

A LETTER TO D'ANDRE

Hey you,
I miss you.

I know that's what everyone says at a time like this, but I don't know what else to say. When I say, "I miss you", I mean I miss everything about you. The way you'd pretend to be so tough, but we all knew that inside you were so soft. I miss your spontaneity. You were always the first who was willing to go on an adventure. I miss your laugh even when I didn't find the joke funny. I miss your heart because to know you was to love you, no matter how hard you made it. But most of all, I just miss you.

I could say that much has changed since you died, yet also, much has stayed the same. But only the cruel or incurious would suggest such because all of us who loved you are profoundly changed by your loss. It's as though we were swimming along, oblivious to our current and buoyancy, then abruptly and unceremoniously tossed from the sea, forced to breathe differently, to forever endure the crushing gravity of your absence.

Death is a weird thing. One moment you could be talking & giggling, and the next you're on your knees, crying and you can't breathe. It hits like a train, even though it takes forever to realize that the person who you were so close with is gone and they're never coming back.

All I have now are memories of us, photos, a few videos just to hear your voice, and a remembrance social media page. That is all that is left of you... as a person. You left this Earth, for only God knows what reason, but it feels like it's way too soon. No sign in sight. Nobody could have seen this coming. It's true what they say... the good die young. For what? Nobody will ever know the answer to that. At least once a day my internal monologue stops me cold in order to scream, "I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS."

Yes, obviously, denial seems to be my safe space because how could someone be okay with losing you. Grief is a Venn diagram of emotions. It comes in a riot of color and waves, pulsing with saturation as competing feelings fade in and out...bright, then dim again, bright, then dim again. Then the cycle repeats. I don't think you understand just how much happiness you brought to so many people. You could light up any room you walked in and everybody knew who you were. Nobody was a stranger to you, either. You could walk up to someone and act like you knew them forever. Everyone was a friend to you. For us it feels like time and the world is at a standstill. The days are long and nights are short. When in all reality, time flew. It went from minutes to hours, hours to days, days to weeks and soon weeks to months with only the Lord left to guide us as we go through.

I feel like I didn't get to say goodbye to you but I really did. I just didn't know it would be the last time. I remember exactly where we were and that we made plans to see each other again. But this is where it ends for now. Like one of our untied, to be continued conversations, I know we'll pick up next time. I'm sure I'll have more to say to you and about you. I carry your memory around like a lucky coin. I was so,so lucky to know you and to say with confidence and pride that you're my friend. It's an impossible reality to say that my good friend died. What are these terrible words? They're surreal in their cruelty.

You were, and still are, so loved by many. Even though you are not here anymore, you will always be in our hearts. You were such a special person and I hope you still know that.

I miss you.
I love you.

We love you. God loves you.

Only a moment you stayed, but what an imprint your footprints have left on our hearts. There are no goodbyes for us. Wherever you are, you will always be in my heart. And to the Hull family, blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted. For the Lord says, "Never will I leave you; never will I forsake you". I pray the love for the lost is forever carried in your memory.

For the object is not to forget, but to remember in order to go on. Say not in grief that he is no more, but live in the thankfulness that he was.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

WE THE FAMILY OF D'ANDRE HULL WOULD LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE FOR YOUR ACT OF KINDNESS SHOWN DURING THE TIME OF OUR BEREAVEMENT. WHATEVER PART YOU PLAYED, WHETHER YOU SAID A PRAYER, DONATED FOOD, GAVE A CARD OR JUST STOPPED BY TO SHOW CONCERN, WE THANK YOU SO MUCH.
MAY GOD RICHLY BLESS EACH OF YOU.



