



A LEGEND GOES HOME



TIME SERVED HIM WELL

**FRIDAY, 17TH OCTOBER, 2025 | FILING PAST, PRE-BURIAL AND BURIAL SERVICE |
TRANSITIONS PLACE, ASORE JUNCTION, HAATSO.**

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rev. Dr. Godwin N.N. Odonkor - Clerk of The General Assembly, Presbyterian Church of Ghana
Rev. Daniel Oppong-Wireko - District Minister/Minister-In-Charge, Agape Presbyterian Church
Rev. Benjamin Larbi Asare - Minister-In-Charge, Calvary Congregation, Sebrepor District
Rev. Seth Agyakwa - Associate Minister, Agape Presbyterian Church
Rev. Nii Blebo Anang - Unity Congregation, Domei
Rev. Lt. Col. Kwasi Oteng (Rtd) - Presbyterian Church of Ghana
Rev. Jeremias Davidson Agyemfra - Faith Congregation, Kokomilemle
Rev. George Nortey Odonkor - Presbyterian Church of Ghana
Rev. Patrick Adjel Acheampong - Sinai Congregation, Auntie-Aku, Accra
Rev. Seth Owusu-Ansah - Divine Congregation, Anyaa
Prophet Dr. Kofi Oduro - Alabaster Ministries
Rev. Kojo Amo-Asare - Head Pastor, ICGC Zoe Temple & Regional Overseer, Accra South
Rev. Justice Opare - Associate Pastor, ICGC Zoe Temple

IN ATTENDANCE

Agape Presbyterian Church Choir
Agape Singing Band
Hallel Praise
Winneba Youth Choir

PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

- | | | |
|-----|--|-----------------------------|
| 1. | Call to Service | |
| 2. | Hymn | - PHB 702 (1-2) |
| 3. | Opening Prayer | - Presbyter |
| 4. | Bible Reading | - Presbyter |
| 5. | File Past and Songs by Winneba Youth Choir | |
| 6. | Tribute | - Brother |
| 7. | File Past and Songs by Winneba Youth Choir | |
| 8. | Tribute | - Grandchildren |
| 9. | File Past and Songs by Winneba Youth Choir | |
| 10. | Tribute | - In-laws |
| 11. | Bible Reading | - Presbyter |
| 12. | Closing Prayer | - Rev. Daniel Oppong-Wireko |

BURIAL SERVICE ORDER OF SERVICE

- | | | | |
|-----|--|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. | Processional Hymn | - | PHB 518 |
| 2. | Scriptural Sentences | - | Rev. Seth Agyarkwa |
| 3. | Hymn | - | PHB 791 (1-2) |
| 4. | Prayer | - | Rev. Seth Agyarkwa |
| 5. | Anthem | - | Church Choir |
| 7. | Praise and Adoration | - | Hallel Praise/Winneba Youth Choir |
| 8. | Bible Reading | - | Panel |
| 9. | Song | - | Mens Fellowship |
| 10. | Biography | - | Family Member |
| 11. | Tributes | - | Wife |
| | | - | Children |
| | | - | Church |
| 12. | First Offering (for church) | - | Singing Band/Winneba Youth Choir |
| 13. | Hymn | - | PHB 824 (1-2) |
| 14. | Sermon/Apostles Creed | - | Rev. Daniel Oppong-Winsko |
| 15. | Christian Charity (Offertory for family) | - | Singing Band/Winneba Youth Choir |
| 16. | Prayer | - | Senior Presbyter |
| 17. | Offering Prayer | - | Minister |
| 18. | Prayer for Family | - | Minister |
| 19. | Announcement | - | Family/Session Clerk |
| 20. | Closing Prayer and Benediction | - | Rev. Dr. Godwin N.N. Odonkor |
| 21. | Recessional Hymn | - | PHB 311 |

AT THE GRAVESIDE (Paradise Rest Gardens- Winneba)

- | | | | |
|----|----------------------|---|---------------|
| 1. | Scriptural Sentences | - | Minister |
| 2. | Hymn | - | PHB 787(1-2) |
| 3. | Exhortation | - | Minister |
| 4. | Hymn | - | PHB 555 (1-2) |
| 5. | Committal | - | Minister |
| 6. | Prayer | - | Minister |
| 7. | Hymn | - | PHB 810 |
| 8. | Vote of Thanks | - | Family Member |
| 9. | Benediction | - | Minister |

BIOGRAPHY OF MR. SAMUEL YAW OFOSU-DONKOR

The late Mr. Samuel Yaw Ofosu-Donkor was born on the 13th day of June 1935 to Opanyin Kodwo Ankan and Obaapanyin Abena Beonyiwah alias Mary Dadzie, all of Agona Nyakrom from the Asona and Aboradze Clans respectively in the then Gold Coast; now Ghana. He started schooling at the Presbyterian Primary School Kwahu Ankromah, at age 13, 3 years after he lost his father. His dad had had school uniforms made for him to begin schooling when he encountered his untimely death. Due to this great loss at the age of 10, Kwaw Fosu, his step brother who he lived with in Kwahu stepped in to assist as much as he could.

