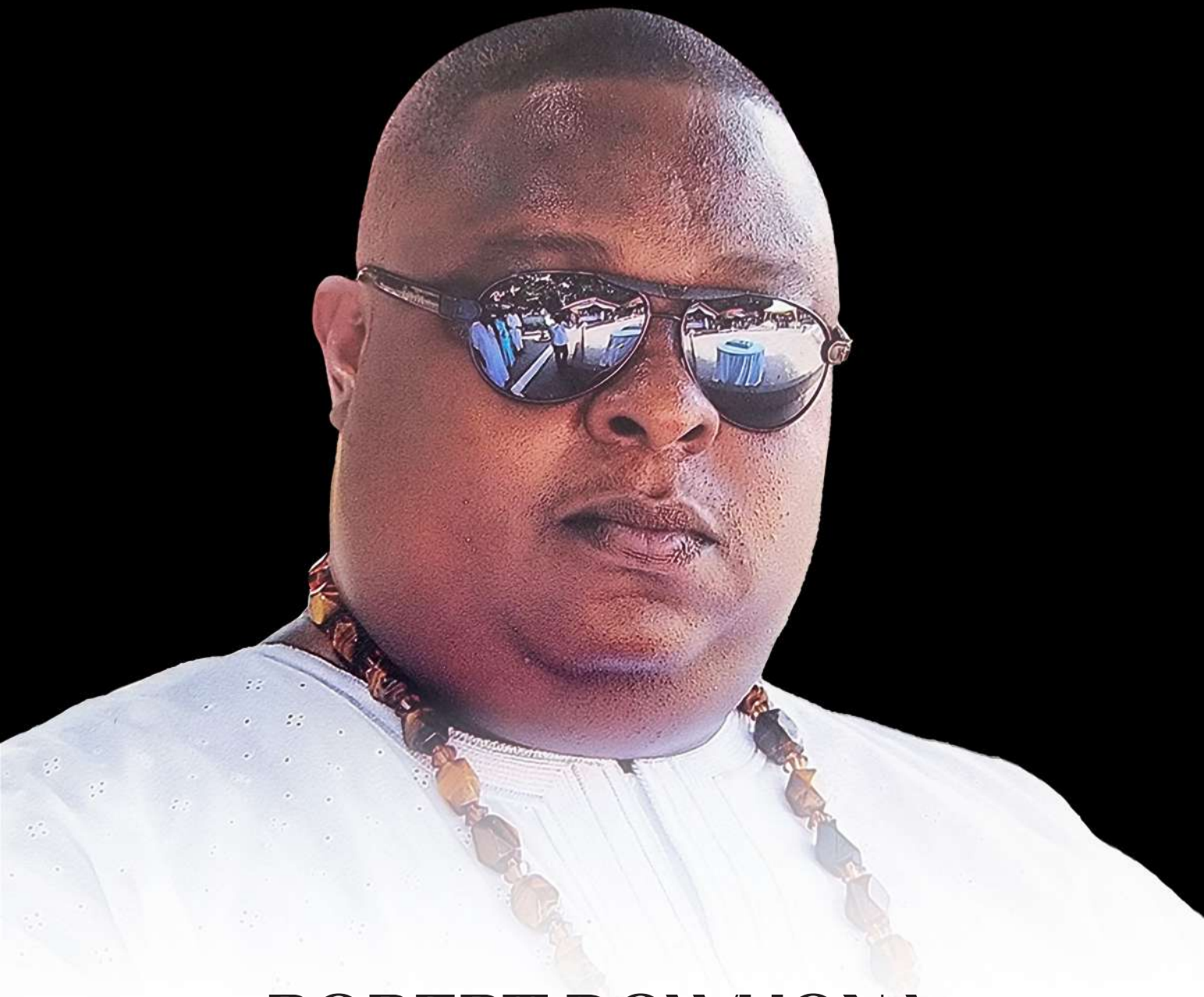


IN LOVING
MEMORY



**ROBERT DOWUONA
OW/OO (ESQ)**

(aka Nii Noi)

1973 - 2025



ORDER OF SERVICE

Venue: Transitions Funeral Home, Haatso
Date: Wednesday, 3rd December, 2025
Time: 07:00am
Interment: Private

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rt. Rev. Col. P.A. Brewu (Rtd)	- Past Bishop Akim - Oda/Past DRA
Rev. Col. D. Adoteye-Asare (Rtd)	- PCG Ga Presbytery Chairman/Past DRA
Very Rev. Cdr. David Benedict Quayson	- DNRA/Senior Chaplain (GMPC)
Rev. Jonathan Amofah	- GMPC
Cat. Rebecca Adjei-Takyi	- Catechist

CHOIR

Choir	- Susan Choral
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PART 1 - PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. Opening Prayer	- Chaplain
2. File past Songs/Hymns	- Choir
3. Tributes	
4. File past Songs/Hymns	- Choir
5. Tributes	
6. Hymn	
7. Moot Court File Past	
8. Reverend Ministers' File past	
9. Prayer	
10. Casket to be closed	- Bearer Party

Hymns for Filing past and interludes

MHB: PHB: 498, 651, 611, 50, 422, 427, 428, 528, 612, 975, 468, 615, 99, 468, 199, 770, 557, 322, 549, 787, 329, 789, 462, 518, 791, 551, 809, 335.

PART 11 - BURIAL SERVICE

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Introit | - Choir |
| 2. Scripture Sentence | - Chaplain |
| 3. Opening Hymn | - MH 679 |
| 4. Opening Prayer | |
| 5. Hymn | - MHB 50 |
| 6. Biography | - Family Rep |
| 7. Musical Interlude | |
| 8. Tributes | - Widow, Children, Mother and Siblings |
| 9. Hymn | - MH 427 |
| 10. Scripture Reading: | - Rom 14: 7-9, 1 Cor 15: 50 – 58 |
| 11. Hymn | - Hymn MH 608 |
| 12. Sermon | - Chaplain |
| 13. Song | - MH 615 |
| 14. Christian Charity | - Choir |
| 15. Thanksgiving prayer | - Chaplain |
| 16. Announcements | - Family |
| 17. Closing Hymn | - MH 428 |
| 18. Closing prayer/ Benediction | - Chaplain |
| 19. Dead March in Saul (All standing) | - Choir |
| 20. Lifting of Casket | - Bearer party |
| 21. Recessional Hymn | - MH 651 |

PART 111 – GRAVE SIDE

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Scripture Sentence/ Exhortation | - Chaplain |
| 2. Hymn MH 422 | - All |
| 3. Committal and Prayer | - Chaplain |
| 4. Two-Minute Silence | - All |
| 5. Laying of Wreaths | - Family |
| 6. Hymn: MHB 335 | - All |
| 7. Vote of Thanks | - Family rep |
| 8. Prayer/ Benediction | - Chaplain |
| 9. Departure | - All |



**ROBERT DOWUONA
OWOO (ESQ)**

1973 - 2025

BIOGRAPHY OF

ROBERT DOWUONA OWOO (ESQ)



Early Life and Family Background

Robert Dowuona Owoo was born in Accra on 29th September 1973 to the late Wing Commander Robert Dowuona Owoo of Sekondi and Accra, and Mrs Olga Owoo from Osu, Kinkawe. He was the cherished only son among three sisters: Naa Shormeh, Naa Korlei, and Naa Ashiokai. As the first-born son, he was given the name Nii Noi, following the naming tradition of the Dowouna Owoo family. Robert grew up in a disciplined, well-educated Christian household where service to God and helping others were highly valued, principles that deeply shaped his character and future

professional direction.

Robert was baptised as an infant at Garrison Methodist Presbyterian Church, Burma Camp, in 1973 and later confirmed while he was a student at Accra Academy.

Throughout his childhood, he was a regular attendee at Sunday school and actively participated in its activities. As an adult, he joined the main congregation. Although his involvement in church activities did not match that of his parents, he consistently demonstrated Christian values in all areas of his life.

