TRIBUTES & MEMORIES

Richard

NANA YAW OFORI AINSOH
(A.K.A.SPLASH)

1984 - 2026

NEVER FORGOTTEN

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BIO GRAPHY

Richard Nana Yaw Ofori Ainsoh was born on Thursday 19th April 1984 to Mrs Esther Ofori Ainsoh (Sisi Awurafua) and Ing. Samuel Ainsoh in Accra. He was the third of three siblings, with the first two being Clara and Asabea.

His birth brought much joy and delight to the family, especially because he was the only male among two females.



EDUCATION

Richard started his formal education at the Kaneshie Day Care Centre, around the Bishop round-about in Bubiashie.

He continued his Primary and Junior Secondary School, then (JSS) education at Winston Salem Preparatory School at Kaneshie from 1990-1998. Whilst there, he joined a taekwondo group (as a hobby) and would go to the Osu castle after school for training with the likes of Kimathi Rawlings (son of the late President of Ghana Jerry John Rawlings).

Richard excelled in the Basic Education Certificate Examination (BECE) and continued to St. Peter's Senior Secondary School (PERSCO) in Nkwatia for his Secondary (SSS) education from 1999 to 2001. Clever as he was, he again came out with flying colours in the West African Senior Secondary Certificate Examination (WASSCE).

Consequently, he gained admission into the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science And Technology (KNUST) from 2002-2006 and graduated with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Computer Science.

From 2014-2017, he did a Master of Business Administration (MBA), Management option at the University of Nicosia in Cyprus.

CAREER/WORK LIFE

As a child, Nana Yaw's mum had travelled with him a couple of times to the United Kingdom, and so it was no wonder that after University when he decided to apply for a two-year working visa to the UK, he got the visa so easily.

After the two years in the UK, he returned to Ghana to do his National Service as a patriotic citizen of mother Ghana.

However, before the National Service postings came out, he got a job at the then Barclays Bank as a Sales Agent (Lead Generator), a task he executed fully to the admiration of both staff and customers of the Bank. Eventually, when the postings came out, he was posted to Cocoa Marketing Company Limited in Accra, where he worked as a National Service Personnel from November 2007 to August 2008.

On completion of his National Service, he began looking for a job and, with the help of his childhood friend Elorm, was employed by Global Solutions Limited (now Inlaks), East Cantonments, Accra, as the Ghana-Temenos Consultant. He worked there from October 2010 to October 2011.

Due to his hard work and diligence, he travelled the length and breadth of Ghana on trek.

His willingness to learn and his respect for all and sundry came from the good training he received at home. Because he spent most of his time at home with his mum while his sisters were in boarding school, he learnt a lot of "home common sense", as his late grandma put it. He became a great cook and was good at household chores, laundry and going to the market.

In October 2011, he joined the then UT Bank as a Supervisor in Core Banking and Enterprise Solution. He became very popular and sought-after in this space because of his excellent knowledge of the software the bank was using, gained through his experience at Global Solutions Ghana Limited.

In September 2017, his search for greener pastures as a young, energetic family man landed him yet another job at Sovereign Bank (now part of Consolidated Bank Ghana – CBG), as Unit Head, Core Banking (T24) and Applications. He was in this role till July 2018.

When Sovereign Bank was merged with other banks to form CBG, Richard became Manager, Information Technology (IT) Change Management, from August 2018 to July 2023.

Again, he rose to the rank of Senior Manager, Technology Business Partner, from August 2023 to July 2026, when he finally resigned from CBG.

CAREER/WORK LIFE

On 1st August 2026, he began his new job at Damang Gold Mine Limited, as a Support Applications/Systems Lead, but did not even spend a month in his new company before his involvement in that fatal accident that left him seriously injured in his spinal cord and eventually led to his death, after twenty-three days of being hospitalised.

Richard married the love of his life, Rebecca, in December 2012, having met her while they were both students at KNUST. Their marriage was blessed with four beautiful children: Eliana, Eliam, Eliora and Elias. He taught them to trust in God as their ultimate source of provision.

Richard Nana Yaw Ofori Ainsoh was the best husband, father, son and brother. He would have breakfast with his children without fail and teach them how to pray according to the scriptures. He would bathe them and do their laundry anytime he was home, not forgetting to take them out for swimming, hangouts and church services.





What is important is that Richard had a relationship with his maker whilst on earth, and the relationship deepened even more in the last few years.

He cherished the relationship till death as he spent most of his time at the hospital praying not just for healing but thanking him for sparing his life on that fateful Sunday, and generally having a closer walk with him. It is worth noting that whilst on his hospital bed he prayed for one of his friends who used to sleep over at the hospital with him to receive the baptism of the Holy spirit.







Richard is definitely absent from the body but present with the Lord, according to 2 Corinthians 5:8.

WIDOW

MRS. REBECCA AKUA OFORI AINSOH

A LETTER TO MY LOVER, MY BELOVED HUSBAND, DADDY SPLASH...

My dearest love, my husband, my best friend, my superhuman...

How do I say goodbye to a man whose love is so deeply woven into the fabric of my life that I can no longer tell where your story ends and mine begins?

You are no longer here, yet your love remains; In my memories, in the quiet spaces of my heart, and in the pieces of me that will forever carry your imprint. You were more than a part of my life —you were part of my rhythm, my memories, my laughter, my ordinary days and extraordinary moments. Your love found its way into places I did not even know needed to be touched, and because of that, a piece of you will forever remain in me.

Ours was a love first quietly brewed on the KNUST campus, in Republic Hall, Room 43 Main, in August 2004. I was a freshwoman, you were in your third year, and neither of us could have known that an ordinary visit to our room would become the beginning of a story that would shape the rest of my life.



My roommates and I, all from Holy Child School, were active in APSU-HOPSA KNUST. You, a proud PERSCO alumnus, were often among your St. Augustine's friends, especially Kojo Pobee Hayford, then the APSU-HOPSA KNUST President.

It was Pobee who brought you to our room that day.

Little did we know that, through that simple introduction, life was quietly bringing our paths together.

You soon became part of our APSU-HOPSA world, joining us even for the annual “Back to School” trip to Cape Coast.








And somewhere along that journey—on a bus bound for Cape Coast in 2004—a beautiful friendship began to turn into something more.

What began so simply, almost innocently, blossomed into a love I never could have imagined. A love that became my companion, my home, and one of the greatest blessings of my life.

My national service days in Accra only solidified the bond we had formed. Then came the time when I had to leave for the UK to pursue my Master's degree in 2010. Distance could have separated us, but it never stood a chance against the love we shared. We were constantly on Skype. You were always there.

You supported me throughout my Master's programme. You read my assignments. You proofread my dissertation. You encouraged me, believed in me, and made sure that even though thousands of miles separated us, I never felt alone.

Then, on 15 December 2012, we became husband and wife.

What a beautiful day that was. And what an extraordinary journey followed, filled with love, babies, laughter, dreams, and memories that will forever live in my heart.

After our adventurous honeymoon in Dubai, I returned to the UK. Little did I know that you had plans to remind me, once again, just how extraordinary you were.

You surprised me twice with visits to the UK, two precious gifts of love that I will carry in my heart forever.

I will never forget the first.

The night before, we were on a video call. You were in your office in Ghana, and I watched you walk to the water dispenser while I walked to catch my ride to work. We stayed on that call until I arrived, then said our goodbyes.

What I did not know was that you had already checked in at the airport. You had returned to your office simply to call me, to make the surprise even more perfect.
The next morning, I came home from work exhausted and collapsed onto my bed. Then came a loud knock at the door.
I ignored it. I hadn't ordered anything.
The knocking grew louder. Finally, irritated and half-asleep, I dragged myself to the door. And there you stood. My husband.
Holding a bouquet of red roses. I slammed the door.
Then I ran back to my bedroom as though I had seen a ghost.
How could the man I had watched sitting in his office in Ghana only hours before suddenly be standing at my door in Norwich?
You kept knocking.

Eventually, I crept back to the door and looked through the peephole—just to make absolutely certain that it was really you.
It was. And today, that memory makes me smile through my tears. You had crossed an ocean simply to surprise your wife.

Thank you, my love, for loving me in ways I never saw coming.
That beautiful surprise is one of the many pieces of you I will carry with me for the rest of my life. You once said you wanted six children. And I jokingly asked you, “Six children with who?
Me, Becky? You’re not serious!” Well, God had His own plans.

He blessed us with four beautiful children. And I always have to give you credit for nailing that pattern—Girl, Boy, Girl, Boy!"
You were present for almost every ultrasound appointment; except the ones I had while abroad. You wanted to know everything. You wanted to be part of everything. That was you.

You were interested in every aspect of my life.
Whether it was Holy Child School affairs or KNUST JSS matters, you listened. You listened carefully, with genuine interest. You laughed with me over the funny stories, asked questions, and made me feel that whatever mattered to me mattered to you too.

And whenever I had a program that went beyond 7pm, you would never allow me to drive home alone. You would get on a bike to avoid traffic and come to meet me, and drive me home.
And on our way home, you would ask:
“So, tell me everything. How did it go?”

You wanted to hear what happened. You asked questions. You listened keenly. And if a particular program had not gone well, you somehow always knew exactly what to say to soothe me.

You were my safe place. I was your baby girl.
You never wanted me to carry more than I needed to. You cared for me in a thousand quiet ways; gently, selflessly, and without ever making a fuss. It was simply how you loved me.

I still remember when you used to work nights at UT Bank. You would close early in the morning and meet me up at the market to pick up foodstuffs together. You did the laundry and hung the clothes out to dry. You taught the children to sort the dry clothes. You did the grocery shopping and carefully put everything away in its proper place.

You always shared the work of the kitchen with me.
You were never just a husband who lived under the same roof as me. You were the heartbeat of our home, the steady presence in our marriage, the father who showed up constantly and consistently for our children, and the love woven into the fabric of our young family.

You showed up. You cared. You loved.

You were not merely present, you were deeply, fully, and beautifully there. You surrendered yourself wholeheartedly to Christ and lovingly led our children and I in the ways of faith.

And you were consistent and intentional in everything you did. I will never forget your white envelopes.

Every time you gave me housekeeping money, it came in a white envelope with a little note of appreciation about how I managed our finances.

And you always ended those notes with words that I wish I could hear from you just one more time:
"...I thank God you're my wife. God bless you my love..."

Oh, my love.
I thank God too.
I thank God that you were my husband.
I thank God that our paths crossed on KNUST campus in 2004.
I thank God for every Skype call.
Every journey.
Every surprise.
Every laughter.
Every ultrasound.
Every conversation.
Every drive home.
Every meal.
Every white envelope.
Every "thanks, my love."
Even the little things have now become priceless treasures.

You were always careful to say "Thanks, my love" whenever I served you a meal. And if you came home and found food already prepared while I wasn't around, you would take a picture just to show me that you had served yourself.
Those little things seemed ordinary then. Today, they are some of the things I would give anything to experience again.
You were an amazing husband. You were a devoted husband. You were a present husband. You were a wonderful father. I would give anything to watch you prepare breakfast again and watch you eat with the kids. You were my partner, my confidant, my protector, my cheerleader, my home.

You were my superhuman.

You loved me deliberately. You cared for me intentionally. You showed up for me consistently. And you made being your wife feel precious.

Up until that fateful Sunday, August 23, 2026, we were so excited on our way to church, looking forward to your baptism by immersion. Little did we know how horrendous that day would turn out to be—the day that forever changed the trajectory of our love story.

My love, I don't know how I am supposed to do this without you.
I don't know how I will hear a familiar song, see a white envelope with a note on it, prepare a meal, pass a place we shared, or remember one of your jokes without wishing I could turn back time.

I called your phone a few days ago to gist you about something that happened at home. Then I remembered you were no more.
There are so many things I still want to tell you bae. So many!
So many stories I want to share with you.
So many moments I wish you could see.

Our children will grow, and I will tell them about their father.
I have so many pictures and videos to show them. Your name and memories will not fade.

I will tell them about the man who loved his family deeply. The man who was always present.

The man who took charge of his home. The man who cared about the little things like consistently having breakfast with his children and keeping a diaper bag and a car seat in his car for years. The only time he took them out was when he was moving to the Western Region ahead of his family. But even then, he grabbed Papa's white baby shawl with a blue satin trimming. When I asked why, he said "I want something of the kids with me in the car". I'll tell them about that man, their Daddy Splash.

