

In memory of

*Patrick Nana*  
**KWAKYE ASARE**







**Officiating Minister**

Rev. Kwabena Yeboah-Duah Jnr.

(District Minister and Minister in Charge of PCG Trinity Presbyterian Church, Ashanti-Akim Domeabra)

**Part I: Pre - Burial Service**

- |    |                   |  |
|----|-------------------|--|
| 1. | Call to Worship   | Rev. Yeboah-Duah   |
| 2. | Processional Hymn | Hark! Hark my soul (MHB 651)   |
| 3. | Filing Past       | Guide me O Thou Great Jehovah (MHB 615);<br>Begone Unbelief (MHB 511); ( MHB 878, 427) |
| 4. | Closing of Casket | Family   |

**Part I: Burial Service**

- |     |                          |  |
|-----|--------------------------|--|
| 5.  | Opening Hymn             | Yesu me gyefo ne wo (PCG 557)/English: Jesu Lover of my Soul |
| 6.  | Prayer                   | Rev. Minister  |
| 7.  | First Scripture Reading  | Genesis 3:17-19  |
| 8.  | Second Scripture Reading | John 3:16 &17  |
| 9.  | Hymn                     | When Peace Like a River (BH 339)                             |
| 10. | Biography                | Family Member  |
| 11. | Tributes:                | i. by Child;      ii. by Siblings                            |
| 12. | Third Scripture Reading  | Hebrews 9:27 & 28  |
| 13. | Sermon/Creed             | Rev. K. Yeboah-Duah  |
| 14. | Hymn                     | Ɔhɔho ne mamfrani (PCG 791)                                  |
| 15. | Offertory                |  |
| 16. | Special Song             | Singing Group  |
| 17. | Blessing of Offering     |  |
| 18. | Prayer for Family        |  |
| 19. | Announcement by Family   |  |
| 20. | Closing Prayer           |  |
| 21. | Benediction              |  |
| 22. | Recessional Hymn         | Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! The strife is o'er A&M 135     |





  
**ORDER OF SERVICE**



**Part III: At the Grave Side**

- |                                    |  |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Scripture Reading & Exhortation | Rev. Duah-Yeboah                             |
| 2. Hymn                            | Ɔhɔho ne mamfrani (PCG 791)                  |
| 3. Prayer                          |  |
| 4. Hymn                            | Abide with Me (MHB 948)                      |
| 5. Committal                       | Rev. Duah-Yeboah                             |
| 6. Laying of Wreaths               |  |
| 7. Hymn                            | God be with you till we meet again (MHB 914) |
| 8. Vote of Thanks                  | Family Member                                |
| 9. Benediction                     | Rev. Duah-Yeboah                             |





## BIOGRAPHY OF MR PATRICK NANA KWAKYE ASARE

His life was gentle;  
and the elements so mixed in him  
that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world,  
THIS WAS A MAN!  
William Shakespeare, Julius Caesar

Our late brother Patrick Nana Kwakye Asare, whom we affectionately called Nana Kwakye was born on July 31st 1961 to Mr. Gideon Kwadwo Asare-Tannah of Ashanti-Akim Domeabra and Madam Helena Osei of Agona Nyarkrom, both of blessed memory. Kwakye as we usually called him was the fourth of their eight children. Our father named him after his own father Agya Kwaku Tannah Kwakye, a hardworking and successful cocoa farmer who had built the first storey building in Domeabra, an architectural masterpiece at that time.

Nana Kwakye grew to very much resemble Agya in his height, gait, and mannerisms. He was mostly a skinny and tall fellow just like his paternal grandfather Agya and grew to be the tallest among his siblings. In fact, Kwakye when he was born had some grey hair as a child, no wonder some family members used to remark that he was Agya incarnate.

Nana Kwakye lived with his parents and other siblings in Ashanti-Akim Domeabra, Sunyani, Tepa, and Kumasi where his father's work with the Department of Cooperatives took the family.

As a youngster he was a precocious kid who got himself into every possible tough situation that boys his age normally did. Except that Kwakye always pushed the edge of the envelope a little bit too far, much to his parents' chagrin and discomfort. He would stay out playing a bit longer, come home with some of his friends as well as bring his many discoveries home, which our mother would invariably sweep away over his protests because they were often pieces of old toys and assorted contraptions.

In hindsight, as the fourth male child, he was finding it somewhat difficult to keep up with his older siblings at play, and at the various impromptu games and wrestling matches that growing boys engaged in. So, he created his own zone and space in which he very much thrived.

