



# JOHN BARRY BANSON

10TH FEBRUARY, 1948 – 4TH AUGUST, 2023





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## OFFICIATING MINISTERS

- Rev. Yaw Dekyi
- Rev. Kwabena Sefa
- Rev. Francis Opuni Frimpong
- Re. Henry McCarthy-Vroom
- Rev. Thomas Koge Tingan
- Rev. Christian Sinclear
- Rev. Seth Ofori Twumasi
- Pastor Joseph Boakye-Yiadom

## IN ATTENDANCE

- Ghana Police Band
- Lifeway Choir

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## BURIAL AND MEMORIAL SERVICE

### PART I

- Pre-Burial Service
- Opening Hymn
- Prayer
- Viewing Of Body – Interspersed with Singing.
- Prayer and Closing of Casket.

### PART II

- Burial Service
- Call to Worship
- Opening Hymn – How Sweet the Name of Jesus
- Praise & Adoration
- Special Music
- Reading Of Biography & Tributes
- Hymn - Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above
- Scripture Readings
- Sermon
- Offertory
- Prayer for Family – Hark the Sound of Holy Voices
- Announcements
- Hymn – Hark, Hark My Soul
- Final Commendation
- Hymn – Abide with Me
- Dead March from Saul
- Benediction
- Recession – Abide with me





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# Biography

## JOHN BARRY BANSON

1948 – 2023

“To everything there is a season,  
and a time to every purpose under the heaven:  
A time to be born, and a time to die;” Ecclesiastes 3:1-2

JOHN BARRY BANSON, affectionately called Uncle Barry, Pabena, Uncle B and Paddy by the family, was the first son of Mr and Mrs Antwi-Banson, both of blessed memory.

Born on the 10th of February 1948, he had his basic education at the Akim - Oda Anglican Primary and Middle Schools. From there he continued his education at Adisadel College, Cape Coast where he did his 'O' and 'A' levels. He gained admission at the University of Ghana, Legon where he studied French and Spanish, attaining a combined Honors degree in French and Spanish. After graduation from Legon, he taught at Adisadel College (his Alma mater) after which he taught at College d' Agboville in La Cote d'Ivoire.

After four years in La Côte d'Ivoire he returned to Ghana, ventured into business with colleagues and friends as partners, but the business could not survive as a result of the 1979 uprising.

Barry got an opportunity to work in Lesotho, Southern Africa where he worked with Machabeng School, an International High School. He relocated to London, (U K) where he did postgraduate studies in International Relations and Politics at the London School of Economics (LSE)

He worked with an organization called Ipsos Mori for about ten years and until his demise with NAT CEN.

Although he did not publicly do politics, Uncle B was deeply interested in the art of government, diplomacy, and politics.

He lived in England (U K) from 1985 - 2022.

He returned home to Ghana in January 2023 and on the 4th of August 2023 he went to be with the Lord.

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## HYMNS

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### BLESSED ASSURANCE

1. Blessed assurance, Jesu is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God  
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

#### Chorus

This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my saviour all the day long.  
This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my saviour all the day.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight.  
Angels descending bring from above.  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest.  
I in my Savior am happy and blessed,  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

### HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
in a believer's ear!  
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,  
and drives away our fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole.  
and calms the troubled breast.  
'tis manna to the hungry soul,  
and to the weary, rest.
3. O Jesus, shepherd, guardian, friend,  
my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
accept the praise I bring.

4. How weak the effort of my heart,  
how cold my warmest thought.  
but when I see you as you are,  
I'll praise you as I ought.
5. Till then I would your love proclaim  
with every fleeting breath;  
and may the music of your name?  
refresh my soul in death.

### PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS ABOVE

1. PLEASANT are Thy courts above,  
In the land of light and love.  
Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
In this land of sin and woe.  
Oh, my spirit longs and faints.  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
For Thy fulness, God of grace!
2. Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High!  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast!  
Like the wandering dove that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.
3. Happy souls! their praises flow  
Even in this tale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies.  
On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy throne at length;  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

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## HYMNS

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4. Lord, be mine this prize to win:  
Guide me through a world of sin.  
Keep me by Thy saving grace.  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
Sun and shield alike Thou art;  
Guide and guard my erring heart:  
Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
Shower, oh shower them, Lord, on me!