The man who loved his wife unconditionally and intentionally. The man who would stay with his wife on hospital admission day and night and wished he could bear the pain she felt.
The man who wanted six children and ended up with four beautiful blessings.

I will tell them that their father was an extraordinary man.
And I will tell them that he loved them deeply.

But most importantly, I will tell them that their father and I had a love story that began on KNUST campus, Republic Hall Room 43 Main in August, 2004 and continued through distance, marriage, parenthood, laughter, challenges, adventures and countless beautiful memories for 22 years.

I'll tell them how intentional their father was in everything he did. Though born in April, he departed this life in September, the birth month of his beloved wife and on a Wednesday, the very day she was born. Even in death, you were still intentional Daddy Splash. And I love you endlessly for that.

Ours was a love story I wish had no ending. My love, you left far too soon. There was still so much life for us to live.
More places to visit.
More memories to make.
Children to watch grow.
More meals to share.
More late-night conversations.
More surprises.
More laughter.
More "Thanks, my love."
More "God bless you, my love."

But God, in His infinite wisdom, has called you home. And although my heart is broken beyond words, I am grateful.
Grateful that I knew you Splash.
Grateful that I loved you and showed it.
Grateful that you loved me and showed it.
Grateful that I got to be your wife.

Grateful that our children got to call you Daddy.
Grateful for every single day God gave us together.

Thank you for loving me the way you did.
Thank you for protecting me.
Thank you for caring for me.
Thank you for showing up.
Thank you for making me your baby girl. A girl you never wanted to be tired...
Thank you for being an amazing father to our children.
Thank you for being my superhuman.

I miss you dearly and will miss you for the rest of my life. I miss you calling me Daa or saying "eeii Daa nie" each time I was being mischievous. You knew me and you could predict my every action.
I will love you for the rest of my life bae. We put in the effort to make our marriage work and prided ourselves in the fact that our match was made in heaven. But time has given us its final goodbye, and I am left with memories; precious, fragile pieces of a life we shared. And yet, I do not want my goodbye to be only about the pain of losing you. I want it to be a celebration of the gift of having known you, of having loved you, and of having been loved by you.

So, I will carry you with me—not as a wound, but as a beautiful part of my story. I will find you in the quiet moments, in familiar places, in memories that arrive without warning. I will hear your voice in the echoes of yesterday and smile through the tears.

Each time we discussed the end times, you reminded me that there will be no marriage in the next life so we should enjoy our marriage here on earth and I told you so many times that in the next life, though there will be no marriage, God would make an exception for Splash and Becky. Even if there is no marriage, He will still put us together as best friends with our children.
And wherever you are, I hope you know this:

I thank God you found me in 2004 and kept me. Thank you for being my beloved husband, Daddy Splash.

Rest peacefully, my love. Your journey here may have ended, but the love you gave, the lives you touched, and the memories you left behind will continue to live.

Until we meet again... Not goodbye forever, but goodbye for now, my dear friend, my beloved, my once-in-a-lifetime love.

Your bae, your Becky Splash loves you dearly ❤️



CHILDREN

ELIANA, ELIAM, ELIORA (SHIKA) & ELIAS (PAPA KOJO) OFORI AINSOH

Daddy, they told us we have to say goodbye to you today. But we don't know how. We never had to say goodbye to you before, because you never really left us. Even when you were far away, you were always there on phone and video calls.

So instead of saying goodbye, we want to tell everyone what kind of daddy you were. We want everyone here to know.

You were the best daddy in the whole world. Every child says that about their daddy, but ours truly was. You were the most present daddy any child could ever ask for. Even when you didn't have to be there, you showed up. No matter how busy you were, we came first. Always! Daddy, you were a man of discipline, and you made sure we grew up the right way. But we never felt punished. We respected you, we adored you! We always ran to you. We could never have enough of you. You taught us to say "please" and "thank you," to be respectful, and to do what is right even when nobody is watching. We will keep doing all of it, because you taught us.

To us, the most cherished gift you gave us was a Bible. We were too small to read it, but you didn't mind. You wanted us to keep it for our whole lives because God was so important to you, and you wanted Him to be important to us too. When the Bible said “Train up a child in a way he should go and when he grows he would never depart from it”, you understood it and held that mantle so personally.

Inside Eliana's Bible, in your own handwriting, you wrote a prayer for her, and the same for Eliam too.








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"May you walk with our Lord Jesus Christ (Yeshua) & always be close to our Father Almighty in Heaven, GOD (YHWH or Elohim), the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob & David. Amen!"

You signed it "Father," on the 20th of September, 2020.

Daddy, now, when we open it, we see your handwriting and it feels like you are still talking to us. That was your prayer for us, and we are going to keep it in our hearts forever.

When Eliana started learning how to read, she practised with that Bible. Every time you came home, she would sit with you and read a page or two, and you would listen to every word. On Sundays, we watched Superbook together, and afterwards we had to tell you everything we learned, so you knew we really understood what we had just watched. Now we know why, Daddy. You were planting God's word in our hearts, so that it would still be there even when you couldn't be.

For the past two years until you moved to Damang, you personally made all of our breakfasts, every morning- even on days that you fasted. You always kept a diaper bag and a car seat in the boot of your car, because you were always ready for us. You drove through the heaviest traffic just so you would never miss our open day at school. You never wanted to miss anything that had to do with us.

When you couldn't be there, you still found a way. You asked for pictures and videos, and you called us on video, so that even when you weren't with us, you were still with us. And when someone sent you a video of us, of Elias taking his first steps, or one of us singing or doing something silly, you would play it again, and again, and again. You never got tired of watching us. You were proud of everything we did, a good test, a first step, a little song and many more. You looked at us like we were the most wonderful thing in the whole world.

Whenever we were sick, it was always you, Daddy. You sponged us down with cool water to bring the fever down, and you stayed with us until we felt better. You made sure we took every dose of our medicine, you were the one who knew what medicine to take when we were unwell and made sure we ate properly even when we didn't want to. And if any of us ever refused to do what we were told, Mummy only had to pick up the phone and say, "I'm calling Daddy." One call to your number was all it took. We never wanted to disappoint you.

On nights when the lights were out and we were too hot, sweating and couldn't sleep, you always took us out to the car and ran the AC for as long as we needed it to cool down and fall asleep. You never cared how long it took. You just wanted us to rest.

Whenever we went out to programmes or events you would iron all of our clothes and you would always be the one driving unless you could not b around. Before we left the house, you made sure every one of us had eaten and had a good long nap, so nobody would be fussy. And when we came home, we were always fast asleep in the back seat. You never woke us up in a hurry. You left us sleeping while you went inside and got everything ready. You laid out our nighties, made our beds, and ran the bath, checking the water until it was just right. Then you helped bathe us one after the other. After which you made each of us a warm cup of Milo, so we would sleep peacefully all through the night.

On weekends, after lunch and after all our homework was done, we would all climb onto the trampoline under the tree with you. You lay in the middle and we all lay around you until we fell asleep together in the cool shade. That was our favourite place in the whole world, Daddy. Right there, next to you.

At the end of every month you went shopping, and you always came back with surprises: a lot of treats because you knew we would jump for joy. And we always did.

When Eliana did well at the end of term, you came home early and took the whole family out to a lovely restaurant to celebrate. You celebrated every milestone, Daddy, big or small, because to you, nothing we did was ever small.

When you left on the 2nd of August for your new job, we thought it was only for a little while. We thought we would see you again soon. We thought there would be more breakfasts, more Sundays to go round visiting your friends, more naps on the trampoline.

Now the house is too quiet. The trampoline feels too big. Sunday mornings are empty because there is no one to tell our lessons to. And every night, we still wait for you to lay hands on us for prayer.

We are young, Daddy, but we understand that you are not coming back. And it hurts Daddy. You told us to be good and help mummy at home. We promise you that we will continue to be good, just as you taught us. We will say please and thank you. We will read our Bibles and hold hands and pray like we always did with you. We will walk with Jesus and stay close to God, just like you prayed for us. We will work hard, and we will make you proud.

ELIANA

Daddy, I still have my Bible, the one with your handwriting inside. I read your prayer every time I open it, and I can almost hear you saying it. I wish I could read to you just one more time.

You taught me so much, Daddy, and I promise I will remember all of it. I will keep working hard in school, and every time I do well, I will imagine you coming home early to take us out to celebrate. I will help Mummy, and I will look after Eliam, Eliora and Elias for you. I will tell them all about you, so they never forget how much you loved them.

I love you, Daddy. I miss you so much. I miss you calling my name. I miss you saying “well done Eliam, your big sister Kacey taught you well”. I love you so much daddy. You always said we’ll all be in Zion one day. Journey on my lovely daddy till we meet again… it’s me, your first baby Eliana ❤️

ELIAM

Daddy, I miss you. I miss your breakfast in the morning. I miss sleeping on the trampoline with you. I miss when you came home and everybody was happy and jumping climbing up on you.

I'm going to be a good boy, Daddy. I'm going to listen to Mummy and say please and thank you, just like you taught me. When you were going to Damang, you told me I was now the man of the house so I should help mummy. I didn’t know you truly meant those words. I'm so sad but I’m going to be strong, like you Daddy and do all the things you used to do for us.

But I really wish you could come back, even if it is for one day so I can hear you say, “well done my champ. I’m proud of you”. I love you so much, Daddy.

It’s me, your boy Splash Jnr.

ELIORA (SHIKA)

Daddy, where are you? Mummy says you are in Heaven now. Can you ask Jesus if you can come home?

I want to sleep on the trampoline with you again. I want my Milo. I want you to carry me on your back to the car every morning when I’m going to school. I want you to play with me again and give me piggyrides. You said I’m the only child who has mummy’s features so I got away with so many things.

You couldn't punish me that much whenever I did something naughty because you always felt you were punishing mummy. You saw me as a mini version of mummy. You said I have mummy's character and strength. I miss our special bond. I'm being a good girl, Daddy. I miss climbing on your shoulders. I miss worrying you daddy. I miss you so much and I'm sad.

ELIAS (PAPA KOJO)

Daddy.
Daddy, can you come home?
I want my Daddy.

Daddy cared for me so much. When I hurt my finger at school, daddy took me to the hospital every morning for dressing until my finger healed completely. Daddy, I remember the day you bathed me with cold water because I had a fever. I know I am a spitting image of you Daddy. When I grow up, I want to be exactly like you Daddy.

Bye-bye, Daddy. I love you so much ❤️

Thank you for loving us so much, Daddy. Thank you for every breakfast, every bedtime, every prayer, and every time you watched our videos over and over again. Thank you for choosing us first, every single time. You will always be the best daddy in the whole wide world.

We miss you. We will miss you forever. And we will love you forever and ever. Sleep well, Daddy. Until we see you again.

Your children,

Eliana, Eliam, Eliora (Shika) and Elias (Papa Kojo).

MUM

MRS ESTHER OFORI AINSOH

Words and wailing cannot adequately express my grief, pain, and shock at your sudden demise,

Yaw. I am lost for words.

The emptiness you have left behind has plunged me into deep sorrow. We shared our difficulties, joys, and happiness from your childhood. Through it all, you always encouraged me to remain calm and trust in God, assuring me that better days were ahead.



I was looking forward to celebrating my eightieth birthday with you, just as we did when I celebrated my seventieth. Your demise was the last thing on my mind. Even though I collapsed when I saw you being wheeled into the theatre, death never crossed my mind. I knew you were badly injured, but I never imagined that it would be the last time I would see you.
Who am I to question God?

The Bible teaches us to give thanks in every situation, and so, even in my deep sorrow, I remain grateful to God for blessing me with you.

Yaw, you were truly selfless and caring. I vividly remember 2019, during the COVID-19 pandemic, when I became critically ill and was admitted to the hospital. When it became necessary for someone to stay with me, you quickly volunteered before your sisters could even decide who would take on that responsibility. You did this despite knowing that you could contract COVID-19 while staying at the hospital.
That was the kind of loving and selfless person you were.

