



Michael Odartey Tutum Boye

Born – November 2, 1985 | Sunset – September 18, 2023



Officiating Ministers

Officiating Clergy

1. Rt. Rev. Samuel Ofori-Akyea - Bishop
2. Very Rev. Dr. Samuel O. Agyapong - Supt. Minister
3. Rev. Marsla Osabutey
4. Rev. Gideon Dotse Osabutey
5. Rev. Vincent Adzika

In Attendance

1. Bro. Robert Andrew Taylor - Lay Chairman
2. St. Paul Methodist Cathedral Choir
3. St. Paul Methodist Singing Band
4. Wesleyan Praise

Music

- Bro. Samuel Kwofie - Choirmaster/Organist
Bro. Kingsley Offei - Asst. Choirmaster
Bro. Frank Paapa Baidoo - Asst. Organist
Bro. Joseph A. Baidoo - Singing Band Master

Order Of Service

PART 1: PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. Procession
2. Opening Hymn - MHB
3. Hymns - MHB
4. Filing Past Hymns - MHB
5. Tributes
6. Covering of Casket
7. Songs - Choir/Singing Band

PART 2: BURIAL SERVICE

1. Sentences
2. Hymn - MHB
3. Prayers
4. Hymn - MHB
5. Biography
6. Tributes
7. Scripture Reading
8. Hymn - MHB
9. Sermon
10. Apostle's Creed
11. Offertory

A - Pre burial

1. Opening hymn
*Jesus Lover of my soul,
let me to thy bosom fly
I need thee every hour*
2. Filing past hymn
*The Lord's my shepherd
Jerusalem the golden*
3. Tributes
4. Covering of casket
5. This world is not my home Jim Reeves

B - Burial Service

Hymn

1- Abide with me

Prayers

Hymn

2- Lead kindly light

Biography

Tributes

Scripture readings

John 14:3

My Father's house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am.

Romans 8:35, 37 - 39

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness or danger or sword? No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Biography



Michael Odartey Tutum Boye was born in Accra on 2nd November, 1985, to the late Benjamin Lamiayee Boye and Marian Larkuor Anim. Michael was his mother's only child, and she loved him dearly.

Michael received his primary education at Saint Anthony Preparatory School after which he went to Gospel Light JHS at Madina and continued to Nifa Senior High School in Akropong. After successfully passing his O' Levels, he proceeded to the Presbyterian University College, also in Akropong, after which he worked as an administrator at Shepherd Star School. During his time at Shepherd Star School, he served as a Special Assistant to the Proprietor and assisted with the accounts and other important projects. Michael loved giving back and volunteering, and while at Shepherd Star School, he introduced the children to the basics of using a computer, something he enjoyed immensely.

In 2013, Michael was admitted to China Jiliang University to study Computer Science and Technology. Upon his admission, his proud grandfather, Dr. Isaac Aikins (formerly known as Dr. Goodwin T. Anim), fully sponsored his trip to, and education in, China. He returned to Ghana in February 2018, having received a Bachelor of Science in Computer Science and Technology.

Michael was always ready to lend a helping hand, and never met anyone he would not later call a friend. The Lord's grace was always on him, and he was a joy to his mother. He shared the name "Tutum" with his grandfather and was the apple of his grandfather's eye.

Michael was a God-fearing man and always wanted to preach the word of God and be a pastor. He loved God and always kept his Bible nearby. He

was kind-hearted and, since his demise, all who have heard of his passing say: "Oh! Why did a kind and loving son die so early?"

He was loved by anybody who came in contact with him. Wherever he went, he tried as much as possible to make people around him happy and comfortable. He was loved by everyone.

Michael, why did you leave us so early? You will be remembered by everyone who knew you. May your gentle soul rest with the Lord until we meet again. The whole family misses you, with so much pain in our hearts.

He leaves behind one daughter, Michelle Naa Koryoe Boye.

Rest in Perfect Peace.

Tribute

from Mother, Marian Larkuor Anim

My Dear Michael what happened? Why did you do this to me? I remember you telling me “Maa, whatever happens, take it as it is,” and I asked you, “Michael, why you telling me this?” But you never replied.

Little did I know you were going to leave me. This is so painful. Michael, you have broken my heart and left me in so much pain.

