

Remembering a Mentor, a Friend and a Father figure

Kenneth Busby was the best man any one could work for; he made coming to work a thing of pleasure, you looked forward to Mondays.

Ken was a mentor; he gave each one of us, “members of his dysfunctional family” as he referred to us, individual attention. He always said “my door is always open” and we all knew that whoever got to him first won the battle. Each of us had a personal relationship with Ken and felt special. We teased each other about being the “golden child”.

I was first introduced to Ken at an RICS function in New York; he assured me I would have a place at Busby and Associates if I was ready to move back to Texas. Six months after that meeting I joined Busby and Associates.

I recall the first time that I was insistent on a point of QS practice and wanted it done “my way”, “Joan” he said, only Ken and my father were allowed to call me that “softly, softly catch monkey”. He schooled people gently in what had to be done. This was how he managed his Quantity Surveying business, Busby and Associates, from 1982 till 2008 and the acquisition by Turner and Townsend.

What we remember and miss most about Ken was the way he treated all his employees with the utmost respect and gentle guidance; you had a project, you were responsible for the delivery, and you gave it your best. If you have really pleased the Client vis-a-vis Ken then you received just reward and recognition. Ken endeared loyalty from all his employees and almost everyone associated with Busby & Associates. He always wanted to wine and dine with his employees, be it to recognize someone’s birthday or send off our interns or for no reason at all, Ken always had a reason to celebrate and be merry.

I will forever be grateful to Ken that he gave me the opportunity to remain in the USA to see my children through their college years, and cured me of my “wander lust”.

Ken’s death came too soon. He was a fighter so we believed he was going to beat this illness. He travelled on vacation and we expected him back. He touched all our lives in many different ways. He was a mentor, a friend and a father figure and truly missed.

Ken your “dysfunctional family” is still learning to survive in a new world!

The RICS membership in South Central will surely miss your contribution to the institution.

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