Kwakye started school at the Sunyani Experimental School before transferring to the Rapid Results Preparatory School in Sunyani at Class four. He attended the Kumasi Anglican Secondary School for his secondary education.

Kwakye always marched to his own drum beat. He embraced reggae music very early and would paste his walls with pictures of Bob Marley and the Wailers, Peter Tosh, and Burning





Spear, and would often sing the popular reggae songs which he had mastered verbatim, much to the non-admiration of our father. In short, he was a free spirit and lived his life just the way he wanted to. He however was a gentle soul and could never hurt a fly.

After Anglican Secondary School he spent a year discovering his interests in music particularly reggae music. He actually worked briefly at Pink Panther Club in Kumasi as a DJ which he enjoyed very much because it exposed him much more to his beloved reggae music. He would actually later make a pilgrimage to visit Bob Marley's home and burial site at Nine Mile, Saint Ann Parish, Jamaica.

Nana Kwakye like most young people at the time set his eyes on pursuing greener pastures abroad. He first travelled to Germany in 1984 with financial assistance from his parents and older brothers. He eventually joined his older brothers in the United States in 1986 where he initially stayed with his Senior brother Nana Asare in Scranton, Pennsylvania. He subsequently moved to live with his other senior brother Charles Asare in Boston for a while and eventually settled in nearby Everett, Massachusetts where he lived for some 35 years.

In Boston, he furthered his education at Wentworth Institute of Technology at Boston and obtained a Diploma and Certification in Heating Air Conditioning and Ventilation. Kwakye found employment in this field of business. This was a critical niche given the cold winters and hot summers of the Boston area. Kwakye flourished in his chosen professional career as an HVAC Service Specialist. He found employment with large Companies and large Residential Apartment Complexes with very attractive conditions of service and perks.

Patrick organized his life very well and was able to buy and own his home in Everett, Massachusetts. He also purchased a home at Regimanuel Estates in Sakumono some twenty-two years ago. Kwakye had promised his mother that he would make her proud by making a success of himself. He bought a new home in the East Legon Hills suburbs of Accra last year which he designated his retirement home and which by the grace of God he came to live in before his passing.

Kwakye had as a child, promised his mother that he would one day buy a Mercedes Benz saloon car. So much later when he could barely drive because of his declining health he bought a brand-new blue Mercedes Benz CLS400 in keeping with the vow he had made to our mother. He had sought all along to make his parents proud of him which we unreservedly declare he had indeed accomplished. Indeed, our brother accomplished almost all the goals he set for himself and we are very proud of him.

Kwakye was a well-dressed gentleman, complete with his gold necklace, gold bracelet and very often, donned a Fedora Panama hat. He was soft spoken and almost everyone he met liked him. Kwakye loved to travel. He visited several of the US cities and travelled on cruise ships islands



hopping within the Caribbean islands, Canada and Europe whenever he found time and good company.

Kwakye was a sensitive person and very respectful of his aunties, uncles, cousins and siblings. When his oldest brother Nana Asare's wife Gloria once attended a one-month Course in Boston, Kwakye took it upon himself to pick her up every morning from her hotel to the Conference site and often back to her hotel in the evening, for the entire duration of her Course.

Nana Kwakye also played his role as an active family member and contributed his bit to family obligations. He in fact readily agreed to facilitate our youngest sister Awura Adwoa to the US. Kwakye traveled home for every major family event including the funerals of his parents, his Aunt Mrs. Comfort Agyeiwaa Asamoah aka Teacher, and his younger brother, the late Kingsley Nana Osei Asare. In fact, during the challenging times of his life, he had his son and siblings at the center of his heart and thoughts. He tried to structure and figure out ways that he could continue to positively contribute stay relevant to future welfare his son and siblings.

Kwakye got married to Ms. Adelaide Owusu and though the marriage did not last as long as we had hoped, the marriage was blessed with a handsome boy Richmond Kofi Asare, who at 13 years is a spitting image of his father. I would like to mention that Kwakye put in place arrangements to ensure his son's successful education and passage into adulthood, and we the family will honour and facilitate that wish he had for his son.

So, it was in the midst of this well accomplished life when things appeared to be moving so much in the right direction for him, that Kwakye inexplicably fell ill. Even though the prognosis was dire, he fought his illness bravely and doggedly. However, the illness had taken its toll and barely a week after returning home to Ghana on March 4, he was rushed to the emergency room at the University of Ghana Medical Center from respiratory complications from his illness where he passed away on the morning of March 10, 2021.