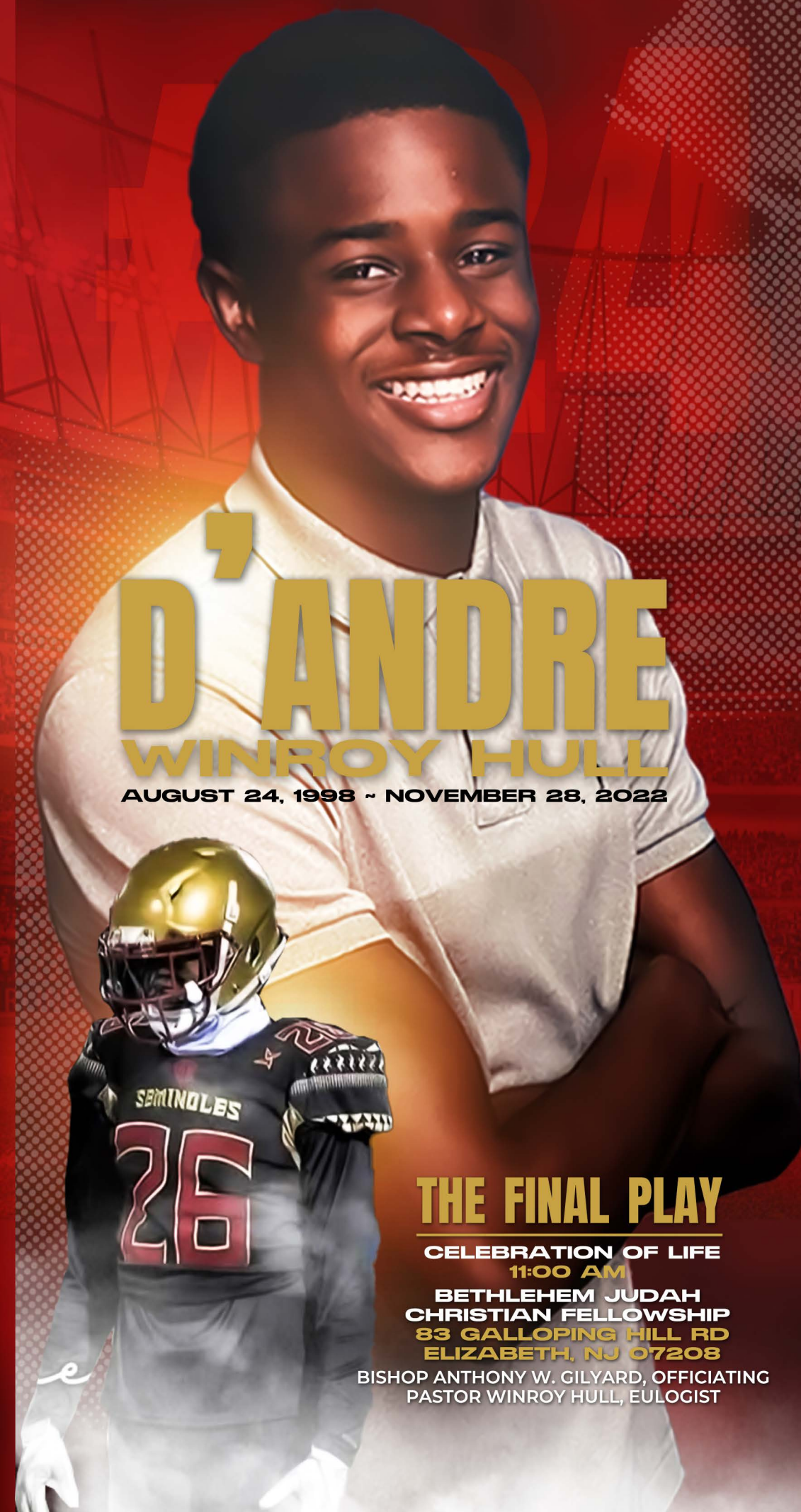
INTERMENT

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ORANGE, NJ 07050



THE FERGUSON-RAYAM FUNERAL HOME

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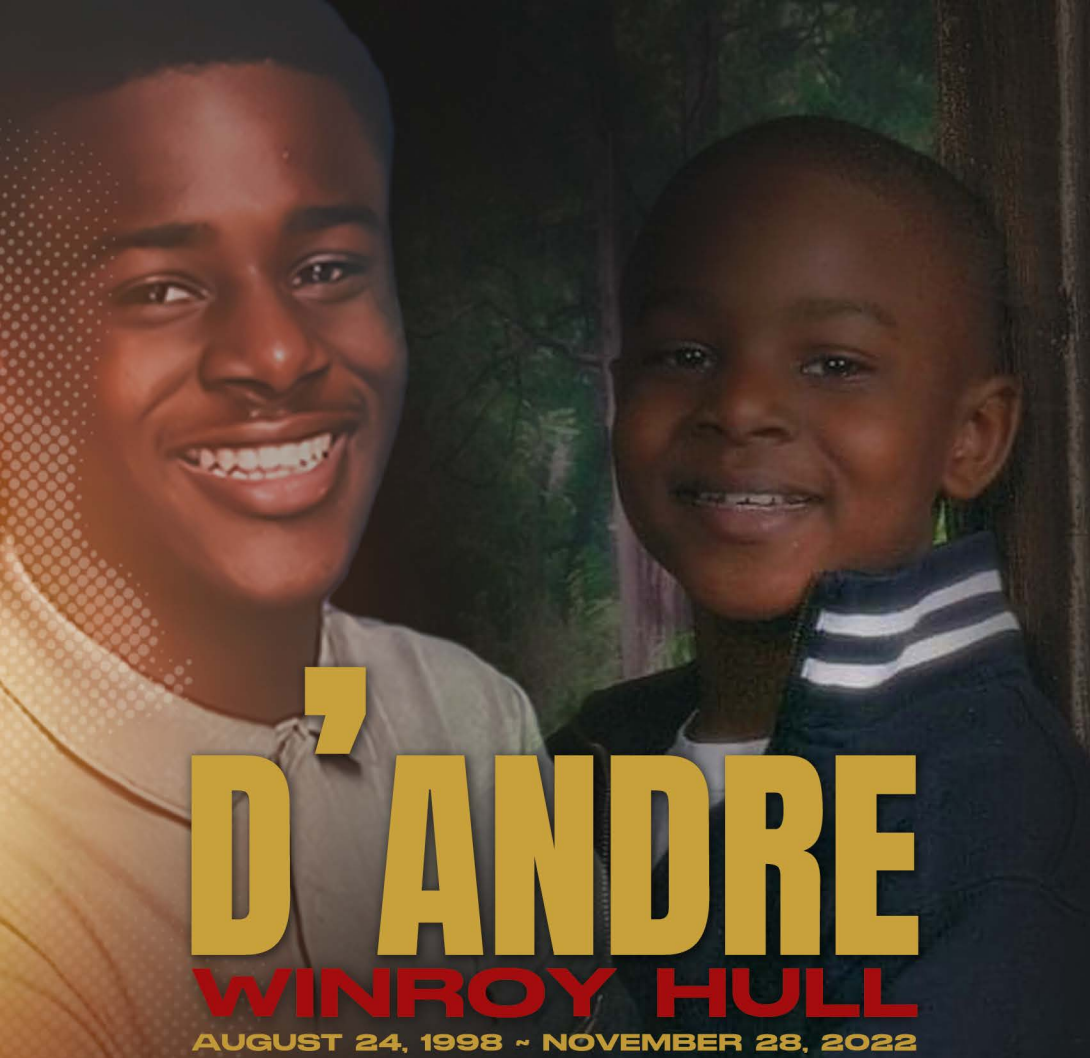
D'ANDRE
WINROY HULL
AUGUST 24, 1998 ~ NOVEMBER 28, 2022

