



Burial ,
Memorial &
Thanksgiving
service

OF THE LATE



Professor

**JOHN KOBINA
MENSAH APPIAH**



Wednesday, 8th November, 2023
At Transitions Place Funeral Home, Haatso Atomic Road

 **SONG**

Holy, Holy, Holy

Holy, holy, holy!
Lord God Almighty
Early in the morning
Our song shall rise to Thee

Holy, holy, holy!
Merciful and mighty
God in three persons
Blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy!
Though the darkness hide Thee
Though the eye of sinful man
Thy glory may not see
Only Thou art holy
There is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love and purity

Holy, holy, holy!
Lord God Almighty
All Thy works shall praise Thy name
In earth and sky and sea
Holy, holy, holy!
Merciful and mighty
God in three persons
Blessed Trinity
Oh God in three persons
Blessed Trinity!

When Peace like a river

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 (may be sung after final stanza only):
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



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PART 1 - PRE - BURIAL SERVICE

1. Procession
2. Opening prayer: Pastor Isaac Lawson
3. Opening Song: Amazing Grace
4. Filing Past
5. Songs
6. Covering of casket
7. Musical Interlude
8. 1st Scripture Reading: Isaiah 61:3
9. Song
10. Eulogy by Pastor Isaac Lawson
11. 2nd Scripture Reading Rev. 21:4
12. Biography / Tributes from Family and friends
13. Song: For every mountain
14. Offertory
15. Closing remarks / Prayer by Pastor Isaac Lawson

PART II - AT THE GRAVE SIDE

1. Hymn - MHB 36
2. Committal - Pastor Isaac Lawson
3. Prayers
4. Hymn - It is well
5. Benediction- Pastor Isaac Lawson



For Every Mountain

I've got so much to thank God for	For every mountain	That's it, worship the Lord, I worship him
So many wonderful blessings	You've brought me over	Come on, he's brought to us some mountains
And so many open doors	For every trial	Come on, tell him thank you, come on tell him thank you
A brand-new mercy	You see me through	That's it, let's worship the Lord
Along with each new day	For every blessing	He desires our praise to him
That's why I praise You	Hallelujah	Hallelujah, hallelujah (blessing for this)
And for this I give You praise	For this I give you praise	For every mountain
	For every mountain (for every mountain)	You brought me over (you brought me over)
For waking me up this morning (that's why I praise you)	You brought me over (you brought me over)	For every trial (for every trial)
For starting me on my way (that's why I praise You)	For every trial (for every trial)	I knew it, it was You, You, You (you see me through)
For letting me see the sunlight (that's why I praise you)	You see me through (you see me through)	You see me through
Of a brand new day (oh, oh, oh)	For every blessing (for every blessing)	For every blessing
A brand new mercy (that's why I praise You)	Lord, I say hallelujah (hallelujah)	I say hallelujah (hallelujah)
Along with each new day	And for this lord, for this lord (for this)	For this Lord, I give You praise (for this I give you praise)
That's why I praise You	For this Lord, I give you praise (I give you praise)	For every mountain (this is for every mountain in my eyes)
That's why I praise You	For every mountain (for every mountain)	You brought me over (lord you brought me over)
For this I give You praise	You brought me over (you bring me over)	For every trial (I couldn't make by myself)
You're Jehovah Jireh (that's why I praise You)	For every trial (for every trial)	You see me through (it was you, I knew it)
You've been my provider (that's why I praise you)	You see me through (you see me through)	For every blessing (for every trial)
So many times you met my news (that's why I praise you)	For every blessing (for every blessing)	Hallelujah (hallelujah)
So many times you reached me (oh, oh, oh)	I say hallelujah (hallelujah)	For this I give you praise (for this I give you praise)
I wanna thank you (that's why I praise you)	For this lord, for this lord (for this)	Hallelujah
For the blessings	For this lord, I give you, I give you (I give you praise)	Hallelujah
You give to me each day (that's why I praise you)	I give heart to do this forever, I give you praise and	Glory
That's why I praise you	every person	
And for this I give you praise	I give you	



Amazing Grace

Amazing grace how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now I'm found
Was blind but now I see

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come
This grace that brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home

When we've been here ten thousand
years
And grace my years received
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come
This grace that brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home

When we've been here ten thousand
years
Bright, shining as the sun
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun

Amazing grace how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now I'm found
Was blind but now I see



SONG

Biography Of The Late

PROFESSOR JOHN KOBINA MENSAH APPIAH

"For whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's".
(Romans 14, 8).

