



JONES AKWASI ANTWI
ABABIO OSEI
(1941-2023)



Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

Psalm 100:4 & 5



ORDER OF SERVICE

OFFICIATING MINISTER

REV. DR. JOHN B. GHARTEY
(ULTIMATE CHARISMATIC CENTRE)

IN ATTENDANCE

ULTIMATE CHOIR

programme FOR FUNERAL SERVICE

PART ONE – PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

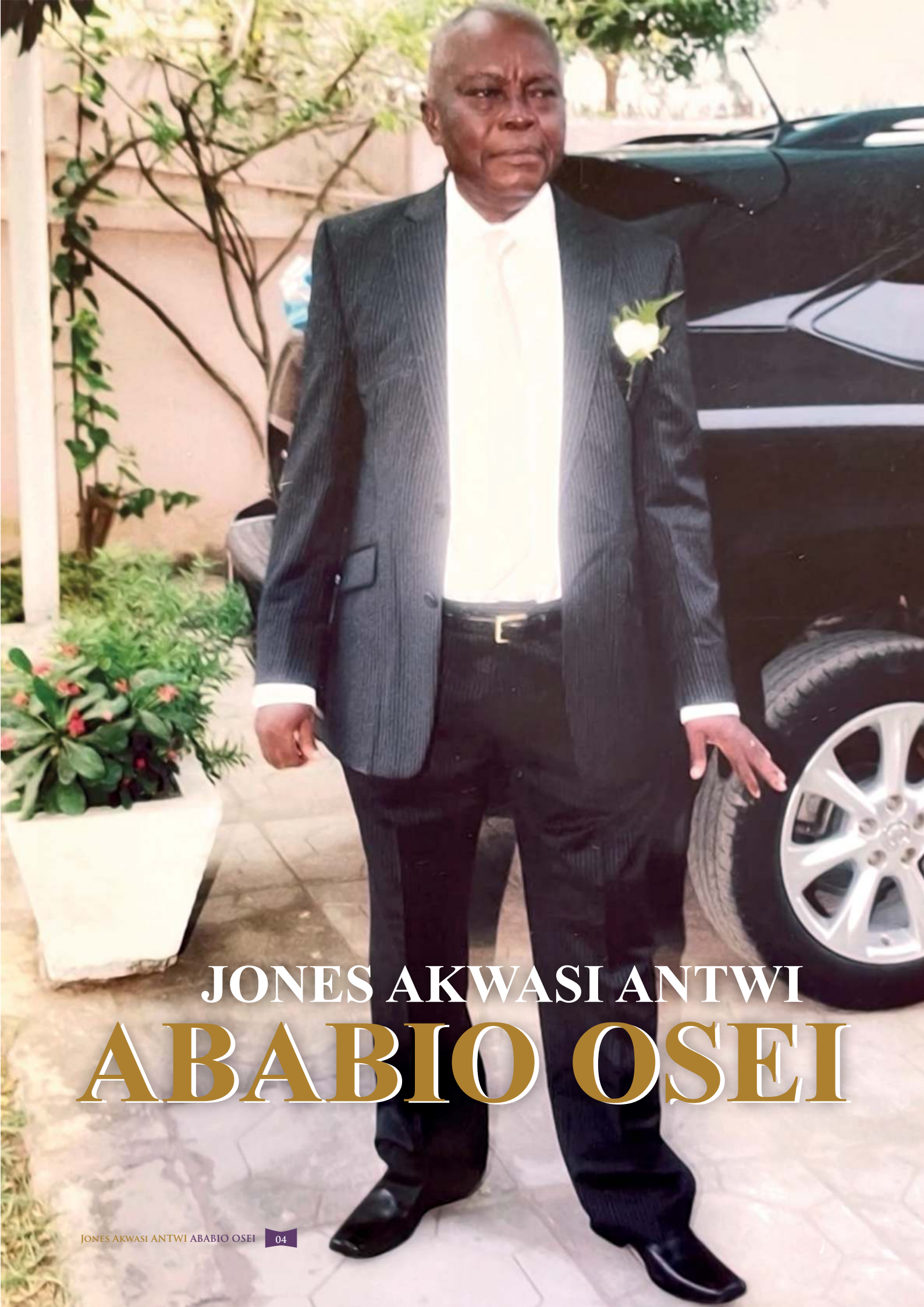
1. Prayer
2. Hymn 1 (*It is Well with my soul*)
Hymn 2 (*Through all the Changing Scenes of Life*)
3. Musical Interlude
4. Filing Past

PART TWO – BURIAL SERVICE

1. Opening Prayer
2. Praise and Worship
3. Opening Hymn (3) *My Jesus I Love Thee*
4. Welcome and Introduction
5. Song Ministration - *Ultimate Choir*
6. 1st Scripture Readings - *2 Timothy 4:6-8*
(Nana Kofi Asafu-Aidoo)
7. 2nd Scripture Reading - *2 Thessalonians 4:13-18*
(Rev. Johnny Oquaye)

programme FOR FUNERAL SERVICE

7. Biography – Nana Osei Bonsu
8. Tributes-
 - a. Rt. Hon. Prof. Aaron Michael Oquaye’s Tribute
 - b. GCB Tribute
 - c. Children
 - d. Widow’s Tribute
9. Song Ministration - *Choir*
10. Sermon - Rev. Dr. John B. Gharthey
11. Prayer for the Bereaved Family
Rev. Dr. John B. Gharthey
12. Offering
13. Closing Hymn (4) *Abide with Me*
14. Announcement & Vote of Thanks
15. Closing Prayer & Benediction



JONES AKWASI ANTWI
ABABIO OSEI

Biography

OF THE LATE MR. JONES AKWASI ANTWI **ABABIO OSEI**

*For whether we live, we live unto the lord; and whether we die,
we die unto the lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's*
Romans 14: 8

Mr. Jones Akwasi Antwi Ababio Osei, aka Yoosi, was born on 1st January 1941 at Mampong, Ashanti. His mother was the late Maame Ama Acheampongma Ampratwum later Mrs. Beatrice Agyemang. His father was Mr. Nicholas Edmund Nana Dwomo Osei, a royal from Oyoko, Koforidua also of blessed memory. His siblings are Mrs. Augustina Asafu-Adjei, Miss Victoria Agyemang, Dr. Kwasi Ofei-Agyemang, Mr. Robert Agyemang, Mr. John Agyemang, Mrs. Hilda Aku Sika Addae, and Mr. Rex Afriyie Agyemang (Deceased). Other siblings include Commander Osei Rtd (Ghana Navy), Mr. Kwaku Afriyie, Miss Akosua Ampomah, Miss Felicia Osei and siblings.

Early Childhood

We cannot talk about Jones without mentioning certain key relatives who had great impact on his upbringing and life. They were:

1. Great grandmother- Eno Akua Nimo
2. Great grandfather-Nana Tuffour
3. Great Grand Uncle-Nana Bona (brother of Eno Akua Nimo)
4. Maternal grandmother-Nana Akua Afriyie
5. Grand Auntie Mamfio
6. Grand Uncle-Mr. Jones Akwasi Ababio

The last three on this list he called “The Three Musketeers” because of the significant impact they made in his upbringing at the Mampong household. Nana Akua Afriyie took care of him from the onset as a little baby up to middle school.

Grand Auntie Mamfio was so fond of Jones and arguably his favourite Aunt and Mr. Akwasi Ababio sponsored his education from Secondary School till he completed University and married. Jones’ story of his childhood and life is intriguing and he repeated it many times with deep emotions to his wife and children especially in his old age.

As a very young boy under the guardianship of his maternal grandmother Nana Akua Afriyie, he started primary school at Duayaw Nkwanta in Sunyani while staying with the youngest Aunt, Auntie Maggie for a short period. He was sent to his mother at Obogu.

He was later sent to his father at Anyinam for a short period. When his father was transferred to another town, he lived with his paternal grandmother at Oyoko Koforidua till he reached primary six (6).



Jones changed schools several times because of frequent relocations, but despite the changes he adjusted well in school and was always at the top of his class with excellent grades. He later returned to his maternal grandmother, Nana Akua Afriyie, who at the time took over full guardianship of the young boy Jones when he attended Anglican Middle School. His grandmother then changed his school once again to Presbyterian Middle School in Mampong because she had been baptized as a Presbyterian at the time. His dear grandmother was the first to introduce Jones to the Lord and church as she had become a new Christian herself later in her life..

When he completed Middle school standard (seven) 7, he passed his common entrance with excellent grades and chose Keta Secondary School as his first choice because his brother, Commander Osei, was already student at the school.

In form three (3) at Keta, Jones came to

live with his grand uncle, Mr. Jones Kwasi Ababio through what he thought was a strange circumstance but will later know that it was by divine fate. In his words, he set off on his usual trip from Mampong to Keta Secondary School. He had to make a transit from Accra train station opposite the Police Headquarters but realized it was too late to travel and thought it will be better to spend the night in Accra. He remembered his grand uncle Mr. Ababio was a Police officer at the time, so he approached a policeman and asked if he knew his Uncle Inspector Ababio. He was quickly corrected that Mr. Ababio was head of Criminal Investigation Department (CID) and not an Inspector. Jones was then taken to Mr. Ababio's office to meet him and that began a life change in his destiny.