Education and Academic Achievements

From a young age, Robert's lively personality and academic talent were apparent. He attended Kotoka Primary School, where he was well known for his energetic, fun-loving nature and academic success. After excelling in his Common Entrance Exam, he continued his studies at Accra Academy (Accra Aca), where he quickly gained popularity among his peers for his vibrant spirit and was affectionately called "Stiacus", later shortened to "Stia" or "Papa Stia". Despite being one of the youngest and smallest in his year group, Robert was at the heart of every social event and actively participated in campus activities. He enjoyed debating to make his point and was skilled at winning arguments. So, it was no surprise when he joined the noble profession.

Robert's academic path led him to Tema Secondary School (Temasco) for Sixth Form,

where he continued to maintain a balance between academic excellence and a busy social life. He passed his A-levels and proceeded to the University of Cape Coast (Cape Vars), earning a First Class Honours degree in Mathematics alongside a Diploma in Education in June 1998. His friends described him as a “Sharp Brain”, someone for whom academic achievement seemed effortless.

Keen to further his education, Robert moved to Exeter University in the United Kingdom, where he completed an MSc in Finance and Management in June 2000, successfully balancing both work and study.

Professional Career and Achievements

On his return to Ghana, Robert established a distinguished career in the financial sector, holding senior managerial positions for nearly two decades. He gained recognition for his expertise in securities regulation, project management, and legal counsel. Notably, he served as Acting Chief Executive Officer, Chief Operations Officer, Chief Legal and Compliance Adviser, and Board Secretary at the Ghana Commodity Exchange (GCX). In these capacities, he played a pivotal role in operationalising Ghana's first commodity exchange, launching innovative programmes for farmers, and ensuring compliance with both national and international regulations.

Prior to his work at GCX, Robert directed the GCX Project under the Ministry of Trade and Industry and the United Nations Development Programme (UNDP), where he was instrumental in stakeholder engagement and developing the legal framework. He also held several positions at the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), rising to Head of Policy, Research, and IT, and Manager of Market Surveillance. In these roles, he contributed significantly to policy formulation, market development, and investor education.

Robert's commitment to lifelong learning saw him earn further qualifications, including a Qualifying Certificate in Professional Law from Ghana Law School, a Bachelor of Law (LLB) from the University of Ghana, and certifications in Public Relations, Advertising, Marketing, and Securities.

He shared his expertise as a lecturer at the Ghana Stock Exchange and as an associate counsel at leading law firms. Robert was a sought-after presenter at seminars, both local and international, offering insights on capital markets and regulatory frameworks. His professional activities also included study tours to major stock exchanges around the world, membership in national committees, and involvement in strategic financial sector programmes.

Family Life and Relationships

Robert's devotion to his parents was unwavering. He was reliable, managed household responsibilities, and supported them with dignity. His integrity, accomplishments, and compassion were a source of immense pride and joy for his family.

That same spirit of love extended to his siblings, with whom Robert shared a bond rooted in loyalty, laughter, and unwavering support. He was the kind of brother who showed up, whether to celebrate their triumphs or to steady them through life's challenges.

In September 2001, Robert married his childhood sweetheart, Maureen Amma Owoo. Together, they created a loving home, blessed with two children, Daryl and Trisha, who were his pride and joy. Robert's commitment to his family was steadfast; he always put them first and ensured their happiness and wellbeing, showering them with kindness, laughter, and support every day.

Robert was highly regarded by his extended family, consistently providing guidance and assistance when needed. He maintained strong relationships with relatives on both sides, and his considerate nature, sense of humour, and generosity earned him a positive reputation among family members. He was reliable during important moments and approachable in his interactions.

Robert was an active member of the Accra Academy Old Boys Association, particularly within his year group 'Bleoo 90', where he played key roles in organising and facilitating activities. He attended reunions and events not only for the occasions but for the people themselves. His presence was always felt, bringing warmth, engagement, and vitality to every gathering. To his fellow 'Bleoo 90' old boys, Robert was more than just a member; he was a brother, a leader, and a cherished friend. He maintained a strong connection to his alma mater, carrying its spirit with pride.

Robert was a proud "Industrialist", having resided in Valco Hall at Cape Vars, known for its lively and energetic atmosphere. His outgoing nature made him a perfect fit, and he truly enjoyed his university life.

At work, Robert was both respected and loved. He nurtured a harmonious and happy workforce at GCX, organising team bonding sessions and informal gatherings to address workplace issues. His approachable style made him a well-liked leader.

Robert's warm, friendly, and easy-going personality allowed him to make friends wherever he went, always leaving a lasting positive impression. He was generous and frequently helped those in need, quietly covering school fees for others and encouraging budding entrepreneurs, motivated by belief in their potential rather than seeking praise. Robert had a unique

way of making everyone feel valued, and his kindness gave many the support they needed to pursue their aspirations.

Final Years and Legacy

Despite facing health challenges, Robert responded to life with resilience and optimism. He underwent surgery to address health issues, but sadly complications led to his passing in the early hours of Thursday, 30th October 2025. His death has brought profound grief to his family, colleagues, and the many lives he touched.

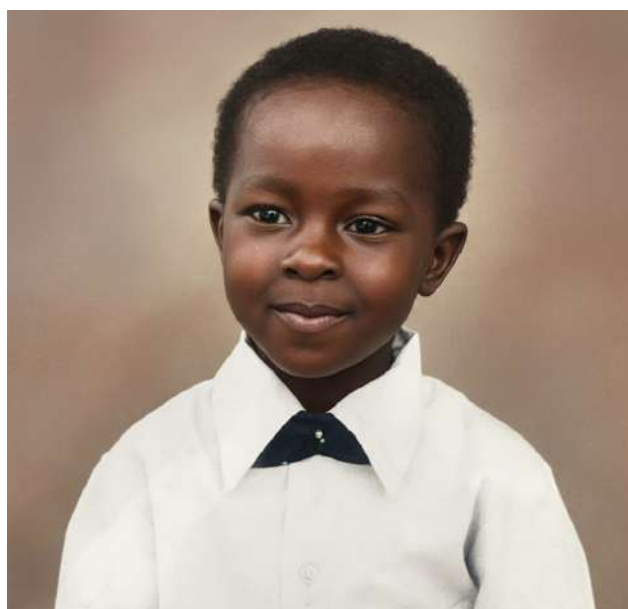
Nii Noi, you leave behind a legacy of love, laughter, and excellence. You will be dearly missed by your wife, children, mother, siblings, extended family, friends, and all who had the privilege of knowing you.

“

Sleep well, our dear son, husband, father, brother, cousin, uncle, and friend. Da yie. Ya w) odjogbann.

May God be with you till we meet again.

”



TRIBUTE BY

WIDOW - MRS MAUREEN AMMA OWOO

Tribute to My Beloved Husband, Robert
Robert Frost's poem "Nothing Gold Can Stay"
echoes these themes - "nothing is
permanent", "there is a time for all seasons",
"brown leaves fall, green leaves fall".

“

Nature's First Green is Gold
Her Hardest Hue to Hold
Her Early Leaf's a Flower
But Only so an Hour
Then Leaf Subsides to Leaf
So Eden Sank to Grief
So Dawn goes Down to Day
Nothing Gold can Stay

”

And such is life. By accepting this, it
becomes a little easier to say goodbye - to
say goodbye to a loved one.

We met many years ago in 1990, thirty-five
(35) years ago. Robert was with a group of
friends, his mates from Accra Academy,
reminiscing about life after WAEC's O-Levels
and where life would take them next.
Interestingly, some of those same friends
later became part of our bridal team, eleven
(11) years later, at our wedding.

We got married on his birthday, 29th
September 2001. A fine, brilliant young man,
I found him kind, caring, sharing, and loving.
Robert was focused on his dreams and his

future. He had to make decisions as a science
student (Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics),
majoring in Mathematics. Mathematics led
him to become a financial analyst, a financial
regulator, and even a lawyer.

Robert used his brilliance and achievements
to help everyone who crossed his path. He
was a teacher, a counselor, and an advocate.
He carried people along - a friend's win and
a colleague's win were his win. He was there
for his friends through bad and good,
making their celebrations lively and colorful.



