fold me, oh, fold me close to Thy breast;  
Shelter me safe in that “haven of rest”;  
Shelter me safe in that “haven of rest.”

Nearer, still nearer, Lord, to be Thine!  
Sin, with its follies, I gladly resign,  
All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride,  
Give me but Jesus, my Lord crucified;  
Give me but Jesus, my Lord crucified.

Nearer, still nearer, while life shall last,  
Till safe in glory my anchor is cast;  
Through endless ages ever to be  
Nearer, my Savior, still nearer to Thee;  
Nearer, my Savior, still nearer to Thee!





**MUSICAL SELECTION | Adventist Men's Chorale**

**OLD TESTAMENT READING | Proverbs 3:1-6 | Kurt & Annaka Smith (Niece & Nephew)**

**REMARKS/CONDOLENCES**

**Elder Desmond Brown**

*First Elder, Philadelphia S.D.A. Church*

**Reverend Dr. Simeon B. Hall**

**Mr. Ronald Atkinson**

*St. Andrews Presbyterian Church (The Kirk)*

**Pastor Hugh A. Roach**

**MUSICAL SELECTION | The King's Voices (1963-1973)**

**NEW TESTAMENT READING | Revelation 21:1-10 | Ingrid McIntosh & Beatrice Keaton**

**AS I KNEW HIM | Ambassador Ellerston Rahming (Life Long Friend)**

**CONGREGATIONAL HYMN | "How Cheering Is The Christian's Hope"**

How cheering is the Christian's hope,  
While toiling here below!

It buoys us up while passing through  
This wilderness of woe.

It buoys us up while passing through  
This wilderness of woe.

Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly;  
Dear Savior, quickly come!

We long to see Thee as Thou art,  
And reach that blissful shore.

We long to see Thee as Thou art,  
And reach that blissful shore.

It points us to a land of rest,  
Where saints with Christ will reign;  
Where we shall meet the loved of earth,  
And never part again.

Where we shall meet the loved of earth,  
And never part again.

**AS I KNEW HIM | Mr. Joel McPhee (Nephew)**

**Mr. Alcott Roach (Son)**

**REMARKS/CONDOLENCES | Pastor Peter Joseph**

*for President South Bahamas Conference*

**Pastor Leonard A. Johnson**

*President Atlantic Caribbean Union*

**INTRODUCTION OF SPEAKER & CHOIR | Pastor John Carey**

*Retired Pastor of Maranatha & Philadelphia Churches*

*Rest in peace, Uncle Tony  
Keith Roper*

**MUSICAL SELECTION** | Adventist Men Choir  
*South Bahamas Conference of Seventh-Day Adventist*

**HOMILY** | Pastor Leonardo D. Rahming  
Pastor Maranatha & Philadelphia Churches

**MUSICAL SELECTION** | Adventist Men Choir

**PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY** | Pastor Eric D. Clarke  
*Pastor Message of Hope & Parkgate Churches*

**RECESSIONAL HYMN** | “He Lives”

I serve a risen Saviour,  
He’s in the world today;  
I know that He is living,  
Whatever men may say;  
I see His hand of mercy,  
I hear His voice of cheer,  
And just the time I need Him  
He’s always near.

*(Chorus)*

***He lives, He lives, Christ Jesus lives today!  
He walks with me and He talks with me  
Along life’s narrow way.  
He lives, He live, salvation to impart!  
You ask me how I know He lives:  
He lives within my heart.***

In all the world around me  
I see His loving care,  
And tho my heart grows weary  
I never will despair;  
I know that He is leading  
Thro’ all the stormy blast,  
The day of His appearing  
Will come at last.

Rejoice, rejoice, O Christian,  
Lift up your voice and sing  
Eternal hallelujahs  
To Jesus Christ the King!  
The hope of all who seek Him,  
The help of all who find,  
None other is so loving,  
So good and kind.

**MUSICAL SELECTION** | Adventist Men Choir

What I remember and appreciate most about Tony was the relationship he forged, not only with myself, but with my mother, my siblings and our entire family.

Whenever he introduced me he would say “this is Carla’s sister and my sister, not my sister-in-law”,

Tony was my brother and I loved him.

*From Ingrid McIntosh  
(Sister-in-law)*





# Graveside Service

## HYMN | “Abide With Me”

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.

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.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;  
But as Thou dwellest with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free.  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea—  
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour.  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

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.

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.

**SCRIPTURE READING** | 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18 | **Pastor Mark Ewen**

**COMMITTAL** | **Pastor Leonardo D. K. Rahming**

**HYMN & LAYING OF FLORAL TRIBUTES** | **Congregation, Family Members & Friends**

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR REMARKS** | **Cedar Crest Funeral Home**

**BENEDICTION** | **Pastor Leonardo D. K. Rahming**



We will always carry a piece of you in  
our hearts.

Kelsey Roach









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BECK'S

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**MY DAD** was a super dad, literally. He could see and hear through walls, fly thousands of miles to save me from trouble and disaster, use his super disciplinary power to teach me right from wrong, and he showed me how to be a man.

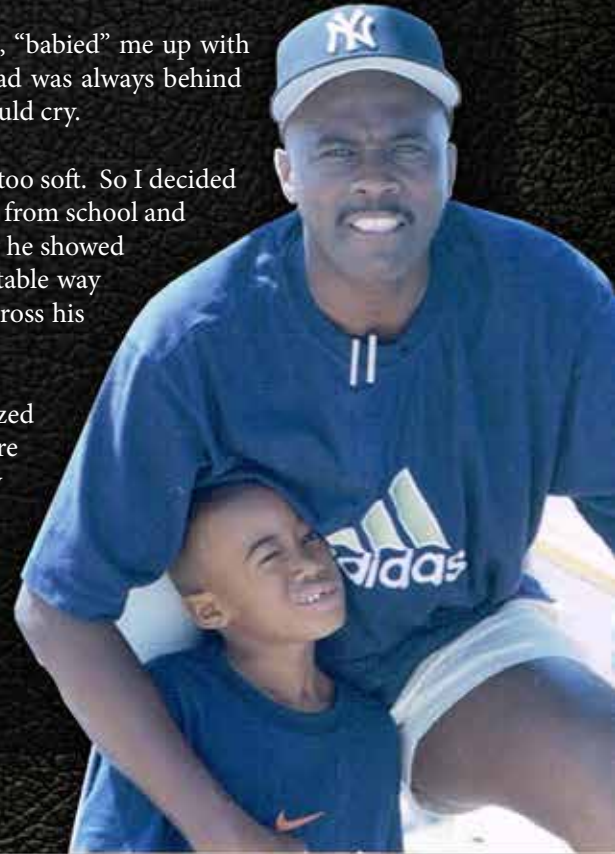
When growing up as a child, I was more of a Momma's boy. My Mom, "babied" me up with constant hugs, kisses and affectionate words, which is good. But my dad was always behind mom telling her to stop it, because I needed to be tougher, and then I would cry.

