

## IN LOVING MEMORY OF

## ERNEST MKWADWO NYARKO



It's not the length of life, but the depth of life that truly matters; for what we have once enjoyed, we can never lose. All that we love deeply becomes a part of us.



# CEREMONIAL SERVICE TEAM

## **OFFICIATING CLERGY**

Rev. Samuel Larbi-Eck (Berean Baptist Church, Lartebiokorshie)
Rev. Samuel Frank Odonkor (Berean Baptist Church, Lartebiokorshie)
Rev. Dr Seth Adjei Mohenu (Faith Independent Baptist Church, Kotobabi)
Dr. Benjamin Sowah (Blessed Hope Baptist Church, Lartebiokorshie)
Rev. Solomon Lamptey (Berean Baptist Church (Weija)
Evangelist Isaac Boateng (Berean Baptist Church, Lartebiokorshie)
Evangelist Dominic Somuah (Berean Baptist Church, Ofaakor, Kasoa)

## **SERVICE COORDINATORS**

Deacon Daniel Osei
Deacon Hayford Amoh
Deacon George Twum Ampofo
Deacon Emmanuel Quao

## **ORGANIST**

Mr Desmond Okyere

## ORDER OF SERVICE

## PART I (PRE-BURIAL SERVICE, HAATSO-ACCRA)

Procession

Call to Worship

Hymn (Victory in Jesus)

**Opening Prayer** 

Filing past (Melodies by Choir)

Tributes

**Closing Prayer** 

Benediction

## PART II (PRE-BURIAL SERVICE, HAATSO-ACCRA)

Hymn (O that will be Glory)

Biography

Tributes

Scripture Reading

Offering (Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken)

Sermon

Prayer for family

Offering (Melodies by Choir)

Announcements

Closing Hymn (Abide with me)

**Closing Prayer** 

Benediction

## PART III (GRAVESIDE, PRANG)

Hymn (Sweet By and By)

Prayer

Commital

Laying of Wreaths

Vote of Thanks

**Closing Prayer** 



## **HYMNS**

## **VICTORY IN JESUS**

- 1 I heard an old, old story, how a Savior came from glory, How He gave His life on Calvary to save a wretch like me: I heard about His groaning, of His precious blood's atoning, Then I repented of my sins and won the victory.
- 2 I heard about His healing, of His cleansing pow'r revealing, How He made the lame to walk again and caused the blind to see; And then I cried, "Dear Jesus, come and heal my broken spirit," And somehow Jesus came and brought to me the victory.
- I heard about a mansion He has built for me in glory, And I heard about the streets of gold beyond the crystal sea; About the angels singing and the old redemption story, And some sweet day I'll up there the song of victory.

## **CHORUS**

O victory in Jesus, my Savior, forever! He sought me and bought me with His redemption blood, He loved me ere I knew Him, and all my love is due Him- He plunged me to victory beneath the cleansing flood.

## O THAT WILL BE GLORY

- 1 When all my labors, and trials are o'er And I am safe on that beautiful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I adore Will thru the ages be glory for me.
- **2** When, by the gift of His infinite grace, I am accorded in heaven a place, Just to be there and to look on His face Will thru the ages be glory for me.
- **3** Friends will be there I have loved long ago, Joy like a river around me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Savior, I know, Will thru the ages be glory for me.

## **CHORUS**

O that will be glory for me, Glory for me, glory for me; When by His grace I shall look on His face, That will be glory, be glory for me!

## GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN

- 1 Glorious things of Thee are spoken, Zion city of our God; He, whose word cannot be broken, Formed Thee for His own abode: On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake Thy sure repose? With Salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may smile at all Thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love, Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove: Who can faint, while such a river Ever does their thirst assuage? Grace which, Like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age.
- **3** Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear; For a glory and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near! Glorious things of Thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God; He, whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for His own abode.

## **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 ev-'ry passing What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy –self my guide and stay can be? Thru cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
- 4 Hold Thou Thy word before my closing eyes, Shine thru the gloom and point me to the skies, Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee- In life, in death O Lord, abide me!

## **SWEET BY AND BY**

- 1 There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it a-far, For the Father waits over the way To prepare us a dwelling place there.
- **2** We shall sing on that beautiful shore The melodious songs of the blest; And our spirit shall sorrow no more- Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
- **3** To our bountiful Father above We will offer our tribute of praise, For the glorious gift of His love And the blessings that hallow our days.

## **CHORUS**

In the sweet (In the sweet) by and by (by and by); We shall meet on that beautiful shore.



## **BIOGRAPHY**

#### **EARLY LIFE**

Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko was born on 13 July 1964 in Krofa in the Asante-Akim South Municipality of the Ashanti Region, to Nana Kwadwo Nyarko III, the Paramount Chief of Prang Traditional Area in the Bono East Region; and Madam Elizabeth Abena Kwankye of Krofa. He spent his formative years with both parents at Juaben.

### **EDUCATION**

Ernest begun his basic education in 1969 at Juaben Demonstration School in the Ashanti Region. His father was then a Mathematics Tutor at the Juaben Teacher's Training College, now Juaben Senior High School. In 1970, when his father left the teaching profession and relocated to Prang, Ernest continued his education at Nyarko Primary School in Prang. Having demonstrated a high level of academic excellence, Ernest earned a double promotion from Primary Four (4) to Primary Six (6), as was the practice in those days. He then continued to the middle school (that is present day Junior High School) at the Local Authority No.2 Middle School in 1976 in Prang. Just after a year, Ernest left for Sunyani, the Bono Regional Capital, to continue his basic education at the Rapid Preparatory School. He wrote and passed the Common Entrance Examination and got admitted to Sunyani Senior High School and completed the Ordinary Level Certificate Examination in 1983. He then proceeded to the Dormaa Ahenkro Senior High School for his Advanced Level Certificate Examination from 1983 to 1985, Ernest.

gained admission into the University of Ghana, Legon in 1987 for his undergraduate studies and successfully completed with a degree in Economics and Statistics in 1990. At the University, he was also a Representative of Akuafo Hall on the Student Representative Council. After his National Service at the Institute of Statistical Social and Economic Research (ISSER), at the University of Ghana, Legon, he was awarded a Scholarship in 1993 to pursue his post-graduate studies at the University of Oslo (UiO) in Norway, where he completed his master's degree in economics with Finance in 1998. Besides the rigorous academic work at the University of Oslo, he was also a leading member of the Ghanaian/African Students Union. To consummate his professional career development, Ernest also earned an Association of Chartered Certified Accountants (ACCA) certificate and was certified as a Representative by the Financial Services Board of South Africa in 1999 and 2011 respectively.



### **WORKING LIFE**

Ernest was an astute finance and investment professional with over 25 years' of extensive experience in Infrastructure Investments, Private Equity, Pension Fund Management, and Privatization. He was also a Researcher with a keen interest in SME financing and development and had to his credit well-researched articles on finance and investment published in globally renowned journals. He began his working life with KPMG Ghana as a Business Analyst in 2001 and later worked as a Senior Investment Manager at Fidelity Capital Partners, the private equity subsidiary of Fidelity Bank, Ghana. In 2006, he moved on to the Social Security and National Insurance Trust (SSNIT), Ghana's national pension fund, as head of Equity Investments. He joined the ARM-Harith Infrastructure Investment Limited of South Africa, as an Investment Director in 2008 and has been the Country Director for Ghana and Nigeria since the year 2016. At Harith, he led the development and execution of several infrastructure investments projects in South Africa, Ghana and Nigeria until his untimely demise on Monday 17, April 2023.

### MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE

Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko's family life was just as fulfilling as his professional life. He was a loving husband to his wife whom he married in 1994 at Berean Baptist Church Lartebiorkoshie, in Ghana. Their union was blessed with two children, Nana Kofi and Nana Amma. Ernest was a devoted family man who cherished the time spent with his loved ones. He was deeply committed to the well-being and education of his children and was a supportive and loving husband to his wife. Ernest's happy and fulfilling family life was a testament to his remarkable character and his dedication to those closest to him. His legacy will continue to inspire those who knew him, both professionally and personally.

### **CHRISTIAN LIFE**

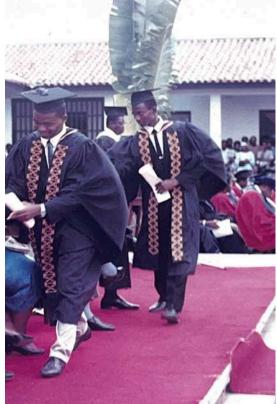
As a devout Christian, Ernest was an active member of the Berean Baptist Church located at Laterbiokorshie in Accra and played a leading role in church expansion and relocation activities. Indeed, he was a two-time Board Chair of the Berean Baptist Churches and Outreach Ministries spread across suburban Accra and its environs including Lartebiokorshie, Dome, Weija, Ofaakor, Joma and Dodowa. At the University of Oslo, he was a multipleterm Deacon at the Free International Baptist Church, Sandvika, Oslo. He was also the Founder and President of the Consolation Ministries International, an organization dedicated to the Ministry of Giving (sharing resources with the needy via educational scholarships, mentoring, motivational messages, etc) and pointing people to the peace of God which passes all understanding.

#### **CONCLUSION**

Ernest, the entire family, friends and loved ones are devasted by your sudden departure and you will forever be missed. But we are consoled by the fact that the good Lord who knows best and needs you more. He is survived by his wife, two adult children, father and mother. May the Lord grant you a peaceful resting place until we meet again on the day of resurrection.

KWADWO, DAMIRIFA DUE, DUE NE AMANEHUNU. ONYAME MFA WO KRA NSIE













ERNEST

MKWADWO

NYARKO

TRIBUTES

Tamily



## FLORENCE B. NYARKO (WIFE)

GIVING BACK TO GOD THE BEST PART OF ME

Rev 21:4: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away" - Amen!

