



Anthony F. Codella

MAR 17, 1942 - APR 12, 2025



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Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Events	Page 6
Tribute Wall	Page 7



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Tony Codella,
raconteur, sailor

Tony (Anthony) Codella departed this mortal coil on his 84th April 12 and is ecstatically enjoying a renewed “life-without-form.” His first after-life experience was in his 30’s when he briefly died after being struck by a commuter train and discovered life “on the other side” was ineffably ecstatic. That event propelled him into life-long adventuring, informed a zesty gratitude for even the simplest pleasures, and evaporated all fear of death.

Although he lived in 31 different places, New York City was his heart home and he spent nearly 30 years in Manhattan, mostly at Waterside Plaza. In true New Yorker fashion where everything has a story, Tony was quick to provide one for almost every situation. He was also good at spontaneous quips and folks applauded his stand-up comedy routines in amateur talent shows. His public service in NYC included nine years as an Auxiliary Police Officer of the NYPD where he reached sergeant rank and acquired many interesting stories.

Alternately, he was adroit at eliciting stories from everyone. His questioning style was skillful, reflecting his Journalism BA, cum laude, from Rutgers in 1967 and his stint as a reporter at The New Brunswick (NJ) Home News. It also evolved from his decades at many ad agencies on “Madison Avenue” where he diagnosed and helped resolve marketing and advertising issues for some 40 different clients in a dozen different industries. The right solution, he maintained, lay in asking the right question.

That fundamental curiosity also prompted him to go back to college at age 65 where he ultimately accumulated 72 undergraduate credits from Wesley College in Dover and 18 graduate credits from the University of Delaware in Newark in their MALS (Master of Arts in Liberal Studies) program. For one course at Wesley, he scripted an entire 2-hour feature movie, a fish-out-of-water comedy about retirement issues.



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Tony's work career is a Jack-of-all-trades exemplar with his own businesses amply reflecting his eclectic aptitudes: as early as grammar school, he opened a bike shop and operated a neighborhood recycling center; from NYC, he created a 5-state floating home distributorship; in PA he had a chair caning business (Cane Do & Wickery, Too); and in DE, he retired from ACE, an industrial disposables supply company. In between, he sold men's suits in Times Square, women's shoes in Yonkers, encyclopedias door-to-door upstate NY, did a stint as a warehouse truck loader, became a Prudential insurance agent, telemarketed educational subscriptions, managed a highway quick-stop, and did some undercover intellectual property protection investigations.

But far from a working stiff, Tony was a certified SCUBA diver, helping run a 20-member dive club in NJ that did off-shore wreck diving, instituting a Dive Master practice and accumulating over 700 hours underwater himself. He became an avid snow skier, bronze level in amateur racing, with outings to more than 30 US and Canadian ski areas.

But he was most proud of his blue water sailing skills. With his second wife, Margaret Jones, who pre-deceased him in '09, over many years he piloted their 25-foot Columbia Contender christened Gossamer from the Potomac River to Martha's Vineyard, particularly enjoying Annapolis, the many gunk holes in the northern Chesapeake, the Old Saybrook coast, Block Island, Newport, Buzzards Bay and Oak Bluff.

The two honeymooned aboard Gossamer for 9 months in the Chesapeake when they first began sailing and during ensuing voyages weathered storms that dismasted much larger vessels, survived T-storms that nearly fried the rigging, negotiated being caught in 15-foot waves off Montauk, managed a broken rudder in high chop at the entrance to Baltimore Harbor, often ran The Race at Plum Gut in blinding fog, applauded the summer lightening pyrotechnics in The Great Salt Pond on Block Island, and once had an atomic sub from Groton surface nearly right underneath him in Long Island Sound. The only warning, he says, was the sea ballooning ahead of the boat before the conning tower broke the surface.

Later in life, Tony also sailed in the mystic realm whence he was named Black Thunder. An avid student of tribal culture, he researched pre-Columbian north American religious traditions, pilgrimaged to sacred places in the Southwest, made rim drums and rattles, organized meditative drum circles in Wilmington, Dover, and Rehoboth Beach, and taught Shamanic journeying techniques where he guided out-of-body journeying experiences for many seeking knowledge, wisdom, and guides, guardians, and helpers from the spirit world.



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Tony is survived by his partner, Alice Clare Casey. Together (since 2010), they were a team extraordinaire and loved each other dearly. Born St. Patrick's day 1942, Tony was the eldest of seven children in the household of Canio M. Codella, Sr. and Mary M, Codella (nee Adelman), both of whom are deceased. Tony is survived by five of those siblings: Rosemary Brickman of Charlotte, NC, Paul of Cape May Courthouse, NJ, Maureen Willgrubs of Hager City, WI, Mary Claire Joyce of Mt. Airy, NC, and Aharon of Ventura, CA. as well as numerous nieces and nephews. One sibling, Canio Michael, Jr., of Emerald Isle, NC, is deceased.