## TRIBUTE BY HIS SON – MR. RICHMOND KOFI ASARE

Daddy, you are the light of the family.

You tried to provide to make the family happy. You paid my school fees and bought me clothes and shoes.

Daddy, you always advised me to be a good boy and also study hard. You told me that if I frown up my face, I will look ugly so that is why I always smiles. I was happy when I heard you were coming from America. You told me to respect Mummy and all my elders and also to respect myself.

Daddy, you always called on mummy's phone just to hear my voice. Your telephone calls motivated me to study hard so I could one day visit you in America.

Daddy, during the time of your sickness when you returned to Ghana, you used to pick me from school to spend the weekends with you. You told me you will always be a good father so I should pray so that you will recover from your sickness.

On 7th of March 2021, Mummy came to pick me from school and told me that you were back in Ghana and wanted to see me. Daddy, you called my name several times and I responded. You said. "Kofi be obedient as you have always been and always listen to what Mummy will say and she is always going to be there for you"

Daddy, after you finished eating that day, you took me around your new house and said this is where we are going to stay together.

You told me Mummy loves me and that you also loved me . So, before I left to school, I knew I will spend the mid-terms with you and mom because anytime the three of us met you always say Kofi, this is a lovely family. Any time Mummy shouts at me, you defend me. Any time we talk on phone you always make me happy.

Daddy, I beg you to protect us while you are in heaven,

Daddy, I will always love and cherish you.

Rest in peace with the Lord until we meet again.







## TRIBUTE TO PATRICK NANA KWAKYE ASARE; BY SIBLINGS

I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me; and to me  
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
Of human cities torture: I can see  
Nothing to loathe in Nature, save to be  
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,  
Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,  
And with the sky - the peak - the heaving plain,  
Of ocean, or the skies mingle - and not in vain.

Stanza 72, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Lord Byron

It is almost as if Lord Byron had our late brother Nana Kwakye (aka D.C Kwakye) in mind when he wrote this stanza because it captures the essence of Kwakye's outlook on life.

He eschewed the conventional, and walked to his own constantly changing drumbeat, reminding us all that while each of us may be endowed at birth with a certain capital of energy, the strongest forces in our make-up that seize and all but monopolize this energy, may differ from individual to individual.

A rugged individualist, he was nonconformist from his youth, and contrarian, to the chagrin of our parents. But he soldiered on, making sense of the complex grains and challenges of life, and successfully navigating its contours.

He remained true to his nature and presented to the whole world, the singular constant that his truths and preferences would differ from anyone else's.

It is no surprise that he gravitated towards nonconformists. Bob Marley was his idol and as we look back on his life, we see the significance of his adherence to Bob Marley's call to

“Emancipate yourself from mental slavery, none but ourselves can free our mind.”

And to his inspiring reminder that

“Just because you are happy, it does not mean the day is perfect but that you have looked beyond its imperfections.”

It is with deep sorrow that we are gathered here today to bid Patrick Nana Kwakye Asare, a final farewell as he goes to join his Maker and others who have gone before him.



As we do so, we are reminded also of the passing of our brother Kingsley Nana Osei Asare, our parents, Mr. Gideon Asare-Tannoh and Madam Helena Osei. We remember also, Agya Kwaku Tannoh and Naana Ama Bempomaa and Nana Kwame Osei and Nana Ama Asanewa, our paternal and maternal grandparents respectively, who have preceded him.

May their good souls Rest in Perfect Peace!

We are unprepared to receive the reality of Nana Kwakye's death because we had collectively but erroneously assumed a steady state of continued improvement in his battle with ALS, reassured by his undiminished optimism and sense of humour and by his continued competence in handling his day-to-day affairs. Tired and weak as he was when he arrived in Ghana on March 4th, 2021, he 'bounced' back in two days, and asked for 'apese nkwan'.

We were hopeful that being at home and with the good grace of God we could have more time with him. His passing in the early hours of March 10th, 2021, was jarring. But we take solace as Christians, in the omniscience of God and give thanks and praises to the Almighty for the 59 years that he blessed us with Nana Kwakye.

We wish to acknowledge with much gratitude, the love, support and assistance of his friends Ms. Charlene Volpe and Mr. Alexander Osei Kwabi of Boston, USA, who assisted him to manage his affairs during the difficult and challenging last years of his life. We also wish to thank his buddy-buddy, Mr. Benedict Kwaku Fosu, a certified nurse in the USA who worked closely with our brother-in-law, Dr. George Baffoe-Bonnie to arrange and bring Kwakye back to Ghana on March 4th, 2021. May the good Lord eternally bless you all.