You were always checking up on me and praying for me. You showed respect to everyone, both young and old. You were hardworking, whether at home or in the office. No job was too menial for you. You could clear debris from the gutter, sweep the compound, cook, wash, and do whatever needed to be done. There was no such thing as “women's work” in your dictionary. You believed in helping wherever help was needed.

You were also generous, always ready and willing to lend a helping hand to those in need. You had a heart of gold, and your kindness touched the lives of many.

As a father, you were loving and devoted. You disciplined your children while instilling in them the fear of God and the importance of cleanliness. You taught them to be independent from an early age, almost as though you knew you would not be around for long. By the age of two, Shika and Papa could dress themselves and eat on their own. You also taught them how to pray. For these precious lessons and the values you instilled in them, I am deeply grateful to God.

Yaw, I cannot thank God enough for blessing me with such an amazing son. You were a blessing to me, a source of comfort and strength, and a son any mother would be proud to have. Your love, kindness, respect, and selflessness will forever remain in my heart.

My dear son, you will be missed for the rest of my days. The pain of your absence is immeasurable, but the beautiful memories you have left behind will remain with me forever.

You were the best son any mother could ever ask for.

I love you, my little angel. Though you are no longer with me physically, you will forever live in my heart.

Rest in perfect peace, my beloved Yaw.

Damirifa due, due neamane hunu.

SISTERS

CLARA COLEMAN-DANIELS

My beloved younger brother, Yaw

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on.
Yes, says the Spirit, they will rest from their labour, for their deeds will follow them." — Revelation 14:13

A LIFE OF LOVE, SERVICE AND EXCELLENCE

Yaw, as I affectionately called you, you were caring, selfless and generous, with a radical faith. You were truly an all-round person; there was hardly anything you could not do. From cooking and tidying the house to fixing electrical gadgets, doing masonry work and attending to the smallest details, you approached everything with remarkable dedication and excellence.

You were organised and disciplined. No matter how late you returned from the office, you made sure that everything that needed to be done was completed. Even slippers left outside would not escape your attention—you would pair them and arrange them neatly.

YOUR EXTRAORDINARY LOVE FOR PEOPLE

Beyond your love of order was your extraordinary love for your wife, children, friends, family members and other. people. Everyone:s problems became your problems, and you went out of your way to help anyone in need. You offered financial support, prayed for people, provided clothing, visited those in hospital, helped with party and funeral arrangements and served in many other ways. You treated young and old alike with respect and dignity.

I thank God for the countless lives you touched in your neighbourhood, workplace and church.

Your generosity was remarkable. Even while lying in a hospital bed, you remained concerned about others. You were searching for your stolen phones because you wanted to send money to people you had told me needed help. That was Yaw: even when you were the one in need, you were thinking about how to help somebody else.

The artisans who came to work at the house preferred dealing with you because they knew you would often pay them more than they charged. You genuinely wanted to see people succeed. It is no wonder that your ideas and suggestions helped numerous people expand their businesses.

A LIFE TRANSFORMED BY FAITH

One of my greatest joys was seeing you rededicate your life to Christ in 2019, during the COVID period. Your transformation was remarkable. You studied the Bible as though preparing for the most important examination of your life. You would read from evening until morning, writing down verses and seeking to understand God's Word. You learnt so quickly.

Then came the 40-day fast, during which you took only water. I became worried because you had grown so frail and lean. I begged you to eat some fruit because I feared you might collapse and die. You simply looked at me and said, "Obolo, this is a spiritual exercise, I will be fine."

You continued studying books on witnessing and discipleship. Gradually, you began taking your faith beyond the walls of the church and your home.

FAITH PUT INTO ACTION

Later, I discovered that you were going to a nearby trotro station to preach to drivers' mates who slept in their vehicles. I had no idea how far you had gone in your desire to please your Saviour.

Only after your death did people begin telling us about the work you had been doing quietly. You had gone into ghettos to preach the Word of God, even reaching out to women trapped in prostitution. You did not merely preach to them—you showed them practical love. You gave them provisions and provided some with money to help them start businesses.

I learnt that, through these acts of kindness and the message of God's Word, some had been able to leave prostitution behind.

Yaw, you took the spreading of God's Word so seriously, as though you knew your time on earth would be short. In many ways, you became like Saul turned Paul—a man whose encounter with Christ completely changed the direction of his life.

At the hospital, I met some of the young people whose lives you had touched. Only then did I begin to understand the extent of your work. Your days on earth may not have been as many as we had hoped, but the lives you touched are countless.

THE LEGACY YOU LEAVE

I hoped and prayed that you would recover fully. I thought it might take a long time before you could walk again, but I never imagined that death was so close.

You taught me that ministry is not only about standing behind a pulpit. It is about seeing people in their pain and reaching out to them. It is about feeding the hungry, helping the vulnerable, encouraging the broken, praying for those in need and showing God's love to people whom society may have forgotten.

For a long time, I have wanted to establish a foundation to care for the underprivileged and help women trapped in prostitution. Your life and the work you began have given me the courage to pursue this vision. I will do my best to continue the good work you started.

I will also do everything I can to help raise and support the children you left behind. They will always know that their father was a man who loved God, loved people and gave generously of himself.

FAREWELL, MY DEAR BROTHER

My dear Yaw, my little brother, I love you, and you will be dearly missed.

Your absence has left a painful emptiness that words cannot adequately describe. Yet I am comforted by the knowledge that you gave your life to Christ and spent your final years seeking to please Him and touching the lives of others.

You fought the good fight.
You served your Lord.
You loved people.
You gave without expecting anything in return.

Rest in peace, Yaw.

SISTER

NANA ASABEA ABABIO

YAAWWW, NANA YAW, GAGAGAAW, these were how we addressed and nicknamed you as our kid brother whom we were far older than and the only male.
The age difference between us and you was so huge because told us that whilst she was in labour with me (ASABEA), the doctor actually told her the number of hours she had to live, however by divine plan, she didn't die during labour and therefore she decided not to give birth again. However after some years she still took the risk of child birth and we your two sisters were very happy especially when you came out as a male, the brother we were looking forward to having.

Growing up, you were our joy and we really mothered and pampered you because of the fact that you were our only biological brother. To make it more fun, was the fact that as a baby and even a toddler, you were very short, and whenever mum left you for work, (on resumption from maternity leave), in the care of her late aunty, Dada Maame, our aunty, sister Akua Bordget(as we affectionately call her and who is here present), and sister Clara, A.K.A sister Cle will stealthily come and put your hands beside you and let you march like a soldier on a parade ground amidst laughter from you and all of us. Once mum returned from work, i will rush outside and whisper into her ears the person who had made you march the most on a particular day.

Mum in turn will come and intentionally ask loudly, "Nana Yaw, who did you" ATTENTION! Today? Then she would put her ear close to his mouth for a response (though babies don't talk)

and she would shout either Clara or Akua's name amidst laughter from everyone, while two accuse me of being the informant.
Yaw grew up so beautifully, full of respect for the elderly, support for the needy and a gentleman, who liked to dress well and exhume warmth generally.

Yaw, you spent a lot of time with mum, whilst the two of us were gone to the boarding house, no wonder you learnt how to cook at a very tender age, how to do laundry, cleaning and were generally brought up well as your friends and colleagues describec you. You would always add sister to our names when addressing us and not once did you address us or any one older than you without adding sister, brother, sir, madam etc to their names, to the extent that your friends atso accord us the same kind of respect the likes of T'ko, Errol, Elorm, Adnan, T.J, Ebo and Koku Mordey.

You used to visit us in our respective secondary schools, especially Accra Girls because of proximity, you will come to my dormitory and eat gari and shito before going back home.
Yaw it is unbelievable that today, our pride and only biological brother is no longer with us, what is more, you were the youngest, but God is perfect in all his ways.

Thankfuly, whilst you were on admission at the Korle-Bu Teaching Hospital, after your inexplainable, tragic, strange and wierd accident, we nurtured and mothered you the same way we did when you were a child, amidst a daily doze of prayers and "thank you" from you to us, each time we were leaving the hospital for home.

Yaw, we will miss your astute way of dressing, the "show-boy" that you were to us, especially during our birthdays and other celebrations. You attached no condition to your giving.








You took good care of your children as well as anything entrusted to your care, no wonder hundreds of people keep trooping into our home to ascertain the truth or otherwise of your demise.

The fond memories, the external family gatherings all of which you attended, usually Nana Yaw (panyin), be it weddings, naming ceremonies and funerals etc.

We will definitely miss you our only brother, friend and baby whom we mothered. We recall with nostalgia how growing up, we had to always shout loudly, clap and even hit the wall before you took a bite of food.
Therefore we laughed at you when as a father you sometimes held a cane as a way of frightening your children to eat.

For many people here, it is a usual painful death, the memories of which will fade after a while, no matter how long, but for us Yaw, you are irreplaceable. By extension to our aunties, uncles, cousins and the entire nuclear and extended family, you have left a vacuum that onlyyour unique nature could have filled. Shame unto you death, for you are not the ultimate, heaven or hell is; and by accepting, Jesus Christ as his Lord and personal saviour, walking in his word, whilst serving him faithfully, our brother is definitely absent from the body but present with the Lord.

Death, you thought Maa will collapse once she heard her son was no more, you thought Becky would rend her clothes in utter dismay as a result of the death of her beloved husband. You also thought Sister Cle and i will curse God for taking our brother away from us? , but no way! Death is swallowed up in victory, for the Good Book says in I Corinthians 15:55 that "WHERE O DEATH IS YOUR VICTORY? WHERE O DEATH IS YOUR STING? For the apostle Paul said: "IF ONLY IN THIS LIFE, WE HAVE HOPE, THEN WE ARE OF ALL MEN THE MOST MISERABLE"- 1 Corinthians 15:19

Yaw, we thank God that what would have been a death on-the-spot accident, saw you surviving for three weeks, two days, which were the most fulfilling days of your time on earth, if you ask me. This is because it gave you the rare opportunity to have the closet walk with your maker ever, in addition to the several years of service to Him.

You prayed most of the time, not just for healing but mostly in the language of the Holy spirit, as your relationship with Him, deepened. Yaw, if 16th September 2026 was the day God had ordained for you to depart from this earth to be with Him in a place of no weeping nor pain, then we accept his perfect decision, but if it is otherwise, the vengeance is the Lord's and he will avenge quickly.

Without mincing words, however, we will forever miss you.
Since your death, our heart misses a beat each day, with sleepless nights being the food we eat.

Two days before your demise, you exclaimed before us, your wife, Adnan your friend turned brother, Elorm, T.J, Ebo and the doctors that you were tired and indeed you were, but we did not understand the interpretation of your message then.

REST WELL Yaw.

Damirifa Due, Due ne spinal cord injury, due ne owo yayaaya.

Ye nua Barima katakyeei papabi a wore ko baabi a ye kra wo, due ne amanehunu.

SIBLINGS

KINGSLEY OMABOE AINSOH, MAVIS AINSOH AGBOSU, ZIPPORAH AINSOH ADDO.

Though our hearts are shattered by your passing, we find solace in knowing that Nana Yaw had an unwavering faith in the Lord. As Scripture reminds us in 2 Timothy 4:7, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

We believe that you have completed your earthly journey, and we lovingly entrust you into the hands of your Maker.
Nana Yaw, you were a kind, loving, protective, and generous brother whose care and affection for us never wavered. Growing up, you would often shield us from punishment whenever we got into trouble with Mama Esther or Daa. However, after protecting us, you would gently sit us down and offer us words of advice and guidance. You had a heart of gold and were always willing to lend a helping hand to anyone in need.

Some of our most cherished memories are the countless disagreements we had, with each of us determined to prove a point. Occasionally, these arguments would lead to periods of silence, but you would eventually give in and allow us to have our way. Interestingly, we would sometimes demand compensation even when we knew we had lost the argument!

Looking back, these seemingly little moments brought us so much laughter, strengthened our bond as siblings, and created beautiful memories that we will forever hold dear.

Nana, our recent disagreement over your plans to change jobs remains fresh in our minds. You had promised to assess the new job and its benefits before we revisited the discussion, as we did not agree with your decision. True to our usual pattern, we waited for you to break the silence, convinced that we would soon have another opportunity to talk, laugh, disagree, and, of course, receive our customary compensation for supposedly winning our arguments.