He is also survived by two children, Deborah Stuiber of Baltimore and Marc Codella of Towson, MD, and four grandchildren, Tyler and Brendan Stuiber and Jordan and Casey Codella. His honorary grandsons (Alice's twin grandboys), Keegan and Nolan Reynolds, also mourn.

At Tony's suggestion, in lieu of flowers or funerals, send a donation to your favorite charity in his name. If you would like an idea, contribute to the REP Theater Program at UD. Then send Alice a note recounting a story or two of how you remember Tony. And, when you can, toss back a shot of Grey Goose in his honor. Think of him when you set foot in the ocean. That is his memorial.

A memorial service will be held at 3:00 PM on Saturday May 31 2025 at Unitarian Universalists of Southern Delaware, 30486 Lewes-Georgetown Highway, Lewes, DE.

FLORIST NOTE - PLEASE DELIVER ALL FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS TO THE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALISTS OF SOUTHERN DELAWARE CHURCH ON SATURDAY MAY 31 2025 BY 1:00 PM.

Please sign the virtual guestbook on the tribute wall.





Events


Anthony F. Codella

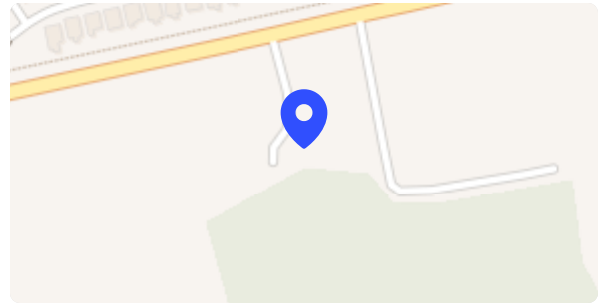
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Memorial Service

 **Saturday**, May 31, 2025

 3:00 PM ET

 **Unitarian Universalist of Southern Delaware**
30486 Lewes Georgetown Highway, Lewes DE
19958





Tribute Wall

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DN

Dana Newswanger posted:

Alice, I am so sorry about Anthony's passing. I just read his beautiful obituary. I wish I had known him longer - what an amazing life. My condolences to you and your family.

April 29 at 9:07 AM

MN

Mike Nielsen posted:

I met Tony when he was hanging out at Wesley College and we shared meditation sessions together in Kent County, Delaware. I always loved his insights into the processes of the human mind. He was always a seeker and, if such a thing is possible, I hope his journey continues now. My condolences to Alice and those closest to him.

April 21 at 1:54 PM



Micah Jung lit a candle in honor of Anthony.



April 20 at 3:58 PM

MC

Maria Castillo posted:

I met Tony at UUSD and shared drum circles, a shamanic journey, and good conversations. He was a very unique, multifaceted, and spiritual human whom I will miss. But I know he is playing his drums and smudging us from the afterlife.

April 20 at 3:48 PM



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Paul Codella posted:

Big Bro Tony, also known as Butchie, was indeed unique. Early on we realized that games represented a challenge and were a passion for him and rules could be managed to match the situation, a valuable lesson for me. As the first of 7, we proudly watched his accomplishments and academic path, building of a family and then blossoming business careers. Then came the move off the grid into his prefab log cabin on a hilltop, in the woods of Starrucca, PA with it's composting toilet and wood stove for heat. It was a far cry from the apartment at Waterside, overlooking the East River and a big move across state lines and highways. We bent an axle and blew a tire at the mouth of the Tappansee Bridge pulling my trailer filled with piles of books and Margaret's audio tapes from her FM DJ days. But, true to his resourcefulness we repaired the situation, moved some of the stuff around into different vehicles and made it to our destination in the night. I appreciate his support and way with me, 7 years younger, often sharing insight and later providing counsel in my corporate career and financial journey. We worked our separate businesses together, selling disposable supplies to body shops and business, me around S. Jersey and Eastern PA and he in Delaware and MD. When he discovered something new, he was "all in". I remember him trying out deer scent on his shoes in the NY apartment. He wanted to be able to attract deer when they moved "to the country" and had to hunt for food. He had a love of astronomy and eagerly shared it with anyone who asked, taking the telescopes on scout trips into non-light polluted areas with Alice's nephews. There are many memories to soothe the loss for me these last few days. Too late, though, I realized I had to stay tuned, or I would miss new adventures and lifestyle changes as they came along. Luckily, many phone calls and a recent visit have renewed his voice and sense of humor in my head, where I hope they remain.

April 16 at 9:22 AM



Greer lit a candle in honor of Anthony.

I knew Tony in the last 5 or 6 years. I knew when we first met we were kindred spirits. He and I hosted Drumcircles together and shared our spiritual discovery of the unfolding universe. He was One-of-a-kind, uniquely himself. A sailor of the sea and winds of life. I know he's at peace and will be riding the winds to a new adventure ahead. . Love and Peace 🙏❤️ Greer



April 16 at 9:22 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Anthony by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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