It wasn't until I got a bit older that I realized that my dad was right, I was too soft. So I decided to watch him and other men carefully. I watched him as he picked me up from school and would talk to the teachers and friends as he passed along the road. How he showed affection to Mom every day. How he stood his ground in such a respectable way in arguments with people. Even how far he would go if someone dare cross his family.

All these traits that I've seen some written here, most of them not, I realized how much of a man my dad really was. He was a Super-man! Nowhere else did I see a father be so huge and encompassing as to protect me, my family, extended family and friends. He was a man amongst men. He was a leader, a provider, a disciplinarian and a lover.

His shoes to fill are very large. He has done so much for the community, for the church and everyone around him. He cared for me, and made sure I was on the right path. My dad did much more the average man. And that's why my dad, Anthony L. Roach Sr., was the greatest dad...my super dad, and he will forever be missed.

*Anthony Jr.*



## WORDS CAN'T EXPRESS...

Words alone can't express what my dad meant to me and the tremendous impact he had on my life as a child and growing up.

With an unwavering, relentless spirit, my dad would take on tasks seemingly impossible and make it seem like it was slight work. His tenacious spirit and persistent drive were trademark characteristics of his. He would always tell me: "You can do anything you put your mind to." And then wouldn't just stop by telling me but would prove it to me, he did this in numerous ways....

With no experience in fishing other than going in the back yard to catch broad chad, I watched as my father with remarkable faith gather a crew of fishermen, hop in a forty foot fishing boat - with no experience of navigating a vessel through the ocean - charter the seas as if he was an expert. I mean he literally just jumped on the boat and took off.





Still selling insurance he then went into owning and operating a gas station. Even though it almost made us bankrupt the dedication he put into it was unfathomable. On the brink of bankruptcy, we had to close down the gas station.

My dad was at the lowest that I had ever seen him. Not working, my mother was the breadwinner at this time. But for those of you who know my daddy, you already know that he wasn't going to stay down 'n out very long.

It wasn't more than a year later before he started putting together plans to open up a cleaning company. I watched, as well as helped him, along with my mother, build a business and grow it from the ground up.

My dad was the epitome of courageousness and fearlessness. A scholar, a teacher, a coach, a choir director, a salesman, an electrician, a builder, a carpenter, a mason, a fisherman, a business owner, a leader, an Elder, a husband, a father and a friend. All of his achievements, his works and efforts weren't just done for self-gratification, but they were done for the well being of his family and everyone who he held close and not so close.

He had a genuine passion for helping others, a passion that could fuel an intergalactic super nova!! And a heart as big and as warm as the sun.

We all know Daddy wasn't the one to be lovey dovey, except when it came to his wife, my mother Carla Roach or his daughter, my sister Alexia Roach. He was very much a man's man - rough around the edges, he wasn't easy at all. Of course he showed me love, tough love lots of tough love, but I know it was because he knew that life wasn't easy and he knew that it will get tough... He was simply preparing me to face a cruel harsh world.

My Daddy wasn't one you would find preaching to a congregation regularly in church, or giving speeches, his testimony was given through his actions, through what he did for people, he was a man of action!! He always used to say: "It isn't going to fall into your lap, you gatta go out there and get it! Go out there and make it happen!!"

He was better than good, and better than most, and sometimes better than that.

My dad was my hero, my example, the man I hope to be.

*Alcott*



# Daddy's Girl

My father loved me. And what's more, he loved being a father. He enjoyed what it meant. He did his best to be an example for us. He wouldn't just tell us right from wrong, he'd show us. He was always aware of the importance of his role. Growing up in the Seventh-day Adventist faith, we didn't eat food that wasn't kosher, even though my father loved crustaceans. He never ate it in our presence. In fact, we weren't aware he enjoyed the bottom-feeders until we were all adults. But that always stuck out to me: The sacrifices he was willing to make as a father, no matter how big or small.

Daddy was supportive too. He was often more invested in our future than we were. I always loved art, so he tried to facilitate my creativity firstly, by sending me to a college summer art program led out by Antonius Roberts and other master artists at the tender age of about 12 years old. My dad knew nothing about art. All he knew was he loved me and I loved art, so he drove up to The College of The Bahamas where it was held, and dropped me off very hurriedly after shaking a startled Mr. Roberts' hand, granting him nothing but a smile and a few cheerful words. And no art supplies. I remember being so embarrassed because I thought this agreement (that I was right in the middle of) had been well planned. But that was just how he thought, very simply and very determined: My daughter loves art. This place has art. I'll take her here, and that is that. There was no limit to his support. He would do whatever he had to do, and spend however much he had to spend on me and my art. I still find that astonishing.

