



Mr. Anthony Philip Ivory

April 29, 1963 - July 4, 2015

Celebrating The Life Of Anthony Philip Ivory:

Anthony Philip Ivory was born on April 29, 1963 to Thomas and Mable Phillips Ivory in Detroit, Michigan. He was the third child of five born in their union. His father Thomas Ivory preceded him in death.

Anthony was educated in the Detroit Public Schools and afterward he attended trucking school. He was a CDL truck driver at VTI Specialized LLC.

He loved to make people laugh, he would do stand-up comedy and was generous to everyone that he met. As a teenager he played the bass guitar and he performed at various places around Detroit. While growing up he was an avid roller skater that has been handed down to his daughter, Angel. He enjoyed working as a truck driver and driving on the road. He loved cooking and was a master on the grill.

Tribute Wall

GM

“ *My most sincere condolences to the entire Ivory family in the loss of your beloved son and brother. My name is Glenn Mosely. Tony and I were childhood buddies during my family's brief 18 months stay on Lindsey (75-76). I had been trying to reach my friend for years with absolutely zero results I ran across this electronic obit. I am very sorry for these late words. I just needed to say that my little bow-legged buddy was truly one of the best friends of my childhood. It is my sincere hope that all is well with Terri, Laurie, Monica, and little Karen. May God richly bless and keep you all. In His Grip, Glenn Mosely (mobly63@protonmail.com).*

Glenn Mosely - November 25, 2024 at 05:41 PM



“ *Mr. Anthony Philip Ivory*

January 21, 2023 at 09:34 PM

WA

“ *My deepest condolences to the family of tony. I was discussing with my siblings how we hadn't heard from him in a while...so we searched and found this out....tony taught me how to drive in a car and truck....tony was an extended family member to us....and surely missed!*

Willie Anderson - December 15, 2022 at 05:25 PM

AK

“ *Angela Sanders Keith lit a candle in memory of Mr. Anthony Philip Ivory*



Angela Sanders Keith - July 21, 2015 at 06:54 PM

AK

My condolences to the Ivory family Anthony will truly be missed....Angela Sanders Keith

Angela Sanders Keith - July 21, 2015 at 06:56 PM

DE

“ *1 file added to the album New Album Name*



DARYL ANTHONY ELLIS - July 10, 2015 at 10:24 AM

“ Now that I look back on those days I now realize why he called me his big brother.

Anthony knew how to work his big brother he could get just about anything from me he wanted. He knew I had a crush on his oldest sister as well as a few other girls in the neighborhood, by over hearing me and some of the other boys talking. Anthony would sometimes hold that secret against me with the threat of telling my secret. I had to buy him ice cream and candy to keep him quiet or else he would tell everybody on the block. He also told me one day that he was going to tell one of the girls that stayed directly across from me that I was in love with her. I would tell Anthony that if you tell anybody that I'm going to be really mad at you. He never did and I was glad, at the time that would have destroyed me for anyone to think that or for that to get out amongst the other girls; they would've laughed at me as well. Those who were around during that time would know her initials began with "S.B" and that's all I'm goanna say about that.

It was short-lived when my family decided to move away I lost contact with all of the people because of it. Fast forwarding up to today about five or six years ago I was reunited with Anthony as friends by way of employment. Anthony became a truck driver as I was as well. He and I became reacquainted and would sit up and talk about the old times we used to have when we stayed on Lindsay. He remembers all the things we would do when he was hanging out with the older boys. He reaffirmed how much he missed me after my family moved out the neighborhood. Around all of the guys at work he still calls me his big brother and I really felt good to know that Anthony looked up to me that way as he still called me his big brother right up until the day he passed.

Anthony had a big heart, he would help anybody if they needed help. When I was sick and in the hospital Anthony stood by my bedside many days of my seven month hospital stay. He would always call me asking me how I was doing and if there was anything that he could do to make me comfortable. In the end Anthony

became more of a brother to me than my own, sometimes almost in tears Anthony would discuss with me things that was bothering him and I would try my best to console him in a way only a brother could. I would also fuss at him when I thought he was making an irrational decision he would become angry with me and wouldn't speak to me for weeks. Somehow our friendship would always whether our differences allowing us to patch up our friendship and move on. Sometimes we would later revisit the issue and be able to resolve it with no differences at all. I would apologize to him for being abusively hard on him and he would tell me "Daryl I thought about what you said" and I think maybe you're right but I just like to go about it a different way. That would be Anthony's way of apologizing. I recognized it and accepted it.