Sadly, this time, the silence has become permanent, and our hearts are struggling to come to terms with the reality of your absence. Nana, if only we could hear your voice one more time, engage in another of our familiar arguments, and relive those little moments we once took for granted. Never did we imagine that the silence between us would last forever. We miss you more than words can ever express.

Zippo will forever cherish the exceptional love and attention you showered on her as the last baby of the family.

She will always treasure your counsel, the time you made for her, your surprise visits to her office just to check on her, and the financial support you generously offered. She will never forget the all-night prayers you said when complications arose during the birth of her first child.

Your concern for her and her family was evident even when her son was only a year and a half old, as you were already encouraging her to prepare for another baby.

Just a few weeks before your passing, you even bought her a baby's cot. These thoughtful gestures remain precious reminders of the depth of your love, your generosity, and your unwavering commitment to her well-being and that of her family.

Though our hearts are broken, we draw comfort from the knowledge that you placed your faith in the Lord. We believe that you have fulfilled your earthly assignment and are now resting peacefully in the presence of your Maker.

Nana Yaw, thank you for the love you gave us, the lives you touched, the sacrifices you made, and the beautiful memories you left behind. Your kindness, generosity, and the special bond we shared will forever remain a part of us.

Though you are no longer physically with us, your memory will continue to live on in our hearts.

Nana Yaw, *Nante yie! Damirifa due!*

Rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord until we meet again.

REST IN PERFECT PEACE, OUR DEAR BROTHER.





MOTHER-IN-LAW FATHER-IN-LAW

MR GEORGE MUMUNI ETO
AND MRS BEATRICE ETO

To our Son-In-Law

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." - REVELATION 14:13 (KJV)

NANA YAW, OUR SON

We never imagined we would have to write these words. In the natural order of life, it is the children who bury their parents. We are old. We have lived our years. We always believed you would be the one standing beside us at the end, holding our hands as you always did. Instead, we are the ones standing here, saying goodbye to you. Our hearts cannot carry this.

People called you our son-in-law, but you stopped being an in-law to us a long time ago. You became our son, not by birth, but by love. You chose us, and we chose you. And now a part of us has gone with you.

YOUR VOICE ON THE PHONE

You never needed a reason to call us. You called simply to greet us, to ask how our day had gone, to share a laugh, or to remind us that we were in your prayers. When you were away, your calls kept you close, and when we called you, you picked up with joy, like a son happy to hear from his parents. You made sure we always knew we were thought of and loved.

Now the phone rings, and it is never you. We miss your voice, Nana Yaw. That silence is the hardest thing we have ever heard.

YOUR PRAYERS CARRIED US

Nana Yaw, when your father-in-law recently fell ill, you were the first to pray. Before anyone else had found the words, you were already on your knees. You called with encouragement. You reminded us that God is faithful. And you went on long fasts on his behalf, denying yourself so that heaven would hear you for him. You carried him in prayer when he could not carry himself.

We prayed for your father-in-law to get stronger, and by God's grace he is still here. But we never thought to pray for you. We never imagined we would need to. You were the strong one, the one who prayed for everybody else. Now we pray that God, who heard every prayer you prayed for us, will hold you close and give you the rest you never gave yourself.

SUNDAY MORNINGS IN KUMASI

Whenever you came home to Kumasi, Sunday mornings always looked the same. We would look outside and find you washing your father-in-law's car before you had even touched your own, so that we could go to church in a clean car. You did it with a smile, and you did not mind one bit. That was who you were: a servant to everyone, old and young, and never too proud to bend down and serve.

TIME TOGETHER

If anyone was looking for you and could not find you, we always knew where you would be: in the parlour or in the sitting area outside, deep in conversation with one of us, most often with your father-in-law. You could sit for hours. You talked, you listened, you laughed, you asked questions.
You never rushed away from us.
Those chairs are still there, Nana Yaw, but the conversations have stopped. We sit there now, and we wait for you to come and sit down beside us, the way you always did when you visited.

MOTHER-IN-LAW

Nana Yaw, I first met you on 27th September 2005, the day after Becky's birthday. I had noticed she was wearing outfits I did not recognise. As her mother, and the one who bought all her clothes, I had to ask where her new wardrobe was coming from. That was when I heard the name Nana Yaw for the first time: a dear friend who had gifted her those lovely clothes. I told her to bring him home so that I could meet him.

It was love from the very first meeting. You walked in so humble and so lovely. It was never hard to love you. In fact, I liked you so much that I could not wait to call her Auntie Christie Bobobie to tell her all about the perfect gentleman Becky had brought home. In your clean shirt, your jeans and your Timberlands, you made quite the lasting impression. I could not stop talking about your humility and your swag. As I speak about it today, I am carried straight back to the moment I first met you. What I would give to live that day all over again. Your smile always remained the brightest.

My son, you loved me as you loved your own mother. You honoured me. You made me laugh. Every time you saw me dressed up, you would hype me up until I felt like the most beautiful woman in the room. You made an old woman feel young again. You never held back a compliment, and whenever you ate my food, you made me feel like the best cook in the world. Who will call me "Mummy" the way you did? Who will tell me I look lovely before church? I will miss your smile for the rest of my days.

My dearest Nana Yaw, rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord.

FATHER-IN-LAW

My son, you looked at me with such respect. You admired the life I had lived and the things I had achieved, and you never let me forget that they mattered. It showed in how you spoke to me, how you listened to me, and how you honoured me.

On your last Christmas visit, you put me in your car and drove me for hours, to places my strength no longer lets me go on my own. You gave me back a piece of my world that day. I did not know it would be our last drive together. I would give anything for one more.

Rest well, my son. You made an old man proud.

OUR GRIEF, AND OUR HOPE

Nana Yaw, we are hurting more than words can say. We have lost a son. Our daughter has lost her husband. Our grandchildren have lost their daddy. The house will never sound the same on Christmases and family gatherings again. Your absence would be felt every time.

But you taught us, again and again, that we do not grieve like those who have no hope. You laboured for everyone. You served until the women of this family had to beg you to rest. Now, at last, you rest from your labours, and your works follow you. We see them in your children. We see them in this family. We see them in every life you touched with the gospel.

Sleep well, our son. We will look after your wife and your children. We will keep talking about you in the parlour. And one day, by God's grace, we will see you again, and the conversation will continue.

We love you. We will always love you.

Your Mummy and Daddy,
Mr George Mumuni Eto AND MRS BEATRICE ETO.

IN-LAWS

RICHARD, GEOFFREY, ROLAND & REGINA

To our beloved Brother-In-Law

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." - 1 THESSALONIANS 4:13 (KJV)

Our hearts are broken, and we will not pretend otherwise. But we do not mourn as those who have no hope. You taught us this yourself. You did not only tell us about Jesus, but we also saw you live Him before our eyes. So even through our tears, we hold on to the hope that you so passionately preached: that those who sleep in Christ are not lost to us, and that we shall see you again. This is not the end of the story. It is only goodnight.

MORE THAN JUST AN IN-LAW

You loved your wife deeply and dearly, and that love spilled over to every one of us. You did not love us because you had to, or because marriage required it of you. You loved us because you chose to. Thank you for loving us so profoundly.

We still can't believe we are writing this.

You were an amazing father. We all watched you in amazement; sending the kids' toys and luggage ahead at the VIP station before driving to Kumasi to be with your wife's family for the holidays. You did it with ease, always with that unforgettable smile. You made fatherhood look joyful.

To your wife, you were a true lover boy, and your love for her was clear to all of us. To your nieces and nephews, you were the best.

To every other one of us, you were more than an in-law. You were our friend and our brother. We will miss you calling us with such warmth.

You found joy in simple things: weekends doing laundry, quiet days listening to sermons, washing your Benz with so much pride.

You were a God-fearing man, and it breaks our hearts even more that you left us on your way to do what you loved doing most, God's work.

Geo only realized how much you both looked alike when he saw your funeral poster. It hurts us that we don't get a final goodbye.

You will forever remain in our hearts.

You had become our brother and family in every sense of the word, and today we will refer to you as our brother and not just our in-law because you were never just an in-law, you were a present, involved, irreplaceable member of this family.

You served everyone, young and old, with no exceptions or expectations. We could wake up on a Sunday morning in Kumasi and find you washing Daddy's car before washing yours, just so that everyone was ready for church on time. That was who you were: others first, yourself last.

SPLASH WAS EVERYWHERE

Birthdays, celebrations, weddings, Christmas gatherings: you never missed a family occasion. No matter how pressed for time or how busy you were, you would show up, even if it was only for a day. If the family was gathering, you would be there.

Some of our fondest memories are of you would be when you walked into the hall in Kumasi, seeing your mother-in-law, Mrs Beatrice Eto, all dressed up, and immediately hyping her up until the whole room was smiling.

Or of you leaving the car's AC running so that by the time the ladies of the family were ready, the car would be cool and comfortable as you drove them to family events. Because with you around, the steeze must always be maintained!

On your last Christmas visit to Kumasi, you took your father-in-law on a long drive to places his strength no longer allows him to go on his own. That was you: noticing what others needed and quietly giving it.

Whenever we heard that you were coming to Kumasi, excitement filled the house. It felt like our coolest brother was coming home after a long time away. There was always more to look forward to with you around.

THE FAMILY'S PAUL

When you encountered Jesus personally, you could not keep it to yourself. Like the Apostle Paul, you carried the gospel so personally and ensured that every family member heard it too at every family gathering. It is safe to say that almost every member of this family has had the privilege to share the faith that had changed your life so beautifully. You personally made sure each of us heard it.

You were always the first to pray and the first to offer counsel. You would go on long fasts on behalf of any family member you sensed was going through something, often without them even knowing. You always seemed to have the right words for whatever any of us was facing.

You listened without judging. When someone came to you with a mistake or a mess, your response was always the same: "It has already happened. Forget about it. Let's focus on what we can do about it." That was you in every situation: no condemnation, only grace and a way forward.



EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS WAS HIS BUSINESS

When Geoffrey got married in Takoradi, you made it your personal responsibility to transport family safely from Accra to Takoradi and back. On the wedding day, you were available to drive anybody anywhere they needed to be. You did the same when Richard got married, and again when Michelle got married. It was always the same story.

Everybody's business was personal to you, however trivial or important. Often at your own expense, you made sure everyone was comfortable. We would miss seeing you coordinating a wedding or family event: making sure nothing went wrong, that there was enough water, that everyone had eaten, all before you took a bite of anything yourself. Before a problem could even arise, you were already standing there with a solution.

WHO HE WAS

You were the warmest person anyone could ever meet, with the brightest smile in the room. You were the most present and the most loving, and you loved without conditions. You would move mountains if it meant everyone else was okay, and well taken care of. The women of the family sometimes had to beg you to sit down and rest. Oh, you loved us all so deeply.

You were, without question, the best in-law anyone could ever ask for.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Death has dealt this family a heavy blow, and we do not understand it. But we know the God you served, brother, and we trust Him. One day we will understand it better, by and by.

Until then, we will remember your smile, your prayers, your counsel, and your endless service. We will look after your wife and your children, the way you looked after all of us. And we will hold on to the hope you preached, because we know that this is not goodbye forever.

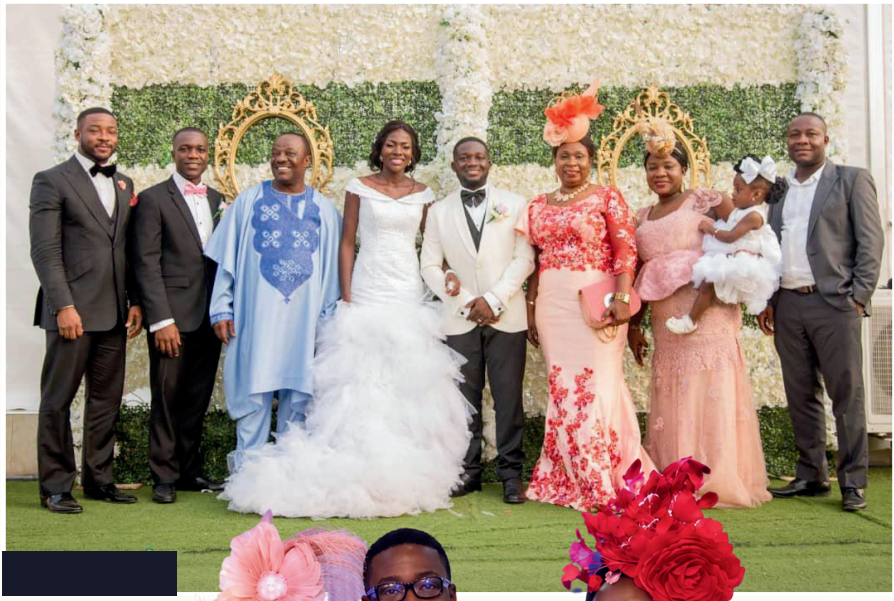
Rest well, our brother.
You fought a good fight.
You kept the faith.