There was something all too familiar about Nana Kwakye and while it may not have been clearly known, it was profoundly alive. He connected with others in a deeply philosophical sense as we are finding out in the many deep relationships he forged with other people.

In his individuality, he remained connected and embraced the broader outside world.

Perhaps his nature directed his cause and course. Perhaps circumstances and personal experiences formed him. Nana Kwakye was the fourth boy in the family, and invariably, he assumed leadership over our younger siblings, namely our late brother Kingsley, Kofi Willie and Kwaku and Jocelyn and Awura Adjoa.

Kwakye loved and got along with every member of the family and many other children of his age group during his formative years at Tapa and Kumasi. It was this start of responsibility and open cosmopolitanism that probably shaped his outlook. He arrived in the United States with a set constitution and a self-charted path to independence.

Without prompting, he continued his education in trade, gained employment and lived a very, comfortable, happy, and responsible life.



We are reminded of Kwakye's affable and fun-loving disposition, his strong will, his intrepid and adventurous nature in a family of conventional bent, and of his resourcefulness.

He embraced reggae music much early in his life and stayed with it all his life. As a child, he plastered his room with posters of his reggae idols. Today, the posters of Bob Marley, Peter Tosh, Bunny Wailer and Dennis Brown that adorned the walls of his room in his youth, and his obsession with the philosophical intonations of Reggae music, all make sense, as they give clarity to why he rejected conventional wisdom, and confidently charted a path for himself. His particular gravitation towards his idol, Bob Marley was driven by the wisdom Bob shared in his lyrics and he was passionate enough about his convictions to make a pilgrimage to Jamaica to pay respect to the late Bob Marley.

He got the essence of Bob Marley's message.  
He lived a stress-free and a responsible life  
He was happy with himself and his constituency  
He really did it his way.

Looking back on his life's history, it is clear he pursued a well-defined path.  
His, was a life well-lived, and best captured by the lyrics of Bob Marley's:

1. Three Little Birds - Don't Worry about a thing because every little thing is gonna be alright.
2. One Love – One love, one heart, let's get together and feel all right

This is the brother that we have lost.

We wish him a peaceful rest.

Barima be y33 bi.

We are proud of his life and achievements.

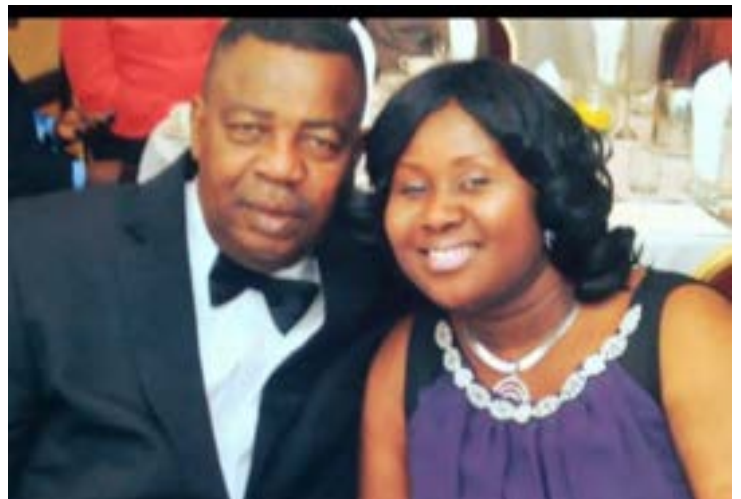
Kwakye Da Yie!

Damirifa Due!

***It is befitting to have the two songs of his reggae icon, Bob Marley, performed here as fitting tribute to his memory***

***Refer to page 35***







# MR PATRICK NANA KWAKYE ASARE WITH SIBLINGS





## TRIBUTE FROM COUSINS



It is extremely difficult and sad to write a tribute for our cherished cousin at this present moment of our lives. We thought that life would be gracious unto us to share some more fond memories before his demise. Unfortunately, the creator of the cosmos knows best.

Nana Kwakye was very hard working, fair and always maintained integrity in all his endeavors. During his secondary school days in Kumasi, Nana will on Saturdays prepare to assist his mother on her business errands throughout the day.