I have known Robert for thirty-five (35) years. We were married for 24 years and have two amazing children growing into adulthood - our first, Darryl, and our last, Trisha - who have been a blessing to us. He was a super, ever-present father. Their well-being and education were of utmost importance to him. When he bought them toys in their formative years, they were always educational.

He had good plans for the children - plans that carried into his grandchildren. Robert opened us to the world, introducing us to new things. The children are bold go-getters; he made sure they would not be intimidated. He made us travel and see places.

He had plans for the future. We had plans for our pension, envisioning a comfortable retirement - a stage where the children would have made appreciable progress in life and he would spoil me rotten. Health didn't allow it, and it is okay. You're having a good and peaceful rest.

It has been difficult writing this. Who would have thought that at the peak of his life, a time he had decided to live better, care for himself and his health, would be a time to bow out?

May we be comforted and uplifted with Clare Harner's poem **"Immortality"**: that Robert lives on.

“

Do not stand by my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep...

I am the thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond that glints in snow,
I am the gentle autumn rain,
As you awaken with morning's hush,
I am the swift, up-flinging rush of
quiet birds in circling flight,
I am the day transcending night.
Do not stand by my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die.

”

**Robert Dowuona Owoo, my dear husband,
continue to be our guardian angel till we
meet again.**





A TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER

BY DARRYL DOWUONA OWOO

I don't really know how to do this.

My dad, Robert Dowuona Owoo, Stiacus to his friends is no more. I'm standing here trying to find the words but honestly, my brain has been blocking the fact that he's even gone. It's almost like if I don't say it out loud, it might not be a reality. But it is real and he deserves more than my silence.

You know, growing up in Ghana, you hear stories about fathers - the strict ones - the distant ones - the ones who provide but are not present or don't really show up. My dad wasn't like that, he was different and I don't think I ever told him enough how rare that was and how lucky I was.

When my sister and I were in primary school, we stayed with our grandmother because where we lived was too far away from our school, and he didn't want us waking up unnecessarily early, but here's the thing, most evenings after a long day at work, he'd still drive over, just to help us with homework - just to be there. That was who he was, a problem solver, not just at work, not just as a lawyer, but in our lives. When I struggled with something, he wouldn't just tell me what to do, he'd guide me, he'd show me how to figure it out.

He taught me so much - the value of money - how to take initiative - the importance of experiences, of traveling, and seeing the world beyond what you know. When I was 19, home alone during vacation, he took me with him to Tanzania, just the two of us. We went to meetings at the Tanzanian Stock

Exchange, we visited warehouses, farms, talked about agricultural commodities like I was his colleague and then we went to Zanzibar. It was our first trip, just me and him - no mum, no sister. We kept saying we'd do it more, we kept planning the next one, but we never got to finish it.

I remember holidays, swimming with him and my sister. I remember being absolutely shocked when he did a backflip in the pool. Like what?! But that was him, he never let anything hold him back; he just went for it. Like small things such as him playing video games with me, even though he had absolutely no interest in them. He'd sit there, controller in hand, trying to figure it out just because I loved it. On weekend evenings, I would watch him watching his shows, all those crime and detective programmes that made him think.

He had my back - in everything; no matter what. I think that's what I'm struggling with the most; this feeling of... lack. Like I have to hold back in ways I never had to before. It's about what it meant - it meant security - it meant support - it meant knowing someone was always there who had my back.

October 2025 was a tough month - a month in ICU; a month of waiting, hoping, praying, and then he was gone.

Dad valued planning - He hated being late and being unprepared, but none of us were prepared for this. There was no time to prepare, but maybe that's okay, because I knew he loved me.

He was honestly the coolest dad, and I don't know how to do this without him. I don't know how to make decisions without being able to call him, but I'll try to carry what he taught me - I'll take initiative - I'll seek experiences - I'll solve problems the way he did; I'll try.

Dad, the man who did backflips when no one expected it, the man who showed up, the man who had my back.

I love you. I miss you, and I don't know how to say goodbye, so I won't. I'll just say thank you for everything - for being you - for being my dad.

Rest well.





A TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER

BY TRISHA DOWUONA OWOO

Dear Daddy,

I couldn't, for the life of me, figure out what a tribute was supposed to mean - especially when it came to you. Was it a message for you, or for the rest of the world? What would I even say? I had no idea. Still, it's something I knew I had to write, although I didn't want to, because tributes feel like farewells - goodbye messages - and I'm not done talking to you.

Daddy, I don't know how to go about things. If someone had told me years ago, a month ago, a week ago, a day before, or even a second before you died that you were going to leave us, I would never have believed them. Because why would I?

My daddy - the reason I saw a beautiful face in the mirror. The person who taught me to show up for others, even when they couldn't show up for me, the man who provided through thick and thin without a second thought, the one who loved me unconditionally, is gone, and I have to live with that for the rest of my life. His twin, his princess, will never get to celebrate her biggest milestones or accomplishments with him again.

I know we've already shed enough tears, so I won't dwell on what we already know. Instead, I want to show you my daddy through my eyes.

My daddy, Robert Dowuona Owoo, was one of a kind. He was the kind of man who always listened before reacting, no matter

how strange what you were saying might have sounded.

I often joke with people that I don't understand the concept of "No," because even when the world said no, my daddy always found a way. That doesn't mean he spoiled us - if you know me, you know that's far from the truth; he just made sure we were comfortable.

Daddy used to talk about his own father - what a good man he was, what a good father, and how all he wanted was to give us what his dad gave him, and even more. If you knew his father, you'd understand why this loss feels like a dream I can't wake up from.

Growing up, people used to call me my daddy's handbag. I only spent two days a week with him, but if you didn't know me, you weren't really his friend. I was his favorite "party trick." He would call me over, show me off to the world, tell everyone how much he loved me, and how I was his best friend.

We shared so much - his scars became my birthmark, his smile became mine, and his face became ours. When no one else had time for me, my dad always did. It didn't matter the time or the situation - he was there.

I used to rave about him every chance I got. People would tell me how different he was - that they had never really sat down and had real conversations with their dads. They couldn't wrap their heads around the fact that we watched shows together and shared

things like friends, not just father and daughter, but that's exactly what we were - friends; my daddy was my best friend.

One of my favorite memories was from my JHS days, right before COVID. Daddy would pick me up from school every single day, and we'd go swimming - just the two of us. Imagine after a long day of work, instead of going home to rest, he'd drive all the way to my school just to spend that time with me. That was our thing - something I can't imagine doing without him.

I called my dad for everything - even when I knew I could handle it - because he was the smartest man I knew, and I just wanted his opinion. If you've never been told by my dad that he was proud of you, you'll never truly understand what that felt like. My whole life has been a "Make Daddy proud" journey.

There was never a grade that made him shout, hit, or belittle me. That wasn't who he was; no matter how much he valued education, he always believed in finding the problem and solving it, instead of dwelling on the past.

I've tried to write this so many times, with so much to say and not enough ears to listen. If you're sitting here today, you knew my dad, whichever version of himself he chose to share with you - and that's enough.

I can't put into words who my father truly was, even though I've tried. I've tried to wrap my head around the fact that he's gone, but my mind just can't connect the dots yet. Still, I'll take my time - one step at a time - and someday, thinking about him will bring

peace instead of confusion. I'll be able to talk about him without feeling the guilt of always saying, "my dad is dead."

I love you so much, Daddy. I know you knew that, and no one can ever take away the bond we shared. I'm not ready to say goodbye - I don't know if I ever will be - and that's okay.

Thank you for being there for me. Thank you for making me feel special in a world that often made me feel less. Thank you for all the memories you've left me with.

Rest well, Daddy.
Your princess





T R I B U T E F R O M

MUM: MRS. OLGA DOWUONA OWOO

“

In everything give thanks; for
this is the will of God in Christ
Jesus for you

- 1st Thessalonians 5:18

Oh Lord, my gratitude is as full as
my grief and my peace is as deep
as my pain. One thing I know is
death cannot kill love, and human
hands cannot bury it.

”

These sacred words echo in the deepest part
of my heart today, for I am that mother
weeping and refusing to be comforted
because my beloved son Nii Noi is no more.