I stand before you to remember my beloved Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko, affectionately called "Joe." He was my crown, confidant, soulmate, strength, and support. Joe's life, though brief, was well-lived. We met in 1991 during my national service at Ghana Commercial Bank (now GCB Bank PLC). Joe had completed his undergraduate studies and had been assigned to the Institute of Statistical Social and Economic Research (ISSER) for his national service as a teaching assistant at the University of Ghana. At the time, the University provided accommodation in hostels for teaching assistants (TAs), but unfortunately, that option was not available during that year. As a result, he had to explore other alternatives for lodging.

Through God's providential will, he met a brother named Phillip Oduro Ameyaw who offered him a place to stay in Lartebiorkoshie. While in Lartebiorkoshie, he sought a place to worship and found Berean Baptist Church. Joe loved the church and transferred his membership there from Calvary Baptist in Sunyani. As a young lady in the choir, I didn't know my service to God would lead me to marriage. Joe was drawn to my voice and would frequently engage me in conversation after service. We realized our connection was not a coincidence, but God's providence. He would tell me often how he would want to marry me one day and, true to his words, he eventually did.

After completing his national service, Joe joined the Agricultural Development Bank (ADB) in Kumasi while I was posted to GCB's Kyebi branch. While in Kyebi, Joe made it a point to visit me whenever he could, strengthening our bond. One day, Joe came with the big news that he had received a scholarship to study abroad, we were excited about the opportunity but nervous about what it would mean for us. To ensure our commitment, knocking rites were performed in July 1993 before he left for Norway. We kept in touch through long love letters. After what felt like a long year, he returned, and we got married on July 5, 1994. We believe our shared faith gave us the strength to endure a long-distance relationship.

Joe was full of life and humor, making our home stress-free. He would often refer to me as "Akosua ahoufe," a nickname known by everyone close to him; and on other days, the mention of "Akosua akyire" would indicate that something had gone amiss. I remember jokingly reporting him to our Pastor for changing my name to "Akosua Akyiri," causing laughter among us. Joe was one of a kind, and I feel blessed to have married him.

Our union was blessed with two children—Nana Kofi and Nana Amma. We called ourselves "The Fantastic Four," signifying our unity and strength. The fact that God blessed Joe and I with both genders gave us a lot of joy; and seeing them receive the Lord as their personal Savior in 2008 and 2012, respectively, made our joy complete. We were thrilled to be able to raise them in a Christian home and see them grow in their faith.

Although we had our fair share of little squabbles, as is common in any relationship, our love for each other always shone through. He was honest and accepting of his mistakes—which only made me respect and admire him more. Joe's openness was one of his most endearing qualities. He was never afraid to express his feelings, thoughts, dreams, and desires. Beyond our romantic relationship, his genuine interest in my personal development was evident in everything he did. He valued my interests and went out of his way to support my happiness. Perhaps what I appreciated most about Joe was his ability to imbue a sense of responsibility in me. By putting me in charge of many affairs, he helped me grow and become a more responsible person who felt trusted and valued by others.

One of my most cherished memories is the surprise birthday party we threw for Joe's 51st birthday (we called it "50+1") a few years ago It was tennis themed. The children, who were my accomplices in this plan, helped me with every detail, but the most challenging part was getting Joe to the event, which was meant to be a surprise. My brother then came up with a brilliant idea: he would pretend that he had some contracts from Singapore that required the signature of a traditional Ghanaian expert in a specific field. Knowing how knowledgeable Joe was in that area, it wasn't difficult to convince him to dress up in traditional regalia to meet the clients. However, this was all a ploy to lure him out of the house and into the event center where we had the surprise party planned. Joe was completely taken aback when he arrived and saw the tennis-themed setup we had prepared for him. Witnessing the surprise on his face was incredibly gratifying, and he couldn't stop clapping with joy as he bubbled with excitement. It was a moment of pure delight and a testament to the success of our clever ruse.

At the time, I never could have imagined that we would soon be parting ways. Your presence was always a source of comfort and security for me. There was never a night that I went to bed worried about what the next day would bring because I knew that you were there, handling everything with your usual grace and efficiency. We had many more happy times ahead of us, but now, I find myself feeling lost and helpless without you by my side. We spoke about a lot of things-how to continue to impact our children, your work, my work, plans for retirement, our consolation ministry project, and much more; but we never spoke about you leaving us so suddenly and so soon. Your sudden and untimely death has left us in a state of shock and disbelief. When you took ill a few weeks ago, we all believed you would recover quickly. In chats and video calls with the children and myself, you continued to make your usual jokes. My world was turned upside down that fateful afternoon when you passed away the darkest day of my life. However, I take solace in knowing that you lived a life full of love, kindness, and generosity, and that your legacy will continue to inspire and guide us. I know you would want me to be strong and confident to continue supporting our children, as well as carry on with your unfinished business in the way that you taught me.

You have fought a good fight and finished the race with resounding faith. There is laid up for you a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give you on that day. Until we meet again, thank you so much for loving me and for being my greatest love. You have impacted my life positively.

May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace. "Nyame mfa wo kra nsie yie" till we meet again.



# TRIBUTE FROM ERNEST N.K. NYARKO (SON)

### THE GOOD SAMARITAN

To the memory of my beloved father, my beloved family, my distinguished mother, my beautiful sister, and as my dad would say, friends. We come together today to celebrate the life of an extraordinary man taken from us too soon. A kind person, a wise mentor, and a loyal friend who embodied so much of what is best in a father and in humanity.

In the natural order, children are called, one day, to bury their parents, but nothing quite prepares you for the words "your father is dead." Yet, here we are, united in our collective grief and our admiration for a man who has touched so many lives.

#### WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

The year was 2006, and the air inside the church was filled with anticipation and reverence. My mum had pulled me from Sunday school, where the little children played, to sit among the congregation, where the little children did not play. I was long faced but wide-eyed and curious, I remember because my mum made sure I was, as I listened intently to the pastor at the front of the room recounting the parable of the Good Samaritan. As the pastor's words echoed through the room, I turned to my father and whispered, "Who is thy neighbor? Isn't it Mr. Agbomson and Auntie Jane (our neighbors)?". My father laughed and would answer the questions many years later.

## THE ONE WHO SHOWED KINDNESS

It was a warm summer day, and we were on a trip to the outer city of New York, just the two of us – my dad and I. I remember thinking while seated on the subway with him, "today is going to be a good

day" as the sun warmed my face from the nearside window - no offense to the other days. We had just left the subway station, climbing the stairs to the bustling streets above. Amidst the noise and chaos, there was an old woman struggling with her bags, her frail arms shaking as she tried to carry them up the stairs. My initial instinct then was to walk past her, as many others had done, focusing only on my excitement for the day ahead. But my father, without missing a beat, stepped forward to help. He smiled charmingly, instantly winning her trust and with her permission, he gently took the bags from the old woman's grasp and carried them up the stairs for her, all the while ensuring she was safe and steady on her feet. Upon reaching the top, he handed the bags back to her with his warm smile. The woman, her eyes filled with gratitude, thanked him profusely before continuing on her way. My father then pulled me aside and looked me in the eye. "Son," he said, "I want you to remember something very important. We are all part of this world, and it is our duty to help and care for one another. Sometimes, it's as simple as lending a hand to someone in need. That small act of kindness can make a world of difference in someone's life." That day, my father didn't just teach me a valuable lesson; he showed me what it meant to be a kind person, a good person, a Good Samaritan. I reflected then about the question I asked that sunday many years ago and realized that was my dad's answer to it, that we're all neighbors and a true neighbor is someone who shows compassion, kindness, and care for others, regardless of life circumstance. It is the bolder still idea that everyone, no, anyone, can make a difference.

With the single, decisive force of character, my father proved to me that kindness and strength are not mutually exclusive.

I would continue to see my father live out the word in deed.

#### LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF

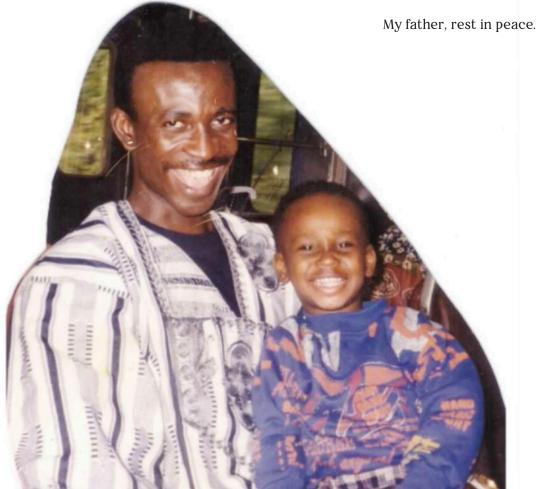
My father was known for being principled and methodical, almost clinical never compromising on his values even when it was tough to speak up or tough to act. I believe my father was so because he was a true neighbor. He understood that the cost of doing nothing is not nothing, that we all bear the burden of inaction, he knew and taught me that to love your neighbour as yourself is to take responsibility, to act, to be called, as individuals and as collectives, to ask the tough questions and make the tough calls that bring out the best in us, through us, for us. From KPMG to SSNIT, ARM-Harith, and even Planwell (an insurance startup he would found towards the end of his life), his relentless commitment to his neighbors would culminate in his life's ultimate mission to help close Africa's infrastructure gap - a pursuit he carried out with distinction even on his final day. I understand now that when we love our neighbors as ourselves, our strength grows and the impact of our actions multiply many fold.

### GO, AND DO LIKEWISE.

My father left us, through his actions in life, with a final tough challenge, "Many years from now, when people look back and ask, 'What did you do?', what will we say?" And hearing him, we would be reminded that it falls on each of us to speak up when it is hard, to act when it is not easy, and to follow through when we begin because the cost of doing nothing, is not nothing. As neighbors, we all bear the cost of inaction. That was his testimony, that is his life, that will be his legacy – a reminder that no matter how short a life or how brief an act, much good can be done and, better still, much good can be inspired.