After completing middle form four in 1956, he was engaged as a pupil teacher at Kwahu Nteso for a brief period before leaving to join his mother at Agona Nyakrom. As a result of financial constraints, he could not continue his education to Secondary School. In 1958, he came to Accra to seek employment. While in Accra, he worked as a labourer on several building projects around the ministries (i.e. Job 600). He then made a friend in the late Mr. Yaw Boakye Ghanatta, the renowned cartoonist who he lived with as a brother. He went on to find employment with the then Ghana Cold stores and later went to work at the Achimota Hospital as a dispensary assistant when the late Dr. Albert Kuta Dankwa was the medical administrator there. He worked for sometime and moved to work with the then National Food and Nutrition board (NFN Board) as a store manager when Dr. Albert Kuta Dankwa, a true



destiny helper and medical officer became the Chief Executive director of the board. He worked there until 1966 when with a change of Government came the dissolution of the NFN Board and the entire staff were absorbed into the Ministry of Health, thus the NFN Board became a division under the Ministry of Health. With this change Mr. Samuel Ofosu-Donkor was assigned a new work schedule as an assistant accountant. By dint of hard work and diligence in pursuing part time courses at the Accra workers college to better his standard and add more value to himself, he rose to become a senior Accountant, a position he held until his retirement from service in 1995.

Mr. Ofosu-Donkor, in 1967, married Madam Florence Larbi, with whom he lived and carved out their family from their place of residence known as "Concord house" at North Ridge near Sunrise hotel now Alisa Hotel and God blessed them with 8 children and many Godsons and daughters as they operated an open gate policy in their home.

After retiring from service, he moved to live at his own home in Ablekuma Agape area near the Obolo spot. Mr. Ofosu-Donkor popularly known as "Grandpa" initiated several developmental projects through communal labour. He launched the supply of electricity, construction of accessible roads, and some wooden bridges amongst others.

He loved to hunt. This was a trait he picked from his late father as he went to hunt with him. As the 4th and the first surviving child after 3 stillbirths, His father who was a hunter loved his first son and started taking him along on his hunting trips from when he was 4/5 years old. His love for and knowledge of guns grew from observing his dad. But he never handled a gun when he was young. The first time he handled a gun (powered by gunpowder and pellets), he knew to fire from instincts and observation. That day he returned with a deer.

He also picked the skill of pottery from his mother who was a potter.

The dangers of hunting at night meant you could encounter nocturnal animals. This made Mr Ofosu-Donkor a very brave, courageous and protective man.

He loved to play football and was so good to an extent that he was the one to score a goal kick. Whenever he gained exceptional status in everything he did, he was extremely happy.

On 13th June 2025, Grandpa obtained nonagenarian status, he marked this milestone with a celebration on the 21st of June 2025 with some of his children and grandchildren but began to show signs of agedness shortly after.

Mr. Samuel Ofosu-Donkor was an ardent Christian of the Presbyterian faith. He was all things to all men who crossed paths and came in contact with him. A father, counselor, mediator, driver, grandpa, physician, chief, storyteller, architect, uncle, buddy, priest, friend, an all round good man.



On Wednesday, 13th August, 2025, Grandpa peacefully passed away after he had taken his bath and dressed up to welcome the day.

Mr Samuel Ofosu-Donkor is survived by a wife, Eight (8) Children, thirty(30) grandchildren, thirty-three plus (33+) great grandchildren, his Family, Church and the Community members from where he lived till his final breath. May flights of angels sing you to your heavenly rest.

The days of our lives are seventy years; and if by reason of reason of strength, they are eighty years, yet their boast is only labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away. So teach us to number our days, that we may gain a heart of wisdom. (Psalm 90: 10-12)

Sleep well!
May the earth be very gentle on your remains!
Rest peacefully Samuel Yaw Ofosu-Donkor!

GRANDPA'S FAVORITE THINGS



Newsboy cap



Tiny beard comb



Mouth organ



Bible & Presby Hymn Book



Slingshot

BURIAL, MEMORIAL & THANKSGIVING OF THE LATE MR. SAMUEL YAW OFOSSU-DONKOR

TRIBUTES



A SERVANT LEADER TRIBUTE BY WIFE - MRS. FLORENCE OFOSU-DONKOR

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." - John 14:1-3 KJV

Knowing you, my dear Dada, I am certain you have already gone ahead to help make ready our heavenly mansion.

Dada, I fell for you at "hello" on that blessed day, 5th February 1967, at the first Ghana International Trade Fair. And from that hello, a beautiful, enduring love story of 58 years began.

Dada, as I always called you, you were my suitable helper, a servant leader who served with your whole heart. You were never lazy, never idle, always present, and always giving. You modelled what it meant to be a true partner.

I will always remember the little things that were, in fact, the biggest things. How you would take the plantain fritters I made to your office and sell them for me with pride. How you would light the fire and prepare things for our catering business even before waking me up. You were a man who never shied away from work, never afraid to use your hands.

When I gave birth to our first son in Koforidua, you rode your motorbike carrying firewood all the way to Koforidua just to make sure we had enough. You would pound fufu, alone, a task meant for two, just to ease my burden. After our first, you never left my side. For all our seven children, you were always hands-on: going to the market, cooking, cleaning, carrying them till they slept. You were my rock, my everything, as we had only each other.



Dada, you promised me a good life, and you delivered that promise in full. You moved us from squatters to homeowners. Together, we raised prominent children and nurtured a family we are both so proud of. You took me to see the world, including traveling with me to the UK.

You've always had such a sweet tooth, often enjoying your tea and "minerals" with delight, and yet you carried within you an even sweeter soul. You were generous to a fault, giving freely even when you had little for yourself. "Se ehye

wonam koraa, wobeyi ama", kind is an understatement. You were simply a good man who feared the Lord.

You loved me in your own special way, and that love is enough to last me a lifetime. You served our family faithfully, loved all people, with your youth and with your old age. For that, I honour you today and always.

You promised me you would live to be 120 years, but you were 90 years and 2 months when you told me you were tired. That fateful Wednesday, 13th August, I had gotten you ready like I always did. But, Dada, you didn't say a word to me. Not a final goodbye. You simply turned to lie down and never woke up.