The late John Kobina Mensah Appiah was born on Tuesday, 24th October 1944 to the late Opanyin Kodwo Dontwe of Abeadze Odumase (near Abura Obohen) and the late Abena Mbrowba also of Apaapandu in the Central Region. He was the third born of the six children of his mother. He had a moderate beginning in life.

He started schooling at United Middle School at Adansi Brofoyedru. John continued his secondary school at Adaebie Commercial School in Kumasi. After his education he gained a vacation job at the same school to become a tutor in that school. From there he proceeded to the USA to further his education.

On January 1969, John decided to take the journey to New York. This is something that he had been dreaming of from his childhood. He arrived when it was freezing cold. He often joked that if he had a return ticket, he would have used it .
John received his Associate Degree from New York Community College. His Bachelors degree from Baruch College, and his Post graduate degree from New York University.

After college he worked at Wall Street as an Accountant . Approximately 2 years later, he applied and received a position as a high school Teacher. One year later he was offered a position at LaGuardia Community College as a Lecturer. He remain at the school until he returned to Ghana in 2021. His student and colleagues loved him dearly because of his simple approach to the academics and life . He often called himself a 'sophisticated slop'.



In January 1977, he fell in love and was married to Joyce Williams, now Mrs. Joyce Appiah. They lived on the same block two houses apart. Out of the Union a daughter was born, Habakkuk Esi Appiah. They decided the apartment was not big enough and moved into a house on Fenimore Street, New York. They stayed in the house until he returned and decided to relocate back to Ghana.

When he came back to Ghana, he got sick. His health kept him in and out of the hospital until he finally gave in to nature on the 24th of October, 2023 to everyone's disbelief.

He was indeed a man of integrity and principle, affable and ready to help who ever may be in need.

**May your soul rest in perfect peace.
Damirifa Due!**



Tribute Cheryl Ainsworth Martin, a friend and Poet.



Joyce, I met you in the fall of 1999, and shortly thereafter you introduced me to your husband. Your whole family welcomed me and treated me as an integral part of your family. I would always visit your home for all these years and I was a welcome guest in your home. Many times I would visit and spend time there, but I would always dread when I had to leave.

I recognize Professor John Appiah as a distinguished educator of magnanimous proportions, propensities, proclivities and activities. His kindness and gentleness have changed the world for the betterment of humanity.

He never shouted and he always spoke softly and with great respect for everyone in his presence. I know for sure that his body of work will always speak for him. He loved all of his students and his families. Everyone will miss him terribly!

His legacy is gargantuan and his influence can only end in eternity. Ride on Professor John. Take your peaceful rest in your maker and your finisher, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ! The Lord gives and the Lord takes away!

Blessed be the name of the Lord. St Paul said: For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain.

Street, Brooklyn, rose up to become University Professor to be an informal recognition of the depth of my relationship with him. At dinner time you were sure to hear stories about Adanse Brofoyedru, place of his birth where he had all his primary education. He told me a story of his first day at school where he lost his only khakhi shirt in the public latrine where he had gone to ease himself. He wept the whole day and nothing could console him because he thought he could never return to school without his shirt. He had gone there with his bossom friend, the late Nana Amoako who later became the chief of the town and both of them ended up in America later on in life.

The stories about him and his father, Papa Dontwe the Carpenter was so dear to him. He would occasionally go to the farm with him and both of them had a poor sense of direction, so it becomes difficult tracing their way back home: and so, would be wondering about in the wild till late in the day, and the mother upon sensing that the husband and son might have lost their way in the farm would dispatch a team in search of them. It gets worse when it rains and had to cross streams and rivers to get home. The oldman would put him on his shoulders together with their load and walk across the river and sometimes felt like being drowned in the river which appeared scary to him.

There were so much to learn from uncle John, he possessed that rare quality of drawing people of different age group and backgrounds and treating them with dignity and respect. A uniquely calm, gentle and kind-hearted personality: his deep love, concern and care for family was unequalled. He never turned away family, whether it meant listening to personal issues or stepping in to respond to a need. His kindness and generosity were not limited to only family but, all manner of people he came into contact with. Uncle John had a good social life and loved to enjoy life. At weekends, I could watch all the european football matches with him and never feel tired or bored; an ardent Barca fan and great admirer of Lionel Messi. He was always grateful to God to have lived to witness the era of Messi play. He had taste for music and all forms of entertainment.