For now, my dad has completed his work, for the Lord has now called him home, to give his humble, faithful servant rest. And it now falls on us to continue his work, to be Good Samaritans. That's how we will honor him. That's how we will remember him. That's what he would hope for.

May God bless the memory of the remarkable Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko. And may God bless his family, his community, and all the people he touched during his time on earth.



## SHARON N.A. NYARKO OMOREGBEE (DAUGHTER)

No matter how much I write, I will never be able to fully capture just how much my dad means to me. He was more than just a parent; hewas a guiding light and inspiration to me. There was an unwavering bond we shared: I was his "Nana Amma Sweetheart" and he was my "Dad"—not just any dad, but one who continuously showed up, encouraged, provided, filled my life with joy and inspired me to be my best myself. I'm grateful that I never questioned if I was loved or cared for because I had a dad who made it abundantly clear.

A vivid memory I have of this was years ago in primary school when I had been selected to compete in a talent program that caught the attention of local news. For hours after he'd come back from work, my dad would practise my stage lines with me, patiently, offering constructive criticism and encouragement. When I challenged myself to perform a gymnastic routine for the program, he helped me perfect my moves every day until I got it right. After winning the program, when I thanked him for his support, he kissed me on the forehead and said dismissively: "My Sweetheart, what are responsible dads for?" This phrase would become his signature expression for me-he would use it time and time again to show his love and support, even during trying times. It became a reminder that I had someone in my corner who believed in me and would always be there to lift me up.

My dad had a consistency of character that drew others to him and his character seemed to combine multiple qualities in a remarkable way. He was a natural leader; he had a way of making everyone feel seen and heard—whether he was talking to a friend or a stranger; despite his numerous achievements, he remained humble and grounded; he was firm, but fair; old-

fashioned, but always looking for ways to modernise and improve his understanding of the world around him; he was never short on opinions, but always listened first; his charisma made him friends easily, but he was content being alone with his thoughts. I always complimented the range he had as an orator to speak with authority, glibly or profoundly, as the occasion called. He was serious when he had to be, but loved to laugh and make us laugh. One of my favourite stories he would tell was about the day I was born. It was a snowy winter day in Oslo and my mum had started experiencing labour pangs. My dad called for a taxi, hoping it would arrive quickly, but when it pulled up, it was parked far away from their apartment building. In a hurry and without a second thought, he sprinted through the thick snow to tell the driver to come closer, not even realising that he had forgotten to put on shoes. He didn't care because all he could think about was getting my mum to the hospital as quickly as possible for a safe delivery. This story and the way he told it with animated expressions and gestures always made us laugh.

My dad often said that I reminded him of himself-sometimes, jokingly, as a compliment to himself when I'd done something he was proud of. (In our home, he was notorious for his "wo faa me nyansa, εηγε wo maame deε" joke.) My dad and I are both fiercely competitive and naturally assertive: he was very particular about exactly how he liked everything, but so was I. Never short on opinions, we would banter spiritedly over anything and everything: the quickest way to fold a shirt, which necktie he should wear to work, the meaning of life, who had a better singing voice, or who is the greatest tennis player of all time. Our discussions were never one-sided, but rather an equal exchange

thoughts. He never dismissed my ideas or belittled my opinions—instead, he encouraged me to think critically and to stand up for what I believed in. We could argue and disagree and still come away from the conversation feeling closer than ever, and this was a reflection of the deep connection that we shared. Sometimes, when he didn't see eye to eye, I would teasingly remind him I was a reflection of all the things he had taught me and the very same child he'd raised to be assertive and opinionated. He'd chuckle and roll his eyes at me.

As I got older and became more independent, my dad continued to be a source of strength and support. Even when we weren't together, he was always a FaceTime video call away, and he has never not been there when I've needed him. We ended our phone calls with an "I love you", and those words never lost their meaning up until his last days. When my dad turned 50, my mum threw him a wonderfully intimate surprise birthday party. I still remember the joy on his face as he walked through the door, surrounded by cheers from family and friends who had gathered to celebrate him. At the end of the night, my dad stood to give a speech. He thanked everyone for coming to celebrate him and expressed his gratitude for the love and support he had received throughout his life. He spoke about the importance of God, family, and community, and reminded us all that life is precious and should be cherished. In the same measure, I want to thank you all today

for coming to express your support to us and to honour our dad. Your presence is a grace that we do not take for granted. He's leaving behind a legacy of remembered acts of kindness and love. In fact, these days, his life touches me most in the way I hear others remember him; every story I hear supports my understanding of him, and deepens my appreciation for his life and his legacy. Truthfully, no man I have ever met was my father's equal; he had immeasurable impact and he was a beacon of light that illuminated everything around him. That my mum, my brother and I were privileged to deeply know, understand and love him is the biggest gift we've been given. Heaven always beckons the best ones on.

To my mum, I love you. Thank you for being an incredible wife to our dad and the best mother to us. The love and devotion he had for you all these years has been the foundation of our family and an inspiration to me and so many others. Time and again, he would compare true love not to married love but to the love you had for my brother and I. I know he's rooting for you right now because he always has.

To my brother, I love you. The memories we shared with Dad are countless and precious, and I feel so lucky to be your sibling and to have shared them with you. He truly was a blessing in our lives, and his influence lives on through us.

Thank you, Dad, for everything. I love you.



# NANA KWADWO NYARKO III, PRANG OMANHENE (FATHER)

Standing before you today with a broken heart, bidding farewell to my son Ernest is one of the hardest things I have ever had to do. Words cannot describe my state of mind and how I am feeling at this moment, but I will try.

The loss of a child, and that of Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko of all, is something I could have never prepared for. Kwadwo, the news of your sudden departure shook the entire Prang state to its very foundation like an earthquake. Indeed, the royal family is still struggling to come to terms with this tragic event. I and the royal family never prepared ourselves for this; we were not ready and are still not ready!

You had so many dreams and so many plans, and now that you are gone, how can these dreams and plans come true? Kwadwo was a wonderful, sweet boy. Even as a baby, he had a calm temperament and, as he grew into a little boy, always took things in his stride. As he grew from a boy into a teenager, I could see the man that he would become – intelligent, strong, steadfast, and assured. He loved school and was always competitive, but humble, which was such an endearing quality.

Kwadwo and I had some wonderful times together, and anytime he paid a visit to me at Prang, we spent hours talking about life. It was those conversations that I will never forget. He was adored by his friends and family, and it is a testament to him how many of you are here today to say farewell. Not only was he a loving son and brother, but he was also a kind and giving friend. It was always a pleasure to be around Kwadwo. He could enter a room and brighten it with his smile, his attitude,

or just his presence. He made friends so easily and was true to each one of them. He supported them, guided them, and made them happy, and always made me happy too.

The Prang State cannot recount all the sacrifices you made as a way of paying back to the society which nurtured you. However, two key contributions can never be forgotten:

- In the year 2005, you, together with your professional colleagues namely Philip Oduro-Amoyaw and Robert Nachindi, responded to a call by the Bank of Ghana to bring your expertise to bear in the resuscitation of the then collapsing Yapra Rural Bank at Prang. Today, the bank is back on its feet and serving the community.
- You also sponsored the entire cost of the celebration to mark the 50th Anniversary of the enstoolment of Nana Kwadwo Nyarko III, Omanhene of Prang. Prangman says thank you for the honour done to your dear father and the Prang state.

Kwadwo, I love you with all my heart; I am profoundly proud of you. I will continue to be the best dad I can be to your siblings, as you expect. I will continue to seek peace, as you wished. I will not let you down. It's my turn to make you proud.

Ernest died with the dignity and the respect he deserved. He achieved his goal of making us proud. You have indeed "fought a good fight", as the good book says, and I look forward to seeing you again on the day of resurrection.

The Royal family wishes to express our heartfelt thanks to all those who have given their support, compassion, and love throughout this very difficult time. I know in my heart that he would

not want us to grieve for too long. Rather, Ernest would want us all to remember the good times we all shared with him. Goodbye, dear son.



ERNEST 18

MKWADWO 18

NYARKO
Kest in Peace

## **OBAAPANYIN ELIZABETH KWANKYE (MOTHER)**

The years of our life are threescore and ten or even, by reason of strength, fourscore; yet their span is but toil and trouble, they are soon gone, and we fly away. (Ps 90:10)

Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko, my dear beloved son, I bid you farewell today. It was very hard for me to believe you were gone. You were a great and priceless child to me. If we were allowed to exchange positions, I would have let you stay, and I would have taken your place. I am so saddened by your death because you never gave me a hint when you talked to me that fateful morning. I am, however, comforted by God's words that say, "Those who lived good lives find peace and rest in death." It is really true that our ways are not God's ways, but His ways are surely higher than ours. I pray that the Almighty God consoles me as you rest in His bosom.

Kwadwo, I'm sorry, and I bid you farewell. May you rest in peace. Kwadwo Nyarko, Damirifa due, Due ne Amanehunu. Mema wo Nante Yie.



# TRIBUTE FROM **ASENIE CLAN**

There is a time for everything, a time to be born and a time to die. (Eccl 3:1-3)

That is why we learn A B C D in school.

A-After B-Birth C-Comes D-Death

The late Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko, whose mortal remains lie before us, was born in Krofa in the Ashanti Akim District in the year 1964 and passed away on the 17th April 2023. His parents were Nana Kwadwo Nyarko III, Omanhene of Prang Traditional Area, and Obaapanyin Elizabeth Kwankye of Krofa Asenie clan. He was the firstborn of his mother's six (6) children. Kwadwo was raised by his father when he was about

seven years old. Kwadwo got to know his family through his uncle Abusuapanin Robert Sem, whose wife is native of Sunyani. Kwadwo was welcomed back to the Asenie clan at Krofa in 1975. He was then in secondary school. Kwadwo was the apple of the family's eye, especially his mother's. He was a devoted Christian and a faithful member of his church, Baptist.