You found me with a hello, a hello that built a lifetime of love. My greatest heartbreak is that I never heard you say goodbye. But I know you lived well and served well.

Rest well, my Dada.

Nantewyiye.

Until we meet again in the mansion you have helped to prepare.





TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN TO OUR FATHER IN WHOM WE ARE VERY WELL PLEASED.

*"So teach us to number our days, that we may gain
a heart of wisdom." - Psalm 90:12*



Olu, our words cannot possibly paint the magnificent portrait of the life you lived. You were our remarkable father, our number one role model, and our guiding light. We never thought there was anything you couldn't do if you wanted to, our dear "Olu." Well, except avoid death.

You made growing up fun and memorable. We may not have had much materially, but you filled our home with an abundance of love, wisdom, and great memories. You were a man who guided us in the way of the Lord, teaching us the importance of faith, compassion, and resilience through your incredible stories. You had a unique way of making each of us feel special and loved unconditionally.

We remember it all, Olu.

We remember your dry fasting and powerful prayers and recitals of various Psalms that covered our lives. How did you do all that effortlessly? We will ask you when we see you in Heaven.

We remember you going with us to settle our disputes, always our protector. You were such a father that even your grandchildren know you not as Grandpa, but simply as "Father."

We remember the weekly journeys to Aburi Girls, and Ghana National College where you would bring fresh water and home-cooked food without fail until your last two daughters completed high school.

We remember your immense pride when your last two daughters gained admission to UCC and KNUST respectively. You personally drove

us both to Cape Coast and Kumasi, helped us settle in, prayed with us and our roommates, and wished us well.

You did all these for us, Olu.

We remember you as our guard when we moved from North Ridge to Ablekuma. If we ever returned home after dark, we would wait at the junction, knowing you would personally come to escort us safely home.

You did all these for us, Olu.

You constantly prayed with us and for us, wishing us well in everything we did. Your greatest satisfaction was in seeing us do well, be healthy, and make you proud. We are so glad we made you proud. Olu and we're even happier knowing you knew how much we all loved you.

You were a faithful Christian, a man of discipline, service, and devotion. You worked tirelessly to raise all eight of us, your four sons and four daughters, supporting each of us through every stage of life. You inspired us with your integrity, your strength, and your unwavering commitment. You were always ready to lend a helping hand to anyone in need, without hesitation and without expecting anything in return.

Beyond your work and prayers, you brought so much joy into our lives with the sound of your mouth organ, your accordion, your rich storytelling, and your simple, heartfelt hobbies. Dada, Olu, Olu Pop, Old Soldier, Kwaku Sampson, concord man, you have left a void that can never be filled. But your legacy lives on in each of us. We will carry forward your teachings, your kindness, and your unwavering love.

To say we will miss you is an understatement. We will miss you call and say "m'ani agyina wo" or "Onyame Nhyira wo."

Our children will miss you tell them stories, wash their feet when they stepped in the mud, and buy them ice cream, adakoa and sweets.

"Woka yen ho a anka yape" (we would have loved to have you here with us)

"Nanso, nea Onyankopon pe: na oye" (But, it is what God wills that is done)

We find comfort in the promise of scripture: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith." --2 Timothy 4:7

And so, with hearts full of love and gratitude, we say rest well, our imperfectly perfect gentleman.

Rest easy our ever-present father.

You were a very, very good man.

Rest peacefully in the Lord's bosom, Olu, till we meet and part no more.

With lots and lots and lots of love,

Afua, Sammy, Kofi, Eben, Akua, Koujoe, Akosua and Maafia.



Cecilia Donkor



Samuel Boskye-Donkor



Isaac Kofi Donkor



Ebenezer Ofosu-Donkor



Elizabeth Ofosu Donkor



Alexander Ofosu-Donkor



Grace Ofosu-Donkor



Emma Ofosu Donkor



We Know

In hindsight, we see it clear
you'd been preparing us, year by year.
The morning God called you home,
even the clouds refused to roam.

The sun hid its face that day,
and part of us was lost for good.
You left a name, more gold than gain,
a bond of love that shall remain.

Through faith we stand though hearts may ache,
our hope in Christ will never break.
We do not mourn as those who fear,
for we shall meet again;
this much, we know.

OUR GALLANT SOLDIER TRIBUTE BY GRANDCHILDREN

"So teach us to number our days, that we may gain a heart of wisdom." - Psalm 90:12

 Our hearts ache knowing we will no longer hear the shuffling of your bare feet as you walk around the house bare-chested in your shorts displaying your biceps one more time.

Today, we come together to honor the life of our beloved Grandpa affectionately called Growing Old, a man whose love and kindness touched us all.

As his grandchildren, we were fortunate to have him in our lives and even more blessed to have him live a remarkable life for nine decades.

Grandpa's kindness was the cornerstone of his being. He was always thinking of others, his generosity evident in every act. He was a beacon of love, truly adored by all who knew him.

We will forever treasure the stories he shared, each one a window into his life and values. Those times when we gathered around him were filled with laughter, warmth and lessons learnt. His prayers for us were a constant source of comfort and strength especially when we had a major exam to take.

Grandpa was there to support us, always picked us from school and even picked up our friends and made sure they were home, particularly when our parents were tied up and could not show up for us. He shared a rich family history with us, helping us understand where we came from and connecting us to our roots through folklore, always ending with a song played on his mouth organ.

Grandpa, you lived a life filled with purpose and we celebrate your achievements and the legacy

you leave behind.

Your spirit will continue to inspire us and we'll carry your lessons in our hearts. We find solace in knowing you're now at peace, happy and free from earthly burdens.