Indeed, the family has lost a great deal, a deep vacuum had been created, however, reflecting over his life, I can only be grateful to God for such a gift to the family of which I am a beneficiary. You have paid your dues, opened his heart and imparted so much in me that I can only thank God for his life. My greatest regret is that I could not celebrate and honour him before his untimely death: but that has been a lesson well learnt. I will forever cherish the memories we shared, the laughter we enjoyed, and the valuable lessons you imparted. Your legacy lives on in the love and warmth you brought into my life.

Rest in peace, Uncle Kobena Mensah.



Tribute by Wife



First and foremost I thank God almighty for the marriage journey of 46 years. John, in which I called 'Darling' my pet name for him, was my heart. Approximately, 47 years ago we talked about marriage. He told me that he would take good care of me always. Then he passed, and looked at me with this inquiring look and said I have one question I may want to go back home to Ghana to stay one day, what do you think about that? I answered him and said wherever you go, I will go.

I remember how we were both so compatible especially about our families and helping each other. His generosity and love was felt by all.

Well, he finally got his wish and on November 28th, 2021, we were off to Ghana, we left our only daughter, home, friends and family to enjoy our retirement in Ghana. But as life would have its twist and turns, sickness over took him continuously like a roller coaster ride with up and downs.

In 46 years, we never went to bed angry or left each other for long periods of time. As a matter of fact, I only stayed away from him 7 weeks; last year when I had to go back to the U.S to bury my mother. I miss him very much my heart longs for him. I asked if only I could have had a little more time to be with him so that , we could travel and do things that we discussed. However, God with his wisdom decided to take him home to rest.

My love for him will burn, until I see him again through eternity. So this is a remembrance of our love
1 Corinthians 13: 4- 13 says it all.

" Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonour others. It is not self - seeking, it is not easily angered , it keeps no record of wrong, it does not delight in evil, but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trust , always hopes, always preserves. And now these three remain, faith, hope and love".

**But the greatest of this is love.
Go and take your rest. Darling, you earned it!**



A tribute to Daddy.

We met in your dream the day I was to arrive on this earth and we've been bonded ever since.

I was your wrestling show partner, the Michael Jackson show lover, the vintage movie partner. In elementary school, we spent every Friday together, listening to oldies, grocery shopping and getting our favorites from Dunkin Donuts.

You were always cool and calm and taught me not to care what anyone says. You introduced me to teriyaki chicken, which will beat bbq chicken any day, codfish cakes, pastrami sandwiches, shrimp scampi and Spanish garlic chicken. You taught me that I could do anything because I'm an Appiah!

Family gatherings were your favorite, and mine too, because you said all the people around felt like home, it felt like your family you'd left behind. I remember laughing about your school stories and your dancing! I got my love for performing from you! You were even in a band.

As I write this, I'm comforted by so many memories we shared together! We had a time! Even during the pandemic we would dance to Shatta Wale's "I know my level" and "Jeruselema". Like every African father who has gone overseas, I woke up and went to sleep with you watching the news.

Daddy, you taught me so much, I can't even put it all into words. You were the best Professor. A calculated accountant and the best Dad a girl could ever want. You were even a dad to my friends who didn't have one or whose father was away.

Words can't express how much I'll miss you but, I'm comforted in the fact that you are no longer hurting. Knowing you, you were in a lot more pain than we ever knew.

Daddy the only thing that helps my tears is that I know that you wouldn't have left me without knowing that your only girl would be ok because you passed the torch.

No one can ever take your place.

May you rest well in your homeland.



A TRIBUTE BY A NEPHEW AND FRIEND SAMUEL BENSON ADJEI

I underestimated my capacity to react to strong internal emotions such as sorrow, joy, love, awe and pleasure by crying, until the evening of 24th October, 2023 when I witnessed the sudden demise of a dear one, affectionately called uncle John, to be with his creator! I was a total wreck that fateful Tuesday, overshadowed with sorrow and wept uncontrollably deep into the night. My state of extreme sorrow was occasioned by his unforeseen departure from earth, the fact of his perpetual absence thereafter and the nagging sense of guilt I felt for not being able to visit him at home frequently, when he needed me the most, like I used to, prior to his demise because of my exams. I still continue to live with that depressing sense of guilt.