Nii Noi, you were my blessing, my comfort,
my shield. You were not only my son, but my
counsellor, my protector, and my lawyer.
Your words were always calm, your wisdom
steady, your love unwavering. Whenever
you said, “Mama, don’t worry, I’ll handle it,”
my heart found peace because I knew you
will surely do it.

You were a gift from God gentle, intelligent,
respectful, and loving. You never caused me
pain, until now, when you left me so
suddenly. From childhood, you carried a
maturity beyond your years. You grew into a
man whose integrity and humility brought
honor to our family name. You made us
proud in every step of the way as you

climbed the ladder of success in your chosen
career. Being the only son amongst three
daughters, we resisted the temptation of
pampering you.

When you fell ill, you bore it bravely. You
shielded me from your pain, smiling even
through suffering. You always said, “Mama,
I’ll be fine.” But now you are gone, and my
world feels empty.

I remember when your father, Robert, passed
on in April, you were so ill, yet you stood tall
and strong and participated fully in the
funeral to honor him as an only son would
do. I watched you that day as you sat by me
during the funeral service with pride, not
knowing that only months later, you would
go to join him. My heart hurts with pain I
have never known before. This loss has left
me lost and alone.

Each day since your passing, I call your
name, hoping to hear your voice. I look at
your pictures, and tears flow.

Oh God!, please speak to me the living words
only You can utter.

Yes! I am trusting the Prince of Peace who
rides into the worst situations on the wings
of hope, to send me the kind of comfort that
only comes from Heaven.

Yet, in my grief, I take solace in one thing;
that God blessed you with a devoted wife,
Maureen and two beautiful children; Nii

Nortey and Naa Norley. Through them, your light will continue to shine.

Rest peacefully, my dear son. You have joined your father in the presence of the Lord. I know you are both watching over us from heaven. I will forever thank God for the gift of your life, a life lived with humility, love, service, and faith.

Sleep well, my darling boy. You will live forever in my heart, until that blessed day when we meet again.

**Your loving mother,
Olga**





T R I B U T E F R O M

SIBLINGS: NAA SHORMEH, NAA KORLEI, AND NAA ASHIOKAI

Where is our God, in whom we trust?

Our initial reaction about writing a tribute to Nii Noi was that we wouldn't do it. We just wouldn't do it because we had nothing to say. Absolutely nothing! How do you express pain in words? And who are you expressing it to, anyway? With time, we decided we couldn't let Nii Noi go without saying goodbye - he meant too much to us for us to say nothing; we owe him that much.

Having to refer to our only brother Nii Noi in the past tense is extremely difficult; it just feels unreal. Wasn't it just barely a couple of months ago that we were together joking, reflecting and praying for you to recover and have a change of wardrobe because you had lost so much weight?

Writing a tribute to our father six months ago was relatively easy because he had lived a full life and had prepared us for the day he would pass on to glory, so we were better prepared when he passed - heartbroken, but ready, however, with Nii Noi, it's a whole other story.

Our grief isn't just because Nii Noi passed away within the same year we buried our dad. No! It comes from a deeper place of sorrow, knowing that Nii Noi still had a lot of life in him.

You were the calm in every storm, the one we could always depend on when life felt uncertain. As the only son, you carried the

weight of the family name with grace and humility. During Papa's funeral last June, you stood before everyone frail, yet proud fulfilling your duty as his only son. You stood with honor and courage that humbled us all. You said, "Don't worry, I'll be fine", but, dear brother, you were not fine - and now you have gone to join him.

If you ever came into contact with Nii Noi, you would understand why we say 'he had a lot more in him to give'. Nii Noi was the life and soul of every party. He was outgoing, and a people's person, smart, intelligent and full of ideas. However, during his illness, we saw another remarkable side of him - He was an absolute fighter, he never complained at any point, even while he was in pain and he never gave up.

Even though Nii Noi had been unwell for a few months, never once did it cross our minds that it would come to this; We are so unprepared for this! We hoped, we prayed, we believed that "this too shall pass" and he would get better, but he didn't.

Nii Noi, since you left, we've been going through emotions as if we are on autopilot. We are all dealing with our grief in our own ways; for some it's a constant flow of tears, to others it's a constant feeling of void and emptiness that just won't go away.

Nii Noi, it's time for us to say goodbye now, even though we don't want to. If we had the power to keep you here with us, we would

have but as mere mortals, our strength is limited. As Job 1:21 says, “the Lord gives and the Lord takes away”, so as He has taken you,, our only prayer is that He keeps you in His bosom and takes care of you, because you are precious to us in every way.

Nii Noi, the fight is over and it’s time to rest. Sleep well, knowing that you were loved dearly, every single day of your life on this earth. Have a good rest, bro till we meet again.

Goodbye Nii Noi





TRIBUTE FROM NEPHEWS AND NIECES

2025 – A year that broke us. A year that tested every fiber of our family's strength. Through the storms and silence, in all efforts to remain grounded, we find solace in the words and actions of my beloved Uncle Nii Noi, who said,

"Live a good life, it won't be down for long."

This, he shared during one of our visits to him in the hospital when we talked about how this year had been tough on all of us, unaware that his words would become our anchor in these difficult times.

"I am fine" he always said with a heavy sigh. He was tired, but still hopeful. Still dreaming. Still comforting us when it should've been the other way around.

Uncle Nii Noi was more than family. He was the heartbeat of our joy. The laughter in our chaos. The quiet wisdom in our confusion. The very essence of life. No matter what life threw at him, he never stopped believing in the beauty of life. He oozed positivity.

We, his nephews and nieces, are profoundly grateful for the beautiful and unforgettable bond we shared with him. Never hesitating to call us handsome, beautiful, princes and princesses, he showed us we were his precious treasures.

The breakfast mornings during his daily visits to our grandparents were always a delight as Waakye or Koko was guaranteed.



The road trips, the weekends spent at Gbawe and the Saturdays we would go swimming; not forgetting the unforgettable moment when you performed a backflip into the pool and many memories are treasures we will continue to hold dear.

In your final moments, during my last visit before you were taken to the ICU, we made plans; Big ones. We laughed, we dreamed, you promised we'd chase them once you got better and I held onto that promise. I still do.

Some goodbyes come too soon, and some people leave behind a silence that echoes louder than words.

In your honor, we will live a good life. We will rise, even when it hurts. We will believe, even when it's hard, because you showed us how.

Rest peacefully, Uncle Nii Noi; Your legacy lives on in our hearts. Rest peacefully, Uncle Nii Noi - You were our light, and even in your absence, you still are.

“

The Lord is close to the
brokenhearted and saves those
who are crushed in spirit.

- Psalm 34:18

”

TRIBUTE TO NII NOI

BY MATERNAL COUSINS

Our beloved cousin Robert, you left us far too soon, and at such a peak age, it is difficult to accept that you are no longer here with us. You had so much more to show the world and so much more to give.. Nii Noi, as we all called you, was more than just family - you were a source of warmth, laughter, fun, and kindness in all our lives. Your presence always lit up the room, and your generosity and spirit touched everyone who knew you. You were disciplined and ambitious, and through that drive, you built a remarkable career across different disciplines, earning respect not only for your expertise but for your integrity and dedication. As cousins, we admired your tenacity, your ability to bring out the best in those around you, and your complete zest for life. You strived to make a difference while encouraging others to do the same, and you approached any work you undertook with passion and pride. You were always the life and soul of the party, a go-getter, and there was a noticeable difference when you weren't at one of the

usual family gatherings. You embraced life fully and encouraged others to do the same, which is one of the things we would fondly miss. Nii Noi's smile and laughter were infectious, drawing you in every time you spoke with him. He always had "News" or some sort of "Two Man" to share, and you just knew it was bound to be something new and interesting.

We will forever remember your humor, your stories from the good ol' Accra Aca days, and the countless moments of joy you shared with us.

Nii Noi, your impact was profound, and your legacy will live on in our hearts and in those of who loved you too. While we grieve your loss, we also celebrate the very beautiful life you lived.