LONG RIDE WITH FATHER-IN-LAW

ROLAND, YOUNGEST BROTHER-IN-LAW

RICHARD, OLDEST BROTHER-IN-LAW





BROTHER -IN-LAW

CHRISTIAN ABABIO (JNR)

"Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed".
(1 Cor. 15:51-52)

It is with a broken heart that I stand here today to celebrate your life. When I married into this family over twenty years ago, I gained more than a new surname connection. Overtime, Nana Yaw as affectionately called, became someone I genuinely valued as both a brother-in-law and a trusted friend. Because of your humility and kindness, my male siblings got attracted to you.

Nana Yaw, carried himself with a quiet strength that influenced those around him, and worked hard to support his family consistently, and handled challenges without unnecessary complaint or blame.

Our relationship grew from mutual respect, shared experience and consistent interaction, not from obligation. We always discussed responsibilities, ambitions and everyday challenges and your direct and steady perspective brought into those moments was very much appreciated.

We shared deep conversations that went beyond family talk into real discussions about bank work. Since we were all in the same profession, we understood each other perfectly that bank work was very stressful.

The regular shift you were engaged in as an IT staff, coupled with the fact that you got home from your night shifts averagely at1:00 am and combining it with your masters program in your field of endeavor, made it even more difficult.

I remember the gifts your bought for me in those years that you travelled to London, I am forever thankful to you.

I know that every young person aspires to move forward in life, and that is the step you took that first week in August, when you called me about a new job opportunity in the Western Region. We spoke at length about your new location, and discussed a lot of issues about the environment since I have stayed there some years back and was familiar with the place.

Just about two weeks after our telephone conversation, I received a distressed call that you were involved in a tragic road accident, and flown to the Korle-Bu teaching hospital that fateful day, 23rd August.

I visited you a couple of times and even donated blood just to save your life, hoping you well get well soon.

The Doctors tried their best to put you in a stable condition for a schedule operation. On the 15th of September, your underwent that operation for ten (10) hours with a team of six surgeons. The operation was somehow successful.

After the surgery, you were admitted to the intensive care unit (ICU) to recover. I was in the hospital till 1:00 am before I went home, only to hear a few hours that death laid its icy hands on you.

It is very difficult to come to terms that I will no longer see you and hear your voice again in this life, Yet in my moment of grief, I am grateful for the memories we shared, and the privilege of having to know you, although it is painful to say goodbye.

Your passing is rather mysterious and has left a deep hole and emptiness in my heart. Though absent from the body, I know that you are present with the Lord, because I believe that Jesus Christ is the resurrection and the life (John 11:25-26).

I take consolation in the fact that the good Lord gave you three weeks to make peace with Him before your sudden demise. May your good deeds, and your relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ follow you to eternity.

Rest peacefully, my brother and friend till we meet again in the bosom of the Lord.

Nantew yiye.

Yeda wase.

Onyankropon nfa wo nsie.

Amen!!!

UNCLE CI CI

BECKY'S UNCLE

Nana Yaw, you left us far too soon, and your loss is deeply painful and difficult to comprehend. Your beautiful smile, humility, generosity, kindness, laughter and warm personality will forever remain in our hearts. You were a friend to many, a brother to many, and a blessing to everyone whose life you touched.

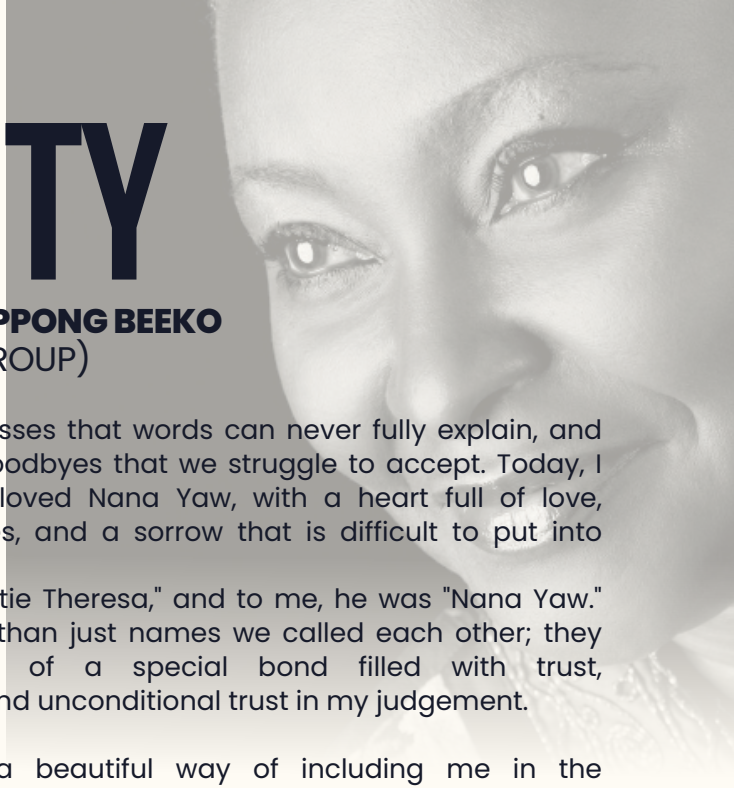
My heart goes out to your mother, your lovely wife, your four young children, your best friend Adnan, and the entire family. To your mum, sisters, Becky, Adnan and all his special friends I wish to say that May God give you all the strength and comfort to endure this unimaginable pain.

Splash, Nana Yaw, your absence leaves a huge void, but your beautiful memories and the love you shared will live on forever. I still have the scarf you gave me on your last trip to my home in Peterborough and I will always use it during the winter to keep my spirit warm!

Rest in perfect peace, Nana Yaw. You will never be forgotten and we will miss you deeply but the sweet memories of your love and kindness will never fade away!

With love,
from Uncle Ci Ci.





AUNTY

DR. THERESA OPPONG BEEKO
(CEO, MANET GROUP)

There are some losses that words can never fully explain, and there are some goodbyes that we struggle to accept. Today, I remember my beloved Nana Yaw, with a heart full of love, beautiful memories, and a sorrow that is difficult to put into words.
To him, I was "Auntie Theresa," and to me, he was "Nana Yaw." These were more than just names we called each other; they were expressions of a special bond filled with trust, encouragement, and unconditional trust in my judgement.

Nana Yaw had a beautiful way of including me in the monumental occasions of his life. Whenever something important happened, he would come to me to share his joy and seek advice.

I have watched him with pride at every stage from marriage to his beloved Becky, to job hunting and changing jobs. Each time, I saw his hope, his happiness, and his eagerness to move forward in life. I was always there to encourage him, cheer him on, and remind him that he could keep striving for greater things. It brought me so much joy to witness his progress and to know that, in his own special way, he wanted me to be part of every important chapter of his journey.

When he came to discuss the new job prospect at Damang mines of course we were excited and I encouraged it even against his mother's apprehension. Never did I imagine that the same workplace where he had gone to build his future would become the place where his life would be cut short.

When the accident happened, we held on to hope. We hoped he would recover. We wished, prayed, and longed for the day when he would get better. We believed there would still be more milestones to celebrate, more good news to share, and more occasions when I would hear him call me "Auntie Theresa" with that familiar warmth.

But, heartbreakingly, that day never came, Nana Yaw, we are still struggling to understand why your story had to end this way. Instead of the opportunity to celebrate many more milestones with you. You had many dreams and plans for your wife, children, mother, and sisters.

I will remember your excitement whenever you came to share your good news. I will remember the trust you placed in me and the special place you gave me in your life. I will treasure every moment, every conversation, and every occasion that allowed me to be your Auntie Theresa.

You brought so much positive energy into every place and it was a joy to have your presence and you will be missed dearly.

May your kind and gentle soul rest in perfect peace.
The Lord keep you safe in his bosom. Fare thee well.





COUSIN

MARIO

Some people come into our lives and leave an impact that words can never fully describe. Nana Yaw, affectionately known as Splash, was one of those people.

Although we were not brothers by blood, you were truly my brother in Christ and in every way that mattered.

Splash, you were there for me during one of the darkest and most difficult periods of my life. At a time when I was struggling deeply and had found myself in a place I never imagined I could reach, you did not turn your back on me. You did not judge me. You did not condemn me.
Instead, you stood beside me.

When things became so difficult that my marriage was almost destroyed, you stepped in not to take sides, but to help rescue both me and my wife. You continued to encourage, counsel, pray, support and guide me. You never gave up on me, even when things seemed hopeless. You never relented until you knew that things were going to be alright.

I will forever be grateful to you for that.

You had a special gift. Whenever you were around, sadness seemed to disappear. You brought laughter, encouragement and positive energy wherever you went. You had a way of lifting people simply by being yourself.

One of the things that hurts me most is that I did not get the opportunity to see you before you passed away.

I wish I had one more conversation with you, one more laugh and one more opportunity to tell you how much you meant to me.

But I take comfort in knowing that our brotherhood was real, and that the love and memories we shared will remain with me forever.

Thank you for being there when I needed you most. Thank you for believing in me when I struggled to believe in myself. Thank you for being my brother.

We will miss you deeply, Splash. We miss you already. May God receive you into His loving arms and grant you eternal rest.

Rest well, my brother. Until we meet again.

Your brother always. Mario.

COUSINS

FROM YOUR LOVING COUSINS

Tribute to our beloved cousin, Richard Ofori Ainsoh, a.k.a. Nana Yaw

It is with deep sorrow and yet with profound thanksgiving to God Almighty that we, the cousins, pay this tribute to our dear brother and cousin, Richard Ofori Ainsoh, affectionately called Nana Yaw.

To describe Nana Yaw in one word is difficult, because he was so much to all of us. He was not just our cousin; he was our brother, our confidant, our advisor, and our friend. At just 42 years, you lived a life that touched so many with love, kindness and unwavering support.

Nana Yaw had a heart of gold. He was the one who always checked up on everyone. No matter how busy life got, he would call, he would message, he would visit — just to ask, "What's new? How is everyone? How can I help?" That was Nana Yaw. He genuinely cared. He never passed by without a word of encouragement.



To us your cousins, you were our pillar of support. In moments when we needed advice, you were there with wisdom beyond your years. In moments when we needed a shoulder, you were there with open arms. In moments of joy, you celebrated with us with your infectious laughter; in moments of pain, you mourned with us with sincere compassion. You taught us what it means to be family — to show up, to stand together, to love without condition.

We will miss your phone calls. We will miss your visits. We will miss your jokes, your wise counsel, your calm spirit, and your big heart. We will miss seeing your face at family gatherings, where you always made everyone feel welcome and important.

Nana Yaw, though your earthly journey has ended too soon, we take comfort in knowing that you have finished your race and are resting in the bosom of the Lord. Your life, though short, was full of purpose and love. You have left footprints on our hearts that time can never erase.

We, your cousins, promise to keep your memory alive. We will hold on to the values you taught us — love, support, unity, and kindness.

Rest well, our dear brother. Rest well, Nana Yaw. Rest in perfect peace till we meet again on that beautiful shore.

You will forever remain in our hearts.

Ecclesiastes 12:7
For then the dust will return to the earth, and the spirit will return

to God who gave it.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. — Psalm 116:15

You are deeply loved and forever missed.

From All Your Loving Cousins

BEST FRIEND

ADNAN (ADI)

Shizzle,
Do you know what the hardest part of all this is? Every time something happens with your funeral, my first thought is to call you. You were always the one I called. You would know what to do about the arrangements, about Becky, the children, your mother, your father, your siblings. You always seemed to know what to do. And now, the one person I need to help me through losing you is you. And you're gone.