THE FINAL PLAY

CELEBRATION OF LIFE
11:00 AM

BETHLEHEM JUDAH
CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP
83 GALLOPING HILL RD
ELIZABETH, NJ 07208

BISHOP ANTHONY W. GILYARD, OFFICIATING
PASTOR WINROY HULL, EULOGIST



D’andre Winroy Hull was born Aug 24, 1998, at St. Barnabas Hospital in Livingston, NJ to Winroy Hull and Dale Hull. D’andre attended The Full Gospel Monument of Faith Church in Newark, NJ and continued his Christian journey at Liberty Fellowship Deliverance Ministries in Bronx, NY, where he submitted to the leadership of his father, Pastor Winroy Hull.

D’andre attended Full Gospel Christian Academy, where his mother was his teacher and graduated from West Orange High School in West Orange NJ.

D’andre had a passion for sports. He played baseball and football for West Orange PAL and West Orange High School. D’andre loved football and decided to join the coaching team for West Orange PAL.

His passion is vividly expressed in a quote from his West Orange PAL family. “Life just exuded out of him and was contagious. The players were fortunate to have had the opportunity to be coached by him. Whether it was pats on the helmet, the handshakes, fist pumps or the words of encouragement - he never stopped believing in their abilities.”

Loved by many, D’andre and his childhood friend, Markeese Falconer, were inseparable. Young people, no matter what age, gravitated to him. One thing about Dandre, he wore a pleasant smile on his face. In Liberty Church D’andre was everybody’s ‘SON’. He was definitely loved by everyone. Always smiling, soft spoken, and one who loved the Lord, D’andre’s passion was not just Sports but he enjoyed eating, (especially what was not his). D’andre’s sister, Daniella, always had to put her name on her food just so D’andre wouldn’t eat it. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it did not. Food in the Hull kitchen never went to waste as long as D’andre was home. His love for his brother and sister was made evident by the way he defended them.



He leaves behind to cherish in memories his parents, Winroy and Dale Hull, his brother, Devon Hull, and sister, Daniella Hull, sister-in-law, Kayla Hull, his nephews, “DJ” Devon Hull Jr and Daniel Hull, grandparents, Johnathan and Cherretta Hull, his aunts, Karleen Hull, Annette Harvey, Grace Barbour, Debra Chance Winette Cox and Aiyana Cox, his uncles, Stephen Hull, Colin Hull, Dexter Chance, Anthony Cox and Nolan Cox and cousins, Stephon Hull, Sean Hull, Zion Hull, Donte Chance, Jordan Hull Trinity Hull, Zori Hull, Tayeisha Cox, Ky’iece Whiltshire, and Egypt Barbour.

He was preceded in death by grandmother, Emmelyn Barbour, grandfather, Mervin Cox, and uncle Dave Barbour.

“D’andre Winroy Hull will never be forgotten”

Order OF SERVICE

Processional.....	The Family and Clergy
Officiant.....	Bishop Anthony W. Gilyard
Opening Prayer.....	Pastor Mavis McLeod
Scripture Reading	
Old Testament.....	Donte Chance (Cousin) Psalms 23 vs 1-6
New Testament.....	Ashley Rennie (Sister) St John 14 vs 1-4
Praise and Worship (15mins).....	BJCF Worship Team
Prayer of Comfort.....	Bishop Lloyd Duncan
Tributes from Family	
Congregational Song.....	“Oh I Want to see Him”
Words from West Orange PAL.....	Coach
Words from New Jersey Unit Football Team	
Open Expression.....	2 min each
Words of Encouragement from Clergy.....	2 mins each
Obituary.....	Dexter Chance (Uncle)
Sermonic Selection.....	Shanee Hull (Aunt)
Eulogy.....	Pastor Winroy Hull (Father)
Benediction.....	Bishop Anthony W. Gilyard
Final Viewing	
Prelude.....	Bishop Anthony W. Gilyard Family and Clergy