Mr. Ababio and his wife Mrs. Alice Ababio Aka Nana Aborehemaa with six children of their own, decided to take over care of Jones from his grandmother Nana Akua Afriyie, thus, accepting him in their Accra home. Jones then remained in Accra under the loving care of his uncle, wife and his rather young aunties and uncles who affectionately called him Bro Yoosi.

At his uncle's request he did not return to Mampong during school vacations. He was so appreciative of his uncle's care and sponsorship of his education, that he adopted his first and surname Jones Ababio. Jones continued to excel in academics while living with his grand uncle. His excellence and good character won the admiration of his teachers and peers who elected him as Senior School Prefect or Head boy in form five (5) at Keta. Jones was unbeatable in every subject and was one of the few in his class who could read and write Latin with ease.

He excelled in his O levels exams and then gained admission to Prempeh College to complete his 6th form. He struggled to choose his elective subjects because he was excellent in all subjects. Under the care and supervision of his uncle, he completed Prempeh College and was admitted into the University of Ghana, Legon in 1963 to pursue a Bachelor of Science degree in Economics and Statistics. In that same year, he met Marian Asafu-Adjaye, his future wife on one of the many visits to the house of the late Albert Asafu-Adjaye Esquire of Counsel, Marian's father.

Mr. Ababio was a very close friend of Mr. Asafu-Adjaye and Jones would sometimes be sent to repair electrical gadgets at Mr. Asafu-Adjaye's house. He boldly professed his love and proposed marriage to the young Marian at an early stage of the relationship.

In 1964, his 2nd year at the University, Ghana Commercial Bank (GCB) was seeking to recruit some excellent students from the University and presented an examination as a requirement for entry level. Jones took this examination and excelled. From then on, he worked as intern at the Legon and Tema Market Branches during vacations. By 1967, he had acquired a permanent position as an Assistant Accountant at GCB and began an excellent career path in Banking from a young age of 26 years. In 1969 the Bank sponsored a trip to Italy, to pursue his Master's degree in Statistics. Upon his return from Milan, he married his longtime girlfriend Marian Asafu-Adjaye Registered Nurse (RN) with a lavish wedding at Ridge Church Chapel in 1971.



Jones changed schools several times because of frequent relocations, but despite the changes he adjusted Jones was a disciplinarian and a loving father to his children namely Nana Kweku Bonah, Albert Kwabena Acheampong Osei, Angela Nana Akua Afriyie Osei, Edward Nana Poku ware Osei, Mrs E. Yaa Sika Adams, Mrs. Karen Nana Dwomo Antwi and Jones Barima Antwi Osei Jnr. He was strict when necessary and always looked out for their best interest. Though he had very little tolerance for noise or misbehavior in the household, he had his soft and comic side too. He was very witty and quick to poke fun at his wife which would trigger laughter. He was always available to help with school work especially maths and long essays even after a tiring day from the office. He was an essential family man who ensured that the needs of his wife and children were met.

Career

His brilliant career at the Commercial Bank has been well captured by the bank's tribute. His character, work ethics and diligence at work, earned him the respect and admiration of his colleagues and superiors and he earned several promotions throughout his banking career. He began his career as an Assistant Accountant at the Statistics Department in 1967 at GCB and was promoted to Assistant Manager

within a short period. In 1968, Mr. Jones A. Osei as he was known at GCB, studied IBM model Programming under GCB scholarship scheme and was probably the first staff to receive certification in Programming according to the Bank records. He also embarked on American International Banking Course in 1969 and became an Associate Member of the Institute of Statistics. The Bank recounts how he effortlessly juggled course work and his duties at the Bank. He worked diligently and finally retired from the bank with the status of General Manager.

General

Mr. Jones A. Osei was a sophisticated intellectual and thinker. He had books in his personal library ranging from Banking, History, Medicine & Health, Home Gardening just to mention a few. He watched all kinds of documentaries and Open University series recorded from his trips abroad. He was so well read and knowledgeable that he could contribute intelligently to any conversation from politics, current affairs, world history, literature, medicine and so on. He was a man of few words, but when he spoke, he always exhibited his in-depth knowledge in any topic much to the admiration of his audience.

Interests and Passion

One passion that topped all others was his love for music, specifically opera, orchestra, classics, movie soundtracks and kete traditional music. He recorded several video cassettes of Luciano Pavarotti, James Last, The Three Tenors and played in the house on loud speakers especially on weekends. He was in his elements when he played his music and it would totally change his mood and sometimes even got him emotional. He often got the children to gather and appreciate the sounds of the orchestra as he played and tapped his feet.

He also had a passion for plants and home gardening in his leisure time. This motivated him to join his longtime bosom friend Mr. Daniel Safo in 1976 to start a pineapple plantation called Combined Farmers Limited, a large-scale pineapple plantation exporting pineapple to Europe. He enjoyed frequent visits to the farm during weekends in his wellington boots and even took the children along sometimes. His devotion to his career in banking took his full attention but he was still able to afford some time to support his friend as a business advisor and Head of Administration at Combine Farmers. Their friendship blossomed even after retirement until Mr. Safo's sad demise in 2020. He appreciated Mr. Safo's friendship and support and he struggled to deal with his loss.

Jones was a problem solver and had a natural flare for fixing things in the household especially electrical gadgets. He was the typical DIY (Do It Yourself) person, always installing fixtures in the house with his black and decker drilling machine and a toolbox full of every tool you could imagine. With a reserved and quiet demeanor, Jones only entertained a small circle of friends. He was a kind man and always made his home available to host close relatives and family friends who needed a place to stay long term due to various circumstances. Several relatives can attest to the hospitality they received in the Osei household during their long stay. He impacted many lives by giving career counseling and job offers to many at Ghana Commercial Bank, including close friends and relatives once they met the right requirements and qualifications. He also gave counsel as the eldest of his siblings in family matters.

Jones loved the Lord and would always watch sermons on television in his room; the sound of the choir always made him emotional. He would always listen to Bible stories by non-other than the unbeatable storyteller, his wife and they would sometimes discuss how the story relates to their lives.

Later Life

Upon his retirement from Ghana Commercial Bank In 2001, he had more time for his interests and hobbies and also enjoyed the company of his grandchildren when they visited. He would attend family events occasionally even though he had less energy as old age set in. It was always a joy for the children and grandchildren to gather around him on 1st January New Year's day to celebrate daddy and Grandpa's birthday.

From 2017 Jones became less mobile due to ailments. He fought and fully recovered several hospital admissions to the Glory of God. He even survived a severe covid attack in 2021 after his 80th birthday, by the grace of God. His doctors were often surprised each time he survived near death experiences.

In the last two (2) weeks of 2023 he took ill and was admitted and discharged. On 30th April 2023, he was taken to the hospital once again as his condition worsened and passed on peacefully in the presence of his dear wife of 52 years. Farewell Mr. Jones Akwasi Antwi Ababio Osei.

You lived an exemplary life with excellence and devotion to the Lord and family. May you have eternal peaceful rest in the bosom of the Lord till we meet again in Christ. Amen.





———— TRIBUTE TO MY ———— DEAR HUSBAND JONES

My heart is heavy with tears as I write this tribute to my dear husband Jones, Akwasi, Yoosi Ababio Osei. It is painful but I have to write. Since you left me, Jones, my entire system has become void.

Indeed, it seems unreal that you are not here. I continue to sing unto my Maker: “Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say, it is well, it is well with my soul”.

Jones and I met in 1963 in my father’s house during a long vacation, when I was a Form Four student at Mfantsiman Girls. He would be sent to my father’s house by his grand uncle the late Mr. Ababio to fix our broken electricals, radio etc. He was so good indeed at fixing things. Mr. Ababio and my father the late Albert Asafu-Adjaye Esquire both of blessed memory, were very good friends. I paid no attention to Jones each time he came over. After a while, he sent one of the girls in the house to tell me he was interested in me. He later told me in plain words that he loved me and I would be his wife someday. I thought he was joking, I was too young to take him seriously. He would write letters to me in school every week and I became popular at the dining hall when names were called for letters from the Post Office. Jones affectionately called me Dixie. It was his crafted pet name.

When I completed O levels in form five (5), my father sent me to London, UK for holidays. Daddy was considering taking me to Nursing School in London at the time. Upon hearing that I might be attending school in London, Jones approached my father in my absence without informing me and told him about our friendship and his intention to marry me.

My father was surprised and did not take the news lightly as the news of his reaction reached me in London.

He asked Jones if he was employed and his response was that he was a University student. My father told him frankly that Marian was also a school girl and he should wait and come back later, if he was still interested.

When I returned from London in 1965, the whole household called me Naana Jones or Mrs. Jones including my father. I was not in trouble as I thought.