Rest in peace, dear Nii Noi. You will never ever, ever, be forgotten.



TRIBUTE TO NII NOI

BY PATERNAL COUSINS

Nii Noi, our brother from another mother. It is hard to believe you are gone and not here with us anymore. We couldn't comprehend it the morning we were informed of your passing. It feels surreal and unreal even writing and reading this tribute to you.

We knew you were unwell and prayed constantly, hoping for a miracle that never came. It's hard to accept that you're gone, and making sense of your absence is impossible. You had many personal and professional ambitions and looked forward to a bright future, but life ended before those dreams could come true. Only God understands why you were taken from us so soon, yet we're grateful for the time we shared. Knowing you are free from pain and resting peacefully with the Lord brings us comfort.

We remember all the good and difficult times we shared together. You were our Rebel Leader because you spoke your mind and thought outside the box. We called you by different nicknames such as Stiacus, Chez, Karl Kani, Alliance and others, depending on who amongst us you happened to be talking to at the time.

During our Christmas gatherings at Laterbiokorshie, you made sure the fridge was well stocked, and at family weddings and parties, you would be amongst the first people to open the floor. Some people walk into a room and change the energy. You did more than that. You lit it up. You were the kind of person who made us feel like the party had truly started the moment you arrived. You were bubbly, magnetic, and full of life, and had a laugh that could echo through walls and a smile that made strangers feel like old friends. But beyond the laughter and the dance moves, you were

our brother in every way that mattered. We shared secrets, dreams, and the kind of bond that doesn't need explanation. You were our friend, confidant, counsel, and partner-in-crime for some of us. Whether we were joking around or having important conversations, you made every moment feel worthwhile. You had a way of making everyone feel welcome, regardless of their personality. Your joy was infectious, your kindness effortless, and your presence unforgettable.

Losing you feels like losing the heartbeat of our family. But we carry you with us, in your dance moves, the music you loved, the jokes you cracked, and the memories we made. We'll honour you by living with the same boldness, warmth, and love you gave so freely. We will also endeavour to be there for your wife, Maureen, and your children, as well as your mother, Auntie Olga, and siblings.

Rest well, Nii Noi, Stiacus, Chez, Karl Kani, Rebel Leader, Alliance.

You will be fondly missed by each one of us and in everything we do as a family. Our gatherings will be less fun and quieter without you, but your spirit will still live on in our hearts.

God be with you till we meet again.



TRIBUTE BY

FATHER & MOTHER-IN-LAW: MR. & MRS. BENNETT ADU

Since Thursday, October 30th, 2025, we have been utterly speechless after receiving the shocking news of the sudden demise of our dear son-in-law, Robert.

Down memory lane, we vividly recall the very first time we met him at Zoti, when Robert, together with his late father, Wing Commander Robert Owoo, came to announce his desire to marry our daughter, Maureen Amma Adu. The rest, as they say, is history.

Robert had a special fondness for my beloved wife, Rosamund. Her Fante name carries the appellation Abasa, and Robert affectionately called her Abasco-Jay - a name that reflected how dear she was to him.

We fondly remember the many occasions when we exchanged gifts during Christmas, Easter, and the Abiriw Eba Festival, as well as the Fetu Afahye in Cape Coast. Those memories will forever remain in our hearts.

A great oak has fallen. When will such a tree grow again to replace what we have lost? Death, you have dealt us a terrible blow.

Robert's departure has left a deep void in our hearts and our home. He fought bravely through his illness, and we prayed earnestly for his recovery. But our ways are not always the ways of the Almighty God. We are saddened and heartbroken that Robert is no longer here with us.

As Robert journeys into the other world, may the Almighty God keep him safely in His bosom until we meet again.

We love you forever and always, our dear son-in-law.

Asew, Okuapeman ne Mfantse Oguaa da wo ase.

Damirifa due, damirifa due ne amanehunu.





TRIBUTE FROM YOUR

BROTHERS-IN-LAW: SAMUEL OBIRI ADUAMA, WINFRED AGBEIBOR, AND EDWIN LAWSON

Our dear Nii Noi,

It is with deep sorrow and heavy hearts that we write this tribute. Your passing has created a void that no words can fill. You were not just a brother-in-law to us, you were truly our brother, a man whose humility, calmness, and warmth brought unity into our families.

From the day we joined the Owoo's, you became one of us. You blended into our lives with grace, respect, and gentleness. Whether in moments of joy, reflection, or challenge, you carried yourself with dignity and kindness, always steady, always thoughtful, always present.

You stood proudly as part of the groomsmen at Samuel's wedding, celebrating your sister Naa Shormeh with pride and joy. You were always there in our special moments bringing calm, laughter, and a sense of completeness to every family gathering.

Our homes, and yours, became places of warmth because of you. You made every gathering feel like family, and every family moment felt like a blessing. Whether it was birthdays, graduations, holidays, or simple evenings together, you brought peace and belonging to every occasion.

We especially recall the days of our intense political and football discussions with your father, Papa, Wg Cdr Robert K. D. Owoo (deceased). Those were unforgettable moments full of laughter, passion, and spirited debate. Papa would be in one of his bold, jovial moods, and you, with your calm intelligence and lawyer's skill, would argue your points so clearly and convincingly that even he would pause, smile, and acknowledge your brilliance. Those sessions were more than debates; they were the heartbeat of family life, and you made them unforgettable.

But perhaps what touched us the most was the way you loved our children, your nieces and nephews: Kofi, Afua, Naa, Bubune, Vayram, Akweley, Akuokor, Tawiah, and Ago.

They were your joy from the moment each of them entered this world. You celebrated their births, encouraged their growth, and cherished their achievements. You spoke to them with respect, laughed with them wholeheartedly, and guided them with quiet wisdom. They looked up to you not just as an uncle, but as an example of the kind of person they hoped to become.

Even little Liam, your grand-nephew, did not have the chance to grow up and know you

but he will be told about you. He will grow up hearing that he had a great uncle who was kind, brilliant, gentle, and deeply loving.

Your courage during your illness moved us all; even in pain, you showed dignity. Even in weakness, you showed strength. And when Papa passed in April and was laid to rest in June, you stood tall, the only son, honouring him with pride despite your own suffering. That strength will forever remain etched in our hearts.

You have left behind a legacy of humility, intelligence, love, and unity, a legacy we will continue to honor.

Rest well, our dear brother Nii Noi, you lived with purpose, loved deeply, and now rest peacefully in the Lord’s embrace.

**With our deepest love, respect, and sorrow,
Samuel Obiri Aduama, Winfred Agbeibor,
and Edwin Lawson**





TRIBUTE TO

ROBERT NII NOI DOWUONA OWOO (STIACUS) ESQ FROM BLEOO 90

“

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream! For
the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they
seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest! And
the grave is not its goal; Dust thou
art, to dust returnest, Was not
spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is
our destined end or way; But to
act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and
brave, Still, like muffled drums, are
beating Funeral marches to the
grave. In the world's broad

”

“

The Lord gave, and the Lord has
taken away; blessed be the name
of the Lord.

- Job 1:21

”

Never in our wildest dreams did we
envision that we would stand here today,

speaking of our beloved friend and brother
in the past tense, yet God, in His wisdom,
knows best.

Our journey with Robert began in October
1985; some 40 years ago at Accra Academy,
where we first met as fresh-faced Form One
students, strangers in a new world finding
our footing together and this bond has
endured with unwavering strength until his
passing.

Though one of the smallest in stature, he
always stood tall among us. His candle
shone not merely because of his charming
adolescent looks, but because he carried no
airs; he welcomed everyone with warmth,
radiating trust, loyalty, and an easygoing
spirit that defined him. These early qualities
became the foundation upon which Robert
built a life marked by intellect, generosity,
and a “live and let live” spirit -the essence of
who he truly was.