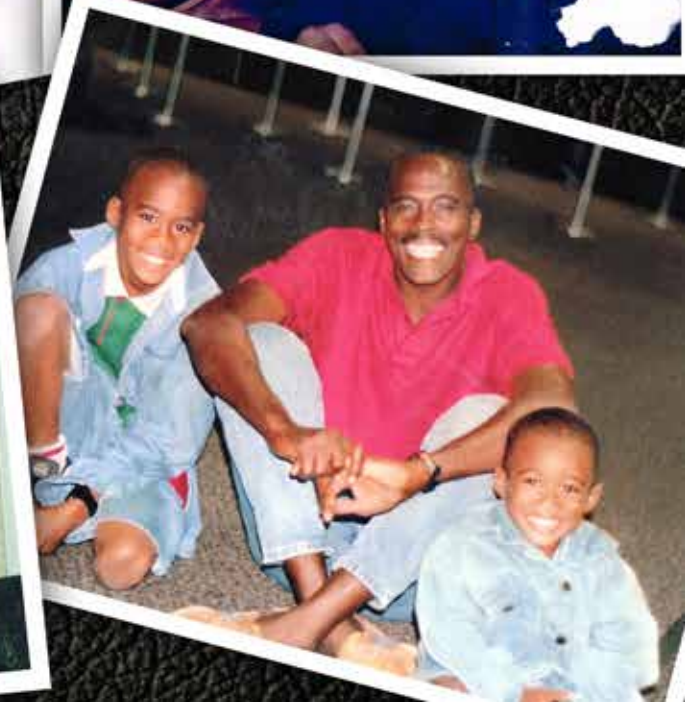
Even though we didn't bond over my passion for visual art, God blessed us both with musical talent. Sometimes, I think it was solely for us to have something to relate to each other about because, with me being a girl and him being the epitome of a man (very rough-and-tumble), there really weren't very many things we had in common other than music, our stubbornness, selective palette, work ethic, and our mutual frustrations with my mother from time to time (though we loved her dearly), which made for a complicated father-daughter relationship that nobody on this earth other than he and I could understand. I don't think I was a typical daddy's girl, but there was always a knowing, an understanding, that we both shared right up until he passed. My mother and I are extremely close, but there were things she didn't quite "get" about me that my father did. Music was one of those things. It was the way we sang (like you could feel each note - right or wrong - not just hear it), when we sang (when we were happy - not just content, but filled with joy), and how we heard it. It was like a different language for us. My father had my brothers and me harmonizing at about 7 years old. We were like his own little choir. It was my favourite part of family worship. And sabbaths weren't sabbaths without it.

I used to wonder why we didn't have that perfect father-daughter relationship, and I know he did too, but now I can look back and be proud of our relationship. It was different, but it was great. It was great because he never gave up trying to be the best father to me. The day before he died, I called out to him and asked him if he could hear me and he squeezed my hand a few times and shed a tear. That was one of those "knowing" moments. I knew he still wanted me to know that he loved me. It was the absolute best father-daughter relationship I could have ever been blessed with. Not perfect, but perfect for me.

*Alexia*

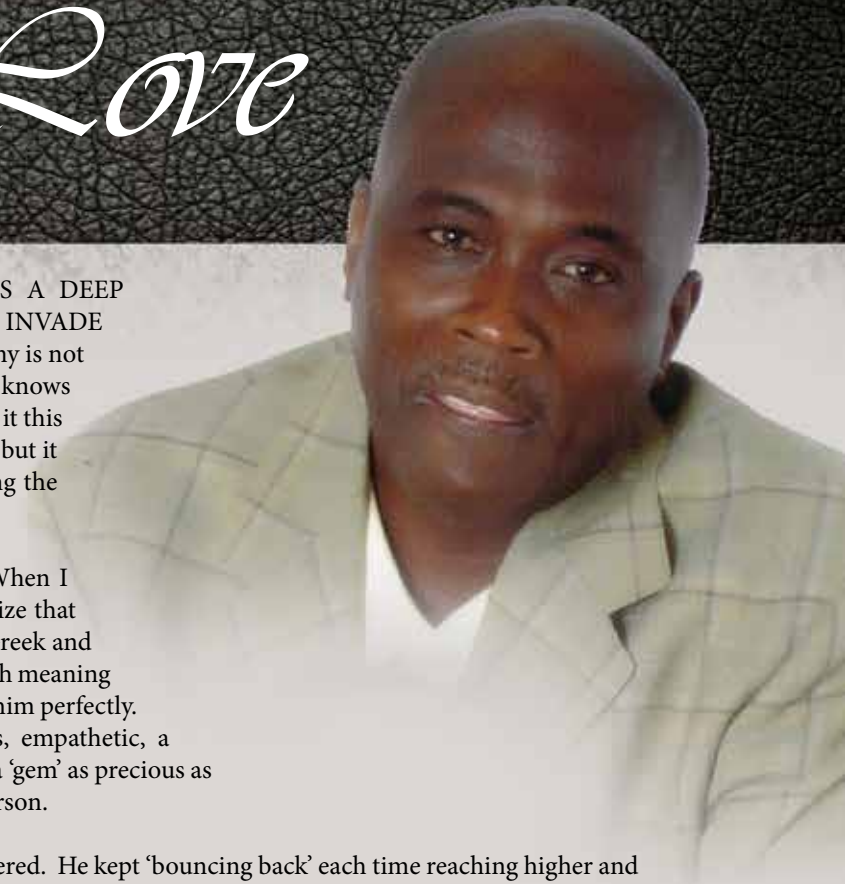








# Sister Love



HOW CAN ONE FIND WORDS TO EXPRESS A DEEP FEELING OF LOSS. COUNTLESS QUESTIONS INVADE MY INNER BEING - . It does not make sense! Tony is not amongst us! It is hard, so hard to comprehend. God knows why. He has the answers. The songwriter expresses it this way. "We'll understand it all by and by" It is ironic, but it seems most of the pleasant people are dying leaving the miserable souls behind.

Tony was one of three siblings whom I named. When I chose the name of Anthony for him, I did not realize that the meaning of his name suited him so well. The Greek and American meaning of Tony is "priceless". The English meaning is "highly praiseworthy".. Those meanings describe him perfectly. Tony was handsome, energetic, helpful, generous, empathetic, a people's person, and hardworking. It is rare to find a 'gem' as precious as Tony , maybe once in a lifetime one finds such a person.