We will miss you terribly! We will miss being the mediators whenever you had an argument with grandma.

This tribute is but an iota of the impact you had on our lives. To truly honor you, we will mimic the words that opened and closed your bilingual prayers: *"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, so shall it be, world without end. Amen."*

Well done, Grandpa.

Your legacy remains!

Sleep well our gallant soldier

We will make you proud.

Growing old indeed is the will of God.







MY ALL IN ALL TRIBUTE BY BROTHER - YAW OKAE BOATENG

There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens: a time to be born and a time to die... a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance... -(Ecclesiastes 3:1, 4 -NIV)

God, in His infinite wisdom, has ordered our lives according to His divine purposes. And in His great plan, He gave our family a gift in my brother, Samuel Ofosu-Donkor, whom we all affectionately called Bro Panyin, Uncle Panyin, Dada Panyin.

To me, Bro Panyin, you were more than a brother; you were literally my father. In the absence of our own father, you stood in the gap, a father, a brother, an uncle, my all in all. You were the great pillar of our family, a bridge to greener pastures for all of us, for every niece, nephew, and grandchild.

I remember it all as if it were yesterday. After passing my common entrance exams, when I hoped for family support, it was you who stepped in. You took me to your office at the National Food and Nutrition Board and introduced me to the administrator. By God's grace and your unwavering belief in me, within three days I was appointed a messenger.

You never took your eyes off me, supporting my upkeep and ensuring I had a good standard of living, even when I was transferred to Sunyani.

Later, when I got a job with the Foreign Affairs, you housed me and looked after me until I got my own accommodation. You never left me. You stayed close, even visiting me in Lomé, Togo, when I was posted there. You brought me to Accra, you led me to marry my wife, and you became the beloved father figure for my entire family. My children know you as Dada Panyin.

Such was your heart. You only needed to get wind of a situation and you were there to fix it. It is why I had to name my daughter Rebecca Ama Ofosua after you, my father figure; so a part of you would always walk with us.

My entire lineage, my wife Comfort, and I are eternally grateful to you. I will not forget you, not in this lifetime.

Fare thee well, Bro Panyin.
Nante yie.
Till we meet again in eternity.



▼
Samuel Ofosu-Donkor and his brother Yaw Okae Boateng

TRIBUTE BY IN-LAWS TO OUR BELOVED FATHER-IN-LAW (ALIAS: Growing Old)

*"The righteous man walks in his integrity; his children are blessed after him." -
Proverbs 20:7*

Today, we stand with hearts heavy yet grateful, to honor a man who was more than a father-in-law to us, he was a father in every sense. Affectionately known as "Growing Old," he wore his years like a crown of wisdom, dignity, and strength.

From the moment we entered this family, he received us with open arms. He had no barriers, no walls, only love that reached across every boundary. His presence commanded respect, yet it was his humility and kindness that drew us closer. He made us feel like true sons and daughters, not just by marriage, but by belonging.

Daddy Growing Old was a man of stories, lessons, and laughter. With him, a simple conversation could turn into a fountain of wisdom, sprinkled with humor that lightened even the heaviest of moments. He reminded us

that family was the greatest wealth and that unity was the strongest shield.

Though we grieve, we are comforted by the truth that he lived well, loved deeply, and left a legacy that will live on in the values he instilled, the traditions he cherished, and the countless lives he touched.

We, his in-laws, will forever be grateful for the privilege of calling him Father. As we bid him farewell, we send our love both near and far, trusting that heaven has received him with joy. 

Fare thee well, our dear Father-in-law. Rest in perfect peace, Daddy Growing Old.

*"Da yie, Agya Pa.
Woabo bra pa, wianya wo nkwaagye.
Asomdwoer nla wo, Nana.
Dami rifa due, due ne amanchunu."*