He was very humble and disciplined and cannot be suppressed under any circumstance he finds himself. He was very decent and his mode of dressing was always excellent and unique. He always wore an infectious smile and knew exactly what to say in the heights of rage and anger.

Nana was gifted with words that will calm nerves and bring peace. He was generous and ever ready to share the little he had with anyone who came his way. Indeed, we have a lost a brother, a friend and a comrade.

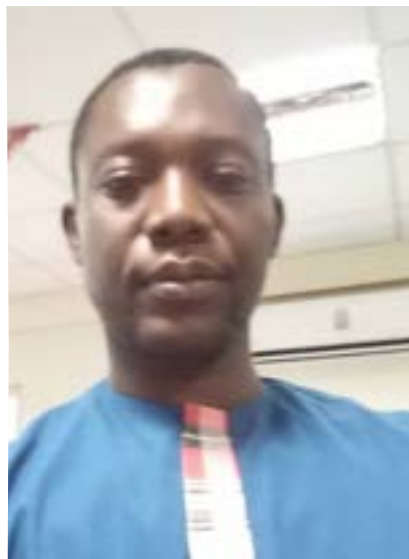
Thank you, Nana, for all the memories that we hold so dear.

Goodbyes are not forever

Goodbyes are not the end

They simply mean we will miss you until we meet again.

Damirifa Due, nante yie







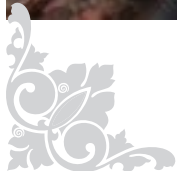
Our favourite late uncle  
**WOFA KOFI & his wife WINEFRED**



*Father and Mother*







His passing away on the land of his birth where he had long craved to be, suggests to me that he fought his way to the final battle. I will not be surprised that, as he laid down in introspection in his final moments, he would have uttered the words of St. Paul:

I have fought the good fight;  
I have finished the race;  
I have kept the faith.

Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will award to me on that day...

As I mourn my beloved brother-in-Law,  
I am awakened to the multitude of eventualities on this playing field called life. Anything can happen tomorrow on a flip of a coin.

Kwakye understood such vagaries of life, and accepted what was offered him with dignity and honor. He never complained or blamed. He would cope with whatever situation he found himself. In his frustration with his inability to move, he would joke about his speed and flexibility at a stage in his life; In his solitude, he found the company of his pleasant thoughts and taking stock of his life with his Creator.

Such paradoxes characterised this wonderful person whom we have lost. I will forever be thankful to the Almighty for giving me the opportunity to cross paths with someone like Kwakye, who has been impactful, not only to me, but to my family as a whole.

May the Almighty grant you eternal rest.





## TRIBUTE FROM KWAKYE'S BELOVED FRIEND – MS. CHARLENE VIVIANA VOLPE

I met my dear beloved Patrick at a dance on July 11th, 2015. He told me that he worked at the Volpe Transportation center in Cambridge, Massachusetts. I was so surprised when I heard the name "Volpe," because that's my last name. It was this coincidence of him working at Volpe Transport and my last name being Volpe that brought us together.

Our very first date was on Patrick's birthday, July 31st, 2015. He told me that he was in it for the long haul and that he wanted me to be his woman. One year into the relationship, he was diagnosed with ALS, and from then on, I made a commitment to be there for him.

He fought a courageous battle, because that's who my Patrick was; strong, brave, loving and long suffering and never complaining. He always tried to be there for me, if not in the physical sense, he was there for me emotionally.

He will always live in my heart forever.

So glad that I met this wonderful human being. He touched my life in so many ways.....

Sincerely, Charlene Viviana Volpe







## TRIBUTE FROM A CHILDHOOD FRIEND



I Can't Forget You.

A tribute By Benedict Fosu(New Jersey, USA)

It is with deep sorrow that I write this over the inconceivable loss of my wonderful friend to Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (ALS).

We became friends in our childhood, and some lessons were learned from our friendship. I usually didn't call my friend Patrick Asare. I am used to the name Nana Kwakye. Little did I know until his final days that he actually loved and preferred to be identified with Nana Kwakye.

Many of Nana Kwakye's childhood friends have over the years popularly called him names like "Nana Akok", "Crazy Passer", "B-Marley", instead of Patrick Asare. All of these aliases have important meanings to them. Nana Kwakye was an authentic friend, and I cannot forget about him.

How can I forget about Nana Kwakye who came to my rescue on three different occasions at the most difficult and dire moments of my life? At the age of nine, Nana Kwakye was the one who expressed love to a friend in need at that tender age.