I will miss all the joy we shared together, how we laughed and chatted about all the plans we had. Whom will I have all these moments with again now that you have left me so sorrowfully?

Michael, your mother’s heart is full of pain that will never go away. You were loved by many people because of your kindness and respect. You have left a big vacuum in my life. I pray that you rest peacefully with the Lord.

Michael, Damirifa Due, Due Ne Amanehunu.

May Your Gentle Soul Rest In Peace With The Lord Until We Meet In Heaven.

Amen

Tribute

from Princilla Nortey

*Michael my love,
Why have you left me all alone?
Why didn't you tell us you were leaving?
You've left us all alone, Naa Koryoe and I.*

Who will sit next to me when I'm sick? Michael, it wasn't fair hiding from me that you were leaving for another destination. You told me that you'd always be with me and your daughter. Now here we are all alone.

What a joy it was to be with you. It was always fullness of joy because you knew how to make me

happy. Even when we would quarrel, we would also end up talking to each other again very quickly.

You told me you would be here to raise Naa Koryoe, so we needed to pray in unison so that you would find a job. That when you found that job, you would buy us anything we needed and desired to make us happy.

But now that you aren't here anymore, who will assure us that happiness? You always told me to never be discouraged and that every new day is a day of hope. Now every new morning, I remember that day when you came to see me in the very early hours. I was sleeping and you waited till I woke up and the first thing you asked was "How's my daughter?"

You were extremely proud of your daughter, and now you are no longer here. Who will let your daughter feel that pride of being and belonging? Who will I call and say "Mike, Koryoe is crying, come and get her..." When Koryoe or I need something, to whom will I say "Mike, Koryoe has a need?"

Michael, wake up and take a look at us from where you are. Michael, come back from where you are and take care of us. This was not the agreement we had at all. Come back to take care of us.

Michael was very patient. He had a very lovable heart. When anyone asked for anything he didn't

have or couldn't afford, it made him unhappy, very unhappy. He fought very hard in life to make sure we had what we wanted. From the day I met Michael, he taught me what love is.

Love first found me and he took me to his mother, And that's when I knew that there are some men of integrity. He actually took me to meet his mother.

That's when he proved his love for me. And I knew I had met a man who was a blessing to my life. I loved him and he said he wanted to have his child. I gave him a child, and he became a father.

Michael loved me dearly. I will never ever forget him. I will forever remember him. He was the man I loved, a man who thought about me before himself.

He truly loved me.

Tribute

from Aunt, Mandy Sathoud

An aura of quietness
A warm smile
A reserved nature of tenderness
A readiness to do well as had been directed
No fuss, No complaints

Eyes conveying a message
that only those who stop to
understand can hear...

It was a rencontre of a day
an afternoon vividly remembered
never forgotten...

Into the Presence of God through His
mysterious ways
begining and end.

He is the Lover of your Soul
Fly, Fly, to His bosom fly
He bore the thorns on His brow
and purchased all pardon on Calvary tree

Your Redeemer and Saviour....

Surrendering all, Surrendering all
All to Jesus our blessed Savior
Surrendering all

Gallery







Tribute

from Aunt, Dr. G. Koryoe Anim-Wright

My dear, dear Michael:

Knowing you are no more is enough to make my heart break.

You were a gentle soul, quick to smile, eager to please, and full of laughter at a good joke, or at the bad jokes I told. I have fond memories of your youth, of accompanying my Dad and your Mom who were taking you to school, having conversations about your future interests, and more recently, of your love of God and desire to be a priest.

God's ways are not known to us – Indeed the Bible clearly says: "My ways are not your ways," so I will make no attempt to understand why you, the most generous of us all, is no longer with us. I will trust in the Lord and know that you are now firmly enveloped in His Love and that He is holding you in His Bosom.

You were loved beyond measure while you were here — and I will always cherish the time we spent this past Christmas, cooking, eating, playing games and catching up on each other's

lives. The gift you gave me — a picture of my younger self in Benin — will always remain on my wall in remembrance of you and the unique bond we shared.

God's time is always the best. But this time, accepting this as the best is one of the hardest things I have ever had to do.