Whiles attending Nurses Training College in Ghana from 1966, our relationship blossomed. You will not see Jones without Marian anywhere. Our weekends were beyond excitement. We would go to the Marine Drive, Metropole Afternoon Jam, Tip Toe and end up in Orion Cinema. I would visit him in Akufo Hall on Legon campus, where I always received special treatment. Every Hall organized a dance with a live band and we fully participated with joy and excitement. Indeed, Jones and I had our

fair share of fun in those youthful days.

When Jones completed the University of Ghana he started work at Ghana Commercial Bank. Subsequently, he went on a study leave in Italy to pursue his Masters Degree. I waited for him. On his return, we got married in 1971 at Ridge Church. Meanwhile, I had commenced my career as a full time Registered Nurse (RN) at Korle Bu. We lacked nothing by the grace of God and our joy was full. We were blessed with six children. Jones always made sure the family's needs were met all the time.

Jones had an admirable work ethic; he hardly fell ill and would never call in sick. His intelligence was admirable; I was fascinated with how broad-minded he was and was always proud of him. Each time he was promoted, he would call from the office to tell me and we would celebrate the news.

He was my confidant and best friend. Even when we had misunderstandings and arguments, we would make up easily and move on. In 1974, we moved from a rented flat to a storey building GCB Bungalow with an office car, a driver and many other privileges. We were blessed with supportive families to help care for the children while we both worked.

Jones encouraged me to further my education by going back to school to pursue Midwifery Training after our second child. It was Jones who also encouraged me to do business in Ghana to supplement my income in nursing. By 1976, I had become a full-time business woman dealing in whole sale goods.

The boldness and confidence to do that level of business came from Jones. He really empowered me to accomplish a lot and for that I'm truly grateful.



DADDY WITH MUMMY AT AKUAFO HALL LEGON, UNIVERSITY OF GHANA



DADDY WITH MUMMY SIGNING MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE



DADDY WITH MUMMY AT DINNER

In preparation for the security of our family in future, we started building our own house from 1980 and completed by 1984. I remember when the whole family travelled to London, UK in 1986 when Jones was posted to do an attachment at Ghana Commercial Bank Office in London. I really enjoyed that trip living in a beautiful house by GCB. We visited many sites with the children and we had the best time.

We had our last child in 1989. In 1991 we moved to our dream home in East Legon. I can't forget the excitement I felt and how proud I was of Jones and his leadership to make our dream a reality. We were a powerful duo as I reflect, Jones and I have been through thick and thin. He was always there for me.

He was a very strong personality in my life for support and protection. Jones was more reserved in mid-life, he had a few friends and we would go out occasionally. He enjoyed relaxing at home and my presence was enough. He loved music and dance so much and he could enjoy music by himself in the room on loud speakers.

By the time Jones retired in 2001, I had lost so much money from a bad business transaction and was distraught. Jones and I had to take a difficult decision for me to go back to nursing in UK. It was tough because he needed me at this time but we still had children in school. He once again encouraged me to go and work while he stayed and took care of the home. I came to Ghana every year to visit him and the children on my leave.

He was very understanding during that period until my final return. Jones had been well for years since we married, not even a headache but as he progressed into old age, his health began to decline with many hospital visits. It wasn't difficult to care for him with my experience and we took it a day at a time. We both enjoyed the company of our children and grandchildren when they came around. Jones would reflect more on our lives in his late years and would frequently recount the stories of his childhood; how God brought him to Accra with the help of his uncle Mr. Ababio. He repeated his story countless times to all the children. Stories of his maternal grandmother (Nana Akua Afriyie), grand Auntie (Mamfio) and grand Uncle (Mr. Jones Akwasi Ababio) who by the grace of God played significant role in his upbringing to become an accomplished man that he was. He called them "The Three Musketeers".

In the last days, as Jones' condition worsened, the children and I continued to pray for him. He had survived a few near-death experiences, even beating a severe Covid in 2021. I truly believed he would beat this one too by the grace of God. He was such a fighter. But on 30th April 2023 as I dressed for Sunday service, I realized that I had to stop and take him to the hospital once again. Jones laid on his hospital bed peacefully and before I could speak to him he was gone. It was unbelievable, I stood there in disbelief still thinking he could be revived but it was not possible. Oh Jones! my heart is broken into pieces. It is difficult to accept that I won't see you again. I will encourage myself in the Lord. My sweetheart, my friend, my confidant, fare thee well till we meet again in Christ. Amen.



DADDY WITH MUMMY AT HOME SHORTLY BEFORE HE LEFT US



MR JONES ABABIO OSEI BY GCB BANK

“But our citizenship is in heaven. And we eagerly await a Saviour from there, the Lord Jesus Christ, who, by the power that enables him to bring everything under his control, will transform our lowly bodies so that they will be like his glorious body.”
Phillipians 3: 20-21



It is with heavy hearts that we join the Family and all Well-wishers to mourn and bid our former Senior Colleague, Brother and Friend, fare well.

Mr. Jones Ababio Osei was engaged by the then Ghana Commercial Bank (Now GCB Bank Plc) on 1st July, 1967. He was assigned the role of an Assistant Accountant with the Statistics Department at the Head Office, where he served his probationary period until he was confirmed.

Earlier on in his career, Mr. Osei was found to be a fast learner, an excellent team player and very hardworking. Some of the remarks from his Line Manager during his performance review were, “He does his work with elevated sense of responsibility”, “He offers useful suggestions”, “He is willing to attend to duties even on Sundays when necessary and his approach to labour statistics is exemplary”.

Jones performed exceedingly well in every task that was assigned to him and his hard work rewarded him a series of promotions. In 1973, his Head of Department wrote this about him “His diligence and reliability makes him a great asset in the department and without hesitation, I recommend him for promotion to the next grade”.

Thereafter, he was promoted to the position of an Assistant Manager. In 1975, he was promoted to the grade of a Deputy Manager. He excelled continuously and was subsequently promoted to the grade of a Senior Manager in 1978.

With determination and an exceptional attitude towards work, he rose through the ranks again and became a Chief Manager in 1981. Mr. Osei did not end there, he pressed on, until he was appointed as a General Manager, which happens to be one of the highest positions within the Bank on 9th July, 1991.

Apart from the aforementioned, he held other important positions in the Bank due to his matchless level of capability. He was once the Acting Secretary to the Board as well as a Special Assistant to the Executive Director of the Bank.

Mr. Osei worked in other locations of the Bank where he impacted positively on the business. The locations included, the Personnel Department, where he worked as an Assistant Manager from 1968 to 1990. He also worked with the Management Service Division as a Chief Manager from 1990 to 1993. He was eventually transferred to the Systems and Information Technology Division as the General Manager, where he served from 1993 to 1997. He was finally transferred back to the Management Services Department where he served until he gracefully retired from the services of the Bank.

Mr. Osei retired from the services of the Bank on 1st January, 2001, after 33years of loyal and dedicated service.

He did not only develop his soft skills whilst in employment with the Bank. He developed himself academically as well. Although he was employed with a Bachelor of Science degree in Economics and Statistics obtained from the University of Ghana. In April 1968 under the Scholarship Scheme of the Bank, he studied IBM 360 Model Programming; arguably, one of the first staff to earn certification in Programming and this skill contributed to the Bank's success in its digital infrastructure. Furthermore, Mr Osei pursued the American International Banking course in 1969 and strived to become an Associate member of the Institute of Statistics. He endeavored to participate in the various workshops he was nominated to attend. He effortlessly combined being a student and a fulltime worker, to the admiration of his Colleagues and his Superiors.

One of the most remarkable achievements of Mr. Osei whilst serving at GCB was his exemplary display of due diligence and extreme caution which enabled him to detect a forgery incident, which occurred on 1st June, 1971. Management commended him for his standard of vigilance and care in the execution of his duties. This was a big boost in his career and spurred him on to always put in an honest day's work and go the extra mile.

Throughout his career at the then Ghana Commercial Bank, Mr. Jones Ababio Osei was described as a high- flier and he never lost his love for the Bank. As we join his family to mourn him today, Management and Staff of GCB Bank want to thank him for his exemplary work that contributed to the tenacity and resilience of the Bank to this day.

REST IN PERFECT PEACE, SIR!



CHILDREN'S TRIBUTE

TO OUR DEAR FATHER

*"A person often meets
his destiny on the road
he took to avoid it".
Jean de La Fontaine*

”



We stand together with heavy hearts as we say farewell to you daddy. Your absence has left a vacuum that cannot be filled.

We will never forget the love and care you gave us growing up. You and Mummy always made us your first priority. You were an exemplary family man indeed. You made sure that every child was provided for, and we never lacked by the Grace of God. You set a good example by exhibiting discipline and your work ethic was impeccable.

Your story about how your uncle Mr. Ababio impacted your life, has taught us many lessons in life. You narrated this story on countless occasions. We can only be grateful to a man we never met and how his decision changed your destiny.

Our childhood was blissful, and our cherished moments with you in your twilight years will forever remain in our hearts. You would dress up for all your birthdays, even when your strength had reduced just to celebrate with your children and grandchildren. What are we going to do every 1st January now, your birthday...

