

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF



Dominick
DEON "DOMIE"
Bulls-Ealy

MARCH 6, 1991 — JULY 20, 2026

Tuesday, August 11, 2026 | 11:00 AM
NEW HOPE BAPTIST CHURCH
3701 Colorado Blvd, Denver, CO 80205

HIS LIFE STORY

With a spirit as unstoppable as a tumbling dryer on the fritz, Dominick Deon "Domie" Butts-Ealy took his final skydive into the great beyond on July 20, 2026. Born March 6, 1991, in Denver, Colorado, Dominick's adventurous spirit was evident from the get-go. As a toddler, he earned the nickname "Damn-I-Nick" from his Nana for his unique approach to laundry day. His method? Tossing all the freshly washed and folded clothes out of the basket with a triumphant "Tah-Da!" And just like that, Dominick lived his entire life...His Way.

As a firm believer, Dominick was baptized at the tender age of 7 at Abundant Life Baptist Church by Pastor William L. Rooks. He carried the love and compassion instilled in him by his faith throughout his life. He was the kind of guy who'd give you the shirt off his back, even if it meant he had to do another load of laundry. He carried his love for creatures great and small in his heart, with his dog, bearded dragon, and box turtle ranking high among his closest companions.

Never one to be confined by convention, Dominick made waves both in and out of the water. A talented swimmer and diver, he scooped up several awards for his aquatic prowess and even snagged a Coach of the Year award. His favorite type of homework? The kind that involved a diving board or a hiking trail. His response to those pesky school assignments? "Why should I do homework when I get an 'A' on all of my exams...I'm not doing it." Well, Tah-Da, Dominick. You showed them!

One thing that *always* annoyed Dominick was mornings. While most people enjoy sleeping in, especially on vacation, his brother apparently never got that memo. Without fail, every single morning at 5:00 a.m., his brother would jump out of bed and blast his music for the whole house to hear.

Vacation? Doesn't matter.

Weekend? Doesn't matter.

Sleeping family members? Definitely didn't matter.

You could always count on Dominick, waking up to the sound of music and wondering why anyone would voluntarily be awake at that hour. And every morning, he'd give his brother *that look*... you know the one. **Imagine that face!**

Like father "Derek", Like Son "Dominick" enjoyed collecting knives and taking long drives. So many times he would call and say, "I'm getting a room" wherever he was and would be home the next day. This is what led to College in New Orleans and going to the other states to work and have a different scenery. Always with the dog "Loki" in tow.

From Denver to Arizona, North Carolina, and Chicago, Dominick brought his unique blend of adventurous, loving, funny, and compassionate energy wherever he went. His life was a testament to the verse from Proverbs 17:22, "A cheerful heart is good medicine, but a crushed spirit dries up the bones." His heart, as cheerful as they come, was indeed good medicine to all who knew him.

Dominick is survived by his loving mother, Estelle Butts; his significant other, Alex Solat Jr.; his brother LaVone Ealy (Sareda); nephews Khai, London, Hendrix, and nieces Khloe, Santana; his grandmother Dolores Ealy; and his grandfather, Jesse Butts. His loving Aunts Stephanie & uncle the late James Manuel, Joy Hall, Dorothy Dias (Lance), Yesta Ealy, Kimberly Carithers, Apryl (Orenthal) Gates, Stephanie (Demond) Jones; his loving Uncles, Kerry (Sandy) Butts, Gregory (Christi) Smith, Christopher (Michelle) Thorpe, and Anthony Thorpe. He is preceded in death by his father, Derek Butts; uncle Robert Thorpe (Wendy); and grandparents Juanita McDade, Linda Thorpe, and Billy Ealy; great-grandparents Rudolph Ealy and Willene Ealy. Bonus Sisters, Ashley, Vanessa, Aminah.

To keep the memory of Dominick's vibrant spirit alive, we invite you to share your favorite "Domie" stories and photos on his memorial page. Whether it's a memory of a shared adventure, a quip that still makes you chuckle, or a photo of him with that infectious smile, we welcome your tributes to our beloved Damn-I-Nick. Tah-Da, Dominick, your spirit will live on in our hearts forever.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude

Dr. Michael Williams

Processional

"It was the Blood" by Damita Jo

Invocation

Reverend Jasper Peters

Musical Selection

"Crooked Halo" by China Styles

Scripture Reading

Old Testament & New Testament

Reverend Nathala Young

Prayer of Comfort

Reverend Jasper Peters

Musical Selection

"One Day I'll Fly" by Damita Jo

Obituary Reading

Silently

Acknowledgment of Condolences

Condolence Clerk

Expression of Love

(2 mins please)

Musical Selection

"The Savior Knows My Story" by Blues of Grace

Eulogy

Reverend Dr. MarKeva Hill

Postlude

"Peace Looks Good on Me" by Blu Monroe



A Tribute to MY SON

My precious son,

There are no words that can truly express how much I love you or how deeply I miss you. From the moment you came into my life, you brought joy, adventure, laughter, and love wherever you went. You never allowed life to pass you by. You embraced every opportunity, every challenge, and every adventure with courage and enthusiasm.