A great tree has fallen; where can we find a replacement? Kwadwo! We believe that, at the sound of the trumpet, we shall all meet in heaven.

Kwadwo Da Yie! Kwadwo Da Yie!!

## TRIBUTE FROM **SIBLINGS**

#### BY SIBLINGS (PATERNAL FAMILY)

### TO OUR BELOVED BROTHER

Brother Kwadwo, your loving siblings,

Brother Kwabena Yeboah, Kwabena Boateng, Nana Yaw, Afia Foriwaa, Akua Nyarko, Mama, and Kofi Owusu are the only surviving children of the Nana Kwadwo Nyarko III Royal Family of Prang – Traditional Area in the Bono East Region.

A light from our household is gone. The voice we loved is stilled. A place is vacant in our home which can never be filled. Words cannot describe the sorrow churning through us as we write this tribute. One of the things you will be remembered for is

your active interest in and concern for our progress and commitment to everyone's affairs. Your simplicity of manner, loyalty in our dealings, and your generosity can never be forgotten.

Mr. Nyarko, "our one and only brother," as we normally call you, we will miss your sense of creating humor, deep caring, and your love for everyone.

You will forever be greatly missed. We believe you are resting in the bosom of Abraham.

With a heavy heart, we bid you farewell.

Damirifa due, due ne Amanihunu. Odesheeba nante yie.

## **BY SIBLINGS (MATERNAL FAMILY)**

He will wipe every tear from their eyes: There will be no more death, or mourning, or crying or pain, For the old order of things has passed away. (Rev 21:4)

Our brother Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko was a gift unto us. He led all his life being humble and respectful, always behaving in a unique way that was imprinted on our brains and can never truly go away. From childhood till his demise, Kwadwo, our brother, had been living in harmony with us.

Ah, Kwadwo, your loss is like a missing piece in the game of life; if nothing at all, a little bit of your behavior will always remain with us. We love you so much, but

we believe your Maker wanted you to be an Army Officer in heaven, fighting for the protection of innocent and God-fearing ones on earth.

When you were born, you became our brother; now that you have departed from us, we pray you become our guardian angel. In Christ Jesus, may the Almighty God forgive, accept, and grant you a perfect place in His kingdom until we meet someday. May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace. Da yie!







## TRIBUTE FROM ADU-BAH FAMILY

God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore, we will not fear, though the earth be moved and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea; Though the waters thereof rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same. There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Highest (Psalm 46: 1- 4)

We met our dear in-law Ernest in the early 90s when he started attending Berean Baptist Church at Laterbiokorshie. Our initial impressions of him were of a Godfearing, well-mannered young man who was disciplined, dedicated, and determined to make the most of every opportunity he had. Through our interactions with Ernest, we began to like him and built a strong friendship/relationship with him.

Our fondness for Ernest was compounded when we got the news that he and our sister Florence would be joined together in holy matrimony. We had great memories of having Ernest as a brother-in-law and were extremely elated when Ernest and Florence were blessed with two wonderful children – Ernest and Sharon.

Throughout their many wonderful years of marriage, Ernest was a rock not only for his nuclear family but also extended his love and care to the Adu-Bah family. We considered Ernest not only as a brother-in-law but also as a brother that we could reach out to for comfort, companionship, and nuggets of wisdom. We found Ernest to be very resourceful, polite, kind, and always ready to lend a helping hand when asked. There have been several instances when we called upon Bro Ernest and

asked for counsel relating to educational choices, career moves, and general issues. We could always count on him to provide Godly counsel.

Indeed, time flies, and for the close to thirty years that we've known him, we thought our relationship and friendship with him was only starting. We built such a close relationship with him that we considered him an integral part of our family. We are still in deep shock and cannot believe that our great in-law and brother is no longer with us.

The pain we felt on the fateful day when we received the call about the passing of our brother Ernest is unfathomable! This was beyond our wildest imaginations. We were looking forward to continuing our bond and friendship with Ernest for many more years and enjoying more words of wisdom from him.

Our sadness and sorrow on his passing cannot be described. We feel a big hole that cannot be plugged. We are praying that the good Lord will grant us strength and enable us to withstand the pain that we are all feeling now.

Although we are physically separated from Ernest, we know that he will stay with us forever. His kind words, gentle demeanor, great ideas, and great impact on his community will live forever. We know that Ernest's impact, ideals, and positive outlook will live on through our sister Florence and our nephew Ernest and niece Sharon.

REST WELL AKONTA ERNEST, YOUR IMPACT ON US WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN

## THE OMOREGBEE FAMILY

It is with utmost reverence that I, Mr. Osaigbovo Omoregbee, and my family offer tribute to our esteemed in-law, a paragon of integrity and virtue. This man of exemplary worth is not given to condescension, but rather, exudes humility and empathy towards his fellow beings. He possesses a unique ability to bring solace and happiness to others, even at the cost of his own comfort and well-being. It is with great delight and contentment that my wife, children, and I cherish the legacy of his benevolent influence, manifested in the exemplary offspring he has brought forth. With profound gratitude and respect, "Okhien ede hia orhuan noghan"; meaning I bid you farewell my respectable in-law.

## TRIBUTE FROM

## THEOPHILUS OMOREGBEE (SON-IN-LAW)

To my mother-in-law, Mama Florence, my wife, Sharon, and my brother-in-law, Ernest, I want to express my deepest sympathy. We are in this together, and we will find strength in each other as we navigate this difficult time.

Dad was a man of remarkable character and integrity, and his loss is felt not only by our family but also by the countless others whose lives he touched over the years. So, while we mourn, it is important that we remember him with great fondness and gratitude for the many ways in which he touched our lives.

The first time I spoke to Dad was over the phone. I was dating Sharon at the time, and I remember feeling nervous because she had always spoken highly of him, and I wanted to make a good first impression. From the moment he answered, however, I was put at ease by the warmth of his voice and the kindness in his words. It was as if he had a way of making even the most anxious person feel calm and collected. Our conversation was natural, and we had an instant connection that bridged

the distance between us. Over time, these conversations grew longer and more frequent, and I began to look forward to getting to know him better when we finally met in person.

When that day came, he welcomed me with open arms into his home and went out of his way to make sure I was comfortable and had everything I needed. I was struck by how naturally his graciousness extended beyond words; I fondly recall that he gave up his home office space so that I could work uninterrupted while I was there. Considering he had a demanding job that required his time and attention, it was a gesture that spoke volumes about his character and the depth of his kindness toward me. Our relationship continued to thrive after this encounter, and one of the things I quickly started to value was the ability to confide in him without fear of judgement-whether it was to vent about a tough day at work or to share my excitement about a recent accomplishment.

During our conversations, we often delved into our life experiences and how they intersected. We both faced the daunting challenge of leaving our homes behind to start a new life in a foreign land. We shared stories of struggles and triumphs, and I found solace in his wise counsel. One particular piece of advice he shared with me has remained with me to this day: "Your outlook on life impacts its quality. Choosing to approach it with a positive attitude makes all the difference." This simple but powerful statement has been a guiding principle for me in times of difficulty and resonates with me on a spiritual level—reminding me of Philippians 4:6-7.

One of the things he was passionate about was football. (He had an encyclopedic knowledge not just about football, but about most sports, which made it engaging to be around him.) He loved watching games and talking about his favorite club, Manchester United. Anytime I was in Accra, we would make a point to watch games together whenever we could, and he would often share his thoughts on how the team could improve and the tactics that should be employed to win. A few months ago, I remember a phone call I had with my father-in-law before a highly anticipated Liverpool-Manchester United game. He confidently predicted that Manchester United would win by 2 goals, but the game ended up being a crushing defeat for them, with Liverpool winning 7-0. When I checked the family WhatsApp group after the game, Mama Florence teasingly mentioned that my father-in-law had gone to bed early that night, unable to bear the disappointment of the result. We all had a laugh. Other times, it was his sharp wit that brought a smile to my face. For instance, when Manchester United signed Erik ten Hag as the new coach, he quipped, 'We need ten Hag to coach us to a

title.' He always seemed to know the right thing to say to make any situation a little bit brighter. His love for the sport extended beyond watching it—he was always eager to learn more about it. As an avid reader, there was a book called "Leading" written by ex-Manchester United coach, Sir Alex Ferguson, which he often referenced in our conversations. He loved the parallels it drew between sports and business in exploring key pillars of management and leadership.

Among his many wonderful qualities, his intelligence and enthusiasm for engaging in diverse conversations were a testament to his curious spirit. He was always eager to learn new things and to expand his knowledge of the world. He found immense joy in these exchanges, even in the simple pleasures of life such as savoring a refreshing glass of juice or indulging in the rich flavors of traditional Ghanaian dishes like fufu and kotodwe nkwan. He found delight in both the profound and the mundane, always embracing the beauty of life's intricate tapestry.

We love you, Dad. Even though your physical presence is no longer with us, your spirit and legacy will live on and inspire us forever. You are loved by so many and will never be forgotten.

Rest in peace.



ERNEST

MKWADWO

NYARKO

TRIBUTES

Murch



## **BEREAN BAPTIST CHURCH**

"The righteous perish, and no man lays it to heart, and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous are taken away from the evil to come. He shall enter into peace; they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness" (Isaiah 57:1-2).

The Church deems it fit to pay a special tribute to Mr Ernest Nyarko, also known by all and sundry as Bro. Ernest or Deacon Nyarko. It has not been easy writing this tribute. The challenge was how to start, where to touch, how to end, and more. In fact, time and space will not permit us to write all that we know of Bro. Ernest from our association with him spanning over thirty years.