Thank you so much Daddy from the bottom of our hearts for your presence, love and provision. You sacrificed for our happiness and we are truly grateful.

You lived well and achieved excellence. We, your children, stand tall and salute you for all you have done for us.

You fought a good fight. We miss you so much Daddy, but we know you are in a good place.

May the Angels of Jesus sing to welcome you into the bosom of the Lord.

Damirifa Due

Farewell Daddy,

Till we meet again in Christ.

Amen



TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS

Today, we gather with heavy hearts to pay tribute to our beloved brother, Bra Jones. He was not just a brother, but a guiding light, a source of strength, and a true leader for our family. As we reflect on the beautiful memories we shared with him, we are filled with gratitude for the impact he had on our lives and the legacy he leaves behind.

Bra Jones was more than a sibling to us; he was a selfless soul who would go above and beyond for his family. No matter the challenge or the obstacle, he would be there, offering his unwavering support and guidance. His words were few, but his actions spoke volumes, and we learned so much from his quiet strength and determination.

At a young age, Bra Jones took on the responsibility of Abusuapanyin, following in the footsteps of our late grand-uncle, Mr. Jones Edmund Ababio. With wisdom beyond his years, he carried out his duties with grace and integrity. He understood the importance of caring for our family's elderly, and he diligently managed the properties entrusted to him, ensuring that the proceeds were used to provide for their well-being. He always made sure any payment he made to anyone, no matter how small, was paid by cheque. This was his way of ensuring accountability and outstanding record-keeping. His meticulous nature and transparency set a shining example for us all.

Bra Jones pursued his education at the University of Ghana, where he studied Economics. This knowledge served him well throughout his career at the Ghana Commercial Bank, where he excelled in various managerial positions. He dedicated 30 years of his life to the bank, and during his tenure as the personnel manager, he positively impacted countless lives. He tirelessly worked to help others secure employment, always prioritizing qualification and merit.

Even after retirement, Bra Jones didn't rest on his laurels. He ventured into farming alongside his dear friend, Mr. Osafo. Unfortunately, illness struck during his retirement years, limiting his mobility. But even in the face of adversity, he remained strong and resilient. We are grateful to God for granting him a peaceful journey to his heavenly abode. Rest well, dear brother.

As we bid farewell to Bra Jones, we find solace in knowing that he will finally find the rest he deserves in the Lord. His unwavering dedication, hard work, and selflessness will forever be etched in our hearts. May his soul find eternal peace and may his legacy continue to inspire us all.

Bra Jones, Nante Yie. Onyame nfa wo kra ensie yie.

Your Siblings

TRIBUTE TO

MUSKETEER 2 AKA UNCLE JONES BY RT. HON. PROF. MIKE OQUAYE

Tenth October 1964 saw me as a freshman in Akuafu Hall, Legon. Actually the real appellation for the fresh student in Legon at that time was “FUE Student” – signifying that you were a mere candidate for the First University Examination (FUE). That exam determined everything. If you failed it, you packed your things and fled. If you didn’t pass it with excellence, you would do a general degree and not honours.

Osei Ababio Jones, in October 1964, was a second year BSC, Hons (Econs) student and was resident in Akuafu Hall. Obviously, he had acquitted himself very well and justified his inclusion. First year students naturally viewed such “seniors” with nostalgic respect, and even sometimes with trepidation.

The fine young man, as I was soon to learn, had come from Prempeh College sixth form and was acquainted with guys in my own gang which included Saahene, Akuoko, Duffuor (later Dr. Kwabena Duffuor), Adade (later Dr. Med-Adade) and others. The quiet gentlemanly Jones would often be seen in a particular corner of the JCR reflecting on a number of matters best known to himself as he sat on his own. He sipped his favourite drink on the side. He played draft rather enthusiastically and I had the occasion to watch him beat many competitors without teasing them violently, as indeed the custom was at that time. To him, a big smile with a chuckle was enough. I used to play some draft also, but with lesser endowed competitors, when giants like Jones were out of sight.

In my second year when I became JCR President, the Prempeh gang were my main supporters (most of my Presec colleagues were in other halls or KNUST). Papa Jones was very sympathetic. I believe his cool support was because the Prempeh students rooted for me.



Our paths hardly crossed thereafter until I married my beloved Alberta in 1980. Lo and behold, Jones' wife was my wife's younger sister. It was at this point that we really came to know each other well as "benchmen". We visited each other from time to time – all under the auspices of our wonderful wives. Uncle Jones was a man who could stand by those he cared about. He detested fair weather friendships.

In trouble and in joy, he cared. In the difficult days of the PNDC Revolution in the eighties, my family was hounded out of our home. My wife and I moved from one place to the other. Our boys were sent to their grandfather at Osu. My wife and I were internally displaced and nomadic persons.

At one time a couple who were family friends actually asked us to leave their boys' quarters as they were afraid soldiers would come for them. We understood. At this juncture, Uncle Jones and Auntie Naa Yaa came to the rescue come storm or fire. Tragically, we had to sacrifice the comfort of our home, just to live and see another day. There was nothing we could not do for them also! 'Tis a terrible tale to recount and we (Alberta and myself) never forgot this. We showed them in latter years that there was nothing we could not do for them also!

In December 1994, lawyer Albert Asafu-Adjaye, the beloved father of my wife died and his funeral was slated for the January 1995. A funeral befitting this Adonten Royal had to be planned and the in-laws of the deceased needed to be poised, as custom demanded, to do "nseyie". We formed a three-man committee for the purpose – myself, Uncle Jones and Mr. Kwame Asante (married to a younger sister, Naa Awuraa). The Lawyer, the Banker and the Businessman bonded in close harmony and worked in seamless unison. We became the "Three Musketeers" with a common purpose. Our cooperation, commitment to duty and attention to duty gained the admiration of the Asafu-Adjaye family. Of course, our wives were appreciative indeed. We continued to call ourselves Musketeers and lived happily ever after as one family.

Uncle Jones shared a special bond with my wife Alberta. Their binding force, I believe, was the spirit of taciturn equanimity which was a common strand in both of them. When she passed on, everything was done not to let him know for some time. But, alas, he had to be told. His wife reported that Uncle Jones "broke down and wept like a baby" in his own state of ailment and he never recovered till he ultimately went to be with the Lord. Auntie Naa Yaa said; "Jones has at last followed his friend to eternity".

Musketeer 2, you were a fine gentleman, cool, collected and guided by your own standards which you fervently adhered to, all your years. You could not compromise your principles, peace and high standards of morality. No wonder you had a brilliant career in the Ghana Commercial Bank.

Like Frank Sinatra, whose songs I know you loved, you did it all your way. And regrets? You had only a few and they were too few to mention!

Musketeer 2, when you reach the other side of the river, tell Auntie Nanaa (as you called her) that I love her as ever.

Musketeer 2, Rest in Perfect Peace. Sooner or later, we shall meet both of you again in Paradise. Amen.



TRIBUTE BY

**EDWARD NANA
POKU OSEI**

-SON-

To my Extraordinary Father

The first time I realized you were an exceptional human being was when I had my first sleepover during my primary school days. Until then, I had been under the impression that every home had the same routine. You can imagine my surprise when I found out what I thought was unfair treatment was actually what my friends dreamed of.

I sit here totally amazed, wondering how you succeeded with me as a project. Not many fathers would've had the patience and tolerance to keep working on a mischievous, authority-defying and rebellious teenager like me; yet for some reason, you were so optimistic about my potential reform that you went on to endure all that came with having me for a son.

No one, especially you, deserved what I put you through.

No matter how terrible and annoying my actions were - including my running away a few times - you and Mummy always feared for my safety and came searching for and embraced me as if it wasn't my fault. Mummy complemented you so well in perfect harmony with your "good-cop, bad-cop" routine, which I largely credit for my transformation from a selfish, rebellious teenager into a life of servitude uplifting Ghanaian youth from grass to grace through music and other endeavors.

One of the most impactful periods in my life that largely defined your selflessness in character was when I was 10 in 1987 and you were transferred to the UK branch of the bank, and rather than go alone, you decided to move the entire family with you...

including the house-help, even though the bank wasn't going to facilitate that. You made certain to not leave us behind even though it was going to hurt your finances. We moved into a six-bedroom mansion at Redbridge and lived just like we did in Ghana. I was so proud to call you my dad those years when I watched you navigate the white man's world effortlessly as if you'd lived there your entire life.

You were the embodiment of the creed "Never give up on your children even if all hope seems lost." And for that, I'm eternally grateful. You were such a gentleman worth emulating, and I sure did. Throughout your career as a banker, you were always home by 5pm. I can't forget the routine evening rides to Harry Zakour's Bus Stop restaurant for ice cream with us. It was either that or almost always together in the living room watching you and Mummy's favorite movies: Ben Hur, James Bond marathons or The Godfather, amongst others.