Throughout our time at Accra Academy,
Robert possessed both the mischievous
spirit of youth and the seriousness of
thought we often associated with our elders.
He joined us in our playful adventures, but
whenever we seemed to be crossing the line,
he became our reality check. Robert carried
with him the values his parents had instilled
at home, and these quietly rubbed off on us
all. In a sea of youthful exuberance and
adolescent chaos, he was a steady current;

calm, thoughtful, and always ready with a word of wisdom or a burst of laughter. Papa Stia, you were driven by ambition from a young age. You never settled for mediocrity nor felt content with your lot, you kept pressing on and fighting, even in your final moments. You proceeded to University of Cape Coast after completing your A'Levels with Tema Secondary, having already completed your O'levels at Accra Academy. As a testament to your ambition of creating value in the lives of others, you proceeded to Exeter University for your Master's degree. When you completed your Master's degree, you chose to return home in the late 1990s, a period when many were leaving Ghana, yet you came back, driven by faith, hope, and a sense of purpose. You returned to contribute your quota to Ghana by working at the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC).

During your time at the SEC, your ambition once again came to the fore. You pursued your studies at the Law School with determination, and your hard work was rewarded when you were called to the Bar of Ghana.

Still driven by ambition and a desire to create value in the lives of others, Robert took on a new challenge; he literally set up the Ghana Commodities Exchange, having been involved from the inception stage to what it is today. The long hours he put in did not go unrecognized, and even though not fully fit, he was appointed Acting CEO at the beginning of the year, a position he rightly deserved, but God knows best.

Even in our grief, memories of two mischievous moments from our youthful days with Stiacus bring a gentle smile to my face. The first being the case of the "missing cassette tape"; if You Know You Know... This mystery has not been solved, but we know that you cleverly outwitted all of us.

The second moment takes us back to the days when we kept sneaking your Papa's cognac. Papa pretended he didn't know what was going on, and that gave us a false sense of achievement; we underestimated him. Years later, with a knowing smile, Papa revealed that he had been aware all along - and to our shock, he demanded a refund, fully aware that by then we were in London and could afford to replace what we'd taken with something finer. Papa unfortunately left us at the beginning of the year.

Looking back, it wasn't just the humour of those moments that stayed with us, but the warmth, humility, and wisdom that defined Robert and his family.

Robert was the kind of friend who remembered the little things, celebrated your wins as if they were his, and offered his shoulder whenever your world felt heavy. He possessed a magnetic personality and would turn up whenever he was invited, and his charming personality loomed large wherever he was.

Stiacus, you were - and still are - one of a kind. You are missed more than words can say. Your famous quote, "Quality time or no time," was more than a saying - it was a way of life. You lived fully, and there was never a dull moment with you. You were always the life and soul of every gathering.

The diverse faces of those gathered here to say goodbye are a clear testament to the life you lived and the different ways you touched different people. You remained full of life until the very end, giving us hope that you would overcome. But it was not to be; God, in His infinite wisdom, chose to call you home to His heavenly garden.

Though you are no longer with us in body, your spirit lives on in the stories we tell, the

lessons we learned from you, and the love you gave so freely. I once saw this quote many years ago, and I am unashamedly quoting it here: "When someone you love becomes a memory, that memory becomes a treasure".

In your passing, we have gained a beautiful family. Mama Olga, your sisters, Maureen, Na Bi, and Maame are now part of our extended Bleeo family, and we will hold them close, exactly as you would have desired.

Rest well, dear Robert. You are missed profoundly, remembered tenderly, and loved eternally. Keep calm till we meet again. Once again, your memory has become a treasure.

“

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead! Act! -
act in the living Present! Heart
within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime, And,
departing, leave behind us Footprints
on the sands of time;
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A
forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing, With a
heart for any fate; Still achieving, still
pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

”





REMEMBERING

ROBERT NII NOI DOWUONA OWOO (ALIAS STIACUS) BY TEMASCO YEAR GROUP

“

As water reflects the face, so one's
life reflects the heart.

- Proverbs 27:19

”

On a cool afternoon in September 1990, our paths crossed at Tema Secondary School. For some of us, it was not the first time we had met him; for others, he was simply a familiar face. At the far end of the Assembly Hall stood this young man, who looked somewhat lost and confused with the new school setup and the culture of a mixed school, especially coming from a boys' school.

Because of his friendly nature, he quickly made friends. Though he was cordial with almost everyone, he particularly bonded very well with a few - Yaw Asante, Elliot Koney, and William Addo Larbi. As usual of curious teenagers, it didn't take long before they started planning their little mischiefs. They would sometimes sneak out of school to a quiet spot they had discovered, "Is Willis" in Tema Community 1, a popular hangout in the '90s, and Agbamami, a popular chop bar in Community 2. Suffice to say, this became the theme of their adventures for the next two years as sixth formers.

Stiacus loved reggae music and often carried himself like a Rastafarian. Whenever he went out with his friends, he was always the first to hit the dance floor with his signature

moves, even though his steps were often off-beat!

Robert was a fast and an avid reader. Kwadwo Ansah, a friend from primary school, whom he reunited with at Tema Secondary, remembers how they discovered Enid Blyton's famous five adventures back at Primary School. During sixth form, they were deep into Jeffrey Archer and John Grisham's books. Robert had a natural gift with words; he could wriggle his way out of the most difficult situations through his quick wit and charm. It was no wonder he eventually became a lawyer.

Robert was a wonderful human being and an amazing soul. Everyone who experienced his company will attest to the fact that he always left you with memories etched in your heart. We will deeply miss your friendship.

We met at your late dad's funeral just a few months ago, and you showed remarkable improvement. In our subsequent conversations, you assured us that you were on course to full recovery. We were deeply saddened to hear of your passing, but we console ourselves with the fact that you are finally free from all pain and in the bosom of your maker.

May the good Lord keep your young family safe and well. You are dearly missed.

Sleep well, dear friend. Rest in Power!



T R I B U T E B Y

LAW CLASSMATES

Writing a tribute for a friend and a loved one is an atrociously difficult task. This is not made any easier by the inadequacy and the imprecision of words to articulate our deepest human emotions about a man so larger-than-life and who affected us so greatly for more than 20 years. Apart from Shakespeare and perhaps Sophocles, the rest of us are sure to do a poor job of eulogizing such a person.

This is the sense of utter humility and linguistic incompleteness with which we approach the task of authoring a tribute for our mate, friend and brother some of us affectionately called Bobby.

Bobby was not just one of us, the Alumni Class of 2007 of the University of Ghana School of Law, and the cohort of lawyers called to the Ghana Bar in 2009. Among a group that has subsequently produced some of the best minds for the legal profession, the Bench, politics, public service, the legal academy, and the corporate world in Ghana, Nigeria and elsewhere; Bobby was easily a standout. He contributed to our legal studies with a level of intellectual rigor uniquely his own and one that none of us could match.

Bobby joined us as an accomplished mathematician in his own right, having obtained his first degree in Mathematics from University of Cape Coast. That background set him apart from many of us who initially approached the task of learning law as a solely poetic and literary project. But Bobby would leave no one behind. He quickly infused our law learning strategies with the precision of a mathematician, supporting us to approach problem questions

with the standards of thoughtfulness and clarity that are required of every law student. Every new law student struggles with 'IRAC'; the legal analytical framework for examining and determining disputes. But thanks to Bobby's structured scientific approach to legal studies, a significant number of us quickly gained a strong grasp of IRAC in our formative years at both Legon and Makola. In particular, many of us owe our early understanding of issue spotting to Bobby.

Bobby was not only reputed for his methodological approach to learning law. Those of us who turned to him for peer tutoring would readily attest to his deep mastery of the law. And for the members of the 'School Feeding Program' – the study group that met at Chief Kalu's home in Agbogba – Bobby's brilliance was a routine spectacle. In our discussions, he was intense, relentless and courageously outspoken. He was simply a fiery debater. He ceded no ground if he was convinced about the soundness and validity of any thesis or legal argument. He would often ward off any heckling with the demand: "le le le me land, le le le me land, le le le me land". As to be expected, "Le Le Le Me Land" became a nickname for him among the group participants. Without exception, group members anxiously anticipated his viewpoint on every legal question and topic for discussion. Your guess is as good as ours; whenever Bobby expressed his view, it mostly clarified misunderstandings and often settled debates.