### HARK THE SOUND OF HOLY VOICES.

1. Hark! the sound of holy voices,  
chanting at the crystal sea:  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
alleluia, Lord, to thee:  
multitude, which none can number,  
like the stars in glory stand,  
clothed in white apparel, holding:  
palms of victory in their hands.
2. Patriarch and holy prophet,  
who prepared the way of Christ,  
king, apostle, saint, confessor,  
martyr and evangelist,  
saintly maiden, godly matron,  
widows who have watched in prayer,  
joined in holy concert, singing,  
to the Lord of all, are there.
3. They have come from tribulation,  
and have washed their robes in blood,  
washed them in the blood of Jesus.  
tried they were, and firm they stood.  
gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered.  
gladly, Lord, with thee they died,  
and by death to life immortal  
they were born and glorified.

4. Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
now they walk in golden light,  
now they drink, as from a river,  
holy bliss and infinite.  
love and peace they taste for ever,  
and all truth and knowledge see.  
in the beatific vision  
of the blessed Trinity.

5. God of God, the one-begotten,  
Light of Light, Emmanuel,  
in whose body joined together  
all the saints for ever dwell.  
pour upon us of thy fullness,  
that we may for evermore  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit  
truly worship and adore.

### HARK, HARK, MY SOUL!

1. Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling,  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat  
shore.  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are  
telling.  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
  
Refrain:  
  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing:  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the gospel leads us home.  
  
[Refrain]



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## HYMNS

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3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
[Refrain]
4. Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
[Refrain]

### ABIDE WITH ME

1. Abide with me fast falls the eventide;  
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.  
Change and decay in all around I see.  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
3. I need thy presence every passing hour.  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,  
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still if thou abide with me.
5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.  
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;  
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

# *Tributes*



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## SIBLINGS

On the resurrection morning  
Soul and body meet again.  
No more sorrow, no more weeping  
No more pain

We were struck with sorrow on the morning of your demise. We called you Big Brother, Pabena, Uncle Barry, Uncle 'B', Paddy

At a very tender age of fifteen (15) you took on the role of a father, when Dad - passed on. A role which you played creditably till the day death laid its icy hands on you.

You were indeed a loving brother, a good friend, and a quintessential gentleman. You loved family to a fault, with a passion. A human with a heart of an angel, a great favourite of everybody.

Indeed, we are short of words in showing our appreciation of you at this time; even in death we are proud of you.

You touched a lot of hearts; you were everybody's darling. Big Brother, Pabena, Uncle 'B' Paddy, you put up a gallant fight - you are our hero.

We will miss you. We will not forget you. Your memory lives inside of us and we will always remember you with love in our hearts.

Fare thee well our loving Brother and a quintessential gentleman. We believe that Almighty God the Creator has called you to rest. We love you but He loves you best.

Rest well our hero. Rest well our love  
Rest peacefully with God till we meet again





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## NIECES AND NEPHEWS

### The Tree

If a tree falls, when nobody's around. The question goes, does it make a sound? Maybe the rustle of leaves as his breath became wind. Or as he heard heaven's angels and joined them to sing. The stories he crafted are still carried on the breeze. From schoolboy memories to Marie-Louise A man of words, of music and tongues The pillar of a family, a leader with love

Just as the lions and big cats he loved stride with poise, He exemplified dignity with every choice. Though he's gone from our sight, his spirit lives on In the memories of those on whose lives his light shone. He stood constant, my tree and his love was my shade. We shall never see his like again.

~Jodie

My one and only uncle Bizzle the coolest. Even though we never got to live together and have the experiences you shared with my siblings and cousins, you always made sure to make me feel just as loved. I still can't believe you are no longer here with us... I miss our many jokes and your beautiful kind heart. I thank you for being the most amazing uncle to me. I love you always my darling uncle Bizzle.

~Your fufu partner, Afriyah.

Some have absent fathers, but I was blessed to find a bonus father in you. Beloved, you were such a big part of the person I am today, and I become breathless when I think of world without. Words can't describe how much you mean to me, but I am your legacy and will carry you wherever I go.