Mr Nyarko became associated with the church when he came and lived in Lartebiokorshie, where the church is located. This was in 1991 when he had just completed his studies at the University of Ghana, Legon, and was doing his national service. He immediately joined the Youth Fellowship of the church (BEYAC) and got himself actively involved in its activities. He was also an active member of the Men's Fellowship.

He traveled to Norway for a few years for further studies. When he returned with his family, they re-established links with the church. Bro. Ernest did not shy away from taking up responsibilities in the church. He played various roles in the church over the years to the best of his ability. He was the church interpreter (translating from English to Twi), a Sunday School teacher until his demise, a two-time Deacon, and Chairman of the Deacon Board of the church. Until his passing, he also chaired the joint Finance and Building committees

of the church, responsible for the Dome relocation project of the church. He was the Chairman for the occasion when the church celebrated its 40th-Anniversary last year (2022).

Mr Nyarko, together with his dear wife Florence, loved the Lord in word and deed. Their dedication to the Lord and the church will contain volumes if we have to elaborate on it. He put his all into the service of the Lord, namely talents, intellect, money, time, possessions, strength, and more. At a critical period in the life of the church concerning its future existence, they made a great sacrificial intervention on behalf of the church for which we shall be eternally grateful.

His generosity to the church as well as its members cannot be overlooked. He always wanted to give a helping hand to all who needed help in any way. He was instrumental in supporting needy students by donating financially to the Samaritan purse to pay for their fees to enable them to go to school. The church will remember his trademark smiling face at all times. He would always greet people with a smile, irrespective of who they were.

His passion and desire were to mentor the young ones in the church and beyond. He played a leading role in the setting up of our ICT Team. He did not only support our church activities but also extended them to our Pastors and ministries that promoted the work of God. Together with his wife, they opened their home to the church and hosted many church activities, including baptism ceremonies, events for the wings in the church, and others. Mr Nyarko was a student of the Bible and occasionally preached at church



He showed keen interest in the development and growth of our Outreach ministries. Bro. Ernest was a person who expressed himself without fear. He made his points clearly, and when disagreements were unavoidable, he would forcefully stand by what he believed was right. The news of your sudden passing away has caused us much grief and pain. We are still in a state of shock and our tears are flowing for you. We can't come to terms with it.

We are comforted by the words of scripture as shared by the Apostle Paul in 1 Thessalonians 4:16-17, that one day we shall meet with you in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ. We

thank God that you have gone to a better place, free from any sickness and pain. Brother, rest well with the faithful departed brethren who have gone ahead of us.

Fare thee well, our beloved Deacon, brother, and friend, till we meet again. Your legacy will live on in the hearts of those whose lives you touched, and your impact on the church and the community will not be forgotten. We thank God for your life, and we are honored to have had you as part of our church family.

May your soul rest in perfect peace.

## TRIBUTE FROM

## THE LARBI-ECK FAMILY

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, "Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

We write this tribute with pain for a dear brother and friend. Our friendship with the Nyarko family extends beyond the church room. We have fond memories of our association with Bro. Ernest.

We were prayer partners as couples. While I prayed with him, our wives also prayed on their own.

We related with each other in raising our children. We shared experiences from the Christian perspective and walk with Christ, as well as our work aspirations.

Mr. Nyarko was an encourager to us. He was always ready to review some of our challenges in the pastoral field and offer critical suggestions that would help the work of the ministry.

He supported our ministry in diverse ways, which had a fruitful impact on us. We supported each other to the best of our abilities whenever it was needed. Kwadwo, as I called him, played the big brother role for us. We enjoyed each other's company with occasional visits. We loved to talk about football, with nostalgic memories of our local stars of yesteryear.

We shared in the joy of the Nyarko family on the occasion of their daughter Sharon's marriage and supported them in our small way.

What else can we say? We share in the pain of your dear family, especially Florence and the children. Our association with your family will now continue stronger in your absence.

As the Bible tells us, there is a time for everything under the sun. So it is time to say goodbye and sleep well until we meet again when the trumpet of the Lord shall sound. Davie, Kwadwo

ERNEST 26
MKWADWO 26
NYARKO
Keyf in Peace

## **REV. SAMUEL F. ODONKOR**

## BEREAN BAPTIST CHURCH, LARTEBIOBORSHIE

Ao! Owuo see fie. Owuo ye ya. Owuo amma manka masem. What shall I say about this nobleman of the Noble Berean Baptist Church – this selfless, friendly, humble, respectful, and easy-to-approach servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and a great soldier of the Cross of Calvary – who openly speaks his mind without fear or favor? Time and space will not permit me to say it all.

He was in my Church since 1991 but was not saved through the ministry of the Church. He joined us from Sunyani Calvary Baptist Church and immediately sold himself out for service to the Lord by being my interpreter. Thank God for the one who led him to Christ and thank God for his former Pastor. Ever since he joined this Church, he has been very active and responsible as he grew in grace in the Church and with the Church, which was only 9 years in existence.

By the providence of God, he found his life partner in the Church and got married to Florence Barbara Nyarko, formerly Adu-Bah, with whom they became a formidable team of husband and wife in the service of God.

All too soon, he is no more. "Show me, O LORD, my life's end and the number of my days; let me know how fleeting my life is." Ps 39:4. The LORD of Creation, Who alone has the right to terminate life, has called Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko into glory (he came into this world on a Monday and departed on a Monday) to join the heroes of Hebrews 11:13, which says, "All these people were still living by faith when they died. They did not receive the things promised, they only saw them and welcomed them from a distance, and

they admitted that they were aliens and strangers on earth."

I count myself blessed to have a person like this in my "flock of sheep" who helped me in no small way to lift up the Name of Christ and the ministry in the locality. Though a sheep, he was my very good friend as well.

I learned a lot from him and I'm grateful for his wise counsel. I was challenged to dig deeper into the Word of God, for you never know what questions he may ask at Bible Studies. I was appreciated by him, especially when his difficult theological question had been answered to his satisfaction. Last year, he supported me to undergo surgery at a VIP ward in a hospital and was among the first to visit.

There was about him a spirit of genuineness, modesty, gentleness, and humility, which enriched the lives of many, including myself. None of us will forget his broad smiles and good laugh. None of us will forget his strong voice as he reads the Twi Bible at Church Service.

While we mourn him, we know what he believes and in whom he believed, and are persuaded that he is in the arms of his Maker. My dear Ernest, sleep well in the Lord until the sound of the trumpet of the Lord lesus Christ.



## DR. BENJAMIN SOWAH

### BLESSED HOPE BAPTIST CHURCH, LARTEBIOBORSHIE

"The righteous perish, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come." (Isa 57:1)

It is with great sadness that we mourn the death of our brother, Mr. Ernest Nyarko.

Peath is callous and painful but a necessary end. Bro Ernest, we painfully mourn your sudden departure, but we must give thanks to God for a life well spent during your stay on earth. We hope to meet you when Christ comes again. We will remember you for your kindness and love. You were diligent in the discharge of your spiritual responsibilities.He touched many lives and became a blessing to all who came close to him. We express our love to the

wife and children and extend our heartfelt condolences to the family. While we grieve his passing, we take peace and comfort in knowing that his service continues on the other side. He will be missed but not forgotten. You can confidently say with the Apostle Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim 4:7-8.

May his family find joy in the memory he left behind and know that they will see him again. Bro Ernest, rest well in the bosom of the Father till we meet again. YaawOojogbann.

## TRIBUTE FROM

## **EVANGELIST & MRS. BOATENG**

## BLESSED HOPE BAPTIST CHURCH, JOMA

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

We are saddened by your passing, and it's very hard to bear the reality that you're no longer with us. Deacon Ernest, as we affectionately called you, you left without notice, nonetheless, to be with the Lord whom you loved and served faithfully. I could perfectly describe you as a "people's person" and a man of great influence. You were blessed with the gift of attracting people from all spheres. Your kindness, gentleness, and cheerful disposition were

top-notch. You were a nobleman, and you lived a life worthy of emulation. Despite your affluence and wisdom, you humbled yourself to be of help to everyone around you. Anytime we met, you would ask Isaac, "ɛti sɛn," and with your hand already outstretched for a handshake. There were no dull moments with you around. Although we all wished for you to be here with us, your God and Maker have decided that it is now time for you to rest from all your labor on earth.

You will be sorely missed, Deacon Ernest. Rest well in the Lord till we meet again. Fare thee well, Deacon Ernest.

## MEN'S FELLOWSHIP

### BEREAN BAPTIST CHURCH, LARTEBIOBORSHIE

"For none of us lives for ourselves alone, and none of us dies for ourselves alone. If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord" (Rom 14:7-8).

Our hearts are heavy with deep sorrow upon your demise, our dear brother and fellow soldier in the Army of the Lord. But we are comforted and more so thankful to God for giving you to us for the many years spent in sweet fellowship, because we have hope of meeting again.

Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko was a strong pillar in the men's fellowship wing of the church. He, along with a few of the foundation members of the fellowship, anchored the growth of the fellowship into a vibrant and spirit-filled group of dedicated and faithful Christian men. He was one member you could always count on being present for all meetings despite his busy schedule. He loved God dearly, as evident in his faithfulness to the activities of the men's fellowship and the church at large. He was very articulate and assertive in matters of faith and biblical wisdom, and on many occasions led discussions as a resource person on broad subject matters, including Christian faith, finance, insurance, and family life. He warmly opened his home annually to receive the men's fellowship and other wing members as host of the most coveted program of the year, "Miliki," climaxing the end-ofyear festivities. His home was a favorite venue for many church activities, and one would always feel the love and joy with which he hosted these programs. Today, we have been deprived of your broad smiles, which greeted us all, young and old alike. Your words of wisdom will forever live on because you invested in the lives of many and mentored many young men to take up leadership roles both in the church and in their personal lives.