I still remember the scent of your Morgan's hair pomade and your aftershave when you were dressing in the mornings, as well as the aroma of Marmite during your breakfast, while Mummy debated with you on the perfect tie for your suit. In the background was almost always your favorite music: Pavarotti's *Nessun Dorma*, *Chariots Of Fire* or James Last instrumentals. Then finally came the time for my solemn duty, conveying your briefcase and suit jacket to the car, marking the end of the event that was your morning ritual.

I have so many great memories. Your obsession with gadgets and electronics gave our home an unfair advantage over many of my peers' as we were always up to date on state-of-the-art video and Hi-Fi equipment. I remember having the bragging rights as the first person amongst all my colleagues to have a personal computer in my bedroom back in 1995 when most offices didn't even dream of it. That felt so good.

As an academic, especially a mathematician, it practically broke you when you realized I had chosen to pursue music over tertiary education, and that distanced us terribly. Even though my career took off with a bang, it was never fulfilling. Your validation meant so much to me, and one of my favorite moments was when I finally got that closure during a phone call from you criticizing one of my works. I was so happy to find out you'd been listening to my music "on the low" and that you were actually one of my biggest fans. That's when Mummy revealed the ultimate secret, that you tried to form a band with some of your friends back in the day called "Heartless" but it never materialized because your education was very demanding. The validation and fulfillment from that day changed me forever.

It saddens me that I couldn't be there as much throughout your twilight years until your departure, but I promise to continue to live in your image and likeness as a productive citizen and family man, just as you taught us. Thank you for everything.

So long, Pops. Till we meet again.



“
*I am
my
father's
son*
”

TRIBUTE BY
**MRS. E. YAA SIKA
ADAMS**
- DAUGHTER

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.
1 Corinthians 15: 55-58(KJV)



Victory is assured indeed for we know that you lie in the bosom of our Father in heaven. The day you were restless, we decided to pray as always.

We prayed indeed, and called out to the Lord for his Mercy. We continued with the confession prayer as we always do . Daddy then suddenly, called out to the name of Lord Jesus.

"JESUS CHRIST SAVE ME." We could not have been be more fulfilled. Little did we know you were about to leave us in the next two days.

It was early Sunday morning. Mum said you had already taken a shower and dressed up, she had just given you a fresh hair cut, ready for the new week.

Apparently the only reason mummy decided to take you to the hospital was because you refused to swallow anything. You were super calm and you never spoke. You enjoyed the scenery to the hospital 5 minutes away from the house.

When you arrived, you just got into the hospital bed, turned yourself on your side facing to the wall and closed your eyes. It was exactly 7am on Sunday as you are a Sunday born.

Daddy, you died just like your nature. So calm and so peaceful. That is exactly who you were.

When I think about all the times you survived the most intensive sicknesses .



Only for you to depart so peacefully and quietly on the day we did not expect.

Growing up, daddy would close from work at the GCB on high street at 5pm and exactly at 5:30pm, you would hear his car horn at the gate . He is home already, in thirty minutes? we lived all the way in East Legon . I guess there were not too many cars on the road at the time. We would rush to the gate open him up then fight over who will hold his briefcase , his suit, his files, but we were also racing for his Chinese food given to him at work during lunch time that he never ate and would bring it home to us everyday.

If daddy ever went out, it was to go buy either gadgets, gardening equipment or hardware. Daddy was basically the handy man in the house. He could fix anything and everything. I had the privilege of joining him fix things around the house.

Sometimes he would teach artisans their own work. He single-handedly designed the wiring in the entire house, including the connection of the pipes. Till this day plumbers cannot understand daddy's plumbing connection he designed for the entire house. Daddy knew every single tiny wire and pipes in the house, where it goes and what it represents .

My love for engineering and technology all came from you daddy. I remember when we used to spend so much time together dismantling gadgets and fixing back up. My friends used to think I was a genius and could fix anything. They did not know it was all from my dad.

I wonder if the bank ever knew about your engineering side. I can not believe you left this earth with this extremely high IQ. You did not impart enough. Your ability to analyze and solve problems, your decision making style, your listening skills and your directives are just awesome.

My dad will never speak unless he has thought through and through what he wants to say.

I remember some day visitors came over for some important family discussions. There was a lady who kept going on and on about something and came off a little condescending. I couldn't wait for my father to finally speak, and show her how sharp his brains were, even in his old age.

To my utmost disappointment, he just ignored her and never spoke at that meeting . All he did was listen attentively.

Daddy would sit in his room and solve mathematical equations all day. The TV shows that worked mathematics were his favourite.

He would spend hours solving equations even in his eighties and he would say to Maa.

"I am now understanding a whole lot of things back in school."

Meanwhile daddy was always first in class so what more was there to " now understand". He never stopped learning. To him it came as a natural.

Whenever Daddy travelled, he spent his money buying us all kinds of books to read.

From the World encyclopedia sets all the way to the sciences, Geography, Economics, mathematics , literature , together with the listening tapes that came along with them.

I still have them all.

He loved all the Shakespearean stories. Macbeth, The Merchant of Venice, Hamlet, Othello.

Daddy would tell me the whole story on the Merchant of Venice (his favorite), and then there was twelfth Night, the tempest

Amongst Daddy's favorite stories was the story on Pompey in Rome and the moral of the story on the Trojan Horse. Mummy and I just took delight in listening to him.

When I attended Holy child, daddy would drive me to school every reopening in his latest Mercedes benz at the time. Oh how we loved that car. I will sleep all the way to Cape Coast. At that time, Cape Coast seemed like 5 hours away to me . I would sleep all the way to school and woke up at the sound of that low gear and the bronze hills on the right side, which was an indication I was almost in school. My heart would drop, because you see, no junior loved going back to school .

He would make sure I had all that I needed to study and enough provisions for the boarding house before dropping me off.

My brothers however, never had it that way . For them they were under the Military rule....hehe

Daddy, your latter years were the most painful for me.

I remember the monthly visits to Korlebu for your reviews . The emergency 2am calls from mummy that we had to rush to the hospital.

I basically went to bed each night with my phone and my car keys right next to me, just in case we had to rush at night.

I would raise the ringer volume very high so I would not miss a single phone call from mummy at dawn.

Daddy taught me how to be always prepared in life, never to procrastinate.

He thought me to be always prepared in any situation and to plan my week before it starts, but most importantly to plan my day the night before.

One fateful evening though, I came from work with a yellow tank. I was too tired so I said to myself, I will just buy fuel in the morning on my way to work.

That dawn mummy's phone call came through.

"Yaa Sika, 3y3 Daddy, we have to go to the hospital now ." She need not say it twice, I was already on my feet straight to Bemuah hospital which is less than 5minutes away. When we got there, we were asked to go to Ghana Canada hospital. When we arrived at Ghana Canada we had to go on to 37 military hospital.

My tank would not go. It was 2am . All filling stations were closed.



There were no taxis and no Uber at the time. We were stuck and we were losing Dad. I started praying and crying.

Daddy was in the front seat as always and Mum was in the backseat, so hysterical.

Then I called my sister who lives 10 minutes from home, to meet us at the closed up filling station, so we go to the hospital. God came through. We got to our destination. I never went home to sleep on an empty car tank again. It went against daddy's principles and his discipline.

When I was 15 daddy taught me how to drive in his Land Cruiser. We used to drive on the Achimota road near the school.

When I made a mistake., he would say "Yaa Sika you can do it, it's easy ."

After that, there was no car I could not drive. He taught me how to be calm and to be sure . Till date he never startled me whenever he sat in the front seat. He knew I could do it. His belief in me was everything I needed to face life in the future.

Daddy, there was not a single subject you didn't have knowledge of.

You were just excellent .

At times, I wonder why you majored only in Economics because you were so versatile there was no subject you were not good at. You were first in school throughout your life and when you graduated from secondary school, you were the overall best student.

Your excellence in academia just sailed you through your entire life.

As kids, we had the opportunity to travel because the bank posted daddy to work at the GCB located in London for 2years. We really enjoyed that stay.

“

Yaa Sika, you can do it, it's easy .

Infact I grew up thinking it was automatic to be promoted almost every year at work, and to travel all over the place. I learned later when I grew up that it wasn't so. It was because daddy actually worked hard to earn it all, the traveling, the promotions, the privileges etc. It was not automatic. Daddy earned it all and yet, he made it seem so easy.

Daddy's love for classical music is exquisite.

On weekends, he was either gardening outside, reading books, watching the discovery channel or listening to his favorite classics.

Frank Sinatra, Andrea Bocelli (Time to say goodbye), Pavarotti, James Last. He would play their records all day on his Record Player.

Sometimes he would call me to come sing for him. I took so much delight in doing so. That was his greatest relaxation time. In fact I would gauge him at those moments to ask for whatever I wanted. It was a sure banker.

Daddy, are you really leaving mummy to watch tv alone?

Who is she going to fight with over the remote now?

Who am I to gang up with against mummy so we can tease her all day about her hometown?

I had a dream about you for the first time on 10th June, it had been over a month after you had left us. In the dream you were speaking in a lecture room and you said "The Kingdom is like a Public Administration and Jesus Christ is the head of the Administration" that's all I remember.