Nana Kwakye warmly agreed for me to sleep on his floor mat (kete) in Tapa in the Ashanti Region. I had unexpectedly been brought to his parent's house on the night of my mother's sudden death. I dearly needed a place to soak it in on such a depressive moment. How can I forget an authentic friend like him? I vividly remember in the early eighties at Asokwa, Kumasi, Nana Kwakye kindly accepted me to stay in his small room.

Those were the times when Ghana was experiencing a severe economic downturn. Parents were struggling to feed their children, but Nana Kwakye shared his food with me. How can I forget a unique friend like Nana Kwakye, through whom I became friends with all his siblings? The siblings have since accepted me as one of their own and have immensely contributed to making me who I am today. I am really indebted to all of Auntie Helena's family.

My wonderful friend Nana Kwakye taught me important lessons about life. He was firm of purpose. He was dead set in his decisions and could not be easily convinced to reverse course. On the eve of our departure from Boston, Nana Kwakye looked sternly at my face and yelled, "have you forgotten that when I make up my mind, you can't change it?" "I do things at my own pace and rhythm, concluded Nana Kwakye. This was when I was feeding him and he would not take any more than a few bites. I had tried therapeutic skills to encourage Nana to eat some more to avoid possible dehydration related to poor appetite and low intake.

The need to be a results-oriented person was Nana Kwakye's principle. As a young boy, Nana Kwakye was into rabbit rearing as was his younger brother Kingsley Nana Osei Asare of blessed memory. Boy! It was quite a competitive venture between the two of them. Nana



a cage. After some time, any female rabbit that doesn't become pregnant would be slaughtered for our meal. He would conclude such an unproductive one did not deserve to live. This character of Kwakye permeated through his life, and I have since adopted that principle.

There was some void in our friendship in our adult life. However, in the past two years, and particularly in Nana Kwakye's last moments - fate would have us reconnect. During one of our phone conversations in November 2020, we spoke for about two hours. We reminisced on our lives during our youthful years, and about the good times, we enjoyed together.

We talked about how he taught me to ride a bicycle. We would bring plantain from home to go and hire bikes from "Abe Ase Kramo", a prominent Muslim, who had a bicycle repair and renting business in Tepa. We almost always got into trouble because we would go over our allotted time. I remember Nana Kwakye owned the ball with which we all used to play at a neighborhood park. The game would abruptly end anytime someone would kick against Kwakye's legs. He would 'catch' his ball even at the least provocation to the disappointment of all.

Being a tough guy, no one could make him change his decision. We reflected on playing "Chass-keke" (Ghana kids' version of cricket/ baseball). We laughed at some tough talks and silly jokes. We both teased ourselves about how we could fall for a con artist who told us that he could call on images of girls in a glass and charm them for us through his "dealing in saints". It was at the end of one of such phone conversations last February that Nana Kwakye made a passionate appeal for some type of assistance from me.

It is noteworthy to say that in the course of our friendship spanning over fifty years Nana Kwakye never asked me for any assistance but for this one. In a weak shaking voice, Nana Kwakye said, "I understand you can take me to Ghana, help me to go right away if you want to". The statement was Nana Kwakye's wish. Nevertheless, to me, Nana Kwakye's wish was a command. It was a call for me to step up to the plate to help a friend in need. How could I have turned my back on such a caring friend? How could I have remembered Kwakye? How dare I forget about Kwakye's extremely good deeds to me?

In our last days together Nana Kwakye often recounted how facing another day was difficult in view of the huge challenges to perform the activities of daily living and constant pain. He would engage me in tough discussions about his condition and the possible complications. However, I often changed the topic of the conversation just to keep his spirits high. I would reassure him it's going to be okay.

Nana Kwakye desperately looked forward to getting to Ghana. He had hoped to get home to meet with his son and loved ones.

I hope Nana Kwakye knew how much I cared about him, and that I cherished his friendship and love.

I deem it as a privilege to have had Nana Kwakye as a close friend for which I am thankful to God.

I can't forget you, Nana Kwakye.

Damarifa due!

Rest in Perfect Peace, my man.





MR PATRICK NANA KWAKYE ASARE WITH CHILDHOOD FRIEND



*Alexander*



*Mr Fosu*













## TRIBUTE FROM SCHOOLMATES AT KUMASI ANGLICAN SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Farewell, Patrick (Kwakye)

Fare thee well our compatriot, Patrick.

You left so sudden. We did not get the chance to even say goodbye. But we know you are in a good place now, resting in the Lord.