Not surprisingly, he graduated as one of our very best; among the top five graduates of

the Class of 2007 from the University of Ghana School of Law. He also performed comparably at the Ghana School of Law during our professional law studies.

Post call to the Bar, we all followed Bobby's career with pride. He is credited for hammering into shape the policy and legislative framework for the Ghana Commodity Exchange, to which he was assigned from the Securities and Exchange Commission as the first Director of Operations. It would be fair for us to claim that thanks to Bobby, the Ghana Commodity Exchange now represents a vibrant platform for the trading of commodities in Ghana. He became the Chief Executive Officer of the Commodity Exchange briefly before his untimely passing. And again, we can boldly claim that our own Bobby left a rich legacy of institutional resilience and inter-agency cooperation.

Bobby was never all about books and career achievements. He was, at heart, a jolly good fellow - easily the most fun person to be around. Party time was 'Bobby's time'. With good music, good food, and the finest 'accompaniments' 'orchestrated' by our sisters and brothers Aku Shika, Joyce, Abba, Naana, Serana, Vlad, Jojo Kelly, Malcolm, Chief, Glah and Cyrus; Bobby naturally became the heart of every gathering, keeping spirits high and laughter easy. His trademark dark glasses always stood him out. He was almost always the first to hit the dance floor and one of the last to exit it. When he exited, he left everything there as if it was his last opportunity at new moves. His dancing skills were only matched by his swimming acumen. He had the relentless energy of a diesel engine either in sea waters or the pool. Simply put, his dancing and swimming skills always left us in awe.

We never saw Bobby angry or in a vituperative exchange with anyone. His

calm, gentle and welcoming personality enveloped every one of us. 'Gentle Giant' was an alias befitting of his personality. His friendly spirit and humanity were priceless for our group's unity and cohesion.

Bobby's passing is not just a wrinkle in our year group fabric meticulously woven together; it has thrown a permanent crimson stain on it.

Bobby, your passing is such a pain. They say time heals wounds, but it can never heal the gaping wounds left in our hearts by your death. By your death, our year group is a lot poorer for everything year group friendships and communities stand for. We will forever cherish our times together.

Le Le Le Me Land! Landing, you have, but in the very best of places, the bosom of our Maker. We are consoled and encouraged by the words of Apostle Paul in 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18. We are united in our grief. But we grieve not without hope that through the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, we shall meet again.

Fare thee well, Robert!

Fare thee well, Bobby, the Gentle Giant!!

Fare thee well, Le Le Le Me Land!!!

May your memory be a blessing and bring comfort to us!!!!





T R I B U T E T O

MR. ROBERT DOWUONA OWOO

FORMER CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER,
GHANA COMMODITY EXCHANGE

“

Then I heard a voice from heaven say, “Write this: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on.

- Revelations 14:13

”

“Yes,” says the Spirit, “they will rest from their labor, for their deeds will follow them.”

Today, we gather with heavy hearts to honor the life of our former CEO, Mr. Robert Dowuona Owoo. Mr. Owoo or Robert as we called him, was a Boss of a kind, he was more than a leader to the GCX Team, he embodied what it meant to be fully committed and dedicated to the growth of an organisation. He was one who fostered unity in the workplace and made the office environment feel like a second home. Robert always wore a smile and was ready to guide at all times.

His passing leaves a void that words can scarcely fill, yet his memory will forever guide our steps.

The vision for a Commodity Exchange in Ghana dates back to the mid-2000s, driven by the need to promote structured trade, enhance price discovery, and standardize commodities for both domestic and international markets. In 2013, the Ministry of Trade, in collaboration with the United

Nations Development Programme (UNDP), initiated a project team led by Robert to develop and implement a roadmap for establishing the Ghana Commodity Exchange. Through his leadership and the support of foreign consultants from the Ethiopian Commodity Exchange (ECX), this vision gained momentum, culminating in the successful establishment and commissioning of the Ghana Commodity Exchange in November 2018.

Robert’s journey with the Ghana Commodity Exchange was defined by vision and courage. As Chief Operations Officer and later Chief Executive Officer, He was a walking manual of the Exchange. He taught us a lot and always had an innovative idea to share. He led with dedication, steering the Exchange toward milestones that once seemed unattainable. His leadership was about empowering all who worked with him and creating a workplace grounded in fairness and opportunity for all. Robert embodied humility and kindness, he listened, he cared, and he inspired the GCX Team. Mr. Owoo was so passionate about the success of GCX that his life revolved so much around the company. You will meet him in the morning and the first thing he will say will be, “I have been up all night trying to figure out how we can navigate this challenge”, he would then provide his proposed solutions while listening to each person’s opinion, gently guiding us towards the right decisions. He encouraged us with his zeal and commitment to the Exchange.

There was never a dull moment with Mr. Owoo, he was always fun to be with and would ensure that we all had fun after the work was done. Mr. Owoo had an open-door policy and each of us soon became so fond of him that we could call and discuss any matter with him at any time of the day, sometimes late hours after work and even on weekends.

When his health challenges began, we paid several visits to him at home and in the hospital and even on his sick bed it was always about our welfare and the progress of GCX.

We are better because we knew him and indeed, we pledge to carry on the good deeds he started.

As we say goodbye, we do so with profound sadness, but with gratitude, for his life, his love, and his light. Rest well in the arms of our Lord Jesus Christ, Robert, our Boss, Mentor, Father and Friend. You will be solely missed. Your work here is done, but your spirit will live on in every step we take toward the future GCX you dreamed of.





TRIBUTE TO A GOOD FRIEND

BY DANIEL HAMMOND (AKA VALENTI)

Robert and I met on the University of Cape Coast (UCC) campus in the early 1990s. I was in my first year, and Robert was in his second year. As a first-year student, I felt so lost on campus, but meeting Robert changed everything for me. He guided me through the many challenges of adjusting to university life and helped me find my footing. His support made my time at UCC one of the most memorable periods of my life.

Robert, Mawuli, and I shared a room in Valco Hall, and living together gave me the chance to get to know Robert well. He was very easygoing by nature and lived life to the fullest. Witnessing Robert's zest for life gave me a fresh perspective on how to embrace life more fully. I learned to approach challenges with a lighter heart and to find joy in simple moments. We enjoyed swimming together at Elmina Hotel in Cape Coast and at Sunspot Hotel during vacations when we were back home in Accra. We often grabbed food together from one of the many spots on campus or in town, sharing ordinary moments that became lasting memories. Also, Robert loved to cook, and it was always a delight to return to the dorm to the inviting aroma of his rice and fish stew. We would sit together, chatting over our meals about everything from our classes to our hopes for the future. Those unhurried conversations, filled with laughter and easy companionship, are among the experiences I cherish most. Hanging out with Robert was always fun!

Of course, it was not all play and no work with Robert. Robert also helped me thrive academically at the university. As a first-class student, he took pleasure in supporting anyone who struggled academically. He was a good math tutor and peer mentor who always helped his friends with complex math problems and assignments. We learned to manage our time effectively, remained diligent in our studies, and, at the same time, enjoyed being young adults trying to find our place in the world. Over time, we came to know each other's wider network of friends, sharing in celebrations, challenges, and everyday moments that deepened our friendship and created connections that extended well beyond campus.

As often happens, life took us in different directions, and Robert and I hardly saw each other after national service. We would meet occasionally, and every conversation we had was deep and meaningful, as if we had never spent a day apart. Travel may have kept us physically apart, but it never diminished the bond we had built during our years at UCC. Robert, I vividly remember the last time I was in Accra. You gave me a ride to my aunt's house at East Legon, and we spent several minutes together in your car catching up. Saying goodbye was so difficult, as if we knew it might be the last time we would see each other! Thank you for being the friend that you were. Your easygoing nature and the rare gift you had of making

everyone in your life feel valued, at ease, and truly welcome is something I will always carry with me. You were dependable and encouraging, always seeing the best in others.

As I write this tribute and reflect on our friendship, it has dawned on me that the void you have left is profound, and the loss to

family and friends is immense. You will always be remembered for your kindness, warmth, and positive attitude, and of course, your unique ability to bring people from all walks of life together to share in laughter, unwind, and simply enjoy each other's company.