Our late brother was an unparalleled giant in his Christian exploits, and as men, we choose to celebrate him today for the footprints he left in the hearts and lives of many of us seated here. For us, our hero has fought a good fight, he has finished the race, and kept the faith. And so, though we mourn, we do not do so as men without hope, but we mourn because we will miss him in every way possible due to his immense contribution to the fellowship and the entire church. Though news of your passing into glory was received with utter shock because we all expected to grow old together, as it is written, the days of our years are not in our hands, and at such a time has the Lord deemed fit to call him home. We are therefore comforted, as scripture says, we who live and the dead are both in Christ, and hence we know we shall be joined with you on that faithful day of the Lord's return.

Kwadwo Nyarko, we thank God for your life, your impact, and legacy of Christian service, love, commitment, good counsel, and faithfulness to the fellowship and the church is indelible and will forever remain in our hearts until we meet again. The members of the fellowship bid you farewell and ask the Lord to grant you eternal rest until we meet again. Rest in Peace, Thou Good Christian Man!



ERNEST

MKWADWO

NYARKO

TRIBUTES

## TRIBUTE FROM ARM-HARITH

#### TARIYE GBADEGESIN.

MANAGING DIRECTOR / CEO, ARM-HARITH.

"I met Ernest for the first time 14 years ago when we briefly overlapped on an investment while he was at Harith. It was a pleasure to reconnect at ARM-Harith as colleagues when I joined the business. Ernest was a methodological practitioner, an investment professional and ultimately stable trusted hand. What truly differentiated him was that he was kind. He was honest and he was fair. I learned from him how to disagree with dignity. Indeed, Ernest lived a life of patient dignity, as a professional who stayed the course with his projects until the proponents became family. He was a man of the church and a family man who loved his wife Florence and his kids dearly. Ernest's passing is a painful shock for us; we will miss him. May he find his eternal resting place, smiling as he always did. May God comfort Florence, Ernest Jr. and Sharon, and anchor them in the knowledge that Ernest's legacy lives on through them."

#### IOBALO OSHIKANLU.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, ARM-HARITH.

"I knew of Ernest before I met him for the first time in 2014 during which period he had been considering joining our team from Harith General Partners, and during which period, I quickly learned what a seasoned professional he was. Methodical and painstaking, his attention to detail is a valuable and endangered quality in our infrastructure finance trade. Ernest's sudden departure has marked for me an extraordinary life experience in that he had been sharing with me and my family, only 20 days earlier, his "heartfelt condolences" on my mother who passed

on the day. I pray that the good Lord comforts his entire family left behind and fill the void created by the loss."

### ADAOBI NNORUKAH,

INVESTMENT DIRECTOR, ARM-HARITH.

"Ernest was kind and supportive as a colleague. His passion for the work always came through in our engagements. We are really sad to lose you so soon, Ernest, but we take some comfort in the fact that you lived a full life and left behind a rich legacy. Rest in peace."

### **LUQMAN AWARI-YUSUF,**

INVESTMENT DIRECTOR, ARM-HARITH.

"My thoughts, heartfelt sympathies, and condolences to the family during this difficult time. May God forgive him all his sins and grant him Paradise. Sending well wishes and prayers to the family."

#### OPUIYO OFORIOKUMA AND FAMILY,

IMMEDIATE PAST CEO, ARM-HARITH. SENIOR PARTNER, AFRICASO

Ernest ("The Nyark") was a true friend, a great colleague at work, and a real gentleman. It was a privilege to have known and worked with him closely for several years, during which time we spent many hours together discussing everything from work, to politics, life, family, and faith, to name a few. Ernest was indeed a man of faith who carried himself with quiet dignity and confidence, was humble in his demeanour, and genuinely kind at heart. He was a family man, too, and always talked about his family with fondness and pride - his dear wife Florence, his son, Ernest Jnr, and his daughter, Sharon. I can only but imagine how much of a deep sense of loss they

must feel at this time, and I pray that Almighty God will grant them the fortitude to bear this loss. My family and I offer them our condolences, and we exhort them to know in faith that Ernest is now resting eternally in perfect peace, in the bosom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Adieu Ernest, my dear brother."

#### CHRIS CHIJIUTOMI,

FORMER INVÉSTMENT DIRECTOR, ARM-HARITH, HEAD OF AFRICA, BRITISH INTERNATIONAL **INVESTMENT** 

"This still feels like bad dream...I stopped work and went straight home on hearing the sad news. My friend, I still remember our most recent conversation about work, about collaboration, about the infrastructure challenge across Africa, about your lovely children and how proud you were of their achievements. You have left us too soon, only God Almighty knows why. You are a gentleman, a great colleague full of wit, charm and caring. May your soul rest in perfect peace and may the Lord grant your family the strength to deal with this great loss...till we meet again my friend."

#### EFE TAIWO OKOH,

ALUMNUS, ARM-HARITH.

"The news of your passing came as a rude shock to me. We had spoken the weekend prior, you had advised me on navigating issues bordering on my career and personal life. The have become your last words to me which I'll continue to hold onto. Despite this saddening incident, I have chosen to mourn as a believer, I believe that's what you would have wanted; because your life epitomized Christian virtues. As such, I have consoled myself with the phrase 'In total submission to the will of God'. Rest well in the bosom of the Lord Sir, your legacy lives on."

#### TOBI EDUN.

ALUMNUS, ARM-HARITH.

"Although ours primarily was professional relationship, kindness and compassion defined your interactions with me ahead of your patent knowledge and professionalism, Ernest. I am grateful to have worked for you and witnessed this example of the power of grace under pressure."

Signed:

Tariye Gbadegesin, Managing Director/CEO

For: The ARM-Harith Team



## TRIBUTE FROM **HARITH**

### BY LESIBA MORALLANE

Ernest achieved many noteworthy accomplishments in life. He was a hard worker who consistently adhered to the path of honesty. The trail that Ernest blazed is truly worthy of emulation. It's deeply painful that he had to leave us so early. My family and I had been looking forward to spending more fulfilling and quality time with him. It is with immense sorrow and pain that we bid him farewell today.

I first met Ernest in 2007 when he joined Harith from SSNIT, a PAIDF 1 LP. He was based in South Africa for several years before returning to his home country, Ghana, to manage Harith's regional office in Accra. During his time with Harith, Ernest, through his skills, experience, and networks, contributed significantly to the company's development and success. He later chose to join ARMHIF, Harith's sister company based in Lagos, Nigeria, where he served as an Investment Director at the time of his untimely death.

In the more than 16 years that I had the privilege of knowing Ernest, he remained unwaveringly true and loyal to his family, especially to his adored wife, Florence, and his dearly loved children, Ernest Jr and Sharon. He had a unique ability to balance work and family life seamlessly.

As the saying goes, friends are the family we choose. Being chosen by Ernest was one of the greatest moments of my life, and his passing marked the worst moment not only for me but for my entire family.

I pray to God to grant comfort, strength, and hope to Florence, Ernest Jr, Sharon, and indeed, the entire Nyarko family as they mourn the loss of their loved one. May the family find solace in the knowledge that God is with them and that He promises never to abandon them - Matthew 28:20.

Lesiba Morallane,

Ernest's Friend and Former Colleague, Harith

# Harith



ERNEST 33

MKWADWO 33

NYARKO
Ret in Dead



## **SSNIT (INVESTMENT & DEVELOPMENT DIVISION)**

"Only a moment you stayed, but what an imprint your footprints have left on our hearts." – Little Footprints, Dorothy Ferguson, poet.

Mr. Ernest Nyarko joined the Equities Department of the Investment and Development Division at SSNIT in 2006 as the Head of the department. Mr. Nyarko was known as a true gentleman, never raising his voice as a leader. He was hardworking and focused, leveraging his experience in investment management for the benefit of SSNIT's Equities portfolio.

Mr. B. K. Glymin, the then General Manager of the Division under whom Ernest worked, recalls Ernest's impressive approach to report writing and analysis, a skill he acquired from his private equity background. Ernest was a competent Portfolio Manager, constantly striving to improve the performance of the equity portfolio. He was professional, cooperative, and as many colleagues stated, always had a smile for everyone. Ernest was remembered for his kindness, affability, and overall pleasant demeanor.

Mr. Ernest Nyarko was an exceptional writer. His well-written handover notes, which provided comprehensive descriptions and statuses of each investee company in the portfolio, are particularly memorable. The voluminous report could pass for a thesis and his reporting format is still being used for SSNIT's Listed and Unlisted Equity sub-portfolios.

Ernest was a diligent researcher who wrote numerous papers on finance and investments that were presented at international conferences. In 2008, he left SSNIT to join Harith Fund Managers,

Managers of the Pan-African Investment Development Fund (PAIDF) in South Africa. Nevertheless, Ernest would frequently drop by our office to catch up with everyone. Even new members of the Equities Department got to know him.

Despite his royal background, Ernest was humble. He loved dressing traditionally in exquisite Kente cloths for social events. At a surprise 50th birthday party thrown by his beloved wife, Florence, he set a "kente attire" dress code, showcasing the rich Ghanaian and African heritage.

Ernest was a devout Christian who deeply loved his family, especially his wife and children. Mr. B. K. Glymin remembers a time when Ernest received a massive bouquet of flowers on his birthday from his wife, whom he affectionately referred to as "Ahuofe", meaning "my beauty". Glymin notes that working with Ernest was a pleasure and he continued to stay in touch with him, never missing a chance to send him birthday wishes, even after retiring from SSNIT.

The current General Manager of the Investment and Development Division of SSNIT, Mr. Samuel Twum, described Ernest as a colleague, brother, and friend. "Ernest was a delight to work with when we undertook project appraisals together," he said.