We remember those hot summer and cold winter days in the artie apartment in Dorchester when You tripped up the fire alarm with your smoking Buffalo chicken wings in the oven that woke us all up in the early hours of dawn.

We remember the day you came home with a bandage wrapped around your head and you will not tell us what had happened, and we had to wait for two weeks to find out that you “volunteered” for a cosmetic surgery at Boston University Medical School to reduce the size of your ears. I wonder how you would explain that to the Lord.

Yeah, those were fun days in Boston, even though we did not see each other much after we moved our separate ways out of the smoky artie apartment. Sleep Well, Friend.

Hey “Patrick Adalat”, How are you? I hope by His Grace You are resting peacefully now with the Lord.

But permit me to tell this little story now that I called you by your nickname that was conferred on you in Roseveare Room 4 at SuperKASS.

Remember when we sneaked out to go watch the Indian movie “Adalat” at Rex Cinema and we were caught upon our return, and you were “knighted” as “Patrick Adalat”. It was too funny to hear you respond, “My name is Patrick Adalat”, when you were asked. I can still hear it now quietly in my ears, even though I cannot remember what the movie was about. Sleep well “Patrick Adalat”. Godspeed.

Through the ups and downs, the good times and the sad, from the SuperKASS days in Kumasi through Accra and the years in Massachusetts and New Hampshire in our prime years, the friends we all had, we will miss you dearly.  
Sleep Well, “Patrick Adalat”

Once a Disciple, Always a Disciple, ...No Size!

Sleep Well, Fellow Disciple.

Kwakye, Kwakye, Kwakye, ... Words cannot express how sad and empty feeling.

On Wednesday the 10th of March 2021, we received the startling news of your passing into eternity, and this left us in shock.

There's so much we can say about you Patrick and it is guaranteed that we will not end this



farewell service today if given the opportunity.

You infused your zest of life into every space, and environment you graced. You've truly left us in deep pain and sorrow. It hurts even more knowing some of us couldn't physically see you off.

As a person with a warm heart and good deeds, you were a brother and a friend, and I was a "lawyer" to you.

You always called to ask, "my sister what do you think about such and such issue" that needs urgent attention.

Kwakye why, you told me I will see you soon, there are a lot to talk about. Kwakye, Kwakye, Kwakye, why the silence? Your sister (Henrietta) you always called me "menua baa ahoofe fefe".

Kwakye, Damirafa Due!

Nante yie, Patrick (Kwakye)!

Nyame mfa wokra nsie yie nkosi se ye besan ahyia bio!





## REGGAE SONGS AND DANCE TRIBUTE TO PATRICK ASARE.

### THREE LITTLE BIRDS

"Don't worry about a thing,  
 'Cause every little thing gonna be all right.  
 Singin': "Don't worry about a thing,  
 'Cause every little thing gonna be all right!"  
 Rise up this mornin',  
 Smiled with the risin' sun,  
 Three little birds  
 Pitch by my doorstep  
 Singin' sweet songs  
 Of melodies pure and true,  
 Sayin', ("This is my message to you-ou-ou:")

Singin': "Don't worry 'bout a thing,  
 'Cause every little thing gonna be all right."  
 Singin': "Don't worry (don't worry) 'bout a thing,  
 'Cause every little thing gonna be all right!"

Rise up this mornin',  
 Smiled with the risin' sun,  
 Three little birds  
 Pitch by my doorstep  
 Singin' sweet songs  
 Of melodies pure and true,  
 Sayin', "This is my message to you-ou-ou:"

Singin': "Don't worry about a thing, worry about  
 a thing, oh!  
 Every little thing gonna be all right. Don't worry!"  
 Singin': "Don't worry about a thing" - I won't  
 worry!  
 "'Cause every little thing gonna be all right."

Singin': "Don't worry about a thing,  
 'Cause every little thing gonna be all right" - I  
 won't worry!  
 Singin': "Don't worry about a thing,  
 'Cause every little thing gonna be all right."  
 Singin': "Don't worry about a thing, oh no!  
 'Cause every little thing gonna be all right!"