Rest in peace, Robert.

TRIBUTE FROM **FRED ADJEI (NERO)**

Oh Robert, your "Accra Aca bleeeo" nature brought a sense of belonging when I was around you.

You had a gift of perspective, offering clarity without judgment and advice that came from understanding.

In a world that often moves too fast, you created a space where it was safe to slow down and just chill.

Even though we were miles apart, we shared so many conversations; some meaningful, others casual, summing up a deep friendship. Your loss is very deeply felt.

**Rest well my Accra Aca / UCC mate.
Nero-USA**





TRIBUTE TO

MY BROTHER, MY FRIEND, MY STIACUS BY OBOSHIE TORGBOR

Miss... that's what you always called me, in that teasing tone that somehow carried warmth, protection, and a quiet pride. Even now, hearing it in my mind brings a sting of tears, because I never imagined a day would come when the name would echo without you here to say it.

We were family friends with a connection through church. Our bond however, grew stronger when we met at the University of Cape Coast. What started as a familiar face on campus grew into a friendship so deep and so natural. You became my brother, my steady place. You looked out for me in that quiet way of yours, never loud, just present. Present in the laughter, the shared frustrations of campus life, and the victories we celebrated together. Present in moments when I didn't even know I needed someone. You were my brother in every way that mattered; solid, dependable, gentle at your core, and always ready with that steady reassurance that made life feel just a little lighter.

Life after UCC took us in different directions. Further studies, careers, building our families... yet no matter the distance, we never lost touch. Calls, messages, and the joy of seeing each other whenever we could,

these kept our bond alive. It was a friendship that could withstand the test of time and distance, because it was rooted in genuine care, respect, and love.

I will never forget our last conversation - you had been discharged from the hospital, yet your spirit was unshaken. For almost two hours, we talked and laughed. You kept telling me how God loves you, how blessed you are, and I held on to every word, hopeful that you would recover fully. I promised you we would finally have that long-outstanding lunch date.

Now, I am left with the silence where your voice once was. Losing you feels unreal; it feels unfair. The ache of loss feels immense, but in this deep grief, there is gratitude. Gratitude that our paths crossed, gratitude that I got to experience friendship that was like family. Love that asked for nothing, and memories that will stay with me for a lifetime.

Rest well my dear brother-friend. You lived with dignity, you loved sincerely, and you left an imprint that time can never soften.

Miss will never forget you.



T R I B U T E T O

ROBERT DOWUONA OWOO

FROM STEPHEN MAWULI AZUMAH & BEATRICE AZUMAH, KAMPALA, UGANDA

“

Do not let your hearts be troubled.
You believe in God; believe also in
me. My Father's house has many
rooms... I am going there to
prepare a place for you.
- Revelations 14:13

”

Dear friends and family,

Today, I stand before you deeply honoured - and equally heartbroken - to pay tribute to my dear friend, Robert Dowuona Owoo, who left us five weeks ago.

Our story began many years ago in Burma Camp, where our friendship first took root. Robert was a pupil at Kotoka Primary School, and I was at Garrison Primary School. Life later took us to different secondary schools - Robert to Accra Academy and I went to St. Peter's - but our friendship never wavered.

When we reunited at the University of Cape Coast, our bond grew even stronger. We both pursued Physical Sciences: Robert, brilliant as always, graduated with First Class Honors in Mathematics, while I majored in Physics. We became roommates for four unforgettable years - years filled with hard work, shared dreams, and countless memories that shaped both our lives. Later, fate took us to the

United Kingdom - Robert went to the University of Exeter for his Master's degree, and I went to the University of Westminster. Yet again, distance did nothing to weaken our bond.

In 2004, he stood with me as my Best Man when I married my wife, Beatrice - a moment we will forever treasure. His kindness, humility, generosity, and infectious laughter brought joy everywhere he went.

I still remember our plans - your promise to visit me in Kampala, and our dream trip to Zanzibar and Kenya. Life had other plans, but the memories we created will always remain close to my heart. I also cherish my last visit to you in December, when I encouraged you to stay strong, as well as the many follow-up calls afterwards. Even while I was away in Kampala, my wife visited you, and you gave her reassuring words that you were recovering and would soon return to work.

The news of your passing came as a deep shock to us. We will continue to pray for your soul.

To your wife, Maureen, and your children - Nana B & Maame - you are in our thoughts and prayers. We will continue to stand with you during this difficult period.



May God strengthen and comfort you.

Robert, my brother, I will miss you more than words can express. But I take comfort in knowing that your legacy will never fade.

Sleep well, my brother, until we meet again. May your soul rest in perfect peace... **Stiacus Ray! Mexican Mafia! Hudale!**

Dear friends and family, as we mourn Robert's passing, let us also celebrate his remarkable life - the laughter he shared, the kindness he gave so freely, and the love he

spread wherever he went. May his memory continue to live in our hearts.



TRIBUTE TO ROBERT

OUR BELOVED “STIACUS” BY ROBERT QUANSAH (BOBBY)

Today we gather with heavy hearts to honour and remember a man who meant so much to so many: Our dear Robert, whom we affectionately called “Stiacus”.


Our friendship began back on campus at Cape Coast University. From the very start, we clicked in a way that felt effortless and natural. That connection deepened even further when we discovered that his dear late father had known my late father. It felt as though our story had begun long before we even realised it. Over the years, that bond became something truly special. I was like the brother he never had, and he, the brother I was lucky to find.

Stiacus was, in every sense, one of a kind. A kind and selfless soul, he brought warmth to our friendship that never dimmed. He listened without judgement, cared without

hesitation, and always seemed to know when strength or comfort was needed. Our conversations would stretch on for hours, full of honesty, humour, and heartfelt moments that I will carry with me forever.

I treasure the visit I paid him in March, we talked and shared an easy companionship. Before I left, he promised that he would come and visit us in the UK when he was well enough to travel. We looked forward to it with hope, none of us knew that moment would be our last. And yet, it remains a gift: a final chapter filled with the same warmth and closeness that marked our journey from the very beginning.

Losing Stiacus leaves an ache in my heart and a void no words can fill, but the love, loyalty, and joy he gave so freely will never fade. He has left a legacy of friendship that



will stay alive in all of us who were fortunate enough to know him.

Your legacy is not in big accomplishments, but the small lasting impressions you have left in our hearts. Rest peacefully, my dear friend. Thank you for the brotherhood, the laughter, the strength, and the unforgettable moments. You will forever remain in our hearts.

Oh Stiacus, my paddy, sleep well in God's bosom till we meet again. Fare thee well.

Bobby, London.



TRIBUTE TO

COMRADE LAWYER ROBERT DOWOUNA OWOO

The NDC in Ablekuma West is heartbroken. It is still hard to believe that our dear Comrade, Lawyer Robert Dowouna, is no more.

You were more than a member - you were our strength, our helper, and our friend. From your days with the Post Office 1A branch, to your tireless support during the 2024 elections, you stood by us - giving your time, your resources, and your heart.

We remember how, when our visibility in Dansoman was low, you did not hesitate. "Chairman, what and what do you need?" you asked. Even when you had little, you still gave. You were our last resort in difficult times, always ready to lift us up.

When you were appointed Chief Executive of the Ghana Commodities Exchange, you called and said, "I am still with you." And indeed, you never left us - until now.

Ah, Comrade Robert, your sudden departure has left a void that words cannot fill. We had plans; you believed in a better tomorrow for us all.

The entire Ablekuma West constituency of the NDC salutes your loyalty, kindness, and unwavering spirit. You have fought a good fight. Rest well, our Comrade, our brother, our Lawyer.

Damirifa Due! Rest in Power, Comrade Lawyer Robert Dowuona Owoo.



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Appreciation

We are in awe of the numerous calls, messages and many expressions of love shown to us during our time of bereavement. Your words have comforted us, your support has strengthened us, and your love has sustained us.

Thank you so much.
May God bless you.

THE FAMILIES OF THE LATE
**ROBERT DOWUONA
OWOO (ESQ)**
1973 - 2025