For almost thirty years, you were simply there. From SHS to university, through national service, our careers and your wedding. You were my project partner, my best man, my brother. We became godfathers to each other's children. But none of those titles explains what you meant to me.

You were my person, Shizzle. Good news wasn't quite real until I told you, and bad news was easier to carry once you knew. You knew parts of me few people ever saw, and you never made me feel foolish for any of them.

You were impossible sometimes, and you know it. You argued with me about everything and took charge of situations nobody asked you to. When you couldn't find the words, you'd say, "Adi, you know I don't know how to express myself like you do, but look at it from how you know I'm trying to put it." And I always understood. That was our thing.





I still laugh about Cape Coast, when you refused to let me park in a perfectly good space and made everyone drive around, starving, until you chose a spot we could see from our restaurant

table. You stressed us out first, and then we discovered the wisdom in your madness. Not always, of course!

You were as comfortable with a CEO as with a driver or a security guard, and you made everyone feel they mattered. Birthdays, weddings, Christmas, Eid, Mother's Day, you called, visited and showed up. My mother loved you like a son. Who will call her now, Shizzle?

And how you loved your family. You bathed the children, cleaned, did the laundry, and bought Becky the new phone while you kept your old one. When you stayed with me, the little ones wouldn't eat until they had spoken to Daddy. Only Daddy.

Around COVID your faith deepened. You prayed, fasted and spoke to people about God. Your grammar was never your strongest point, but when you prayed, Shakespeare had nothing on you! You prayed for me before every journey. Now, before I travel, I still reach for my phone. And then I remember.

This year I persuaded you to join me in Damang. You insisted on giving your old employer a proper handover, and I was annoyed with you. I would give anything to have that month back. You started on 1st August and moved in with me, and those weeks were some of the happiest I've had in a long time. You kept telling me I hadn't seen anything yet. I told you that you'd be the grumpiest grandfather in Ghana, fighting every man Kacey brought home, and that as her godfather I'd overrule you. Who will I overrule now?

On our last Saturday night, I found you ironing your clothes and Becky's for church, and later the two of you together, your feet resting in her lap while she trimmed your nails. I teased you for doing romance in my own house. We laughed. We said goodnight. That was the last ordinary night I had with my brother.

The next morning my phone rang. As I rushed for my car keys, I saw the breakfast you had made for me before leaving. Even then, you were taking care of me.

For three weeks I held on to hope. Even in hospital you were worrying about your project and reminding me to honour your pledge to the church. You were still you.

I'm mad at you, Splash. You always seemed to know what to do, and you left me not knowing what to do with a life that no longer has you in it. We didn't record those thirty years because we were too busy living them. So I will keep telling the stories.

I will make sure Becky never stands alone. I will tell your children how deeply you loved them, how stubborn you could be, how you made people laugh and how fiercely you believed in God. And when Kacey brings a man home one day, I will think of you and smile.

You were my best friend, my brother, my project partner, my best man, my prayer partner, my children's godfather, my headache, and one of the greatest gifts God ever gave me.

I love you, Richard. I love you, Splash. I love you, Shizzle.
Rest well, my brother. Until we meet again.

Adi



FRIEND

AKUA NYARKOAH OFORI

This all feels so surreal.
Back in UT, you and I had our own special financial system a beautiful bond of trust where you looked out for us, ensuring my sister, our children, and I were always secure. You loved us fiercely and treated us like your immediate family.

Rest easy, my dear brother.
Rest in God's presence until we meet again.

FRIEND

EUGENE DARKO (IRON BOY)

I was in deep shock when I heard about your passing.
I struggled to concentrate at work that day because the news was so painful and difficult to process. Sometimes, life brings us news that leaves us speechless, and yours was one of those moments I never imagined I would have to face.

I met Splash at a washing bay in London around 2005, and from that moment, a friendship began that would become a special part of my life. Looking back now, I realise how precious those moments were and how fortunate I was to have known you.

One thing about you that I will never forget was your personality. You were always happy, full of life, and ready to talk. Honestly, I cannot remember a single moment when I saw you angry. You had this unique way of carrying yourself that made you stand out from everyone else. Your happiness was contagious, and your ability to talk endlessly could turn even an ordinary journey into a memorable experience. Your personality was truly second to none.

One memory that always comes to mind is the first time you told me about Becky. My goodness, you talked about her all the way from Eltham to Mitcham, a journey of roughly an hour and a half by bus! You had so much to say about her that day, and listening to you was just another reminder of the kind of person you were.

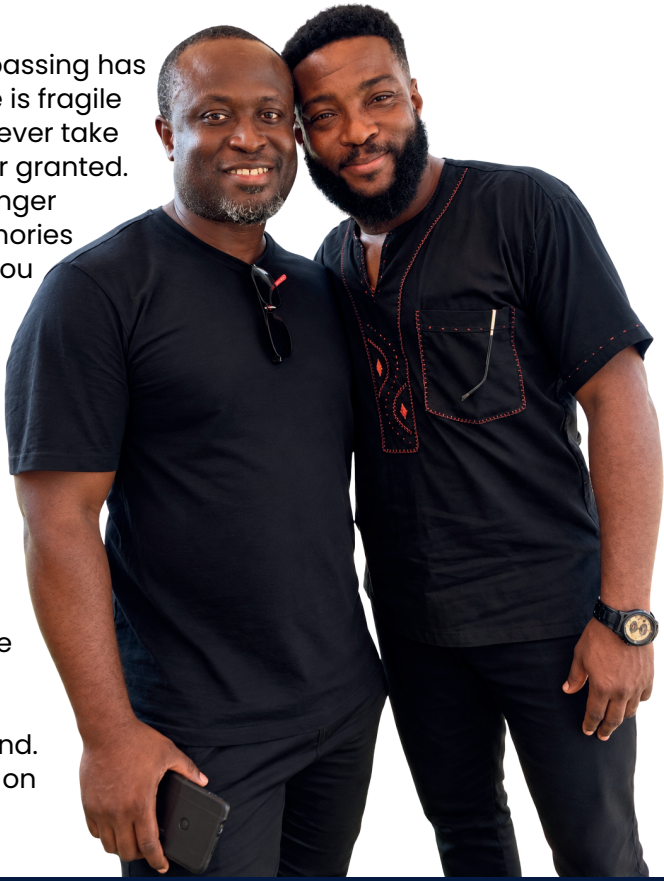
Today, that memory brings a different kind of emotion, but it remains one of those moments I will always hold close to my heart.

You were someone I genuinely respected as a friend. Your character, your happiness, and your unique personality made you special in a way that is difficult to put into words.

People come into our lives for different reasons, but some leave a mark that time can never erase. You were one of those people.

It is painful to know that I will no longer have the opportunity to see you, or enjoy those long conversations whenever you came to London. I wish we had more time, more conversations, and more opportunities to create memories together. But I am grateful for the years of friendship and for every moment we shared.

My dear friend, your passing has reminded me that life is fragile and that we should never take the people we love for granted. Though you are no longer here with us, the memories you created, the joy you brought, and the friendship you gave will remain with me.



Rest peacefully, my dear friend. You will be deeply missed, fondly remembered, and never forgotten. May your soul rest in perfect peace until we meet again.

Farewell, my dear friend. Your memory will live on in my heart.

FRIEND

POBEE

TO A DEAR BROTHER, FRIEND, PARTNER IN CRIME.

Over the past few weeks, I have lived with the pain of losing a very good friend, a brother, a partner in crime. He was more like family to me.

I have known him for 24 years, since we first met on the KNUST campus where we were studying Computer Science. We became very good friends, and that friendship grew until we were more like brothers. He always had my back, and even in times when I didn't tell him about my challenges, he would get upset and immediately come in to help. He would go a thousand miles to assist me.

It is difficult to find words to describe the kind of personality he was. He was passionate about love, and to him, a relationship was a lifeline. What one would take for granted, he took seriously. He was serious about making people around him happy and comfortable, and sometimes I felt he loved people more than he loved himself.

I have a thousand and one stories that show what he carried, and it is really difficult to pick one that I would say moved me the most.

He had quite a few nicknames: Pepe Koora, OKKMK (Okra Kra Mu Kwa), Shizzle Ma Nizzle, Mr. Shizzle, etc. But one nickname remained all these years: "SPLASH." As a single man, he was Splash. Uncle Splash was what the kids of our mates called him. Then he became "Daddy Splash" after becoming a father.

Splash would always answer your call for assistance in any way he could. It has been tough trying to cope with his demise. Sometimes the question I keep asking is, "God, why this?" But what can one say? God knows best.

I recall one fateful day in 2004 when I was made President of the APSU-HOPSA KNUST Chapter. Splash was my aide-de-camp. He moved with me on every errand, visiting members of the association without complaining. He was loyal, ever-present, and always ready to serve.

That was when we entered the room of four beautiful ladies. Little did we know that day would change his life forever. One of those ladies was to become his life partner, his wife — Rebecca.

That was Splash for you — a brother who followed you into every room, not knowing God was leading him into his own destiny.

From KNUST to this day, he remained the same faithful brother, a man who kept the faith and did the things of God.

I recall one day in early December 2009, Splash called to inform me there was a big birthday party around Airport Residential Area and asked that we attend. He made me aware that he had been invited. We drove one of his father's cars to the venue and arrived early. At the gate, we were asked for our invitation. Splash couldn't produce any evidence to that effect. I started fuming.

Strategically, he asked the bouncer if we could see the birthday girl and said we were long-time friends. So we were given seats in a lobby and the birthday girl came to see us. Clearly, she didn't know Splash and we were strangers to her. Then she made a funny remark: "Well, I am aware that for a party like this, we would have 'gate crashers.'" That really sunk us. So we were made to stay.

To cut a long story short, we were the ones who made that very party rock. We became friends with the birthday girl and other attendees right from there.

Oh, Splash!

And even in his last days, when his body was weak, his spirit was still strong. He talked to many people about God — encouraging, witnessing, and pointing souls to Christ till the end.

He was more than a friend; he was a brother. A true soldier of Christ.

He kept the faith, he finished his race, he fought a good fight.



Rest well, Splash. My aide-de-camp, my brother, my friend. Heaven has gained you, and your legacy lives on in Rebecca and in all of us.

You left me with 24 years' worth of memories.
Until we meet again.

2 Timothy 4:7-8 — *"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith."*

FRIEND



KWAME A. SINTIM

TO MY BROTHER, MY FRIEND, MY "BACK TO BACK"

Some friendships are ordinary, but some are written into your life in a way that makes them impossible to separate from who you are. Richard Nana Yaw Ainsoh was one of those rare people in my life. He was more than a friend. He was a brother, a confidant, a partner in mischief, and someone with whom I shared some of the most beautiful memories of my life.

We called ourselves "BACK TO BACK." And today, those words carry a weight I never imagined they would. We always had each other's backs, through the laughter, the teasing, the conversations, and the many moments that made our friendship so special. Little did I know that one day, I would have to find the words to say goodbye to my brother.

Our story began in 2007 at COCOBOD, when we both started our National Service. We had attended the same university, yet somehow, our paths had never truly crossed until that day. But when we finally met, it was as though we had known each other for years. We connected almost instantly. He was in the IT Department of CMC, and I was in the Marketing Department, but the departments might as well have been one, because we were always together.

We had lunch together almost every day. Whenever work slowed down, you could find one of us in the other's office, talking, laughing, and finding something to tease each other about. And then there were Friday nights! Once the working week ended, our favourite hangout, Honey Suckle, was practically reserved for us.

Those evenings were something else. We would sit together, bragging about things we did not have, making grand claims about ourselves, and teasing each other mercilessly. We would laugh at each other, laugh at ourselves, and somehow turn the simplest moments into unforgettable memories.

That was the beauty of our friendship. We never needed much to be happy. We just needed each other.

Back to Back and I never had a dull moment. Not one. That is what makes your departure so difficult to accept. You were woven into the everyday rhythm of my life in ways I probably never stopped to appreciate fully. The lunches, the office visits, the Friday nights, the jokes, the banter, and the laughter that seemed to have no end. I would give anything to have just one more of those ordinary days with you.