Mrs. Comfort Danso
Boakye



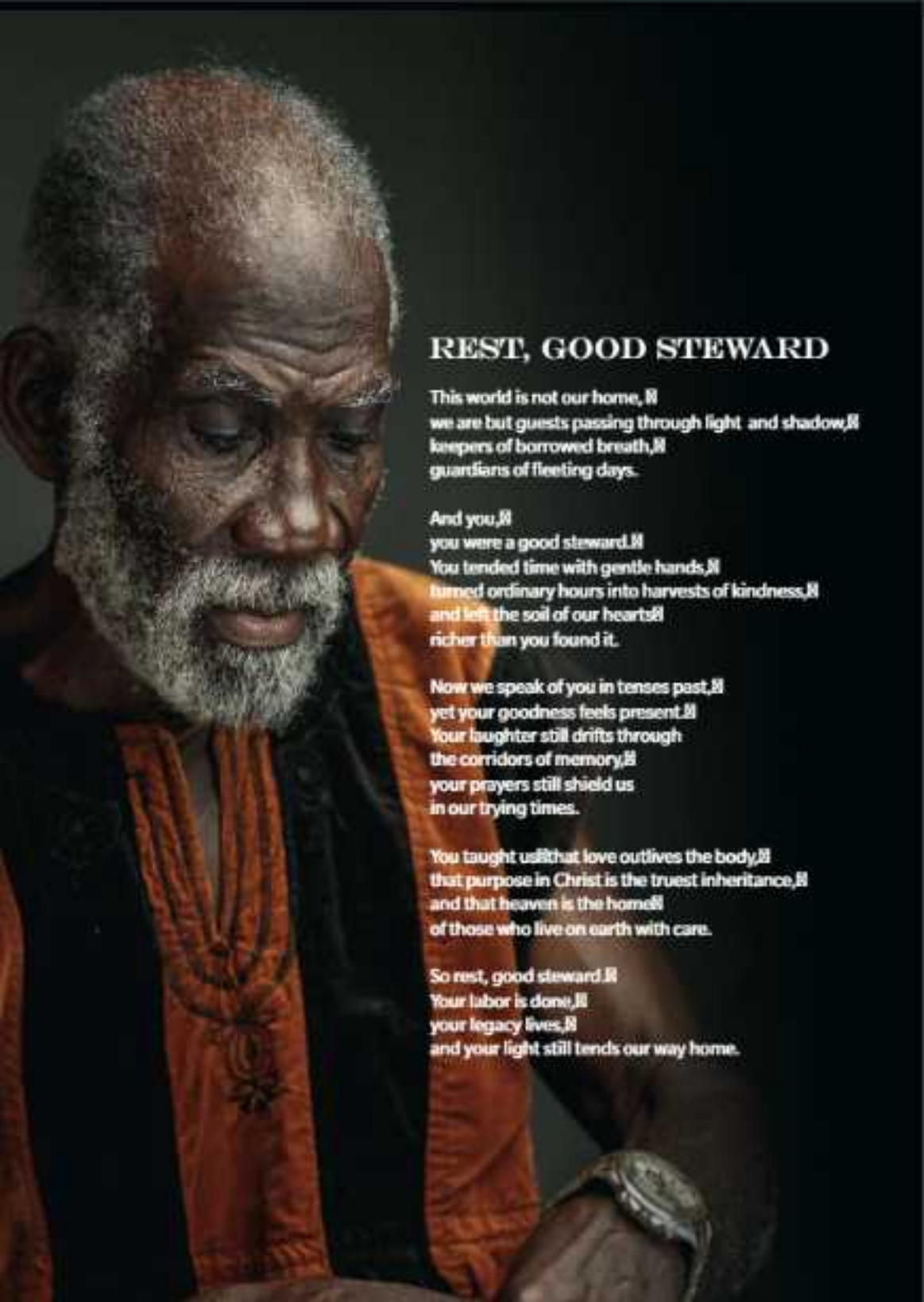
Mrs. Michelle Donkor



Mr. Kofi Kyere-Aplah



Mrs. Gladys Donkor



REST, GOOD STEWARD

This world is not our home, *℣*
we are but guests passing through light and shadow, *℣*
keepers of borrowed breath, *℣*
guardians of fleeting days.

And you, *℣*
you were a good steward. *℣*
You tended time with gentle hands, *℣*
timed ordinary hours into harvests of kindness, *℣*
and left the soil of our hearts *℣*
richer than you found it.

Now we speak of you in tenses past, *℣*
yet your goodness feels present. *℣*
Your laughter still drifts through
the corridors of memory, *℣*
your prayers still shield us
in our trying times.

You taught us *℣* that love outlives the body, *℣*
that purpose in Christ is the truest inheritance, *℣*
and that heaven is the home *℣*
of those who live on earth with care.

So rest, good steward. *℣*
Your labor is done, *℣*
your legacy lives, *℣*
and your light still tends our way home.

A LIFE OF SERVICE AND UNCONDITIONAL LOVE TRIBUTE FROM THE NIECES AND NEPHEWS

"For even the Son of Man came not to be served, but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many." — Mark 10:45

Uncle, this scripture reminds us so much of you. You lived a life of service; selfless, kind, and deeply compassionate. You were accommodating of everyone, making space in your heart and home for all who came your way.

Our mothers called you "Uncle," and so did we, never realizing that name would one day mean so much more. Even our children called you "Uncle." To us, you were a father, a friend, a counselor, and a priest. You were the steady presence we could always count on, the voice that comforted us, and the heart that never turned us away.

We never reached out for help or encouragement and heard you say no. You always had a ready yes, no matter how inconvenient, no matter how tired you were.

You gave of yourself completely, pouring love, wisdom, and time into us. Who do we have now to stand in your stead but God? **✠**

Even until your last breath, you sent for us, and though we arrived a little too late, we know your heart waited for us. That was just like you, Uncle: always thinking of others, even in your final moments.

You truly gave everything, including your very life, as a ransom for many. You were our advocate, our advisor, our comforter, the equivalent of the Holy Spirit in our lives.

We have no words, Uncle. Only love, gratitude, and tears.
Rest well, our dear Uncle.
You served well.



A LEGACY THAT LIVES ON TRIBUTE TO OUR GREAT-GRANDPA

"The righteous man walks in his integrity; his children are blessed after him." - Proverbs 20:7

A gentle soul, a steadfast spirit, and the root from which our family tree continues to grow. Grandpa, your life was a tangible display of love, faith, and devotion. You may have lived in a different time, but your values of kindness, patience, and family unity, still guide us through every generation that came after you.

We look at the family you built and see the strength of your hands, the wisdom of your heart, and the grace of your spirit. Even those of us who won't have the opportunity to meet you, can feel the warmth of your presence in the way our parents continue to speak of you, their voices softening with love and reverence.

You taught us, without saying much, that greatness is not loud; it is steady. It is found in the care you gave, the peace you nurtured, and the legacy you left behind. Because of you, we understand that family is not only blood, it is love lived out daily.

Today, we honor you with gratitude. We thank you for the seeds you planted, of faith, of courage, of togetherness, seeds that continue to bloom in our lives.

Rest well, Great-Grandpa.

Your story lives in us, your love sustains us, and your light will never fade.





