

Throughout her life, Amy maintained her love of modeling, participating in charity fashion shows well into her later years—including appearances at age 93. Fiercely independent, she lived on her own in her beloved villa in Davie for over 30 years, a testament to her strength and spirit.

Faith was central to Amy's life. She loved God deeply and was a devoted member of her church community. For over 50 years, she lifted her voice in song as part of the Westminster Choir at First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood Florida, where her presence was a source of joy and inspiration to many.

Amy was preceded in death by her sister, Mercedes Nash, and her nephew Mark Nash. She is survived by her sons, Michael Richel (and his wife, Lynn Schaefer) and Dr. Pete Richel (and his wife, Sandy Richel); and her beloved grandchildren, Courtney Richel, Michael Richel, Jr. (and their mother, Renee Richel), Lauren Richel-Kelly (and her husband, Craig Kelly), and Leanna Pegorari (and her husband, Matt Pegorari). She is also survived by her cherished great-grandchildren, Bimini Howie, Dakotah Howie, Everleigh Howie, Oliver Kelly, Hazel Kelly, Robin Pegorari, and Cole Pegorari; her brother, Bill Bullett (and his wife, Judi Bullett); and her niece, Nancy Nash-Tempkin, and nephews, Steve Nash, Terry Bullett, and Tracey Bullett.

Amy's life was one of creativity, resilience, faith, and independence. She will be remembered for her elegance, her voice, her determination, and the deep love she held for her family.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in Amy's honor to the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood Florida.

CELEBRATING

the life
of
Amy

A decorative graphic featuring the words "the life of Amy" in a mix of serif and cursive fonts. The text is surrounded by a delicate arrangement of flowers, including a red flower, a blue flower, and a white flower, along with green leaves and two butterflies.

Amy Winifred Bullett Richel

March 17, 1925 - April 19, 2026

SENTENCES FROM SCRIPTURE

HYMN #280- Amazing Grace

PRAYER

SCRIPTURES

Psalm 23

HYMN - It Is Well With My Soul

John 14:1-6, 25-27

2 Corinthians 5:1-9

SERMON

HYMN - The Old Rugged Cross

EULOGY

SLIDESHOW

PRAYER

BLESSING AND COMMENDATION

Hymn - O, When the Saints Go Marching In

Amy Winifred Bullett Richel

March 17, 1925 - April 19, 2026

Amy Winifred Bullett Richel, age 101, passed away peacefully on April 19, 2026. She was born on March 17, 1925, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, delivered at home in her grandmother's bed on Hungerford Street to Anna Lena LaBeau and William Henry Bullett.

Raised in Pittsfield, Amy displayed remarkable creativity and talent from a young age. She earned recognition as an award-winning 4-H participant for her work in canning, fashion design, and sewing. Alongside her sister, Mercedes, she cultivated a love of music and performance, and they had their own radio show called "The Bullett Sisters". Their talents carried them to the stage at Tanglewood, where they performed under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, marking an early highlight in a life shaped by creativity and expression.

At 18, Amy moved to New York City to pursue modeling, where her poise and ambition opened doors in the entertainment world. She went on to become an assistant to the producer of the popular Arthur Godfrey Show, rising within the industry during a vibrant era of television. Amy later relocated to Florida, where she continued to build a dynamic and entrepreneurial life. She co-founded Julius LaRosa's Restaurant and Show Spot Lounge, combining her love of entertainment and hospitality. Never one to stand still, she earned her real estate license and became an award-winning realtor in South Florida, known for her professionalism, drive, and warmth.

continued on back

O, When The Saints Go Marching In

O, when the saints go marching in,
O, when the saints go marching in.
Lord, I want to be in that number
when the saints go marching in.

O when the sun refused to shine,
O when the sun refused to shine,
Lord, I want to be in that number
when the sun refused to shine.

O when they gather 'round the throne,
O when they gather 'round the throne,
Lord, I want to be in that number
when they gather 'round the throne.

O when they crown Him Lord of all,
O when they crown Him Lord of all,
Lord, I want to be in that number
when they crown Him Lord of all.

And on that hallelujah day,
And on that hallelujah day,
Lord, I want to be in that number
on that hallelujah day.

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace (how sweet the sound)
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be
as long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
and mortal life shall cease:
I shall possess, within the veil,
a life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
the sun forbear to shine;
but God, who called me here below,
will be forever mine.

It Is Well With My Soul

When peace like a river, attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well, with my soul

Refrain:

It is well
With my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come
Let this blest assurance control
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul [Refrain]

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, o my soul! [Refrain]

It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul.

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suffering and shame;
and I love that old cross where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain:

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it some day for a crown.

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
has a wondrous attraction for me;
for the dear Lamb of God left his glory above
to bear it to dark Calvary. [Refrain]

In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
a wondrous beauty I see,
for 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
to pardon and sanctify me. [Refrain]

To that old rugged cross I will ever be true,
its shame and reproach gladly bear;
then he'll call me some day to my home far away,
where his glory forever I'll share. [Refrain]