### ONE LOVE

One love, one heart  
 Let's get together and feel all right  
 Hear the children crying (one love)  
 Hear the children crying (one heart)  
 Sayin', "Give thanks and praise to the Lord  
 and I will feel all right"  
 Sayin', "Let's get together and feel all right"  
 Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

Let them all pass all their dirty remarks (one  
 love)  
 There is one question I'd really love to ask  
 (one heart)  
 Is there a place for the hopeless sinner  
 Who has hurt all mankind just to save his  
 own?  
 Believe me  
 One love (what about one heart?)  
 One heart (what about the love?)  
 Let's get together and feel all right  
 As it was in the beginning (one love)  
 So shall it be in the end (one heart)  
 Alright, give thanks and praise to the Lord and  
 I will feel all right  
 Let's get together and feel all...







### MHB 651 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!

#### Chorus

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.

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

4. Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;  
Faith's Journey ends in welcomes to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5. 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.

### MHB 615: Guide me O Thou Great Jehovah

1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven! Feed me now and evermore.

2. Open Thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing stream shall flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliverer!  
Be Thou still my help and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

### MHB 878

1. O GOD, our help In ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home :

2. Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence Is sure.

3. Before the hills In order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

4. A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.



5. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost In following years.

6. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

7. O God, our help In ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home. Amen.

**MHB 511 - Begone unbelief my Saviour is near**

1. Begone, unbelief,  
My Savior is near,  
And for my relief  
Will surely appear;  
By prayer let me wrestle,  
And He will perform;  
With Christ in the vessel,  
I smile at the storm.

2. Though dark be my way,  
Since He is my Guide,  
'Tis mine to obey,  
'Tis His to provide;  
Though cisterns be broken,  
And creatures all fail,  
The word He hath spoken  
Shall surely prevail.

3. His love, in time past,  
Forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last  
In trouble to sink:  
Each sweet Ebenezer  
I have in review  
Confirms His good pleasure  
To help me quite through.

4. Why should I complain  
Of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain?  
He told me no less;  
The heirs of salvation,  
I know from His Word,  
Through much tribulation  
Must follow their Lord.

5. How bitter that cup  
No heart can conceive,  
Which He drank quite up,  
That sinners might live!  
His way was much rougher  
And darker than mine;  
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer,  
And shall I repine?

6. Since all that I meet  
Shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet,  
The medicine, food;  
Though painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long,  
And then, oh, how pleasant  
The conqueror's song

**MHB 427**

1. THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in Joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

2. Of His deliverance I will boast,  
Till all that are distressed  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.

3. O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt His name;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.





4. The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Deliverance He affords to all  
Who on His succour trust.

5. O make but trial Of His love;  
Experience will decide  
How blest they are, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.

6. Fear Him, ye saints, and you will  
then Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you His service your delight,  
He'll make your wants His care.  
PHB 557 (TWI) Yesu me gyefo ne wo

### **Jesus, lover of my soul**

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.  
BH 339: When Peace like a River

1. When peace like a river attendeth my way,  
when sorrows like sea billows roll;  
whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,  
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

Refrain:

It is well with my soul;  
it is well, it is well with my soul.

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials  
should come,  
let this blest assurance control:  
that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,  
and has shed his own blood for my soul. Refrain

3. My sin oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!  
my sin, not in part, but the whole,  
is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more;  
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
Refrain

4. O Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be  
sight,  
the clouds be rolled back as a scroll;  
the trump shall resound and the Lord shall  
descend;  
even so, it is well with my soul. Refrain  
A&M 135 The Strife is o'er  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluiah!

1. The strife is o'er, the battle done;  
the victory of life is won;  
the song of triumph has begun.  
Alleluia!





2. Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,  
but Christ their legions has dispersed:  
let shouts of praise and joy outburst:  
Alleluia!

3. The three sad days have quickly sped;  
Christ rises glorious from the dead:  
all glory to our risen Head!  
Alleluia!

4. Lord, from your wounds God's blessings  
spring:  
free us, we pray, from death's dread sting  
that we may live, and ever sing:  
Alleluia!

**MHB 948 - 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 stay 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

**MHB 914**

1. GOD be with you till we meet again,  
By His counsels guide, uphold you,  
With His sheep securely fold you :  
God be with you till we meet again.

2. God be with you till we meet again,  
Neath His wings protecting hide you,  
Daily manna still provide you :  
God be with you till we meet again.

3. God be with you till we meet again,  
When life's perils thick confound you,  
Put His arms unfailing round you :  
God be with you till we meet again.

4. God be with you till we meet again,  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
Smite death's threatening wave before you :  
God be with you till we meet again.





# Acknowledgement

The family of the late

# *Patrick Nana* **KWAKYE ASARE**

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presence and gifts during their bereavement.

*May God Richly Bless You*