Life was sometimes difficult for Tony, but he persevered. He kept 'bouncing back' each time reaching higher and higher. He kept trying, refusing to give up, until he succeeded. His story is an inspiration for all of us. Never quit. Keep trying. It will eventually work out'

He was the glue that kept this family together. He always wanted peace and harmony among us. As he noted, family is important. He loved his family and wanted us around him. He did not speak love but demonstrated it in so many ways; to nieces, nephews, in-laws, or cousins.

sometimes called on Tony to help when there were difficulties with the yard man, to cut a tree, or to assist a single sister in a number of ways. He was always willing, and performed each task with a smile. He was a tower of strength, and was a positive role model for my son, Joey, for which I am eternally grateful.

will miss the gatherings in Tony and Carla's bedroom. What a warm, congenial place!

am determined to meet Tony around that great white throne in heaven where there will be no crying, no dying, or any more pain.

What a rich legacy he has left us.

*Clara*







*Tony* always wanted to know everything that was going on around him and was very inquisitive. As he grew, my love for Tony became very special, especially the way he took care of his sisters, namely Adelma and Annette. He was like a father to them especially Adelma and her children. Tony loved his mother dearly, and took care of her, ensuring that she had whatever she needed, regardless of cost and time.

One thing that stands out for me was morning worship with our parents and especially Friday evening worships when he would sing to the top of his voice, and recite his memory verse that Mama had taught him for the week. Music was his passion and we collaborated on choral pieces for the Adventist Men's Chorale every year. His idea for forming the Adventist Men's Chorale was to involve the men of the church who could not sing or considered the best singers and teach them how to sing; and wanted the best uplifting music for this group. Tony invited me down on three occasions to work with him and the men of the chorale in preparation for the annual Christmas Concert where he was able to produce the best quality sound from them, including orchestral group. God gave him musical talents which were nurtured by his parents, especially choral directing abilities from his father A. Leon Roach Sr.

Tony was so excited when I asked him along with my father to be the father giver at my wedding. He was my little brother that I took care of and loved him dearly. I will miss him oh so much.

*Ronie*

## *My Brother*

Tony was a rare gem who GAVE MUCH LOVE to mankind and especially to those of us who were blessed to be his siblings! He made each of us feel 'special' with his warm loving embraces, his infectious smile that brightens your day, his intellectual discussions on any subject, his ability to be a peacemaker, his generous spirit and his expressions for 'good music'. His voice in the impromptu choir after family dinners will always be remembered. This year, that voice will not be there, providing the harmony. Tony found much JOY in singing and listening to all genres of music.

I am thankful to God to have had a brother who gave and showed love...Let us so live our remaining time in this realm of life so as to one day be reunited with him and our other beloved ones. May his soul rest in peace.

*Annette*



A TRIBUTE TO TONY (EL ROCHO)

## MY BROTHER AND MY FRIEND

As I sit at my desk to write this tribute to you words cannot express the love and admiration you had for me and I for you. Even though we fought a lot as children (boy you had a temper), you used to pick up anything nearest to your hand, and I did not back down from you. Anyway we out grew that phase of our lives and we became the best of friends.

When you moved here to Grand Bahama, we became inseparable, I would attend your soccer games and you my softball games. If the other team members did not have anyone cheering for them, I know you had me covered and I had you. Your mouth was the biggest and the loudest on the bleaches and you let every spectator know that I was your sister. I would look up and see your big grin exposing those white teeth.

Tony you were my biggest fan in life no matter what the occasion. I remember when my theatrical group came to Nassau to stage the play "For Coloured Girls" You brought Carla, Adelma and her family with you. I heard your laughter above everyone especially when I said a funny line, you caught the joke. I will miss that laughter.

As you matured you became a fine gentleman and a family man

You made me so proud in all your achievements, especially when you as an Insurance Agent landed a good client you would call and say "Leonie I got a big client today" my reply would be "You sure know how to sell".

Tony you were a loving, caring and a giving brother, I will truly miss our daily conversations on the telephone, whether it was about ourselves, your business, politics, life lessons or giving advice to each other. Guess what I am going to miss everything about you.

There are so many things I can say, but this one stood out the most. One day while living in Freeport with me, we did not have any meat to go with the rice I was cooking. He asked me to borrow the car and he would

be right back. His right back was two hours later, when He came inside he placed a bucket of freshly caught fish that were already cleaned. That was Tony the provider.

I realized you were on your last KICK when I called to ask how you were doing that day, Carla said you were unable to speak to me, because at the time you had on the oxygen mask. I slowly hung up the phone. Suddenly the phone rang again and I saw your name on the caller ID, it was Carla saying that you asked her to call me back because you wanted to hear my voice, now that teared me up.

Roach I am so glad that I was able to spend the last week-end with you before you passed. On my arrival you pointed to the chair that was facing your bed indicating for me to sit and you just looked at me all of the afternoon and closing your eyes at intervals. You said some things to me but I did not understand. Little did I know your time was coming to a close. I now realized you were telling me good bye. Using a writing pad you wrote a note to me asking me to "sign you up". I did not know what you meant by this but that still small voice said to me to sing The Cooling waters song "Sign Me Up For The Christian Jubilee" this brought a smile to your face and you gave a thumbs up.

Thank you for all of the good and bad memories but the good outweighs the bad. Thanks for all you have done for me especially in these latter years (as they say hand go hand come), guess it was your turn to reciprocate.

Thank you once again. Love Ya!  
*(As you would say) Leonie*





## BIG BROTHER

Having you Tony as my big brother has been simply awesome. Words cannot express the love that I have for you, and the love that you have given to your “little sister” these many years. As children, your responsibility was to look out for me and to make sure that I got to and from school safely. Tony, you did not fail to do that, and Mama did not have to remind you either. When you said “Come on Adelma; let’s go”, I followed your command and when I could not keep up with you, because you were always walking so fast, you took me by the hand. Even as teenagers you continued doing the same thing which became a joke for the boys. Tony, you were my protector.

When I was going through the rough patches in my adult life, you were always there for me; reassuring me that things would get better. Tony you were my encourager.