Mr. Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko, your passing deeply saddens both past and present staff of the SSNIT Investment Development Division and SSNIT as a whole. You were an exceptional boss, colleague, and friend who will be greatly missed. Rest peacefully in the arms of the Almighty.

## FIDELITY CAPITAL PARTNERS

### BY STEVEN ANTWI-ASIMENG

"Good people don't live for long." I have heard this statement made on several occasions, and that was my immediate reaction and expression when the news of my friend and brother, Ernest's untimely demise, first broke to me.

Nana Kwadwo and I first met as colleagues at work but ended up as brothers. As colleagues, we worked together between 2001 and 2005. In our three and a half short years together, we did amazing things professionally. We competed for and won many mandates against international advisory firms and received several commendations from our clients. "Sadly," this became the source of our separation when, after successfully completing an advisory mandate, the client (let me whisper that this was SSNIT) poached you away from me. Since 2005, when you left Fidelity, our friendship continued to grow, and we were no longer friends. We had become brothers until your last call to vour Maker.

You were a consummate professional. Nana Kwadwo, you worked without complaints; you delivered excellent work without ego and pride; your humility was unimaginable and beyond compare; and you were truly dependable. Eighteen years after our separation as work colleagues, we continued to communicate regularly and exchange ideas and advice. You freely shared knowledge without inhibition.

In July of 2022, you promptly responded and indeed attended my 60th birthday church service with no notice. The first and only time that you failed to respond to a request from me was on 12 March 2023.

FIDELITY 🛑

Your WhatsApp message to me on this day became our last conversation. "Steve, I have seen the document but unfortunately, I woke up today feeling quite unwell and so I am slow. However, I have spoken to my doctor and received some help so please let's see how things go."

Ernest, you were so full of life when we met on 23 December 2022 at Sharon's wedding that I totally missed the gravity of the message. To my eternal regret and guilt.

To Florence, Nana Kofi, and Nana Amma, my wife Grace and I pray for God's strength and comfort as you go through these challenging times. Please know that all our thoughts and prayers are with you.

Even as I shed tears for your loss, I'm honored to remember one of the best people I've ever met.

Humility, professionalism, and integrity among the youth are poorer for your loss. Private Equity in Ghana and Africa is poorer for your loss, and Infrastructure financing and development in Africa are poorer for your loss. But I know that your Maker, whom you knew and served while alive, will be welcoming home a truly upright and silent warrior.

Fare well, Nana Kwadwo! Goodbye Ernest, my brother and friend.





## **KPMG**

### A WORTHY & EXEMPLARY ALUMNUS

Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints. (Psalm 116.15)

We gather here today to celebrate and honor the life of Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko, an extraordinary individual who touched so many lives during his time with us. As we mourn his loss, we also celebrate his legacy during his time at KPMG Ghana.

Ernest joined KPMG Ghana in 1998 as a consultant in the then newly established financial advisory services practice. He worked on privatization, value-for-money, mergers and acquisitions, market research, and other financial sector assignments. Ernest left KPMG Ghana in 2001 to expand his experience and exposure in the world of corporate finance. He was an excellent ambassador of KPMG wherever his subsequent career took him.

Ernest was not just a colleague, but a true friend to many of us in the office. His passion for his work, combined with his unwavering professionalism, made him a trusted and admired figure. He was known for his dedication to providing the highest quality of service to our clients, consistently exceeding their expectations, and ensuring their success. He carried this trait with him to his subsequent jobs.

His expertise in the field of corporate finance was truly remarkable, and his ability to simplify complex financial concepts into easily understandable terms made him a valuable asset to both colleagues and clients alike. Ernest's keen analytical skills and forward-thinking approach enabled him to excel in his work, and he

always sought to share his knowledge with others, fostering an environment of growth and learning wherever he worked.

Ernest was a shining example of the KPMG values in action, demonstrating integrity, excellence, humility, and teamwork in everything he did. His quiet, unassuming, and approachable demeanor made him a beloved figure among colleagues in the financial advisory services practice. His impact on the lives of those he worked with cannot be overstated.

In addition to his professional accomplishments, Ernest was also a devoted family man and a loyal friend. His kindness and compassion extended far beyond the walls of our office, touching countless lives in the community. His unwavering commitment to making a positive difference in the lives of those around him serves as a powerful reminder of the person he was and the legacy he leaves behind.

As we come together to remember and honor Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko, let us carry forward the values he embodied so well: integrity, excellence, humility, and teamwork. Let us strive to honor his memory by continuing to make a positive impact on the lives of our clients, our colleagues, and our community, just as he did.

Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko, your presence will be deeply missed, but your legacy will live on in the hearts and minds of all those you touched throughout your incredible life. May you rest in peace, knowing that the seeds you planted continue to grow into a thriving forest of inspiration and impact.

ERNEST

MKWADWO

NYARKO

TRIBUTES

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## SUSEC, 1983 YEAR GROUP

The righteous man perishes, and no one lays it to heart; devout men are taken away, while no one understands. For the righteous man is taken away from calamity; he enters into peace; they rest in their beds who walk in their uprightness. Isaiah 57:1-2

Mr. Kwadwo Nyarko was affectionately known as 'Kwadwo' among his classmates at Sunyani Secondary School, from September 1978 to June 1983. After 36 odd years of departure from SUSEC upon completion of our GCE O/Levels, we reunited as the SUSEC 1983 year group on 2nd March 2019. Thanks to the power of technology, we formed a WhatsApp platform group and convened in Accra to celebrate a reunion. Since then, Kwadwo was a versatile mate who traveled around the world to meet and connect with old mates in the U.K., Europe, Canada, USA, Nigeria, just to mention a few. Equally, mates in diaspora visiting Ghana and those from other areas of Ghana visiting Accra could count on Kwadwo's hospitality.

During our school days, Kwadwo was a key pillar in class; in fact, academically, he was a top guy. Intelligent as he was, he did not keep that to himself alone; rather, he was always at the forefront in helping his mates, ensuring all the finishing touches were diligently performed with assignments - selflessness was Kwadwo!

Kwadwo, news of your sudden passing reached us in the early morning of Tuesday, 18th April, 2023. It was received variously with shock, disbelief, denial, confusion, doubt, and total rejection.

However, with the passing of hours, days, and weeks, we've come to terms with the reality, the fact that you're sadly no longer with us but gone to your maker.

Kwadwo, we're sad that you aren't still here with us. The depth of our grief is immeasurable, but we are comforted by the belief that you are resting in peace with your maker. We miss your huge smiles, we miss being with you in the group, we miss your warm and kind words, and your contribution to our group chats. Even when the platform became silent, you gingered it with exciting stories. Our heart is saddened though we know you are still with us in spirit but unseen.

Kwadwo, the perfect gentleman! Kindhearted and a mentor to many of our mates. You loved and respected everyone's views. We miss your illustrious comments on sports, especially on your beloved football club, Man U, and sometimes your rather generous comments about Arsenal too!

Thanks for being a special friend and a comrade. We loved you, and you will forever remain in our hearts.

Go well, Kwadwo! MAY YOUR SOUL REST IN PEACE.



ERNEST 38

MKWADWO NYARKO

NYARKO

Ley in Peace

## LAWRENCE OSEI-ANTOH (FRIEND)

### TO MY FRIEND AND MY SCHOOL MATE

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforts us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort those who are in any trouble, by the comfort with which we ourselves are comforted by God. (2 Cor 1:3-4)

I'm still trying to come to terms with the death of my classmate and close friend. The message of your passing hit me incredibly harder than I could have ever imagined on that Tuesday morning! For a moment, I became numb as I struggled to come to terms with what I was reading on our school platform. All I could do was burst into uncontrolled tears.

Kwadwo, I'm still in denial, and every morning when I wake up, I hope that it could be just a bad nightmare. You had such a beautiful soul and a down-to-earth kind of personality. A gentle, kind, and loving giant. You respected everyone and were the first to plan for get-togethers anytime one of our mates would come to town. I don't know, and I can't even find the words, but only God and God only knows why you had to go at this time.

In our last WhatsApp communication, you promised me that you and your lovely Florence would come to Canada in June and spend some time with us. Gladys and I were overjoyed and were looking forward to your arrival in Toronto, only to learn later that it was rather a farewell message!

As we all grieve your passing and the void it has created in our hearts, we can console ourselves knowing that you are resting peacefully with the Lord, no more pain and no more suffering.

You will always remain in my heart. Rest well, my friend and my brother! Every time I picture you, I'll smile and remember you and all the good times we spent together.

Till we meet again, Kwadwo.

## TRIBUTE FROM

# MR. & MRS. DIVINE PARTEY (FRIEND)

"But we do not want you to be uninformed, brothers, about those who are asleep, that you may not grieve as others do who have no hope. For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have fallen asleep" (I Thess 4: 13-14).

Some friends stick closer than a brother, and you, Ernest, were an example. Saying goodbye really hurts. We started this friendship at Berean Baptist Church when it was located at Elta International School, Laterbiokorshie. You were a true definition of a friend indeed, and we shared good

memories together, especially Florence, Faustie, and yourself.

You had a kind heart, full of humility and down-to-earth. You touched our hearts with your friendliness and smile. It is difficult to accept the fact that death has taken such a lovely brother and friend away on a journey of no return, but we believe that one day, we will meet in Heaven. You still occupy a unique place in our hearts.

Damirifa due, due due Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko.

## **GEORGE BAAH-DANQUAH (PhD)**

The Good Book tells us that "in Adam all die, so also in Christ all will be made alive." (1 Cor 15:22). Such hope is what has given us the strength to gather here to celebrate the life of a brother, a father, a finance professional, and a philanthropist who energized every one of us whom he came across and laden our hearts with beautiful memories.