I had an opportunity to speak with his sister Monica and she told me what a great brother he was to her. He was her guiding light in travel, he is still that light that shines very bright. As I have told you Monica I can never replace what we all have lost but because many things like your brother I am as well, if you ever need that guiding light in your travel I will be here without fail. Before us lies the remains of a great man whose spirit lives on through all. My condolences go out to you and the family that loves you dearly rest in peace little brother your big brother Daryl

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DARYL ANTHONY ELLIS - July 10, 2015 at 10:20 AM

DE

“ My name is Daryl Ellis. My family and I met Anthony and the entire family back during the early 70s Mr. and Mrs. Ivory Monica, Karen Lori, Anthony, and Terri. They were our neighbors that stayed directly next door. Thinking back I have fond memories of him and the family; there's a few things that stick out specifically in my mind. He and I both shared the same name. Anthony was his first name as it would be my middle name. Being about 11 or 12 years old during that time Anthony would always want to hang out with me and the older boys in the neighborhood. Corey Brown, Harold Harris, Michael and Pat and Mitchell just to name a few. On hot summer days we would get on our bikes and go up to the nearby park to play football. Anthony would always want to go with me and I would tell him that he was too little to hang out with us and might get hurt. I would also tell him, why don't you hang out with my brothers Mark and Michael there more your age. Anthony was not having it, he wanted to play with us but unfortunately we had always decided to leave him behind.

One day my mother overheard me talking to Anthony as he was begging to go with me to the park. And I would always find ways to elude him so that I wouldn't have to take him with me. My mother got bless her soul called me into the house and sat me down. She explained to me that Anthony was looking up to me as a big brother, she also instructed me not to be so insensitive to Anthony and that I should let him go with me from time to time, in fact she insisted on it. I would be explaining to my mother that Anthony is a little boy and he won't be able to play with us because he might get hurt mother, and she replied go ask Mrs. Ivory can you take him with you; and I would say but mama please, and she would say that's final. She said go ask Mrs. Ivory if he can go with you.

I will start out of the house stomping and slamming the door and she would get my attention and say to me well if you don't want to do that you can stay home with the rest of the little boys. Having said that the decision would be unanimous and the only hope would be if Mrs. Ivory said he couldn't go. By being the neighbor next door

she felt that it was okay for him to go. My mother would give me money to buy refreshments. During practice Anthony would always find a way to get hurt. I would tell other guys not to be so rough with him one day a boy from the other team hit Anthony saying that Anthony was making fun of him. Anthony received a black eye. I told Mrs. Ivory and my mother that he got it playing football.

Of course me and the other boys stood up for Anthony and took care of business. Anthony on the other hand was having a great time even with the black eye it didn't seem to bother him; I sit Anthony is not really funny I got to go home and explain to both my mother and your mother how you got a black eye and as I before we came up with the story that he got hurt playing football. After the game a lot of times we would go up to Sanders, anybody remember Sanders being on 7 mile? We would get ice cream burgers and fries and whatever else we could spend that money on. And I would tell Anthony; you make sure you tell our mothers that you got hurt playing football and not fighting with other guys twice your size. I just didn't want to get in anymore trouble and possibly grounded because of that.

Anthony would always come home telling my brothers about the great time he had with me and the other boys, he would tell Mark a Michael that we went to Sanders and got ice cream played football an got into fights with other boys and that I would always protect him from being hurt. Mark and Michael was always timid and never wanted to do anything but hang around my mother. Anthony was a tough little boy and could hang with the best of us. I also discovered anytime I needed money from my mother all I needed to do was tell her that I was taken Anthony with me and she give us money to go hang out at the park. Now that I

DARYL ANTHONY ELLIS - July 10, 2015 at 10:18 AM