My brother, the day I heard the news, something inside me broke. Even now, I struggle to wrap my mind around it. Sometimes, I still wish to believe that this is all a dream, that I will wake up and discover that none of it is true, and that you are still somewhere, waiting for our next conversation, our next laugh, and our next round of bragging at each other.

But the painful truth is slowly settling in, and I am struggling to make peace with it.

How do you say goodbye to someone who has been part of your life for so long? How do you accept that the person you shared so much laughter with will no longer be there to create new memories? How do you get used to a silence where there was once so much laughter?

I honestly do not know.

What I do know is that I am grateful. Grateful that our paths crossed in 2007.

Grateful that what began as a chance meeting during National Service grew into a friendship that became brotherhood. Grateful for every lunch, every Friday night, every joke, every tease, and every moment we shared. And above all, grateful that I had the privilege of calling you my friend and my brother.

Richard, you may have left this world, but you have left behind memories that death cannot erase. I will carry our friendship with me for the rest of my life. And whenever I remember our days together, I know there will be tears, but there will also be laughter, because that is how you lived in my life. You brought joy, and that joy will remain.

My good friend. My brother. My partner in crime. My BACK TO BACK.

I do not know how to say goodbye to you, and perhaps a part of me never will. I only know that I will miss you in ways words can never fully express. I will miss you today, tomorrow, next month, next year, and every day that I live without you.

And when people speak of friendship, I will always have a story to tell. A story of two young men who met at COCOBOD in 2007 and built a bond that time, distance, and even death cannot take away.

Rest well, my brother.

Thank you for the friendship. Thank you for the laughter. Thank you for being my BACK TO BACK.

Until we meet again, my brother, keep a place for me.

BACK TO BACK — ALWAYS AND FOREVER.

Sleep well, Richard Nana Yaw Ainsoh. You will never be forgotten.

FRIEND

STEPHEN

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, RICHARD

Some people come into our lives and leave footprints that time can never erase. Richard, you were one of those rare souls whose presence brought joy, whose smile brightened the day, and whose friendship became a gift to cherish forever.

Whenever I think of you, I remember that beautiful smile, the laughter, the good times, and, of course, your love for playing pool! You had a way of making ordinary moments special, turning simple gatherings into beautiful memories. Your cheerful spirit and warm heart made you someone people were naturally drawn to.



But beyond the pool table, beyond the laughter and the smiles, there was something even more beautiful about you is your love for God. Your faith was a reminder that life is more than what we see, and that our greatest hope rests in the hands of our Creator.
Richard, it is difficult to find the right words when the heart is heavy.

It is painful to think that someone who brought so much happiness to others can leave behind a silence that words cannot fill.
The memories we shared now mean more than ever, and the thought of not being able to share another laugh or watch you enjoy another game of pool is heartbreaking.

Love you bro and always.



SSNIT FLATS BOYS

BROTHERS OF DANSOMAN SSNIT FLATS

TO OUR BROTHER, PEPE KOORA

Some people do not need to live near you to live in your heart. That was Richard.
To many, he was Splash. But to us at Dansoman SSNIT Flats, he was simply Pepe Koora.
He never lived among us in the flats, yet he was always with us. At every gathering, every meeting, every small get-together, he was there: early, present and fully involved. His presence was so constant that, for a long time, many people assumed he lived right alongside us.

Pepe Koora was not just part of the group. He was the group.
Beach parties, wedding ceremonies, church activities: whatever we did, he was in it. If the group was moving, Pepe Koora was moving. And on the rare occasion work kept him from travelling with us, somehow, some way, he would turn up later to grace the occasion. You could count on it. Wherever he was, everyone felt it. He did not simply arrive; he filled the room.

A MOMENT WE WILL NEVER FORGET

We once travelled to the Volta Region for an engagement ceremony. Pepe Koora could not come with us because of work, or so we thought.
Early on the morning of the ceremony, someone began knocking on our hotel doors, one after the other. It was Pepe Koora.

He had boarded a late-night bus, travelled through the night, and found our hotel in the early hours, all just to be with us. That knock was how every one of us woke up that day.
And he was not done. He rallied all the guys for an early morning swim in the hotel pool before we dressed for the ceremony. That was Pepe Koora for you.

THE BROTHER WHO SHOWED UP

In his later years, he found a quieter way of showing love. He would call, or visit, just to check on us. And he meant it: he visited each member of the group, one by one. He offered words of encouragement and gave help wherever it was needed, quietly and genuinely.
When we gathered for a funeral in Accra not long ago, we all expected to see him, as always. Little did we know he was at Korle-Bu, seeking medical care. Had we known, we would have driven straight there from the funeral grounds.
His passing is a heavy blow, and the void he leaves is great.



WHAT HE TAUGHT US

Pepe Koora taught us one lesson above all: "You can do it if you really want to." Once his mind was made up, nothing could stop him.
We will continue. We will keep doing the things we do together. But we will miss you always, brother.

Our slogan, "Charlie, you no force," has never meant more. Had we known you would leave us this soon, we would have gathered for many more of those engagements we loved.
Yet we take comfort in the faith you lived out in your final days, and we are assured that you are in a better place.

Rest well, brother. Rest in the bosom of the Lord.
Till we meet again.

Pepe Koora!



JSS GROUP

TO OUR OFORI

We are in shock. Our hearts are broken.

We have known you since the very first days of our formative years, through to junior high, back when everything felt new and endless, and you were already right in the middle of it all.

You were the one in every story. The one who always got us in trouble. Annoying in the best and most relentless way, yet somehow still so loving that we could never stay mad for long. You brought all the fun. You were there, our constant, our laughter, our Splash.

Ofori, you are the reason our memories from those years still make us smile even through the ache. And we loved you for it, completely, without reservation.

Then you grew. The same energy that once pulled us into mischief, matured into something steady and strong. You became the better version of yourself, loving and caring in a way that reached everyone around you.

Your spirit stayed contagious—that rare ability to lift a room simply by walking into it. You carried yourself with confidence, the quiet kind that made people feel safe and seen.
No wonder you are called Splash, You lived fully and always leave an impression that sticks.

You dove into every conversation with pure energy simply and bright, You were fun in the truest sense, the kind of person who made ordinary moments better just by being in them. You had an unstoppable way you moved through the world; “Splash” fit you perfectly.

But you were so much more than the jokes and the good times. You were meticulous, the one who noticed details the rest of us missed. Knowledgeable in ways that always surprised us, ready with an answer, a fact, or a thoughtful perspective that made us see things differently. And above all, you were loving. Your kindness wasn’t loud or showy; it was steady, generous, and completely contagious. Being around you made people warmer, lighter, more themselves.

We knew you from the very beginning, and somehow it still feels like not nearly long enough. You were loved by all of us—not just as a friend, but as one of the good ones

We still cannot believe you are gone. The world feels quieter without your laughter, without your presence in the middle of every story. But we carry you with us: the wild junior-high days, the trouble we got into together, the fun you never stopped bringing, and the good, responsible, loving man you grew into.

Ofori, thank you for the years of friendship, the laughter that still echoes, and the example of how to live with heart.
Thank you for being ours. You will always be part of our story. We carry you with us, your humor, your care, your bright and careful spirit.

Rest easy, friend.
You are deeply missed, and forever loved.
Our hearts are broken, but our love for you remains.

PERSCOBA

ST. PETER'S SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL,
NKWATIA-KWAHU — CLASS OF 2001, SCIENCE 3

It is with heavy hearts and fond memories that we pay tribute to our dear schoolmate, Perscoba Richard Ofori Ainsoh, affectionately known to us as "Splash," on behalf of St. Peter's Senior High School and his classmates of the 2001-year group.

Richard was part of our Science three (3) family from Form One to Form Three and a proud member of St. Martin de Porres House usually referred to as Porres House. He was a friendly, kind-hearted, and generous person who related well with almost everyone especially his classmates in Science 3.

We fondly remember our early days as Form One students, when we sometimes had to clean and weed the school orchard before returning to evening prep. Exhausted from these duties, some of us would wonder aloud, "When are we going to complete school and bring all these struggles to an end?" From his seat at the back of the classroom, Richard would laugh and remind us, "Don't worry; time waits for no man, so we should make good use of the time we have here." Today, those words ring even louder in our ears. The struggles we once wished away have become some of our most treasured memories.

We also remember his generosity in sharing his food ('provisions'), including gari, Cornflakes, Milo, sardines etc. These may have seemed like little things at the time, but they reflected his big heart and the spirit of brotherhood that made our school days special. Richard understood that friendship was not just about being together but also about sharing what we had with one another.

Our bond did not end when we completed St Peters in 2001. Even during his time at KNUST, we kept in touch. Splash continued to cherish our friendship, inviting us to celebrate important milestones in his life, including his marriage to his beautiful wife, Becky in Kumasi, and the christening of his children. These moments reminded us that we were more than schoolmates; we were brothers whose friendship endured beyond the walls of St. Peter's Senior High School.

Though his passing brings us great sadness, we find comfort in knowing that, in the latter part of his life, Splash dedicated his life to God. We pray that God's grace and mercy will bring comfort to his bereaved family and all who mourn him.

Richard, you will forever remain part of the St. Peter's story. Your kindness, generosity, and words of encouragement will live on in our memories. As we bid you farewell, we remember your words: "Time waits for no man." Indeed, life is fleeting, but the good we do and the memories we leave behind endure.

Rest peacefully Richard Ofori Ainsoh
Rest in the bossom of the lord Splash
Our brother and Science 3 classmate
May the good Lord grant you eternal rest.

Amen.

CBG I.T.

IN MEMORY OF OUR BROTHER AND FRIEND
(AKA SPLASH / BANK OWNER)

"Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then shall His weary and faithful disciples,
All be remembered by what they have done."

It is with a very heavy heart that we pay tribute to our dear friend and brother, Richard.

To some of us, he was simply Richard; to others, Splash; but to the majority of us, he was affectionately known as "Bank Owner."

Some of us worked alongside him in our erstwhile bank, while others met him post-consolidation in 2018. Regardless of when or where our paths crossed, Richard touched and influenced many of us in ways we could never have imagined. His passion for his work, his deep love for his colleagues, who quickly became his family, his warmth toward outsiders, and above all, his devotion to God and spiritual matters were evident to all.

Throughout his various roles in Core Banking Support, Change Management, IT Governance, and Business Partnering (with other departments and some branches), Richard consistently exhibited resilience, a great sense of responsibility, accountability, diligence, and unwavering honesty. He was always ready to assist, often stepping in to help with matters outside his direct scope. Few people possess a heart as considerate, unselfish, and loving as his.
He also possessed an exceptional sense of humor.

Richard always had a joke, a humorous story, or a lighthearted observation, frequently at his own expense. You would often hear him teasingly call out: *"Jacob, you clean my shoes? I won't pay you oooo!" or "You wash the car? You clean the tyres den the inside? I no go pay you ooo!"*

As our "Bank Owner," when payday approached, he would walk in declaring with a smile: *"I have signed a cheque for your salaries and told MD what to do, you guys are sorted!" or "Don't worry, next week I will pay your fuel!"*. You always had your "employees'" wellbeing at heart.

Splash was the true epitome of kindness, always ready to give and assist with whatever little he had. He was famous for always looking for crisp, new banknotes because, to him, whatever you gave to another person had to be pristine.

"For we are here for only a moment, visitors and strangers in the land as our ancestors were before us. Our days on earth are like passing shadows, gone too soon without a trace."
1 Chronicles 29:15

You went around to personally inform us about your move to your new role, and for most of us, that was the last time we saw you. We were happy for you and had hoped that this transition into your new role would mark the beginning of even greater things for you. We truly believed it was God's plan, and rightly so. What we never anticipated was that barely a month later, we would be gathered around your casket, reading a tribute to your memory.

Splash, when you said you were "going to prepare a place" for us, when you had got in and settled, were you being proverbial or prophetic? Were you referring to the kind of preparation that our Lord Jesus told his disciples?

Indeed, God's ways are not our ways.
Splash, though your flesh and heart may have failed, God is the strength of your heart and your portion forever.

It is our earnest hope and belief that having completed your earthly labors as a faithful Christian, God has called you to rest with Him. We pray that the Almighty welcomes you into His heavenly Kingdom.

You were, and always will be, a cherished part of our lives, a guiding light on our journey, and a beautiful soul that graced this earth.