TRIBUTE BY THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF GHANA AGAPE CONGREGATION

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. (Romans 14:7-8)

The late Mr. Samuel Ofosu-Donkor whose mortal remains lie before us was a full member of the Presbyterian church of Ghana, Agape Congregation. He became a member of this Congregation in the year 2003. He was transferred from Presbyterian Church of Ghana Nima Congregation as a member and immediately joined the men's fellowship and the Singing Band Union. Mr. Samuel Ofosu-Donkor was very active in his obligations to the church and was also punctual.

He always came to church and meetings early enough before the commencement of service. He also liked singing and dancing during the praises and worship time. He was nice to everyone who came his way. He had a song entitled: "growing old" of which he sang during special occasions.

Due to old age, he became home bound and the Church visited him as usual and administered

communion to him. We had high hopes to have him back in church to worship with us but it never happened.

On our last visit he was not all that active but we were hoping for the better. We were all sad when we heard of his demise on 13th August, 2025. Well, such is life because death is inevitable and a necessary end which comes at its own time. Mr. Ofosu-Donkor, you have fought a good fight and have finished your race.

May the Almighty God who is the Lord of life, whom we all depend on His comfort in times like this welcome you under His refuge till we meet again.

Fare thee well Mr. Samuel Yaw Ofosu-Donkor, we believe that your creator has called you to a higher glory to rest from your labour. We will meet again in the Kingdom of our Lord.

Dayie, Growing Old!
Rest in perfect peace.



A PIONEER AND PILLAR TRIBUTE BY THE MEN'S FELLOWSHIP

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Psalm 116:15

We, the Men's Fellowship of Agape Congregation, thank God for the life of our beloved brother, Mr. Samuel Yaw Olosu-Donkor, affectionately called "Growing Old".

He joined Agape Congregation 22 years ago and can be described as a founding member. Thus he became one of the pioneers of the Men's Fellowship. Through his dedication and selfless service, he rose to become the first President of the Men's Fellowship, a role he held faithfully for 8 years. He was a pillar, a staunch member, and an example of commitment who actively took part in all activities of the fellowship well into his late eighties (80's). Due to old age, his participation declined.

It was with great pain that we heard of his demise on the 13th of August, 2025.

We have lost a father, a leader, and a brother, but his legacy of faith and service will continue to guide us. Papa, may the good Lord who is your maker, keep you in perfect peace.

Farewell, Growing Old.
Rest peacefully in the Lord until we meet again.

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith." - 2 Timothy 4:7

Amen.



A LASTING IMPRESSION TRIBUTE FROM GRAND NIECES AND NEPHEWS

To the world, you were a brother, an uncle, a friend, a guiding presence. But to us, your grandnieces and grandnephews, you were something incredibly special: a rare kind of person whose love reached across generations, whose kindness left its mark on young hearts, and whose presence made us feel like we belonged to something bigger than ourselves.

Even if we didn't get to spend every day with you, every moment we shared felt meaningful. Whether it was your gentle smile at family gatherings, your stories from "way back when," or the way you always remembered our names, even as the family kept growing, you made each of us feel seen, loved, and valued.

You had a warmth that drew us in, a quiet strength that made us feel safe, and a twinkle in your eye that showed you still saw the world with wonder. Some of us remember the way you'd pull us aside just to say, "I'm proud of you," even when we didn't feel worthy. Some of us remember your old photos, your soft chuckle, your firm but loving advice. And some of us, still young and growing (though not quite like your nickname, Growing Old), know who you were because of how everyone speaks your name: with reverence, with love, with tears and smiles all at once.

You were the thread that connected generations; the storyteller, the memory keeper, the gentle reminder that family is not just about blood, but about how we show up for one another: with love, patience, and grace.

So many here today have been touched by your generosity, by the way you opened your door to anyone in need of help or a place to stay. You were one of a kind, Grandpa, and your love for humanity cannot be matched.

Even now, as we say goodbye, it doesn't feel like you're truly gone. You live on in our family's stories, in the lessons you taught, and in the way we care for one another, because we saw you do it first.

Thank you for being the kind of man who left a lasting impression on hearts still learning how to love and grow. Thank you for being someone we looked up to, admired deeply, and will never forget.

We promise to carry your kindness forward. We promise to honor your memory. And we promise to keep your name alive in the stories we'll tell the generations after us.

With endless love and gratitude, Your grandnieces and grandnephews



MY BELOVED DADA PANYIN

TRIBUTE BY MRS. COMFORT ANIMA BOATENG

Dada Panyin, that's what I always called you. You were more than a brother-in-law to me; you were my confidant, my helper, my comforter, my pseudo husband. You cared for me in ways words can hardly describe.

I remember when I returned to Ghana while recovering from a mild stroke and unable to walk. You came to stay with me for a whole week, on two occasions, tending to me as though I were your own wife. You would cook and clean for me. On days you couldn't visit, you sent hand written letters with a gift stuck in its pages. You made sure I was never alone, never without care. That is the kind of love and humility you lived with; quiet, steady, and full of heart.

You always had a way of comforting me, of making my burdens lighter just by being there. Your presence brought peace and laughter into my home. I will forever cherish those moments, your gentle voice, your hearty laughter, your kind heart, and your endless patience.

Today, I mourn not only a brother-in-law but a beloved companion whose love and kindness left a mark on my soul. Dada Panyin, I will miss you deeply, your care, your warmth, your fatherly affection.

Rest well, my dear. You have loved well, lived well, and served well.

May God keep you in His eternal peace until we meet again.



THE ARTIST'S MUSE BY GERARD NARTEY

Mr. Ofosu-Donkor was easily the most visually striking person at the wedding anniversary I was hired to cover many years ago.

He had kind eyes that carried a calmness, and his grey beard framed his face with dignity. What caught my attention most was his upright posture and well-defined biceps, revealed by the Kente draped over his shoulders. The old man looked fitter than I was at the time.