You had a big heart Tony, and always shared what you had with me without asking; and if I did ask you to do anything for me, you did it or found a way to make it happen for me. Tony you were a rainmaker to me.

I always told you thanks for the love that you have given Abby and Andrew. You have been more than an uncle but rather a father to them, and the constant male figure in Andrew’s life these 28 years; I cannot forget the circumstances of Andrew’s birth that we went through together. Thank you for choosing Carla as your wife, because she became another sister to me. As I told you, and we both agreed, Carla is one in a million.

During the past 3 years, our roles with each other changed and it became my turn to be your encourager. I was grateful and delighted to do what I could to make your burden lighter. However what I wanted to do for you Tony was in Jesus’ hands and what I did do is fast and pray; Now I must accept his will.

Tony I could never get enough of you: your smiles, love, warmth, laughter and to hear you call out loudly “Adelma” long before you came into my view. I look forward to the second coming of our lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, more now, than ever before, where you and I will Never, Never, Never be apart, and will walk those streets of gold holding hands. This one is hard Tony. I love you! Thumbs up!

*Your “little sister” Adelma*




# THOUGHTS ON MY UNCLE TONY ROACH

I'm uncertain when I first encountered the force and energy of Tony Roach as a baby, but I'm sure that his gaze upon me evoked a broad smile. My Uncle touched my life like none other. He was a constant and dependable presence in my life as my Uncle, my surrogate Father, a big brother and friend. Uncle Tony was Bold, he was Black, and he was Beautiful! He was simply magical as he was brought into this existence with an engaging and captivating spirit.

Of all the children that Leon and Blunetta brought into this world, none of them embodied the essence of both of his parent's energy and spirit more than Anthony Livingstone Roach. Like his father Uncle Tony was a visionary and courageous, and like his mother he was tenacious and had an unbreakable will. A commanding force he touched the lives of everyone who crossed his path. His two greatest legacies are his giving spirit and most importantly, the freedom in which he lived.

*Uncle Tony gave so much, because he loved even more. And he loved unconditionally so many as his love was evident through his action. As he loved me I deeply admired and loved him!*



As a boy and young man I spent thousands of hours in the company of my uncle, watching his every move as he skillfully and brazenly navigated his way through life. The memories are numerous, however, those that have remained with me most include, riding shot gun with him through the streets of Nassau with his sound system blaring, thumping the latest tunes after a soccer game or group/ quartet rehearsal; watching him dance without care as he sang at the top of his lungs to the music blasting from the living room at our family homestead on Hanna's road, and "Mama" exhorting, "Tony, the music's too loud! Please turn down the music".

There are other special times that come to mind as young boy my mother sent me to Lincoln Nebraska to spend the summer with him between his junior and senior year in college. During that time I spent those 2 1/2 months with him in his dorm room as he easily integrated me into his collegiate experience. To this day, I wonder how he so effortlessly pulled that off. Throughout my life Uncle Tony would continue to give to me as he poured love into every aspect of my life. As I was headed off to Boarding school after having worked in Nassau for the summer, knowing I needed suits for school, on the day before my departure he called me into the room and without hesitation pulled three of his most coveted suits from his closet rack. These were no simple suits as he spent a pretty penny on them. During those days Uncle Tony shopped at Nassau's finest boutiques such as Tempo Paris and Pat Paul's. He desired to send me off in style!

Uncle Tony would take me spear fishing, snorkeling, taking me to soccer games, group and choir rehearsals, fishing. He spent hours



teaching basketball, soccer, volleyball and others as he constantly and freely shared his perspective on life and manhood. He was my mentor and teacher as he ensured I learned the importance of certain life skills as paying attention to detail and the importance of saving money.

On Sunday Morning's after completing our early morning chores from Grandma, my job was to help him clean his car. One task he always asked me to do was to clean the Hub Caps and to clean the mats. After each attempt at cleaning I would walk up to him and exclaim, "Uncle Tony! I'm finished". He would then go on to point out some flaw in my work as I, in frustration would have to repeat the same task over and over again. However, this early Sunday Morning lesson taught me the importance of paying attention to detail. During most summers in High School and in College I was in Nassau and Uncle Tony ensured that I was diligent in saving. Every week he made sure I set aside and save funds for school.

Uncle Tony gave effortlessly to all. Whether it be as teacher, leader, businessman, husband and father, and family member. As a teacher and mentor he spent countless hours pouring his time and energy in to the youth in the Seventh Day Adventist Church, GHS or countless others throughout the country.

But to me his greatest legacy is the freedom in which he lived his life. In my mind, very few individuals live their lives the way in which our creator intended us to live. And Anthony Livingston Roach is one of them. For our ultimate calling, as human beings, created in the image of our God is to live a life of Freedom, one in which we spend our numbered days living a life of meaning, purpose and happiness. However, many of us spend our time in fear and trepidation, paralyzed by the fear of failure and of risk, bounded and shackled by the opinions of others, and stuck in mired in traditions and legacies that do not serve us. And while the greatness in each of us lay dormant deep within, we fail to live a full and rewarding life. A life where we fail to display and put into use the unique gifts and talents God has given to each of us.