We remember how you always prayed with those of us in trouble, sometimes going out of your way to do follow up visits, encourage us when we were in our low moments, or just lending a hand whenever the need arose.

We will miss your charm, your loud laughter, easy going outgoing persona. The great man whom we all call our Bank Owner cannot be eulogized in one setting; hence, we will keep the rest of the wonderful memories in our hearts. We are eternally grateful and thank you for your unrelenting sacrifices.

Till we meet again: Richard, Splash, Bank Owner... may your gentle soul rest in perfect peace!

Damirifa Due!









DAMANG GOLD MINE LTD.

FROM MANAGEMENT AND EMPLOYEES OF DAMANG GOLD MINE LIMITED

With heavy hearts, we the Management and employees of Damang Gold Mine Limited, pay tribute to our colleague and friend, Richard Ofori Ainsoh, affectionately known as "Splash." His passing has left us deeply saddened. Although his time with us was short, he gave us meaningful reasons to appreciate him, both as a professional and as a member of our mine community.



Richard joined the company on 1 August 2026 as Superintendent – Systems & Applications in our ICT Department. He settled into his role with remarkable ease, taking ownership of outstanding critical ICT projects as though he had been with us from the beginning. He quickly familiarised himself with the work and brought purpose and direction to the tasks entrusted to him.

His approach reflected excellent project planning and coordination. Meticulous and proactive, Richard paid attention to detail and anticipated challenges. In those early weeks, we saw his competence, his sense of responsibility and the contribution he was ready to make. We looked forward to building on that promising beginning.

Tragically, on 23 August 2026, Richard was involved in an accident while on his way to church from the mine site for baptism.

The accident ultimately led to his death on 16 September 2026. That a journey undertaken for such a meaningful expression of his Christian faith should be followed by this loss makes his passing heartbreaking. We mourn the future he would have shared with his family, friends and colleagues.



Beyond his work, Richard's easy-going nature and warm personality made him approachable. He formed cordial relationships, made friends and found his place among us within a short time. He enthusiastically participated in our fun games and other activities, enjoying the companionship that makes camp life a community.

Among the children at the camp, Splash became a household name. He often took time to play with them and share in their laughter. These simple moments remain among our fondest memories of him. They showed his playful spirit and his willingness to make time for others. We will miss seeing him in those familiar spaces, joining in and bringing warmth to everyday life.

To his wife, Mrs. Rebecca Ofori, and his children, Eliana Ofori, Eliam Ofori, Eliora Ofori and Elias Ofori, we extend our heartfelt condolences. To his wider family and all who loved him, we share in your sorrow. We pray that God will uphold you through this difficult time and bring comfort through the love and support of those around you.

As Christians, we draw strength from the hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ. With that hope, we entrust Richard to God's loving care.

Richard, thank you for the service you gave, the friendships you formed and the happiness you shared with our community. We grieve that our journey together ended so soon, but we will remember you with gratitude and affection.

Farewell Splash. May you rest peacefully in the Lord, and may your family find strength in His unfailing love.

EB BENZ AUTO PLAZA

TO OUR DEARLY DEPARTED BOSS (MASTER NANA YAW)

Today, we mourn the painful loss of a remarkable leader, a wonderful mentor and a boss who touched lives in ways words cannot fully express.

Splash / Master Nana Yaw, it is heartbreaking to accept that you are no longer with us. Your sudden absence has left a deep wound in our hearts and an emptiness that can never truly be filled. It is painful to imagine a workplace without your presence, your guidance, your wisdom and your inspiring leadership.

You were more than a boss to us. You were a teacher, a mentor, a brother and a source of inspiration. You led with a firm hand and a kind heart that truly cared. You genuinely wanted to see us reach the top. Your discipline taught us responsibility so as your care taught as humanity.

Though death has taken you away from us, it can never erase the beautiful memories you have left behind. We will forever cherish the moments we shared and your values remain etched in our work and lives. To some, he was strict, to us, that strictness was love. You were our disciplinarian and comforter. That's hard to find. Your brother Ebo Benz says, "Just as you came to visit us like raindrops on the day of your passing, may your spirit continue to guide us through every moment of our lives".

Thank you for your dedication, encouragement and the valuable lessons you imparted to us. Your impact on our lives as well as your contributions to our company will never be forgotten.

Rest Peacefully, dear Boss. Your voice may be silent; your chair may be empty but your legacy will live on forever. You are gone from our sight but never from our hearts. You will be deeply missed, lovingly remembered and forever cherished. May the Almighty God grant you eternal rest and give your family, friends and colleagues the strength to bear this painful loss.

Rest In Perfect Peace, our beloved, Master Nana Yaw.

Your memory will live with us forever.

ADWOA DANSO & FAMILY

We met at the head office of UT Bank in 2011. I was heavily pregnant and had just been told I would need to hand over my responsibilities to a new recruit—who happened to be you.



My first impression was of a young, carefree man who seemed to have little to worry about, and I braced myself for the usual quips people make around pregnant women. But after we were introduced, your words were instead, "Abrewa, how can I help make you less uncomfortable?"

And just like that, I caught a glimpse of the man you truly were: respectful, compassionate, empathetic, and intentional. These beautiful qualities became the bedrock of our years-long friendship.

You introduced your wife to my sister and me so that we could embrace her as our own sister.

You loved my children so dearly that they grew up believing you were their blood uncle. You were more than a friend; you became family, a confidant, and an uncle whose love left an indelible mark on our lives.

Richard, saying we miss you is a gross understatement. We will keep your memory alive and tell the children you loved so dearly what a wonderful man you were, how generously you loved, and how deeply you touched our lives.

Till we meet again, my friend, our uncle, our confidant.

Rest well, King! 👑

ANGLICAN YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION

ST. AUGUSTINE'S BRANCH, DANSOMAN

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee
In life, in death, O LORD, abide with me. ***A&M 27*** *last stanza*

The righteous perish, and no one takes it to heart; the devout are taken away, and no one understands that the righteous are taken away to be spared from evil. Those who walk uprightly enter into peace; they find rest as they lie in death. Isaiah 57:1-2

Bro. Richard knows that his Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after his skin worms destroy his body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself and mine eyes shall behold, and not another. Job 19:25-27.

Indeed, a person's worth cannot be measured by his/her days on earth; but how these days are spent for the benefit of humanity.

We have gathered here today as Youth of the Church to mourn our Bro. Richard Ofori Ainsoh, whose mortal remains lies before us. The news of your death came as a big shock, your passing was too sadden.

Bro. Richard, our hearts are heavy with grief, words cannot express how hurt we are, your departure has left a big vacuum which cannot be filled, we do not understand why God allowed this to happen; however, we believe God is faithful and loves you more.

We take consolation from the Bible verse which say's; for my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways. Isaiah 55:8-9

Those who have been ransomed by the Lord will return, they will enter Jerusalem singing, crowned with everlasting joy; sorrow and mourning will disappear and they will be filled with joy and gladness. Isaiah 51:11

Bro. Richard was more than just a member of the AYPA. He served as Vice President of the Association from 2008 – 2010. He was our brother in Christ, a friend, and a part of our church Family. His association with us revealed many qualities he possessed,

Bro. Richard was a bible for many to read. You will be remembered for your love for God's work, Bible studies, sharing God's word everywhere you found yourself, street evangelism, visiting car washing bays on Easter Monday's for distributing food and envelopes. You contributed to individual financial problems; you were the Anonymous contributor to our Association. You supported us in our National Conferences and Conventions. Your ministry was not limited to Parishioners only; you visited some young parishioners at home to share with them the word of God and to mentor them. You loved all and taught us how God's Kingdom operated and how to represent God on earth. Bro. Richard was a Devout member, he was our main speaker for most of our programs, he would come even when were about to close. Your legacy will be remembered. Bro. Richard was humble, gentle, patient, jovial, respectful and always smiling. Your hugs and handshake with that little bow will be missed.

Your Sisters, the “Main Chicks and the home keepers “are saying who will drop them after meeting and Diocesan programs?

Bro. Richard, we can confidently say, you had a good relationship with your Creator, and won Souls for God’s Kingdom. A mortal race has been run and a treasured faith in Christ has been steadfastly kept, we know that our Bro. Richard has been called from here by the Lord to a higher service, he has indeed been faithful with the little entrusted to him here. You always said God knows best, Bro. Richard, enjoy eternity in the Lord’s Kingdom, for death is the last chapter on earth, but the first chapter to Eternity, because to Christians, “life is change not taken away, because we believe in the Resurrection”.

Bro. Richard Ofori Ainsoh, this is our abiding faith prayer for you;

Into Paradise, may the angels lead you,
At thy arriving, may the Martyrs receive you.
And lead you into the Holy City Jerusalem. Amen
We know you are clothed in a white apparel and holding palms of victory in your hands. A&M 436

As the Church commits you into the hands of your Creator, we say with hymnist;

JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene’er I die,
The Centre of my bliss
O happy place
When shall I be
My God, with Thee
To see Thy Face

Bro. Richard Nana Yaw Ofori Ainsoh rest in peace till we meet again.
Aunty Aunty. Police Police.

Rest well in bosom of the Lord.

ST. AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY

ANGLICAN CHURCH, DANSOMAN

"Let no one despise you for your youth, but set the believers an example in speech, in conduct, in love, in faith, in purity." — 1 Timothy 4:12

Today, our hearts are heavy, yet filled with deep gratitude to God for the remarkable life of our dear brother Richard

To know Richard, was to know a shining example of Christ's love in action. Whether through a warm smile, a comforting word, or tireless service in Church. He gave wholeheartedly to the household of faith. He made everyone feel seen, valued, and welcome.

The sudden and tragic manner of his passing has left us in profound shock, grief, and sorrow that words can hardly describe. Our human minds struggle to make sense of why someone so dedicated, so full of life and purpose, would be called home so abruptly. In moments like this, the road ahead feels uncertain and deeply painful. Yet, we find our strength not in our own understanding, but in the promises of God.

Richard brought warmth, laughter, and sincerity that touched everyone around him. He did not just occupy a seat among us; he lived out his faith with a youthful energy that reminded us of the beauty of walking with God early in life.

We remember his smile. We remember his eagerness to help. We remember a young life that felt like it was only just beginning to unfold its best chapters. To lose someone so young, so full of promise, and in such a sudden manner is painful. Our human minds cry out in sorrow, asking why.

Yet, in the middle of this storm, we cling to the promises of God. We know that Richard loved Jesus. He was a young man on fire for the Lord. While many of his age were focused on worldly pursuits, his heartbeat, for the Great Commission. He possessed a rare, contagious passion for sharing the Gospel. Whether we were knocking on doors, speaking to strangers on the street, or sharing testimonies, his courage and warmth broke down walls. He didn't just preach the Word; he lived it out through his kindness, his bright smile, and his genuine concern for every soul he encountered.

We know that life on this earth is but a vapor, and that for those who are in Christ, death is not a final period, but a comma, before eternity. The Apostle Paul reminds us that we do not grieve as those who have no hope.

We take comfort in knowing that Richard has fought a good fight, finished the race, and is now resting safely in the loving embrace of the Saviour. Though the sudden silence he leaves behind aches deeply, the legacy of his kindness, laughter, and unwavering faith remains imprinted on every wall of our church and in every one of our hearts.

To the grieving family—our thoughts, prayers, and arms surround you. May the God of all comfort bind up your broken hearts, carry you through these dark days, and grant you a peace that surpasses all human understanding.

Rest in peace, dear Richard. You will be deeply missed, forever cherished, and never forgotten.

“And thus we shall always be with the Lord. Therefore comfort one another with these words. Amen.

Appreciation

The family of the late Richard Nana Yaw Ofori Ainsoh sincerely thanks everyone who stood with us in this time of loss. To our relatives, friends, neighbours, colleagues, church family, and all who prayed, called, visited, gave and travelled to be with us: God bless you.

We are grateful for every kind words and every act of support. May the Lord replenish all that you have given.

Closing Tribute

You gave us love that did not count the cost
A light that still remains though you are gone
We carry you in all we do and are
Until we meet again at heaven's dawn...

REST IN PEACE
RICHARD NANA YAW OFORI AINSOH (A.K.A SPLASH)

1984 - 2026

WITH LOVE, THE OFORI AINSOH FAMILY.