We are all here today because Ernest Kwadwo Nyarko positively touched our lives in one way or the other. The longer you knew him, the more you knew you were privileged to be in the company of a wonderful man. He was remarkable as a family man, ingenious as an entrepreneur, an astute finance professional, a simple and yet noble royal, devoted in his worship of God, loyal to his friends, and amiable to the point of being available, literally to anyone who needed help. His generosity was such that we can pay him the highest compliment of calling him 'a good man.'

Growing up, everyone in my age group knew Kwadwo Nyarko not just because he was a royal. He was one of the few seniors who represented hope, decency, and dignity for the youth in Prang and its environs. Away from home in Accra, he was a source of motivation in several respects. Any time I met him at the UG Maths Department preparing for his professional exam, it encouraged me as a student to learn hard. In his humility, he was

studying amongst students in the evening even when he was already working with a prestigious firm at the time.

Mr. Nyarko was a perfect Counselor, a Mentor, Coach, and a Compatriot to me. With utmost calmness, he would listen to me and give a piece of advice which almost always turned out to be the best. In times of challenges, he demonstrated a clear understanding of the situation and spurred me on. He had lots and lots of practical examples, life experiences, and scriptures for illustration in his usual systematic, well-organized manner.

Bra Ernest, as we affectionately called you, you modeled so clearly what it means to love and care for one's neighbor. You were full of empathy and fellow-feeling, and with your quiet dignity, treated every person you interacted with, with the utmost politeness and calmness, offering the same respect you accorded yourself.

Your jokes and smiles will forever be remembered as a professional, real friend, and a brother. You truly were a wonderful peaceful soul.

May you find eternal rest in the bosom of Father Abraham.

Damirifa Due; Kwadwo Nyarko, Prangman Dehyie, Nante Yie



ERNEST 40

MKWADWO 40

NYARKO
Key in Peace

## FRIENDS OF NORWAY (FON)

#### MAKE LIFE COUNT

You will never have today again, so make it count. Life can be great, but not when you can't see it. EN, as we affectionately called him, saw it and made his life count! It was as if the sub-zero temperatures of the Oslo weather in Norway, the snows of Kringsja Student Town where we all as students stayed, raised his consciousness to number his days and make each day count and so he did! He appreciated the brevity of our time on this earth and made his life count!

On our Friends of Norway, FON platform, he made every relevant discussion he participated in count. As it was characteristic of him, he would provide detailed analysis of such discourses, highlighting every dimension possible and taking his stand with boldness to defend his convictions to the admiration of all of us. EN was a critical thinker, always wrote informative articles and made them count.

EN had a signature remark and ended every best wish on our FON platform with Make It Count! For EN, we have one life and one chance to make it count for something... as per the tenets of our shared faith, it demands we do whatever we can for as long as we can with whatever we have to try to make a difference in our own lives, our loved ones' lives as well as our fellow man's life. He did his best in all things and made them count! He believed that one can make a difference; in fact, we do every day with every single choice we make. We therefore don't count the days but

make the days count! So EN would post works or projects that his organization accomplished and had impacted on lives with jobs and development. For EN, you learn something out of everything, and you come to realize more than ever that we are all here for a certain space of time, and then it is going to be over, and you better make it count.

We are so often reminded of what a priceless gift life is, and we ache with everything in us to make life count, so that when we finally cross the finish line, we will hear the words "well done, good and faithful servant". We are endeared to open our eyes to life, to see it in the vivid colors that God gave us as precious gifts to His children, to enjoy life to the fullest and to make it count, let us say Yes to life as he did!

When FON set out on a project to give back to society and procured Reusable Sanitary Pads for girls in rural community schools, on the day of its distribution and presentations, EN showed up, unexpectedly and stayed with the team to the end of the program. In this day of busy schedules and multiple programs where we all do touch and go, EN stayed, and devoted his whole time and day as we conquered the rugged rural roads and drove deep into the hinterlands to distribute the Reusable Sanitary Pads so the girls could go to school during their menstrual periods. He made his presence count. EN showed that day that you only live once, but if you do it right, once is enough.



Everyone has the same 24 hours, make them count. Our life is really limited, and we need to and should make it count. Every day when you wake, say to yourself it is a new day and make it count. You will never live this day again. It is one event in human history, make it count.

So long as EN was in the country, he would make it a point to show up and be present at every program event, participate in every discussion, every zoom meeting, and every FON related activity. He was one person you could always look forward to seeing. He made his presence felt on each and every occasion.

Each day a little of ourselves is lost, so make each day count, make it count!!! In the end, it is not and should not be the years in your life that counts, it is and should be the life in your years that counted. Birthday and anniversary posts will never be the same for us on the Friends of Norway Platform. We will remember to enjoy the day and Make it Count.

We will remember to MAKE EACH DAY COUNT in your memory.

Fare Well Our Brother and Friend EN. Prince EN. Ernesto, M'Bra

Rest Well in the Bosom of Our Lord.

## TRIBUTE FROM STANLEY AHORLU

I am writing this tribute to you, my brother, this 3rd day of May, 2023. Today is significant because, before your passing on the 17th of April, 2023, we had both looked forward in faith to today, when the final approval for Project Shiprite we toiled for over a period of eight or so grueling years would have been obtained. Characteristically, upon hearing the good news, I would have called you with a song of praise; knowing full well that you had been anxiously waiting in full expectation of a positive outcome.

Ernest, indeed the news is good, but I can't reach you for now. It feels like returning from a victorious battle alone; having gallantly fought side by side but losing you before the victory finally came.

Through it all, you were the professional, the voice of wisdom, the experienced calming influence, the perfect gentleman whose dignified presence rubbed off on me and the team. You were a very quiet man of deep and genuine faith; a sturdy presence in turbulent times. You were honest, firm, fair, and wise.

As men of faith, to whom "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," we dreamed and believed, but alas, like the heroes in Hebrews 11, you are not here to receive the promised outcome. However, like those heroes, you obtained a good testimony through faith, and like them, the good and just Lord shall credit that to you as righteousness. You remain forever in my heart, and I shall tell your children and mine that you were a man of honor. Sleep well, my friend, till we meet again.



ERNEST 42 NYARKO Reffin Peace

# A LIFE IN PICTURES



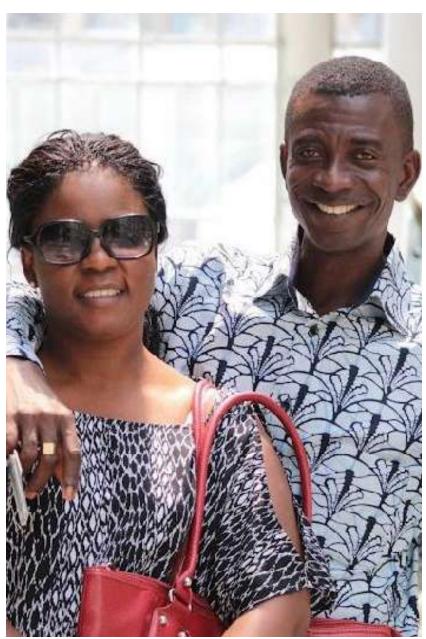












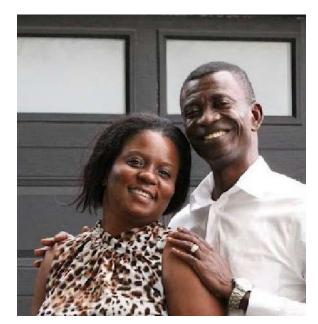










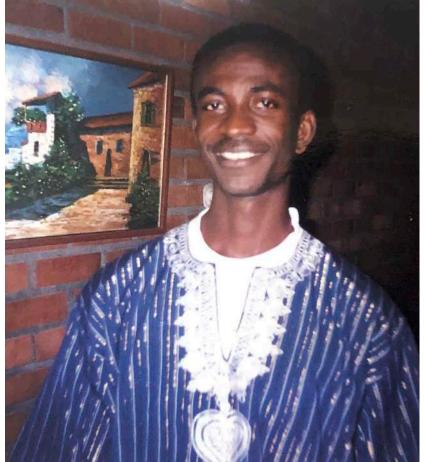






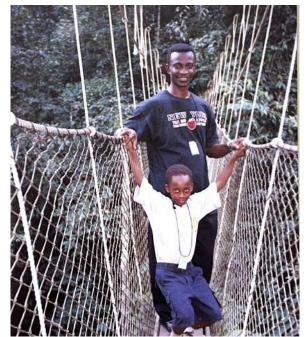










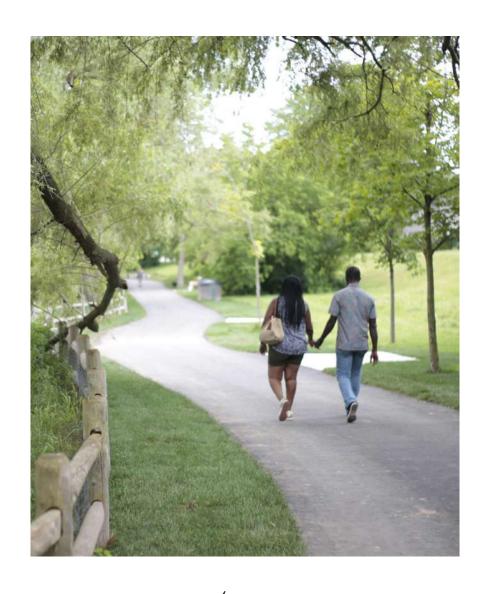












Farewell ERNEST MKWADWO NYARKO



# **OUR GRATITUDE**

The entire family (Omahene Nana Kwadwo Nyarko III & Family, Asenie Clan, Asamoah Nyarko Family & Adu Kweku Family) of the late

## ERNEST KWADWO NYARKO

Acknowledge your prayers, presence and diverse expressions of sympathy during our bereavement. We are humbled by the outpour of love and generosity.