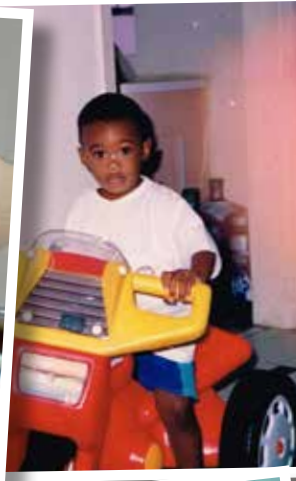
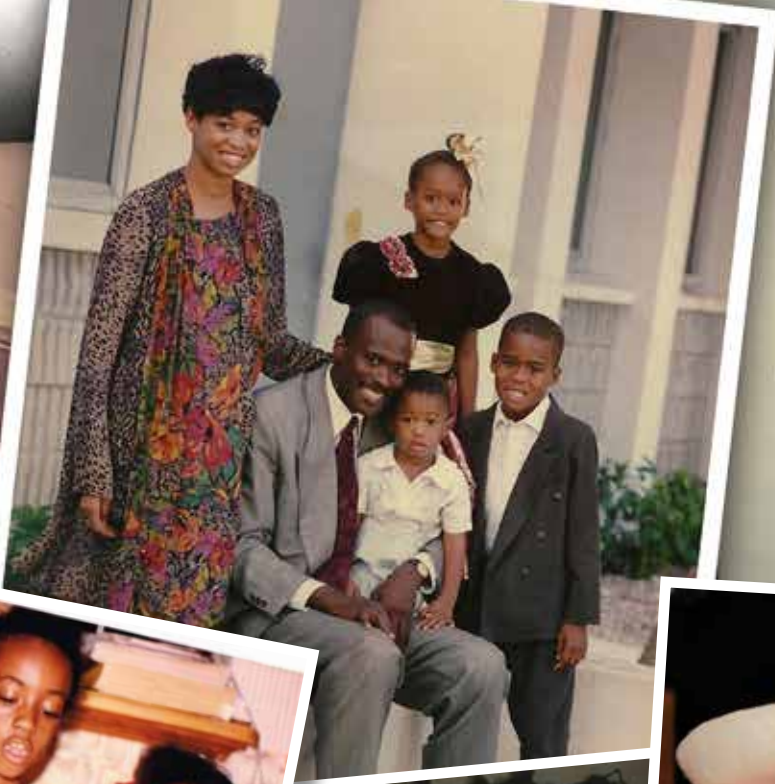
Uncle Tony lived a free life and used all the gifts and talents given to him by God! He dared to dream and to follow those dreams with an unflinching determination. His sense of freedom was evident in all of professional and personal decisions, whether it was as a talented young communication's graduate, who instead of pursuing a career in the media chose to teach, or as an Insurance Sales Executive at the top of the industry, who "voluntarily" walked away, leaving a commanding salary to pursue his dream of economic empowerment and Independence. He wanted to be his own man! And though he failed a time or two, he finally found the financial freedom he deeply desired with his current business A. L. Cleaning Company. However, none of it would be possible without his unflinching determination and ability to brush off his failings. He did not let the fear of failure stop him, for he was free.

I'm not sure where he learned how to be free, for some reason I believe he entered this world with this truly amazing gift wired into his very core. This gift ultimately led him to live a rich and meaningful life. A life though cut shorter than we all deeply hoped for, was an amazing spectacle of love, of live, of giving, and displayed the brilliant and transcending force of Anthony Livingstone Roach.

May Aunt Carla, Alcott, Alexia and Anthony find comfort and strength in the memory of their magnificent husband and father. And may the remainder of the family, his sisters and the entire Roach as well as the Macintosh families be also comforted by his lasting legacy.

*Joel*







## *To Uncle Tony*

I miss you Uncle Tony but I know we will meet again. I will cherish the memories of your smile which was always bright and big! Just like your heart that held all of us inside. If I could use a color to describe you it would be yellow. For yellow is the color of happiness and indeed you were filled to the brim with that. From the inspiring things you said to the jokes you made I long to hear your booming voice once again. Words cannot express the love that I have for you. Even though you are gone you will always hold a special, special, special place in my heart.

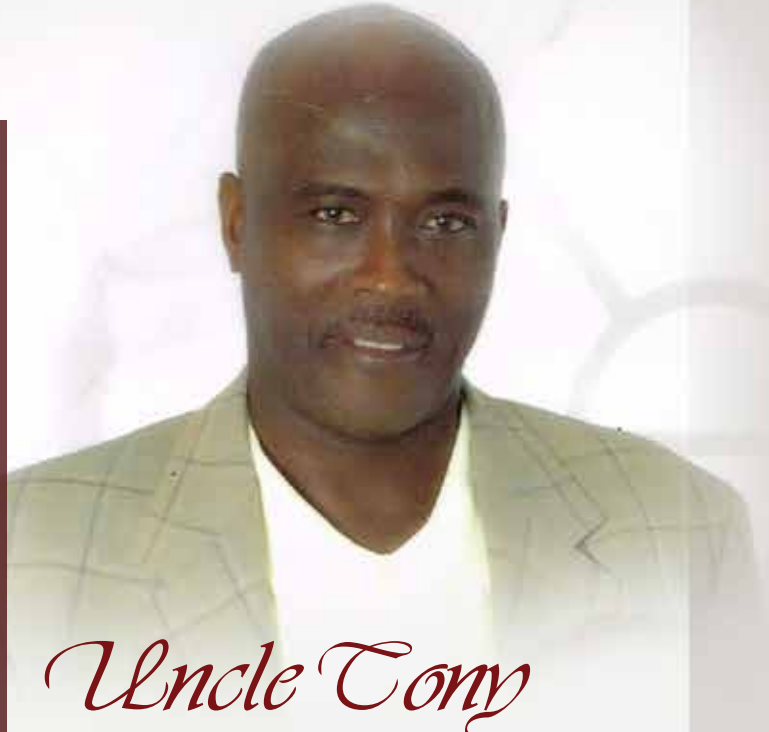
*From Niece Abbigail Penn*

## *My Uncle*

This is something I was hoping would never happen. There are truly no words to comfort anyone during a time like this, but Aunt Carla I send my condolences to you & my cousins.

I probably never said it, but I was beyond grateful to have you both in my life; Uncle Tony was like a father to me, the man I hoped my father would be. I had hopes of him one day walking me down the aisle at my wedding;), but God knows what He is doing. I listened to "This too shall pass this morning" & I cried again. We never fully understand why things happen, but God has a reason behind everything. He, along with us, your family will be here every step of the way providing the comfort you need. This semester was one of my best, and now one of my worst. I wish I was able to be there in person, but I will be there in spirit. Nothing will be the same, I know this for a fact but it's comforting to know that he is no longer in pain & no longer suffering. Love you Aunt Carla, be strong in the Lord.