Now you get to listen to the most beautiful songs ever composed.

My Greetings to Aunty Nanaa and Aunty Baby.

Rest well Daddy.

You shall forever be in our hearts. Till we meet again

Love, Yaa Sika
Amen





TRIBUTE BY
KAREN DWOMO
ANTWI - DAUGHTER
Remembering Daddy

My heart hurts as I begin to write my memories of you. It's strange to think you are gone forever, especially when I come around your bedside and try to imagine you sitting there. Your absence has left a big vacuum at home ,daddy.

I remember vividly the first time you took me to your office at Ghana Commercial Bank,Head office. I was fascinated as a child when I watched the VIP treatment you received from the car pack to your office. We entered what I thought was your office, only to be ushered by your secretary to an even bigger office with 2 computers, telephones books and files. I sat there and watched you interrupted a few times with documents to be signed. I got special treatment

that day, Mr. Jones A Osei's daughter is in the building. When you left me for a few minutes to attend a meeting, I thought quietly to myself, wow! That's my dad!. I don't think I told you how proud I was of you.

I admired your intelligence and executive handwriting. You thought me difficult maths homework with ease. Not a single pause in working a long formula. I would complain that was not the formula my teacher gave, you would say "it's maths , there's no one formula to get the answer". You would scold me when necessary but you had your sweet side. One of my fondest childhood memories is when you came home from work one day with Ferraro rochas chocolate in your hand , beaming with smiles and said I' d passed my BECE. You told Maa "Baby a passe " speaking twi .

You affectionately called me Miss Jones sometimes because people always commented on our resemblance.

You were a no nonsense person, zero tolerance for disorder and disrespect. When we heard "dada aba", as children ,we knew the drill. Everyone would quickly put things in order to avoid annoying you after a long day of work. We took turns to massage your aching shoulders from computer posture,whiles watching boring news. The never ending massage, I thought. Maybe if I deliberately massage anyhow you would release me earlier.

Your reserved demeanor intimidated some and you checked friends that you suspected to be bad influence on your children. Your stern side inspired Nana Poku to give you a secret name 'OJ' (Owura Jones); a name you eventually discovered and surprisingly adored with amusement. Only close family saw your soft side and unexpected jokes that will cause one to burst into laughter. You will tease Maa about her hometown in a way she couldn't even help laughing herself.

You liked your peace and quite after the day's work and you were in your best element when listening to opera and classical music. I thought to myself, how does a boy from Mampong be fascinated with classical music. The harmonic sound of the orchestra would fill the house, sometimes it moved you to tears. I would try to convince myself that hip hop is better, but would later experience goosebumps when you played the orchestra and started to appreciate classical music as well. You also inspired my love for gardening and plants.

You were always delighted to see the grandchildren when we visited. I would say to them, you've only seen grandpa confined to his bed, you didn't see him in his days with his fine suits, polished shoes and 007 brief case to the bank every morning. I told them snippets of your story of how divine fate brought you from Mampong to Accra and how your Mr. Ababio played a major role in your destiny.

Old age was challenging for you, as your mobility reduced in the last years, I thought to myself, enjoy simple moments with daddy, he will not always be around. I looked forward to simple things like giving you manicures and pedicures. You only requested for me to do it and I eventually chose to see it as a special task rather than an inconvenience. When it was my turn to take you to the hospital appointment, I would clear all schedule if possible and enjoy the long drive to Korle Bu. I enjoyed the conversations in the car with Maa about old stories, politics and our usual fried yam and chicken at the Korle Bu curve you looked forward to after long wait in hospital queue.

If I learnt anything lesson from your passing, it is to enjoy moments and always leave people's presence on a good note, you never know for sure if you'll see them again.

I'm grateful that I saw you grow into an elderly man, I couldn't ask for more. I'm glad our relationship blossomed as I grew older. Thank you for being a dad that provided and cared for all of us.

You were such a fighter, your body went through a battle and now you are free. I will always cherish all the memories and quality time we shared. Rest in perfect peace daddy and farewell.

With all my love,
Karen Dwomo Antwi
AKA Miss Jones





TRIBUTE BY
**JONES BARIMA
ANTWI OSEI JR**
-SON-

*In Loving Memory of
My Remarkable Father*

Today, as I gather my thoughts and reflect upon the cherished memories we shared, I find myself overwhelmed with both gratitude and sorrow. It is with a heavy heart and tearful eyes that I pen this tribute to honor the remarkable life of my late father, a man who left an indelible mark on my being.

As the last born in our family, I grew older alongside my father. While I didn't experience much of his prime, the memories I do have are precious and hold a special place in my heart.

I recall faint moments of him picking me up from school after work, our routine stops at A-life supermarket for a Kit-kat, and the everyday occurrences that I took for granted as a 10-year-old.

In true pension baby fashion, the man I would come to remember was the man at 60 years old, with a full head of grey hair and all the time in the world to pursue his passion projects.

In the evenings, I would gently comb his hair until he fell asleep, an arduous task considering the sound of a beating heart could wake him up and I'd have to start all over again. He would take me to the farm, and we would stand there for hours, sharing a silent understanding and the beauty of nature. He was a simple man. He minded his business and I never once heard him utter an insult in all the years I've known him. When I started boarding school at Achimota, I used to "break bounds" to come home, and instead of scolding me, he would prepare a meal and we would watch wrestling together until it was time to go. Those moments were precious—he had missed me.

My father was a man of few words, yet his actions spoke volumes. We could spend hours together without needing to engage in lengthy conversations. He simply wanted you by his side, and in that silence, a profound connection was formed.

One aspect of my father's life that stood out was his love for DIY. If you didn't know better, you would think we owned a construction store. He had every tool imaginable at home. He was always making changes to our house, and I would sit by his side as he conversed with the workers, who eventually became his friends. He treated everyone with deep respect, and his knowledge of plumbing, carpentry, and electricals was impressive. He would debate with the workers about the best approach for each task, and although I used to get frustrated by it, looking back, I realize how much I learned from those experiences. I would often tell him, "Leave the people to do their work!" but as his strength began to wane, he entrusted me with the responsibility of overseeing their progress. At the time, I wasn't interested, but 15 years later, as I pen my final goodbyes, I am acutely aware of how deeply his influence has shaped me. Today, I own a property development company that embodies the same management style and passion for construction that my father once had.

While he thought I would follow in his footsteps in banking by ensuring I studied banking and finance in university, he had steered me into following his passion instead.

Farewell, dear dad. Your quiet presence spoke volumes, and your absence reverberates loudly in our lives. Your grandchildren deeply miss their jolly grandpa, and your legacy lives on through me. Thank you for the cherished memories, the silent lessons, and the unwavering love that will forever guide us.

Rest in eternal peace, Dad.

A NOTE TO MY
FATHER
KOFI AMANKWAH

You were a father whose worth can never be told. Your zeal to excel to greater heights and wisdom, taught us not to settle for less in all aspects of life.

There's a place in our hearts no one can fill.

We miss you and always will.



A POEM TO OUR
GRANDPA
-GRANDCHILDREN'S TRIBUTE-

*In loving memory, a tribute we pay,
To our dear grandfather who's passed away.
A guiding light, a pillar strong,
In our hearts, his legacy will forever belong.*

*With wisdom and grace, he paved the way,
Through the seasons of life, come what may.
His stories like treasures, a tapestry spun,
Weaving love and laughter, bringing us as one.*

*A gentle soul, so full of care,
His presence a comfort, always there.
He held us close, in his warm embrace,
A beacon of love, his enduring grace.*

*Through his eyes, we learned life's worth,
The value of family, a treasure on Earth.
He taught us to cherish every fleeting day,
To find joy in small moments along the way.*

*In his arms, we found solace and peace,
A sanctuary of love that'll never cease.
His laughter echoes in our memories' hall,
A melody of happiness, fondly we recall.*

*Though tears may fall, and hearts may ache,
Our grandfather's love will never break.
For he lives on, in our spirits so strong,
A legacy of love, an eternal song.*

*So let us gather, united in love,
Embracing the memories, like stars above.
In our hearts, he'll forever reside,
Our grandfather dear, our everlasting guide.*

TRIBUTE BY

NANA DEBI AND CHILDREN

Death is inevitable, it is a journey that everyone must take. Often times we wish death wasn't a part of life, we wish we would just stay alive on earth with our near and dear ones not dying. But unfortunately, we cannot.

Wofa Jones as you were affectionately called by my family and I was a man of few words. Akwesi as you were affectionately called by Mamaa, your mother, was the first Uncle to my children. We visited very often since we both lived in North Kaneshie and became close. You taught the children the game of Cheche Kule which they enjoyed.

My noble and gentle cousin Wofa Jones will always see me and with a lot of affection and excitement in his eyes exclaim Nana Adebii!!!! We would sit and catch up on happenings around family and town. You were a very good support system.