In the years that followed, I often found myself curious about his well-being, as though I knew him personally. In my mind, I held a regal portrait of him, preserved as I remembered from that day. After discussing the idea for a while, I asked Emma to arrange a shoot with him, so that vision could finally come to fruition.

Time had been kind to him. Though smaller in stature, much older, and beginning to hunch, he still carried a quiet strength. His biceps were no longer as defined, but he maintained an admirable silhouette. Photographing him again was a dream fulfilled and an artistically rewarding session. His portraits would go on to be some of the most iconic I have made in my career.

I presented a canvas of his photo at a closed exhibition and later decided to gift him the portrait. I am grateful he got to see and own that large print of himself.

Through our portrait sessions and the stories I learned about him over time, he won my admiration. I remain thankful for the opportunity and experience to have photographed him.



GERARD NARTEY
Thanksgiving 2019

THERE'LL BE SINGING

The good book says there'll be singing in the heavens,
that God Himself rejoices over us with song.

And so we know,
that when you crossed the veil,
a melody rose to meet you.

Not the sorrowed hymns of earth,
but the pure sound of welcome,
a chorus of angels,
a Father's voice,
singing, Well done, good and faithful one.

Here, silence lingers in your place,
but above, the heavens resound with joy.
You have joined the song eternal,
and though our hearts still ache,
we listen closely,
for in quiet moments,
we almost hear the refrain.



P H O T O G A L L E R Y











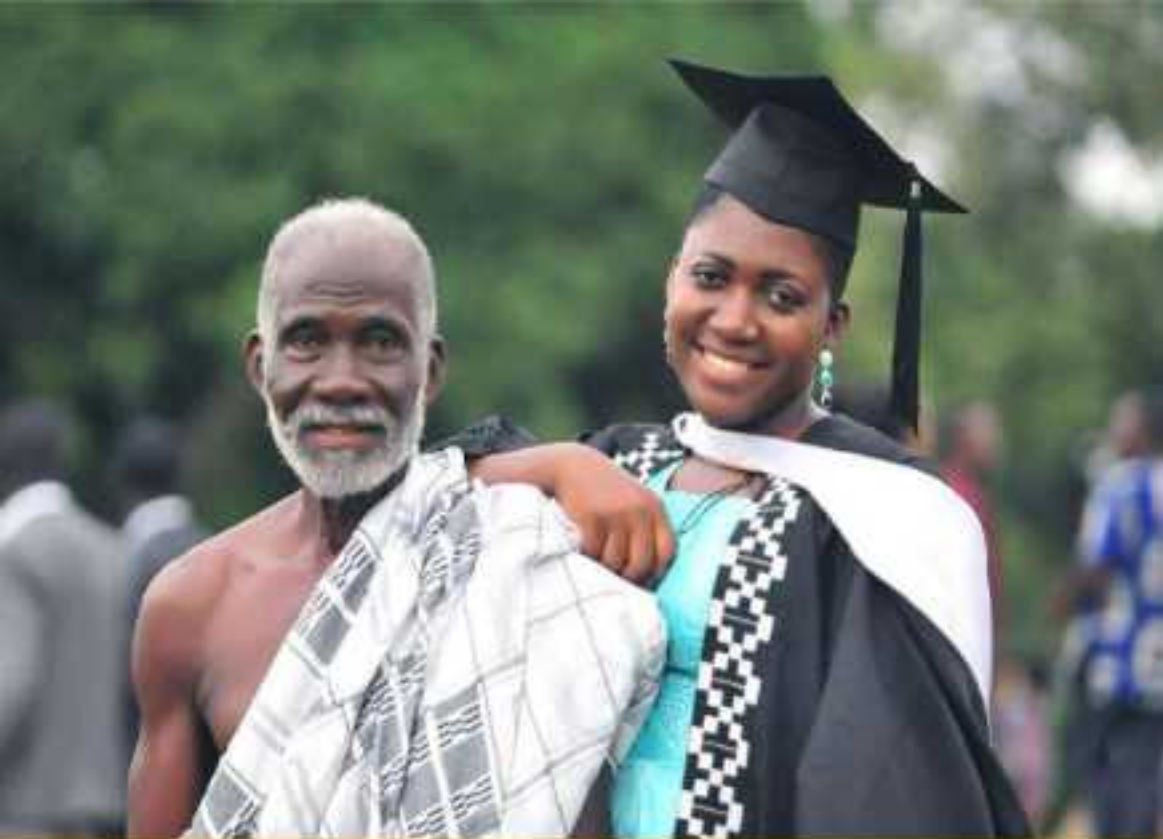












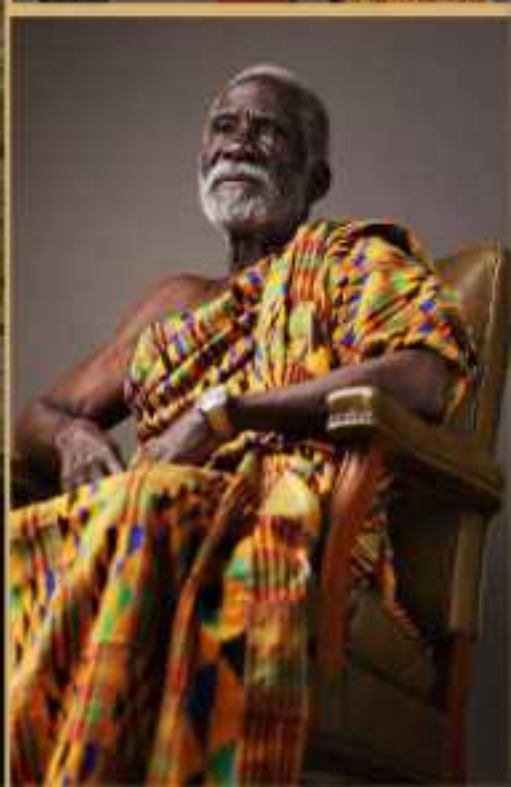












HYMNS

PHB 702(1-2)

1. Manyan yi, meto dwom pa
mama Nyame, m'Agyenkwa
Ɔn' na ɔyr me yefo,
me Gyefo ne me hwefo
2. Anadwo a medae no,
wo na wohwe me nnae so,
na wode w'ahumobɔ
bekataa w'abofra so.