*From Grand-Niece, T'nee Moss*

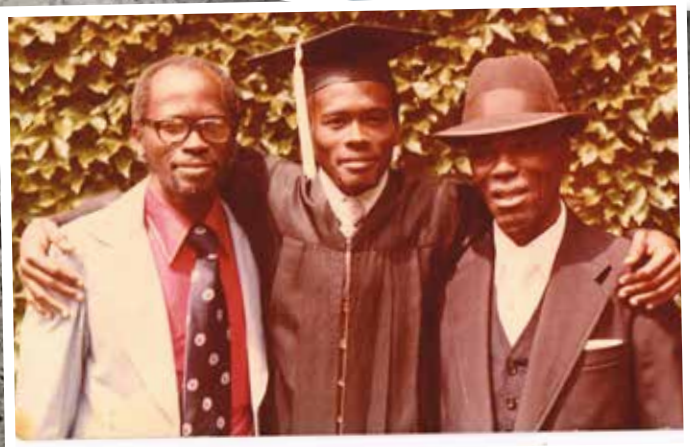


## *Uncle Tony*

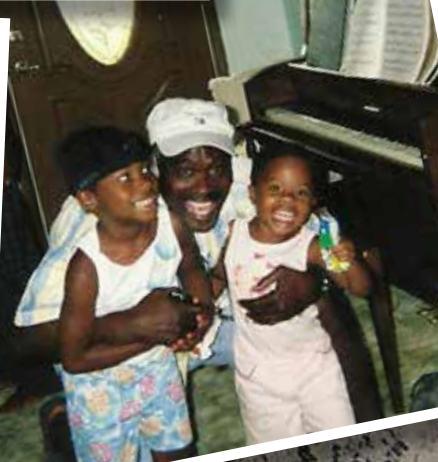
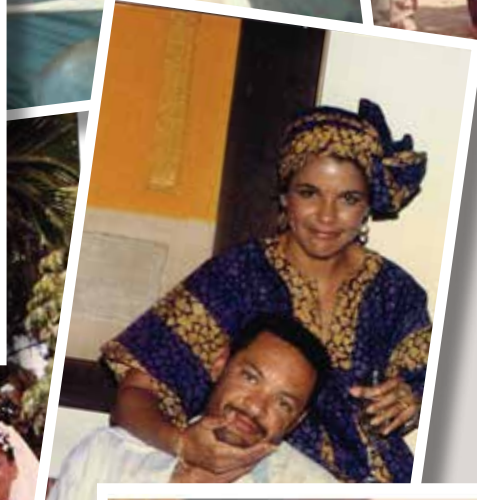
A tribute I loved my uncle ever since I can remember. He was the most righteous, civil, honest, hardworking and decent person I've ever known. He was a genuine man, what you saw was exactly what you got. It's not easy for me to accept that he is no longer with us, that I didn't have a chance to tell him that I loved him with all my heart and how much he meant to me. As a mentor and second father to me. Instilling in me with a stern voice the importance of doing something right the first time. I will always remember our random conversations because of my random inquiries about life, family and work ethic we had during little breaks on jobs. Rest on Uncle Tony. I'll miss you a lot and wished we could have had just a little more conversation.

*Love, Andrew Penn (Nephew)*















# THE BROKEN CHAIN

We little knew that evening,  
God was going to call your name,  
In life we loved you dearly,  
In death we do the same.

It broke our hearts to lose you,  
You did not go alone,  
For part of us went with you,  
The day God called you home.

You left us beautiful memories,  
Your love is still our guide,  
And though we cannot see you,  
You are always by our side.

Our family chain is broken,  
And nothing seems the same,  
But as God calls us one by one,  
The chain will link again.

*You'll Be Forever In Our Hearts*

*From the Roach and  
McIntosh Families*





# *A Time To Wed My Love*

The dashing young man that I fell in love with, became my husband of 28 years. It was a whirlwind romance. And it was a romance that is truly UNFORGETTABLE.

Over these twenty-eight years Tony has been my protector, provider, lover, confidante and best friend. He is the most romantic, lovable person I have ever known. He was the priest of our home, ensuring Christ remained center. He watched me like a hawk and quickly made emotional and physical adjustments to ensure I was always happy. He loved me unreservedly. I know because he expressed it often. Not only in words, but in action. The way he smiled at me - and yes, his smile could still make my heart quicken, even after all these years. Every so often, he would drop off a native fruit or other little treat and leave it for me at the reception desk where I worked. I remember him waking me up to drive to the beach to see the sun rise. In the privacy of our home he romanced me. He would put on some old romantic music - he loved the Carpenters and would grab and dance me all around the room. He even serenaded me one Valentines Day - getting down on one knee and strumming his guitar he sang "Love look at the two of us..."

Tony made me feel like I was in a romantic novel, which includes all the drama and hurts, by the way, because it wasn't perfect - but it was never dull.

We spent lots of time together. Driving to work we would talk or just sit in companionable silence. Lunchtime, he would often come to pick me up after he had already purchased lunch and we would sit by the beach and listen to the talk shows. We would discuss and laugh at the pertinent topics and callers. Sometimes we would take the liberty of a long lunch and drive out west for a "fancy" lunch. At nights we would take a warm bath together and discuss our "brood", our siblings or just thank God for his goodness - counting our blessings, even when means were meager.

Travelling with Tony was the best! He was so adventurous - and funny. We had great times with him driving. He always stopped and packed the car with fruit and other snacks. He never wanted to admit he didn't know where he was going and one time we found ourselves driving on the railroad track! Oh, how we laughed!! Just the funnest person to travel with.