I loved your adventurous spirit. Whether you were swimming, diving, skydiving, or trying something new, you lived life to the fullest. You inspired others to be brave, to step outside of their comfort zones, and to enjoy every moment. You had a way of making life exciting just by being yourself.

But more than your adventurous side, I loved your loving heart. You cared deeply for the people around you. You knew how to make others feel valued, and your kindness was a gift to everyone fortunate enough to know you.

Some of my most treasured memories are the quiet moments we shared. I will forever remember you calling or waking me up at two o'clock in the morning because you wanted to talk. At the time, I may have wished for a little more sleep, but today I would give anything to hear my phone ring and hear your voice on the other end just one more time.

I will never forget your beautiful smile, your infectious laugh, or the way you sang off-key without a care in the world. Those little things that made you uniquely you are now the memories I hold closest to my heart. They bring tears to my eyes, but they also bring warmth to my soul because they remind me of the incredible son God blessed me with.

The pain of missing you is immeasurable. Not a day goes by that I don't think about you. Not a moment passes that I don't wish I could hug you, talk to you, or hear your laughter again. Though my heart aches, I find comfort in knowing that you are no longer in pain and that you are resting peacefully in the arms of Jesus.

I imagine you whole, free, and joyful, surrounded by God's love and grace. That thought gives me strength when the days are hard. One day, by God's promise, we will see each other again.

Until then, I will carry your memory with me. I will cherish every laugh, every conversation, every adventure, and every precious moment we shared. Thank you for being my son. Thank you for the love you gave so freely. Thank you for the joy you brought into my life.

I will love you forever. I will miss you always. And I will never forget you.

Love Always,
Mom

TO MY *Brother,*



For anyone who knows my brother and me, you know we've been polar opposites our entire lives. I mean, I spent most of my life wondering what the hell I'm gonna do when I grow up, and I still ask myself that question to this day. But not this kid... I had a conversation with him at 7 when he told me he wanted to be a diver, but in order to do that, he had to become a gymnast first.

And shortly after, he started flipping. I had to work for every grade I got in school, but Nick was just uber smart. The kid could miss a week of school and still pass the test. But when you're that young, you don't understand or respect the differences, so what they end up doing is driving a wedge. And that wedge only grew as we did, so by the time I graduated and headed to college, our relationship was cordial at best.

However, over the years, we made a concerted effort to reconcile and build a relationship we could be proud of. One year, at my mom's birthday party, aunts everywhere, family friends, even my mom's pastor was there, and we reconnected with a little scuffle, you know, while everybody's trying to eat cake. Looking back, it's hilarious, but I'd be lying if I said I didn't have a little bit more respect for him.

From there, we had sprints of keeping in contact, sprints of "how you doing's" and "let's grab a drink." At every turn, he ultimately just wanted to be accepted and wanted to feel loved by his bigger brother. I did love Nick. I'm just not sure I always did a good job of showing it.

The last time my brother and I spoke, he called me three or four times trying to get his dog groomed, and I didn't answer. So he called my mom and told her he thought I didn't like him and that I was ignoring him. I brushed it off because I was just busy. Told her to tell him to just book it. You know, because I was too busy. Then we finally did connect. He was hoping I'd be around when he dropped Loki off, but again, I was too busy. I never followed up or corrected what he'd said to our mom. I never told him I loved him and missed him. So he died not knowing that his big brother loved him to death, and that I always accepted him, even when he wasn't sure if he accepted himself.

I share this not as a tribute, but as a painful apology. It is a confession of the times I allowed the busyness of life to build walls instead of bridges. Too often, I mistook "busy" for importance, failing to realize that the most important work I could ever do was simply showing up for the ones I love. I failed to slow down, and in doing so, I failed to show Nick the love he deserved, the love he needed to feel every day. If there is a lesson in this grief, it is a desperate plea to my children: love each other in every moment and never let distance or difference build a wedge between you.





