



Acknowledgments

The family of Tony Taylor would like to express our deepest and most heartfelt gratitude for the tremendous outpouring of love, prayers, support, and kindness shown to our family during this difficult time. Every phone call, text message, visit, prayer, meal, floral arrangement, donation, and act of kindness has reminded us just how deeply Tony was loved. Your presence has brought us comfort, your prayers have given us strength, and your love has helped carry us through moments when the weight of our loss felt especially heavy.

We extend a special thank you to everyone who cared for, encouraged, prayed for, and supported Tony throughout his life and during his final days. We are forever grateful for the compassion and love shown not only to Tony, but to our entire family. As we celebrate Tony's life, we find comfort in knowing that his contagious laughter, sense of humor, generous spirit, many talents, and love for family will live on through each of us. With love and sincere appreciation.

pallbearers

Xavier Buckner | Tavion Karim
Omar Williams | Damien Williams
Barry Simmons | Traune Williams

Honorary Pallbearers

Edward Captain | Devin Putman
John Taylor Sr. | John Taylor Jr.
Angelo Taylor



SERENITY
FUNERAL HOME
1101 E. Bannister Rd. | Kansas City, MO 64131 | SFHKC.com



FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

"Tony"

HEAVENS
NEWEST
STAR

Calvary Chapel Church
Of God In Christ

5101 Bristol Avenue
Kansas City, Missouri 64129
Pastor Harold Molden | Officiant

Saturday, August 22, 2026

Visitation | 9:00 A.M.
Funeral Service | 11:00 A.M.

Antoneo De Vaughn
TAYLOR

Sunrise: January 1, 1989 | Sunset: July 30, 2026



Reflections of Life

Antoneo DeV Vaughn “Tony” Taylor was born on January 1, 1989, in Kansas City, Missouri, to Anthony Eugene Taylor and lovingly raised by Temeikia Charsnel “Tammy” Buckner and his dad, Edward Buckner. He spent his early years growing up in Kansas City before his family relocated to Blue Springs, Missouri. Tony accepted Christ into his life at an early age. More recently, he rededicated his life to Christ, reaffirming his faith and openly professing Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior.

Tony attended Blue Springs South High School, where he excelled as a student and a standout athlete. He graduated in 2007 following an exceptional high school football career marked by numerous accomplishments and accolades. Among his proudest achievements were receiving the prestigious Buck Buchanan Award as a dominant defensive lineman and earning a State Championship ring during his undefeated senior season in 2007. Tony’s strength, determination, and passion for the game made him a force on the football field. His accomplishments at Blue Springs South were more than statistics and awards—they reflected his hard work, discipline, and competitive spirit. He left a lasting mark at Blue Springs South, where his accomplishments remain part of the schools football legacy.

After high school, Tony continued his education, studying Business and Accounting at Northwest Missouri State University and Fort Scott Community College. He later earned an Associate Degree in Stationary Engineering from Blue River Metropolitan Community College and obtained multiple professional certifications, including HVAC and refrigeration.

But a degree or certification could never fully capture Tony’s gifts.

Tony was truly a master of all trades and a stranger to none. There wasn’t much he couldn’t figure out, repair, build, grow, or make better. He could fix a leaky pipe, rewire a ceiling fan, tune an engine, and then turn around and give you the best advice on growing tomatoes, peppers, and sunflowers—all in a single afternoon. Being a proud homeowner, Tony had a gift for working with his hands and an even greater confidence that almost anything could be figured out. If something was broken, Tony didn’t simply see a problem. He saw an opportunity to rebuild it.

He was also an avid gardener who found joy in planting, growing, and watching the fruits of his labor come to life. His love of gardening will continue through a community garden established in his honor—a living tribute where seeds will be planted, roots will grow, and new life will continue to bloom.

Just as Tony knew how to repair, rebuild, plant, and nurture, his life planted seeds in the hearts of everyone who loved him. Those seeds—his lessons, his contagious laughter, his knowledge, his strength, his playful sense of humor, and the love he gave so freely—will continue to grow for generations to come.

Tony planted more than gardens. He planted memories, laughter, wisdom, and love—and those are seeds that will never stop growing.

Tony was blessed to have the love and guidance of two fathers, both of whom preceded him in death: his biological father, Anthony Eugene Taylor, and his dad, Edward DalAnthony Buckner. He was also preceded in death by his maternal grandfather, Edgar Lee Williams; his paternal grandmother, Betty Taylor, uncles, Larry Taylor and Arthur Taylor; cousin, Craig Taylor; and his grandfather, Edward Buckner Sr.