Growing up, I was not fortunate enough to have known uncle John because he left the shores of Ghana for the United States, when I was a baby. However, the last few years had seen us established a unique, deep and admirable bond of relation and friendship. My first encounter with him was in 1979 when he visited Ghana after so many years, and that marked the beginning of our bonding. The road trip by the three of us together with the wife (aunty Joyce) embarked on from Accra through Kumasi, Bekwai to Sunyani and back to visit all his siblings, where we experienced on the road long stories and conversations, interesting scenes of joy and anxiety through the Koforidua-Akuapim mountains, which experiences formed the bedrock of an unassailable and thriving relationship I had with him ever since. I would say here that I am one of the privileged few out of the numerous nephews of his to have driven him and the wife on various road trips to the western region, Ashanti Region and the Brong-Ahafo Region. The most profound one which brought nostalgic memories to his heart was a visit to Adabic Commercial School at Akwatia-Line in Kumasi, where he enrolled as student and taught, before leaving for the States; especially, seeing the room in which he lived and the shop he operated for his elder brother, who happened to be the principal of the school at the time.

Our relationship transcended time and space, and on his return to Ghana in the year of return, I had the honour of hosting him and the wife in my house in December through the Christmas festivities for close to three months. That was my best Christmas over the past few years; his taste for Christmas decorations, lightening and flowers was top notch. Through this, our bonding grew stronger and stronger to the extent of accompanying me to church on Sundays; because to him, it would be rude on his part to live with me and refuse to join me to Church on Sundays; an act which his wife (aunty Joyce) was grateful for, because he would reluctantly join her to church back in New York. Through this fellowship, Archbishop Duncan Williams had a tremendous impact on his life and I am eternally grateful to God for that.

I considered his personal offers to share with me stories about how he met his wife in Brooklyn in New York, the struggles in the States, buying his first house in Fennimore



Tribute to Uncle John by Nephews and Nieces.

No words can describe the loss we feel for Uncle John's death. Our heartfelt condolences go to the entire family.

Uncle John-as we always call him or Uncle Kobie was one of our favorite uncles. The reason being when we were kids he showed us what Yankee was. As he used to visit us with his wife Joyce and bring us a lot of stuff, so enumerable we couldn't count.

I remember one time in the early 80's they visited us on Christmas. My God, the most memorable Christmas ever, as they brought a lot of Yankee stuff that we were never used to. To this day I still remember this Christmas in the 80's.

Uncle John you are gone, but you will never be forgotten. We may be apart, but your memory will live with us forever for your kindness and goodness you have showered over us over the years.

We are now left with your memories to live with now. No words can express the grief. I pray the Good Lord will bring peace and solace to us you have left behind and the entire family. Rest in peace, Uncle Kobie.

We believe he passed away because his body had served its purpose. His soul had achieved what he came to do, learned what it came to learn, so he left a contented man.

You are dearly missed, Uncle John. Those beautiful moments you shared with us will remind us of the great man you were. I remember this April when I came to visit you, you shared memories of the times in New York, and how you wished you had accepted the scholarship at Mfantsipim school and waited till you completed before traveling to New York. Rest in eternal peace

A million words cannot bring you back, we know because we have tried, Neither can a million tears : I say this because we have cried and prayed for your soul to be kept in heaven.

You have left your footprints with glory on the sand of time. Your name will be remembered for a long time, and your story will be told for generations.

You may no longer be here with us, but we will never forget you as a winner who lived life to the fullest.

May your soul rest in peace.



Tribute by Brothers and Sisters

Thought of a sibling passing away feels like losing part of one's self and sounds so unreal and even ridiculous at times. This is a time we don't look forward to. It is in moments like this when the thoughts coming out of our minds are thoughts of finality. The finality of our dearly beloved Kobina Mensah as we affectionately called him. Our late father, Opanyin Kodwo Dontwe was a carpenter and our mother a baker. We all learnt the trade at our infancy, as we had a difficult beginning in life.

Kobina Mensah was born on the 28th of October 1944, and as tradition goes, being a third child and born on a Tuesday, he was named Kobina Mensah. In his loving memory today, we gather to honour a remarkable soul who touched our lives in so many ways. Kobina Mensah was not just a sibling, he was a source of strength, inspiration and a blessing.

His kindness knew no bounds. We acknowledge and remember all the unwavering support he provided to each of us, Grace (deceased), Moses, Agnes, Agartha, John Kweku and Comfort. His love for family was unmatched, and he always prioritized our well-being above all else. As we bid farewell to our dear brother, we carry his legacy in our hearts. Though, he is no longer with us in person, his spirit lives on in the memories we cherish. We find solace in the fact that, his life was a blessing to us by God. Our lives are forever enriched for having had him as a brother, and he would always hold a special place in our hearts.

Kobena Mensah, may you rest in perfect peace in the bosom of our Lord as we trust in the Lord to guide us till we meet again.