You have gone to rest with your maker, you have fought a good fight holding on till the end. Our prayer is that we fulfill our days on earth resting in the Lord and grow old in wisdom before our time is up. May Our Lord comfort and sustain the entire family now and always. We also pray that the soul of our late Uncle keep safe resting in perfect peace till resurrection day.

Wofa Jones, Akwesi, Cousin Jones today we set you free, it's never goodbye but rather see you again.

My warmest regards to Maame Konadu, N. E. Osei and Mamaa and all those who truly loved and cherished us, tell them I miss them very much.



A TRIBUTE TO MY DEAR BROTHER-IN-LAW

BY MRS. PATRICIA ASANTE
(NANA AWURAA)

”

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

2 Corinthians 5:1 KJV

My precious moments with Uncle Jones began in my very young days as a child when my big sister Naana, Mrs. Marian Osei with my other sisters and cousins would visit our dear mother Nana Aborehemaa's (Mrs Alice Ababio) house. Uncle Jones then lived with his Uncle, the late Mr. Ababio.

Sister Naana and I grew up in the same household with our father, the late Albert Asafu-Adjaye, Esq. We grew up together with other Asafu-Adjaye sisters and many cousins and we have always been close even though she is ten (10) years older than me.

I remember as children we called Uncle Jones Bra Yoosi at the time and he was so fond of us. He would gather all the sisters and cousins (Nana Ama, Akua Akyiaa, Nana Akua, Baby Stella, Mamaa Julie, Baby Lilly, Maame Yaa Edusei) and often teach us maths and English when he was still a student at Legon University. We regarded him as a big brother and we were surprised and happy to learn of wedding news between Bra Yoosi and our very own Sister Naana. We all attended the beautiful wedding, our Bra Yoosi became our brother-in-law.

I remember when Sister Naana and Uncle Jones had their son Albert Osei, our father encouraged me to spend my vacations with her at Kaneshie to help them with the baby. I attended Mfantsiman Girls Secondary School at the time and most of my vacations were spent with them. We were a team in the household. Uncle Jones had a vegetable garden at home and Sister Naana would make salad with vegetables from the garden every morning, he was always health conscious as I recollect.



He was always well dressed with fine suits every morning to the bank.

He would buy provisions and give me money when school resumed. I always looked forward to spending my vacations with the them. When I went to London and later married, the two families continued to be close as our children spent long vacations together. We would visit each other during Christmas and celebrate the festive season.

Uncle Jones was a classy gentleman and would hardly clash with anyone. He was very witty and had a good sense of humour. He would sometimes affectionately call me Sister Auntie Nana Awura, he always had a smile.

In recent years, my sister and I bonded further as sisters in Christ. We would pray together often especially in times Uncle Jones took ill and by the grace of God he survived several conditions. In his own ailments, Uncle Jones will allow Sister Naana to also check on our older sister Auntie Naana; the Late Mrs. Alberta Oquaye who was also his close friend and had taken ill as well.

He would constantly ask how she was doing. Sister Naana mentioned how Uncle Jones wept when he heard the news of her passing. He continued to ask about her funeral arrangements.

It was a very difficult time and sister Naana was distraught. Little did we know that Uncle Jones will also leave us soon.

We prayed for him indeed with hope that he would recover as he always did but our Lord knows best. In his final days, I was with sister Naana when she was busy at the pharmacy buying his prescription medications from the hospital.

When Sister Naana broke the news of Uncle Jones' passing a few days later, I was deeply saddened and quickly rushed to be with her.

My dear brother-in-law, Bra Yoosi, you were a good man and husband to my sister. I'll cherish all the beautiful moments we shared from my childhood days ,to North Kaneshie days up to your 80th birthday. It has been a very difficult time for my sister and I losing you but as David did, we will encourage ourselves in the Lord. Farewell Bra Yoosi till we meet again in Christ our Lord.



THINGS I SHOULD HAVE SHARED WITH JONES

A TRIBUTE TO MY MENTOR
- CHRISTINE DADSON

Today, I stand to pay homage to an unsung senior colleague, boss and mentor who wasn't made aware of how he had impacted my life.

In the summer of 1973, the graduating classes from all the universities in Ghana were invited through an advert in the news papers to apply for positions in Ghana's premier bank- the Ghana Commercial Bank. From archeology to zoology- A to Z, you were welcome to a career in banking with the bank. Those were not times of " unemployed graduates". So a bunch of us found ourselves in the exalted corridors of the now GCB bank and of course you had to deal with the " Personnel Manager" as the HR function was known those days to get situated and to have any challenges resolved.

Everybody called him Jones, much against our title -loving culture but a testament to his down- to- earth, affable character. He was soft spoken, approachable, given to smiling and non- intimidating, unlike most bosses. Over time, after a couple of interaction with him, I wanted to be like him in the corporate environment. You see, I had graduated with a bachelor's degree in English and had French and Linguistics - literature and the practice of producing beautiful scripts and humanities in my veins - clearly not financial services, figures - crunching and balancing books and interpreting balance sheets. Here was Jones flowing seamlessly through notices to staff, dealing with people's rights and challenges, interacting with the Unions and Officers' association and much more. It was the kind of visceral callings I felt invited to in a future career. I was essentially a people's person and the light beamed through Jones to me. But did I ever discuss things with him? No, I took things in my hands and started reading wide about Personnel Management. I subscribed to some international magazines on personnel management from my readings in the library.



Oh, what did we do without the internet and Google! In time, I ended up with an opening at the ILO (International Labor Organization) for studies in the sector in the UK.

One auspicious day, I was invited as a lone candidate for an essay and interview session at the British Council Hall. Everything pointed to achieving my aim to be like Jones. However, the dream was short lived. The local coordinator messed up things for me by proposing to have an affair with me first before endorsing the application. He also said the external coordinator had praised me too high and might be interested in me so I should let him have his pound of flesh first. That was the last any of them saw of me. How I regretted later that I had not informed Jones or our MD then to intervene on my behalf!!! I succumbed to following the normal banking path until Providence changed things in His own time and way.

At another season of life, while going through a dark, hopeless, dreary patch, Providence drew close to me through Jones and gave me "a song in the night."

I had an unusual call from Jones to get to his office. He asked me to resubmit my updated resume for an impending attachment to a bank in New York as most of the staff in the Foreign Branch (as the International Banking Department was known then) would be selected for international exposure. I was going to be the first lady candidate. From New York, I would have to spend six months at the London office of GCB. What a way to come out of a dark tunnel!

Well to New York and London office I went and must have come with a small gift parcel of a tie or something for him. However, I didn't share the essence of the deliverance with him.

I didn't just grow professionally from the trips, but "I saw the Lord" like Isaiah did. I grew spiritually, The trips afforded me the opportunity to not only shop for my impending wedding but provided for everything was to start life and beyond at an unimaginable level.

Much later in life, after a decade's sojourn in the US, I returned back home and joined the Mfantseman Old Girls Association of which our beautiful soul, Sister Marian Osei, Jones' wife is a member. I promised myself and sister Marian that I needed to visit Jones and really meant to.

Bi-monthly after bi-month, we would attend meetings but I kept postponing my promise to visit Jones and share the two episodes herein narrated. If there is anything I wish I could have done before the fateful day Jones was called into eternity, I would have loved to share these episodes.

I cannot find the right words to express how sad I really was on learning that Jones was no more. I have struggled to put this eulogy together. Jones, I rest in the hope of meeting you again on the resurrection morning and having a glorious time with you recounting and exulting in the inscrutable ways of the Lord. He is Sovereign and does only what pleases Him without our permission.

Rest well till we meet again.

————— A TRIBUTE TO AN —————

EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

FROM THE SAFO FAMILY

Dada Jones Osei fondly known by all in the Safo family has always been very close to the Safo family as long as we can remember growing up. In the quiet moments of reflection, this tribute demonstrates the everlasting impact of an exceptional soul. Today, the Safo family pay tribute to an extraordinary man, whose friendship with the late Mr D O Safo and by extension to the entire Safo family span over 5 decades and the 2 families became very close. The late Mr DO Safo also called Yaw Safo and Dada Jones Osei shared warmth, and unwavering friendship to each other. As family members of his dearest friend, we join hands and hearts to celebrate the remarkable life of Mr Jones Osei who left an indelible mark on all who had the privilege to know him.

Both D O Safo and Jones Osei cherished and nurtured the value of their true friendship, and it was through this beautiful bond that our families became intertwined.

They both met together working at the Ghana commercial Bank in 1972. They realized they had a lot in common because they both came from Asante Mampong and loved agriculture. They complimented each other as Dada Jones Osei was always calm and measured and Mr DO Safo was the opposite they stayed together and even ventured into additional businesses together. They worked during their weekends on their farming projects because of their passion for agriculture. They stayed working on several projects for several years until Mr DOsafo took early retirement and decided to concentrate full time on agriculture. Dada Jones Osei later became a Director of Combined Farmers.

Mr D O Safo and Mr Jones Osei shared laughter to heartfelt conversations and they exemplified the true meaning of loyalty, compassion, and unwavering support.