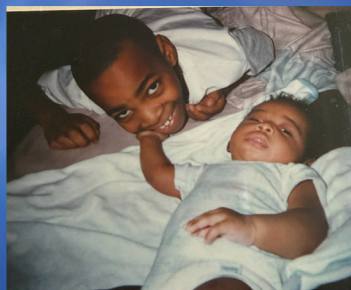
Tony leaves to cherish his memory: his loving mother, Tammy Buckner; brothers: Edward Captain, Angelo Taylor, and Xavier Buckner; and his sister, Quincy Buckner.

He is also survived by: his grandmothers, Claudia Daniels and June Buckner; his paternal grandfather, John Taylor Sr. (Linda); his aunts, Angela Taylor and Tracey Williams; his uncles, John Taylor Jr. and Traune Williams; two nephews he enjoyed spending time with, Quentin Isaiah-King Buckner and Cashel Demetrius-King Buckner; a neice, Rayne Captain and a host of cousins, extended family members, friends, and loved ones who will forever carry his memory in their hearts.

Planting Seeds in Tony's Memory

In honor of Tony’s love for gardening and the joy he found in watching things grow, a Community Garden will be established in his memory. This garden will serve as a living tribute to Tony—a place where seeds are planted, roots grow deep, and life continues to bloom. Just as Tony believed that things could be repaired and rebuilt, this garden will allow his legacy to continue growing for generations to come.





Celebration Of Life

Processional
“His Eye Is On The Sparrow”

Scripture
Elder Dennis Powell Sr.

Prayer
Diona Webb

Musical Selection
Joey Stephens

Acknowledgment & Condolences
Sharmelle Winsett

Reflections of Life
“Jesus Promised Me A Home”

Video Tribute

Words of Reflections
(Two Minutes Please)
Quentin Isaiah-King Buckne
Quincy Buckner
Rev. Graves
Others

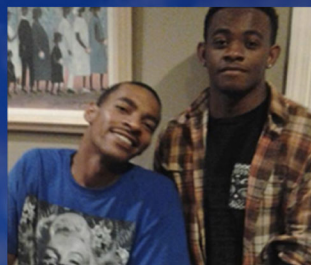
Musical Selection
Sons of Calvary

Words of Comfort
Pastor Harold Molden

Committal & Benediction

Recessional
“See You Again” | Wiz Khalifa

Repast in the Fellowship Hall
immediately following services.



To My Beloved Grandson, Antonio DeVaughn Taylor

My sweet Tony,
There are some people who leave footprints on your heart that time can never erase, and you will forever be one of those people for me.

I will always remember those late-night knocks on my door, sometimes around 10:00 at night. I would open the door and there you would be saying, “It’s cold!” And I would say, “Tony, come on in.” I would give anything to hear that knock one more time, but instead, I will hold those memories close and smile because I was blessed to have them.

*Tony, you had a heart that was uniquely yours. You were funny, a jokester, and one of the most giving people I knew. You would give someone your last if you thought they needed it. And Christmas with you was always special. It might have been a pair of pliers, a flashlight, or something else you decided we absolutely needed! It wasn’t about what was inside the package. It was about the fact that **you thought about us.** That was my Tony.*

*And I cannot think about you without thinking about your plants. You took such pride in growing your peppers and tomatoes. Watching something you planted grow brought you joy, and now those simple memories mean more to me than I could ever explain. The last few years were not always easy, and as your grandmother, there were times I wished I could fix everything for you. When I couldn’t, I did what I knew to do: **I prayed.** I prayed for God to cover you. I prayed for Him to protect and keep you. And most of all, I prayed that you would always know how deeply you were loved.*

One of the memories I will treasure most is you coming to me, taking my hand, and asking me to pray with you. What a gift it was for a grandmother to have her grandson reach for her hand and reach for God at the same time.

Tony, I am proud of you. I am proud of the love you gave. I am proud of the laughter you brought into our lives. I am proud of your giving heart. I am proud that through everything you faced, there was still so much goodness inside of you.

Letting you go is one of the hardest things I have ever had to do. But my faith reminds me that your story did not end in that hospital room. I choose to believe that when you left our hands, you took God’s. I choose to picture you whole, at peace, and free. I imagine that beautiful smile on your face as you were welcomed by the loved ones who went before you—your dad, your grandparents, Papa Buckner, your cousin, and friends who were waiting to see you again.

*And Tony, in my heart, I believe you received something better than anything we could have given you here: **A new heart. A whole body. No struggle. No pain. Just peace.***

So, although my heart is broken because I wanted more time with you, I will not allow your final days to define the beautiful life I was blessed to share with you. Rest now, my baby. No more struggling. No more fighting.