~ Marilyn

### A poem to my bestie:

Promise you won't tell our private jokes in heaven? I know we're hilarious and the angels would love to see all the witty things we conjured up between you and me. When you see me weeping Beloved, be gracious, I know you don't like a fuss But I need some time to adjust to this new



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distance between us. I'll keep your picture in my wallet, where your face was full, and your eyes sparkled.

I'll wrap myself in your clothes and snuggle in your bed, anything to capture your essence again. Can we still salsa dance in my dreams? And listen to bossa nova music and bake cakes and have hugs? -that doesn't have to stop.

Who knew the ducts in my eyes had this many tears? but they keep flowing. Hot and fresh like great waterfalls down my cheeks. Promise you won't tell our private jokes in heaven? I know you don't like a fuss, But I need some time to adjust to this new distance between us.

~Joelle

I have been blessed enough to have two father figures, who have been strong positive influences on my life. My Uncle Barry's love for people, jazz music and culture is only surpassed by his love for his country and his family. I will always remember our singing car journeys, cooking and guitar sessions. I will always hold dear to me the life lessons and wisdom you would always imbue. Those of us who have survived you will always miss you dearly and will do our best by the grace of God to make you proud.

~Love Paajoe (Opus)

Uncle Barry you were such a gentle man and extremely supportive to me and the girls. Thank you for walking both Julie and Akua down the aisle! We will miss your frequent "checking in" calls and the love you always showed us. Rest in His peace

~ Mrs Alice Ampofo Twumasi (Cousin)



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## A TRIBUTE TO MY BEST FRIEND, BARRY BANSON, A.K.A JOE BOY

As I write this tribute, I can't stop crying. My best friend, my brother, my Joe Boy has left us. We met at Legon in 1968 in the Department of Modern Languages. After the First University Exam, called the FUE in those days, we were the only two to offer the combined honors program in French and Spanish.

In 1971, we traveled to the Ivory Coast to pursue the year-abroad program in languages. We hung out together, we went to places like the top of the tall Hotel Ivoire to drink a beer or two. We were adventurous. We had so many laughs. We had plenty of hair, Afro-style. We then went to the University of Madrid in the Spring of 1971 to polish up on our Spanish. This period was perhaps the most memorable time in our lives. We attended classes where young hippies smoked in the lecture halls, all lecture halls, except in Professor Entreambasaguas' lecture hall. We escaped the beating of Franco's notorious Guardia Civil, or Civil guards, who beat up student protesters and dragged them to jail. In those days in Spain, curfew for all young kids, teenagers was 9 o'clock. The movie theaters were full of kisses from lovers and Joe Boy and I marveled at this strange culture.

During the summer of 1971, we ended the short program and prepared to return home, but not until we had adventured to Paris, and walked on the Appian Way in Rome and visited the Coliseum. We wore Mexican Ponchos, large broad hats that made us the center of attention.

We graduated in 1972. I applied to teach French at Accra Academy, and Joe Boy returned to his Alma Mater to teach French. Even though we were in different locations, Joe Boy came down to spend the holidays with me at Accra Academy. We went our several ways to pursue our futures. I went to America, Joe Boy had a stint in the Ivory Coast, Lesotho, Southern Africa and finally in London. We never stopped calling each other and reminiscing about the old days, the fun we had, the walks we had on the Granvia, the broad street of Madrid, after a full bottle of wine and roasted chicken and laughing, and laughing, and just being young.

I visited Joe Boy in 2017 after he had had eye surgery and had started having health problems. Even so, we laughed and had some good meals together. On September 16th, 2022, we exchanged text messages in which he wrote:

The idea, JB, was to go to Ghana end of October at the latest but now I just don't know. I am a physical wreck at the moment, my dear brother and friend, seriously unwell and taking each hour or day as it comes. Allow me to take this opportunity to say in all sincerity that you have

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been the best friend I could ever have hoped for, kind, reliable with tons of integrity. Has it ever dawned on you that in almost sixty years of friendship we never had a bad word to say against each other? I thank God that you are my friend. It would be good to meet up in Ghana, if only to remind myself how faux you are. But who knows? Stay well and safe, JB. Much love, "Wo cousin bi, Frondoso.\*"

This was his way of saying his final goodbyes. In March 2023, I had the chance to see my friend here in Ghana. He was sick, in bed, and could hardly move. But even so, we laughed like the old times. I arrived in Ghana on August 11, only to learn that he had passed just a week before my arrival.