This remarkable man's life was a testament to perseverance, as he weathered storms with his health and triumphed over challenges with grace and resilience. His friendship with D O Safo our beloved family members was a bond that transcended time and circumstance. They shared laughter and tears, dreams and disappointments, forging an unbreakable connection that spanned over 5 decades. In an ever-changing world, their friendship remained constant, a sanctuary of trust and understanding that offered comfort and solace through life's joys and sorrows.

As we bid farewell to our beloved Jones Osei, we find solace in the memories he shared with our family, the laughter he echoed and shared with Mr D O Safo, and the lessons he imparted. Though he may no longer be physically present, his spirit lives on within us, gently guiding us through the ebb and flow of life. We carry his legacy of friendship, love, and resilience in our hearts, forever grateful for the privilege of knowing him. The two families will remain united.

May his spirit serve as a guiding light, reminding us to cherish the bonds we forge and to embrace each day with gratitude and joy.

Rest in eternal peace, dear Dada Jones Osei, knowing that your memory lives on within our hearts, forever cherished and deeply loved.



———— A TRIBUTE FROM ————
RUDOLPH ADAMS
SON-IN-LAW

A man of few words .
A fine gentleman.
An intellectual.

You gave me the most beautiful woman in the world.
The principles you instilled in her are very much appreciated.
She is very honest, so caring of others, humble, bold, disciplined, and very intelligent.
I could not ask for more.
Thank you for giving me such a wonderful woman.
Although i can not take your place in her heart as a Daddy's girl.
I shall take good care of her and pick up where you left of Sir.

With love and gratitude
Farewell
Amen



————— A TRIBUTE TO —————

MY FATHER-IN-LAW

FROM BENJAMIN KWABENA ANTWI



*In everything give thanks; for this is God's will for you in Christ Jesus
1 Thessalonians 5:18 NLT*



We give thanks to the Lord, for the life of our father, Mr. Jones Ababio Osei. An Honourable man indeed.

Thank you, daddy, for without your existence, I would not have met my wife and had our lovely children, your grandchildren. I will forever treasure the opportunities and memories, especially when we began every new calendar year on your birthday on the 1st of January. A time for the gathering of your sons, daughters, in-laws and grandchildren around you to celebrate year after year. A very valuable lesson in fatherhood you have left for us.

Your strength and capacity even in old age to overcome ailments, showed me that you were a man made of steel in God's hands. You showed your contentment, positivity and your ability to appreciate the simple pleasures of life. This made you a man of your own class.

My first encounter with my father-in-law was in my days at St. Theresa's Preparatory School, in our final year 1984. My class mate Albert Osei (now brother-in-law), myself and other students had discovered our new-found freedom of walking from St Theresa's to Swanlake, North Kaneshie, for no particular reason or a destination in mind. On one of those days, the last house to visit was Albert Osei's house to play a game of football. In our usual boisterous energetic selves, somebody broke a flower pot, which meant it was time to leave the house. At that very moment, Mr. Jones Osei's car horn sounded like thunder in our ears, meaning Mr. Osei was home. Our host Albert vanished into thin air, so we decided to open the gate and leave. At the gate, Mr. Osei asked us our names and told us to take care of ourselves and go home. We don't know the story Albert told after we left but little did I know that twenty -five (25) years later, the man in whose home we broke a flower pot, will end up offering me a beautiful flower as my bride as he became my father-in-law.

Daddy, your memory and legacy will forever live with us and your grandchildren will carry your seed and name to greater heights. We will continually remember you for your strong personality, your permanent smile and your presence.

Honourable Dad, **MR JONES AKWASI ANTWI ABABIO OSEI**, farewell until we meet again.

Rest in peace Daddy.



TRIBUTE BY
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
In Loving Memory of Mr. Jones Ababio Osei

When I was asked to pen a tribute for my father in law, I immediately grew quite nervous, for he was essentially a very quiet man. I also felt that I had known him for a relatively short time and wanted to do him justice.

The first time I met my husband, his son Barima, one of the things we had in common was how strict our dads were. They both kept to themselves, but when you got close, they had vast stores of knowledge and wisdom to pass on.

As I walk on life's journey with Barima, I see how much of a great impact Daddy Jones had on him. The profound influence he played in our everyday lives, his unwavering commitment to work and providing for his family, and his deep, abiding love for his grandchildren. You never have to tell them twice when it's time to go see Grandpa. They miss him very much.

Daddy Jones, it is quite obvious that you lived quietly, but you are loved deeply by all those who knew you. Your presence and influence will always be felt.

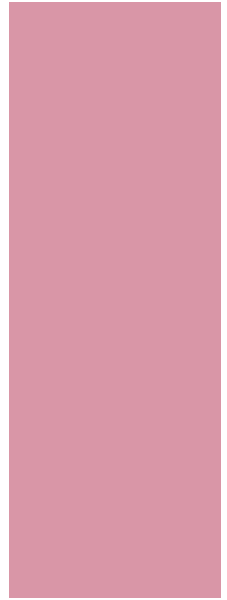
May your soul rest in perfect peace.



GALLERY







*Mummy
& Daddy*

PARENTS *n* GUARDIANS



Madam Janet Akua Afriyie
(Mam Panyin)



Madam Akosua Adowah Agyemang
Tuffour.(Akosua Nsakani)



Jones Akwasi Acheampong
Ababio



Nicholas Edmond Osei



Mrs Beatrice Agymang



Nana Akosua Takyiaw Abore Hema



Daddy and Grandma

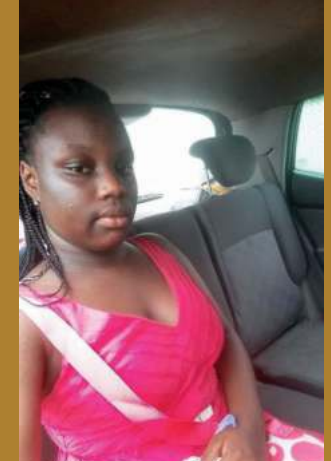


SIBLINGS



CHILDREN





Grand-Children



Hymns



Hymns

MY JESUS I LOVE THEE

1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I know
Thou art mine;
For Thee all the follies of sin I
resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior
art Thou;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis
now.

2. I love Thee because Thou hast
first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on
Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns
on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis
now.

3. I'll love Thee in life, I will
love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as
Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death dew
lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus,
'tis now.

4. In mansions of glory and
endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven
so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering
crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus,
'tis now.



Hymns

ABIDE WITH ME

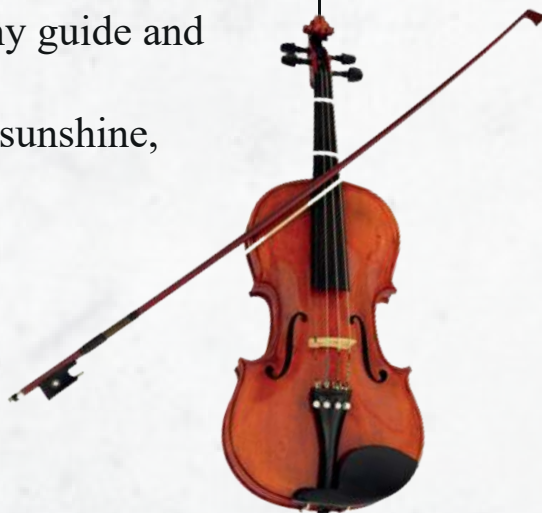
1. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3. I need Thy presence every passing hour
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and strength can be?
Through cloud and sunshine,
O abide with me.

4. I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.



Hymns

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

1. When peace like a river
attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught
me to say
It is well, it is well, with my soul

*It is well, it is well
With my soul, with my soul
It is well, it is well, with my soul*

2. Though Satan should buffet,
though trials should come
Let this blest assurance control
That Christ has regarded my
helpless estate
And has shed His own blood for
my soul

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

4. And Lord, haste the day when
my faith shall be sight
The clouds be rolled back as a
scroll
The trump shall resound, and the
Lord shall descend
Even so, it is well with my soul



Hymns

THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE

1. Through All The Changing
Scenes Of Life,
In Trouble And In Joy,
The Praises Of My God Shall Still
My Heart And Tongue Employ.

2. Oh Magnify The Lord With Me,
With Me Exalt His Name;
When In Distress To Him I Called,
He To My Rescue Came.

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

4. The Hosts Of God Encamp
Around
The Dwellings Of The Just;
Deliverance He Affords To All
Who On His Succour Trust.

5. Oh Make But Trial Of His
Love,
Experience Will Decide
How Blest They Are, And Only
They,
Who In His Truth Confide.

6. Fear Him, Ye Saints; And You
Will Then
Have Nothing Else To Fear:
Make You His Service Your
Delight;
Your Wants Shall Be His Care.

7. To Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost
The God who we adore:
Be glory as it was, is now;
And shall be evermore.



Appreciation

*The entire Osei family would like to
Express our utmost gratitude to everyone
who reached out to us. Your emotional
support, service and donations are greatly
appreciated.*

*For those who made a big effort by
travelling from far places to mourn with
us, we say a Big Thank You.*