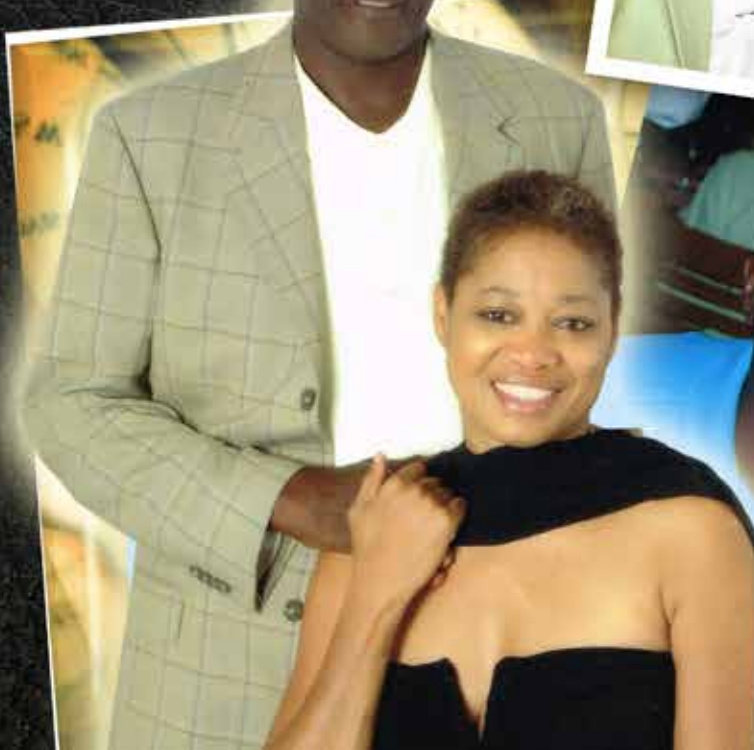
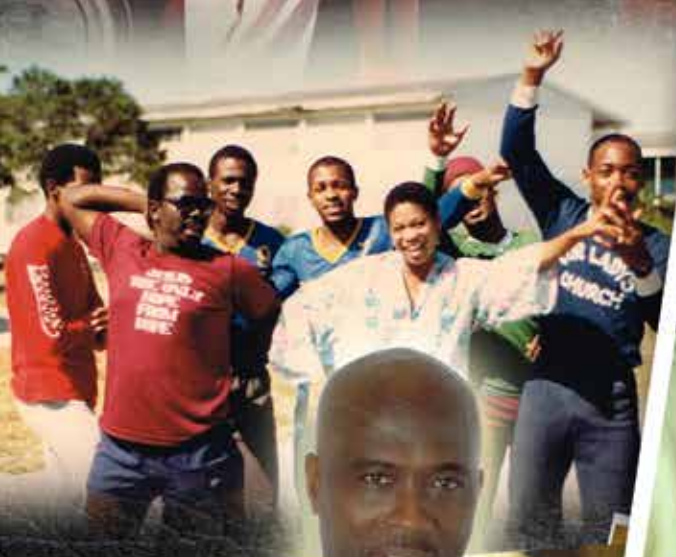
His personality filled our home. He would get up in the morning with a loud and happy "Good morning!". He expected "good mornings" from the children too, he would say "You didn't tell me good morning Pixi (or Alcott, or Anthony) - you know manners take you through the world"! He was loud and rambunctious. Like an oversized puppy, he was just lovable!

Tony loved family. He respected his father and he adored his mother. He appreciated the sacrifices made by his family, his parents and siblings, for his upbringing and his education. He displayed almost equal love for my mother and I appreciated and loved him for that. When we discussed caring for our parents - all of them were included and he ensured that all needs were met. Our families blend beautifully. Special occasions are shared like one big happy family - love, laughter, food and MUSIC!!

*I will always love you Tones!*









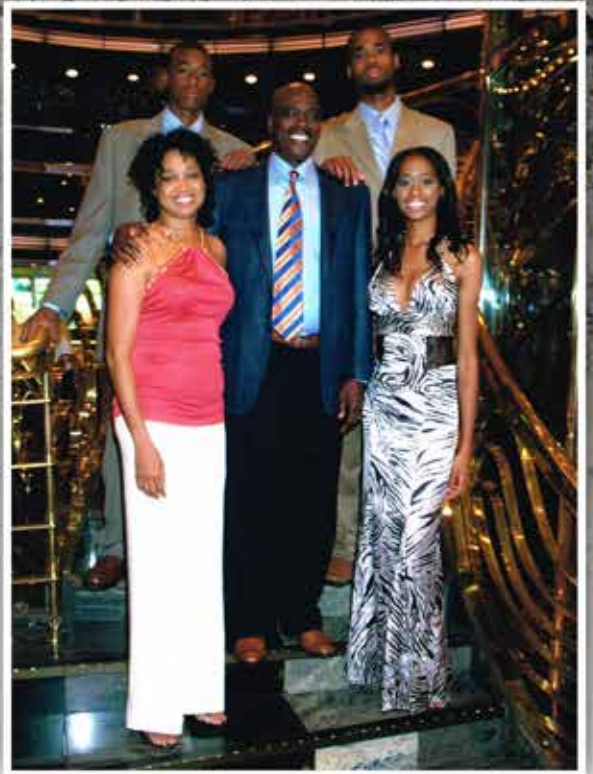
# MESSAGE OF *Gratitude*

*We the family of Anthony Livingstone Roach would like to express our humble gratitude and sincerest appreciation to those who, in one way or another, provided us with support and prayers that have comforted us in our time of sorrow.*

*As we seek to move forward, let us remember Anthony's spirit of love, hope and courage, finding strength in the knowledge that all things are working for the good of them that love the Lord.*

*May God continue to bless and guide each and every one of you.*

## ***The Roach Family***



### **PALL BEARERS**

Alcott L. Roach  
Anthony L. Roach, Jr.  
Joel McPhee  
Foster Dorsett, Jr.  
Andrew Penn  
Christopher Keaton, Jr.  
Trevor Bridgewater  
Kurt Smith

### **HONORARY PALL BEARERS**

Arthur Clarke, Sr.  
Alcott McIntosh, Jr.  
Godfrey Turnquest  
Foster Dorsett, Sr.  
Joe McGee  
Pastor H. A. Roach  
Pastor Barrington Brennen  
Pastor Paul Scavella  
Ellerston Rahming  
Dr. Arthur Clarke, Jr.

**Funeral services provided by:**



Robinson Road and First Street  
Telephone: 325-5268/393-1352/328-1944  
P.O.Box N-603  
Nassau, Bahamas



**Provided by SIDDA Communications Group**

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Nassau, N.P. Bahamas