PHB 518

1. Beso me nsa gyigy me,
m'Agyenkwa pa,
m'asena mu nnae yi
daa nyinaa.
Mepese metena wo nkycn,
minnyaw wo da;
nea wode m'bekɔ ho no, mepɛ ara.
2. Fa dom ne ahumobɔ
kyer me kwan.
Ma memfa do ne gyidi
minni w'akyi.
M'anigyem ne m'amanem
ma menyɛ kom.
Meber a, ma me ho nno
Wo wo kokom.
3. Mempe b'ribi mahu da
Se wo nkutoo.
Me kwan so dɛa sum a,
me hann ne wo.
Na enti beso me nsa
na ma yɛnkɔ
Ma minnu soro ho a
metena ho daa.

PHB 791 (1-2)

1. Ɔhoɔ ne mamfrani
na meyr wo fam ha.
M'asase minn ha baabi,
minni fi pa wo ha.

Ɔhaw, ɔber, amane
na yede tu ha kwan;
n'osoro ho na Nyame
bema mabome sann.

2. So mamfi me minofraase
manhyia haw ne ber,
ahoguan ne amane,
Ɔko ne ɔpere?
Mannya nea me kon do,
m'ani anwie gye;
enti mema m'anan so
na mentena ha menyɛ

PHB 824 (1-2)

1. Se atemmuda kɛse no bedu a,
Yesu, ma minhu wo se m'Agyenkwa;
ma menhwɛhwɛ wo wo wiase ha,
na eda kɛse no antu me koma.
2. Du no, me Yesu, che po na mɛfa?
Odimafo ben na obegye me?
Me nnebone a edɔso pii no,
Bema magyina w'atemma no mu den

PHB 311

1. O, Yesu Kristo, behwe yɛn,
na fa wo bonhom pa ma yɛn,
na ɔmfa wo dom nni yɛn kan
na onkyer3y3n daa nkwa kwan.
2. Yɛn ɛkrɛma to dwom ma wo,
na yɛn koma nso ho wo mpae;
hyɛ gyidi den, tew yɛn komam,
na yɛraho wo nyansa mu fann.
3. Yɛ yɛn saa daa fa kosi se
yɛne Nyame asafɔ no
behwe w'anin wo soro ho,
ato wo dwom ama wo so.
4. Anuonyam nka Agya no,
Ɔba ne Bonhom Kronkron daa.

HYMNS

O, yen Nyame, Nkwamafo pa,
gye aye yi ne aseda

PHB 787 (1-2)

1. Gyidifo tenabes pa
Wo nea won Agyenkwa a,
Won ani da no so wo,
Won fi pa wo soro ho.
2. Oyi ko, na oyi ko
Kohye soro man mu ho
wommisa yen anaa se
woko a, cye ana?

PHB 555

1. Yehowa ne me Hwrafo,
na hwee renhia me.
Oho me na Oyen me,
de n'ade pa kyr me.
Amanem odwudwo me kra
na Okyer me ne kwan pa.
2. Menam wu bon mu po a,
minuro bone bi;
wo na wudi m'akyi,
wokeye me wert.
Yehowa, wode wo poma
bepam m'atamfo nyinaa'ra.

PHB 810

1. Da yiye dofo abrafo,
w'adwuma no, nne asa;
ahomegye pa mmra wo so,
na dwe mapa nye wo de.
Nnyeso: Da yie, da yie,
Nyame mfa wo nsie.
Ade asa, aye sum; da yie.
2. Nusa bon yim kwantuni pa,
woafi Oyaw ne hu nsa.
Wo bre su minusa asa nne,
yebehyiam Osoro ho.
Da yie, n.a.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
The kingdom of this world is become
the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ,
and of His Christ;
And He shall reign for ever and ever,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.
King of kings, and Lord of lords.
King of kings, and Lord of lords,
and Lord of lords,
and He shall reign,
and He shall reign for ever and ever,
for ever and ever,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
And He shall reign for ever and ever, for ever and
ever.
King of kings! and Lord of lords!
King of kings! and Lord of lords!
And He shall reign for ever and ever,
King of kings! and Lord of lords!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!



GROWING OLD

*Growing old,
Growing old,
I wish I'll never grow old.
But God in His wisdom has ordained old age,
So growing old is the will of God.
I pray God teach me to number my days,
That I may have a heart of wisdom,
And growing old will be the joy of life.*



SCAN QR-CODE TO LISTEN & DOWNLOAD SONG





“ And I heard a voice from heaven saying, “Write this down: Blessed are those who die in the Lord from now on. Yes, says the Spirit, they are blessed indeed, for they will rest from their hard work; for their good deeds follow them!”

REVELATION 14:13 (NLT)

Appreciation

The entire family of the late

MR. SAMUEL YAW
OFOFU-DONKOR

wish to express their profound gratitude
to all who in diverse ways prayed, sympathized,
encouraged, supported and ministered with them
in their time of grief

Thank You and God Richly Bless You



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