One of Michael's favorite quotes was one by Albert Einstein that said: "Be a loner. That gives

you time to wonder, to search for the truth. Have holy curiosity. Make your life worth living."

You may have thought of yourself as a loner, but your warm smile invited everyone in. Today, our lives are certainly much lonelier because you are no longer in it. Our lives were richer, more meaningful and worth living because you were in it.

Rest well, dear Michael. Rest well.

Tribute

to our Nephew

Dear Michael, your loss is still hard to swallow. Even though we only saw you on our intermittent visits, we always expected you to be there. We were looking forward to you seeing us grow old, and us watching your family grow and to the potential of a future with shared memories.

Alas, it was not meant to be. You are gone too soon and have left an imprint on us and in the world. Your sudden departure reminds us of the fragility of life and the importance of holding close those we cherish.

Michael, your life was worthy and you had so much more to give. You always overcame the challenges you faced, showed strength and determination. We

will miss your gentle spirit, always ready to help, always respectful and kind.

We honor your life and mourn your absence, as well as the dreams and possibilities that were cut short. While we will never know the memories we could have created together, we honor your memory by appreciating the value of family, love, and the time we have with one another.

Gone too soon...Goodbye Michael, Rest well in his bosom, Rest in Peace.

Aunties Mamle, Goody, Maa Dora and Uncle Tutum

Tribute

from Cousin, Memme Onwudiwe

Though it was only for a few days I'll never forget our time together.

I got to meet another brother of mine, one I always had but never knew. We explored Accra, talked about AI/metaverse for hours, I met your friends in the neighborhood and you taught me about our area and how folks engaged with our family.

We even partied together. My first time doing a lot things in Ghana with a family member, like party and drink were with you.

When we hungout with people at the party you were shy but your heart was nothing but kind.

I'm sorry I lost my phone ruining that and the subsequent days events.

I wish you nothing but peace brother and with all my heart I wish that things could have ended differently as your potential was limitless.

Rest in perfect everlasting peace

Tribute

from Mr. Frederick Nortey, Princilla's Father

About a year ago, our dear Michael met my daughter Priscilla and told her he wanted to settle down with her. Michael discussed this with his mother Mrs. Marian, telling her he had met the woman he wanted to marry.

His mother, having told him that the next step was a dowry, came to meet my spouse and I for the list of items required by custom. Not too long after our meeting, we noticed that our daughter was taken with child. Since custom does not permit marriage during pregnancy, we informed them that the wedding would have to be postponed until after the delivery.

Michael unfortunately fell sick soon after the baby arrived.

Michael was very respectful and gentle, easygoing and always ready to help, never refusing to be of help when

it was requested. These wonderful qualities made us adopt him as one of our own children.

Our dear Michael told us two weeks ago that he was ill and had been admitted to the hospital. After his discharge, we heard that he had experienced a relapse; two days later, we were informed of his passing. The terrible news of his tragic passing has hit us very severely and remains surreal.

Michael, 'Damirifa due, damirifa due'

Michael, we pray that the Lord sends His angels to rest you in the bosom of Abraham where, by His will, we shall meet again in heaven...

Michael, Rest in Peace.

Tribute

from Angela Amoah, Princilla's Mother

*Oh Michael, why have you done this to me?
You told me that good times would come and we
would live together...
Michael why have you done this to me?*



My eyeballs have fallen out of their sockets. I look behind me and around me and I can't find you anywhere. I've searched everywhere to no avail.

Michael, when I hear the horn of a car I think it's you coming to visit, but I don't see you appear.

Michael, couldn't you have stayed with us a little longer? Where can I go, what can I do?

Damirifa Due, Damirifa Due....

Michael, I will never forget you.

Who will take care of me when I get sick? My eyeballs have fallen out of their sockets. Please come back from wherever you have gone.

Naa and I will always remember you

Damirifa Due... Rest in peace

Tribute

from Madam Victoria Abraham

My mind still can't accept that you're no more!

Oh death, why did you snatch my kind, cool son away at this time?

You've been our solace and hope all these years.

God knows best. We comfort ourselves that He will give you eternal rest.

Rest In Peace my dear Michael Odartey Tutum Boye. Till we meet again!

May the Lord comfort him in his highest kingdom.