(Joe Boy, Frondoso mío, que te despiertes en paz. Nos juntaremos en el Cielo un de estos días!)

Joe, Boy, my Frondoso, Rest in Peace. We will meet in Heaven one of these days!

\*We adopted names from a Spanish novel while in Spain. He was Frondoso, and I was Monipodio.

~ Dr. Kwaku Annor



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## TRIBUTE BY SANTA 1966 GROUP OF THE ADISADEL OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION

The Late John Antwi Banson, A.K.A. Barry Banson joined our Year Group in form 3 during the 1963/64 academic year.

In those days students who gained admission to the College from other secondary schools were clearly intimidated not only by the surroundings, but also by the extent of development of both curricular and extracurricular activities in the school. Right from the beginning, Barry imbibed the 'ADISADEL SPIRIT' making him appear and perform like any other.

In his first year he became so brilliant to the admiration of classmates that they even looked up to him to give answers to questions nobody else could handle. This was more particularly the case with the Arts subjects, especially Languages such as Latin, French and English .

In form four he appropriately enrolled in the Arts class thus gaining easy admission to the Lower sixth and on to the Upper Sixth form from where he entered the University of Ghana.

At Adisadel, he was a gentle boy who was keenly interested in sports and music. He was a member of various musical groups such as the Jazz Band, in which he played the Trombone, and a Pop Group, the Soundcasters, for which he played the Guitar. His thirst for knowledge was awesome. In our time only two copies of the Daily Graphic newspaper were pasted on the Notice Board each morning during Breakfast. Thus it was a race of the fittest as students ran immediately after meals to secure a good viewing position in front of the papers to read them. In this wise there were three main categories of students;

- i. Those who were both strong and keen enough to secure good viewing positions,
- ii. Those who would rather come much later to read when there would be no hustle, and
- iii. Those who would not bother to read at all.

Barry did not belong to any of these groups. He , out of his own pocket, bought the newspaper everyday to read. For some one who did not start from form one with the group it was no mean an achievement that he was made Chapel Prefect 1967/68 , a position he was appointed to by the then Headmaster, Mr. R.T. Orleans-Pobee , 'SANTACLANSIAN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'.

Barry Banson epitomises the typical Adisadel guy: he played hard and he worked hard. He was a serious student but he also developed his creative talents. I am dreaming about The Jazz Band playing the popular song, YELLOW BIRD, with Barry on trombone, Johnny on sax,



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Henry Tabi on Trumpet, and Dave Godfrey leading the group on stage. Barry was a respectful and respectable student, very level headed and dependable. May his gentle soul Rest In Perfect Peace till we meet again on the Resurrection Day.

Today we mourn the loss of our year mate whose life has shown that he was properly brought up both at home and in the College. Indeed, he was a Gentleman. May the Good Lord console the bereaved family.

BARRY, fare thee well till we meet again.

MAY YOUR SOUL REST IN PEACE!

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## FAREWELL UNCLE BARRY

With the sweet word of peace  
We bid our brethren go;  
Peace as a river to increase,  
And ceaseless flow.

With the calm word of prayer  
We earnestly commend  
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,  
Eternal Friend!

With the dear word of love  
We give our brief farewell;  
Our love below, and Thine above,  
With them shall dwell.

With the strong word of faith  
We stay ourselves on Thee,  
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death,  
Their Help shalt be.

Then the bright word of hope  
Shall on our parting gleam,  
And tell of joys beyond the scope  
Of earth-born dream.

Farewell! in hope and love,  
In faith, and peace, and prayer;  
Till He whose home is ours above,  
Unite us there.

George Watson

In Loving Memory



Mr. **BARRY**  
**BANSON**



1948 - 2023

# *Appreciation*

*The Banson Family would like to express our  
profound gratitude for your prayers, support,  
and expression of love during the funeral of our  
beloved John Barry Banson*

*God richly bless you.*