You are free.
Until I see you again,
Love always,
Grannie

From as early as I can remember, my first role model—the first person I looked up to—was my big brother. My big brother was the grit and person who always did what needed to be done, even if it wasn't what else wanted to do it. That was just everything he had.

When my big brother played varsity football, I was so proud to be his little brother. I was so proud to be his little brother who was famous than I actually was.

From getting beat up for snitching to sharing so many moments with him, I shared so many moments with him. Through all of those moments, big brother, I realized that I was looking back. I realized that I was

Looking back, I realize that I was
from him. I was watching him. I
examples he gave me early on.

Big brother, thank you for being s
lessons, the laughs, and even the
I will always be proud to call you
I love you. I miss you. And until
~ **Xavier Buckner**

Tony was not only my cousin; in
someone I could talk to almost
behind! Looking back, I love tha
family and wanted to stay conne
different lives (Lil Cuz), life brou

When I moved back to Kansas

When I moved back to Kansas, I had a new life. Tony became someone I could count on, and I was with him as well. Like a big "Cuz" who was there at that time! We encouraged each other through life. Tony could talk for hours about his life, what was coming up, and what he was proud of. His family and the people he loved were always in his memory feels so fitting. Tony understood the importance of it grow, and sharing the harvest.

I will always remember the day Tony died. I would ride with him to a motorcade, and I would until Tony finally stopped and joyfully about it.

Tony was my cousin and I will miss him simply knowing I could reach out to him during harvest, too! I will carry that with me.

Rest peacefully, Tony.

Your love and support will be remembered forever.

You will forever be loved, remembered

My Big Brother

I have always wanted to impress my big brother. From I looked up to and wanted to be like who he was. He showed up, he put in the work, he was the grime of every team he was a part of. He was determined to be done, even when it wasn't pretty, even when he was tired. He showed up, he put in the work, he was the grime of every team he was a part of.

After they brought home the first-ever state championship trophy, and honestly, I probably thought I was going to be there when he bought his first car. My brother that I will carry with me for the rest of my life. Big and small, he inspired me in some way, so much so that I'm not just trying to impress my big brother. I was becoming the man I am today partly because of him. Thank you for all the moments that didn't make sense at the time but made sense now. Thank you, my big brother.

Next time we meet... rest easy, big brother.

Deeply Missed

In the later years of our lives, he became a constant presence in my life. Every day. And if I didn't answer, he was always there. I missed him because it showed just how much he loved me. Although we were different ages and had different interests, he brought us closer together in a way I will always cherish. In 2015, I was going through a difficult time with my fears, tears, and struggles, and he was my rock. He was my protector, although I was older, I didn't let him know. We laughed together, and helped one another. He loved sharing what he was proud of. And he didn't just grow it he shared it. Knowing that a community garden will help others understand the joy of planting something, caring for it, and harvesting it. Tony bought his motorcycle. He was so excited about it. Motorcycle party. We rode together on I-70, both of us. He told me, "Cuz, you heavy!" I still smile when I think of those conversations, our laughter, our games. And with Tony, you better have answers. Those memories and his love with me always stay with me. I missed, and deeply missed Cuz, Sheriee Le...

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A vertical collage of seven photographs. The top photo shows a young woman in a gold dress and tiara standing next to a young man in a suit. The second photo shows a woman in a blue sweatshirt sitting at a desk with books. The third photo shows a man and a woman standing next to a trophy labeled 'BUCK BUCHANAN MEMORIAL AWARD'. The fourth photo shows a man holding up a blue 'Charlotte 05' jersey. The fifth photo shows a man in a white shirt standing in a kitchen. The sixth photo is a comic book cover for 'The Incredible Hulk' featuring the Hulk and a car. The bottom photo is a group selfie of three people: a man, a woman, and another man.

A vertical collage of 20 photographs arranged in a grid-like fashion, showing various moments from a person's life. The photos include: a man in a black jersey with the number 34 and an older man with a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child; a man in a white shirt and a child. The photos are set against a background of a blue sky with white clouds.

A vertical collage of 15 photographs. The top row features three family portraits: a man in a white shirt and tie, a man in a tuxedo, and a group of four people. The second row shows a large group of young men in white and blue football jerseys with numbers like 21, 50, and 65. The third row includes a man in a plaid shirt, a man in a white t-shirt with 'U.S. AIR FORCE 1947-1997' and a graphic, and a man with dreadlocks eating. The fourth row has a close-up of a man with glasses and a red shirt, and a group of five young men and one woman in white shirts. The fifth row shows a man in a white shirt and a group of three people in rain ponchos (blue, clear, and red). The bottom row features a man in a tuxedo, a group of three young men smiling, and a man in a black tank top.

