



Damany Ali Head

March 23, 1977 - July 26, 2025

The world lost a great man on July 26, 2025. Damany Head, a beloved husband, father, son, brother, friend, visionary, community leader and inspirator, passed away due to complications from a heart attack. Both his life and his death have had a profound impact on the many people who have been touched by the power and inspiration of his presence. Those who knew Damany can attest to his genuine love of life and of people, and his tireless commitment to catalyzing positive change in the world. He gave generously of himself to empowering others to rise to the highest versions of themselves. Damany truly lived the Christian faith he embraced, and embodied the spirit of love and service at the heart of it. For nearly three decades, Damany worked continuously to innovate solutions, and create organizations and initiatives that have a direct and positive impact on people and the planet. Whether through the business he built with his wife focusing on recycling and environmental sustainability, the impactful organizations he lead and the boards on which he served, or the many training and personal development programs he organized, originated, or facilitated, or through his extensive coaching and mentorship of many individuals, Damany's legacy of selfless service is profound. All who have known him will attest to his commitment to making a real, positive, and lasting difference in the lives of others, and that their lives were enhanced by having him in them; and all will agree that his presence on this planet will be greatly missed.

An authentic glimpse into the kind of man Damany Head was is perhaps best expressed by this heartfelt writing of his eldest son, Christian, He built people up, made broken things mend, a quiet leader, a neighbor, a friend. He gave more than he ever kept— a legacy planted while others slept. The program he started still carries his name, proof that one heart can spark real change.

Damany is survived by his wife, Shanell, his son, Christian (16), his daughter, Arianna (14), and his other son, Brayden (9). He is the son of Robbie (mother) and Silas (father) Goma, and the son-in-law of Cherlyn Weatherspoon and of Willie (Dorothy) Williams. He is a brother to siblings, Amanda Mitchell (sister), Merik Goma (brother), and Bobby Brown (brother). He is the beloved nephew of Aunts, Margaret, Patricia and Samantha Head, and of Uncle, Robert Head. He is also the beloved Uncle of niece, Mya and nephew, Dinari Mitchell. He will be remembered with great fondness and love by two goddaughters, family members in the Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo area, as well as by numerous cousins and extended family across Michigan, Mississippi, and beyond. Damany was also well-loved and respected by a large and diverse group of friends, coworkers, mentees, and associates.

Funeral services will be held at Noon on Tuesday, August 5th, 2025 at Kensington Church in Troy (1825 E Square Lake Road), with a repast to follow at 3:00 p.m. at the Crofoot in Pontiac (1 S Saginaw St.). All are welcome to attend.

You may watch the service using the following link: <https://kensingtonchurch.org/special-event/>

In lieu of flowers, it is requested that donations be made to the GoFundMe Campaign set up to support the Head family as they meet the challenges of their loss (to donate, please visit: <https://gofund.me/a2160607>), and/or to the non-profit foundation started by Mr. Head—The Pontiac United Education

Coalition (PUEC). (to donate, please visit www.PUEC.org and click the “Donate Now” button).

May great things happen for the family and loved ones of a truly extraordinary man who made great things happen all around him.

Previous Events

Funeral Service

AUG 5. 12:00 PM (ET)

Kensington Church
1825 East Square Lake Road
Troy, MI 48085

Tribute Wall



“ Thank your for everything you did for me and my family Mr head, I appreciate you for the opportunity to be apart of hire Pontiac, I will cherish your memory

Tee Lang Jr. - September 06, 2025 at 03:15 PM



“ Laurita Washington lit a candle in memory of Damany Ali Head



Laurita Washington - August 30, 2025 at 04:15 PM



“ Damany! Somehow, I think you hear us. I think you know how well loved you were and still are. I can hear you saying, "It's all good." But it's not. Not yet. It will be, but not yet.

Your family is amazing. I know you know that. What a gorgeous legacy of brilliance and beauty you cultivated in the world.

Your friends love you. You knew that. And love never dies.

I'm smiling now because I can hear your laughter. One day we'll all rejoice. You just got there a little sooner. Send some more angels down our way, please. We need all the light we can get.

Love you. Keep the kitchen light on for us. I know you are baking something!

Ekaete Obot Bailey - August 22, 2025 at 03:14 PM

CB

“ *Connie Blakey lit a candle in memory of Damany Ali Head*



Connie Blakey - August 05, 2025 at 10:24 AM



“ *Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Damany Ali Head.*



August 05, 2025 at 09:42 AM



“ *A [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) was planted in honor of Damany Ali Head.*

August 05, 2025 at 09:42 AM



“ *Emerald Garden Basket was purchased for the family of Damany Ali Head.*



August 04, 2025 at 02:29 PM



“ *Magnificent Life Spray was purchased for the family of Damany Ali Head.*



August 04, 2025 at 11:23 AM



“ A [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) was planted in honor of Damany Ali Head.

August 04, 2025 at 11:23 AM

“Dad, you’ll never read this message. I wonder—were you scared? Were you afraid? I never saw fear in you, but I’m not you. I sit down in silence, and the tears fall like leaves growing and drifting from a tree.

We had so much more to do, so much more to see. Now I walk through this life like a tree without roots—lost, reaching, missing the strength you gave to me.

I remember the sound of your steps in the hall, the way your heels would rise and fall. Slow and certain, no need to rush—even the silence felt full of your hush.

I remember the day you told me, “Someday, you’ll lose me.” I brushed it off, like kids do, never thinking the day would come so soon. You said it gently, but it echoed like thunder—a warning wrapped in love that still pulls me under.

When I tore my knee, I didn’t cry, just clenched my jaw and looked to the sky. But you were there—you didn’t flinch, held me steady, inch by inch. You didn’t talk much, didn’t need to say, just your presence helped me through that day. You were my rock, my steady ground, the calm when pain came crashing down.

But now the hurt is yours to bear, and I can’t be the one who’s there. I’d give anything just to switch our place, to ease your pain, to see your face.

And sometimes when I hear the door, my heart jumps like it did before. But it’s not you—I know you’re gone, you’ve walked through Heaven’s gates, moved on. Still, for a moment, I believe—then I remember, and I grieve.

christian head - August 03, 2025 at 03:17 PM



Christian, I want you to know how much your father appreciated poetry in general. He used to attend poetry readings when he lived in Buffalo after college. Our friend group would go often. He was a supporter of the arts. He would have absolutely loved your poem. Please keep writing. You have a gift. We share that. I love poetry too. It is healing.

Ekaete Obot Bailey - August 22, 2025 at 03:08 PM