



BURIAL SERVICE



*MAXWELL KWAME*

*NSARKOH*

AGE: 58

TRANSITIONS FUNERAL HOME

DATE: MONDAY 20TH DECEMBER AT 11.30AM



ORDER OF

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*SERVICE*

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**OFFICIATING MINISTER:**

Rev. Dr Adzika Agbemenya Vincent

**PART ONE: FILING PAST**

1. Opening Prayer
2. Opening Hymn: MHB 634 – Will your anchor hold in the storms of life
3. Filing Past: MHB 668 – Angel Voices Ever Singing
4. MHB 468 – Nearer my God to Thee
5. Covering of Casket: Pallbearers

**PART THREE: AT THE GRAVESIDE**

1. Scripture passages:
2. Lowering of coffin: MHB 976 – Now the laborer's task is over
3. Committal prayer
4. Wreaths
5. Vote of Thanks
6. Hymn: Abide with me
7. Benediction

**PART TWO: BURIAL, MEMORIAL & THANKSGIVING**

1. Hymn: MHB 612 – Lead Kindly Light
2. Biography / Tribute from family
3. Scripture Reading 1
4. Scripture Reading 2
5. Hymn: MHB 608 – Captain of Israel's host and guide
6. Commemoration and commendation
7. Offertory – MHB 578, A charge to keep I have
8. Blessing of offering
9. Vote of Thanks / Announcements
10. Presentation:
11. Benediction:
12. Closing Hymn: MHB 10 – Now thank we all Our God

## BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE

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# MAXWELL KWAME NSARKOH

**M**axwell was born to John Kwasi Nsarkoh and Agnes Ankapong on 19th January, 1963. He spent his early years in Winneba and moved to Accra later. He attended Engelbert School in his primary years.

Maxwell was the toast of the family for many years. A very pleasant personality on all fronts. His character endeared him to all generations. He had great following among peers from a very early age and also brought smiles to the faces of older and younger members of the community.

In 1976, he entered Mfantshipim, where again, he was an instant social hit with his cohort. The family lived in Achimota for a large part of his formative years but when the move to No. 31 Little-Legon came in 1973, he ported his vibrant personality to the new community. He was the active hub of his peer group from that early age. Many of us remember the first trip to the State Transport Corporation, when he and his friends set off to Cape-Coast and to the adventures of boarding school. The courage and maturity with which the cohort set off left us in no doubt that they would thrive.

On all his vacations, we heard the exciting news of what transpired in Cape-Coast. He spoke with fondness about heroes of his youth who were either excelling in the martial arts, in sports, or simply in notoriety. From Maxwell, we came to have a first-hand relationship with Mfantshipim and the student generation that made the headlines in those years. As he rose in seniority, he too became the biggest headline. His unique swag, energized dances and many expressions, became a culture on their own. No. 31 Little-Legon, slowly became a Mecca for youth from all over Accra, who came and spent time with Maxwell. He never departed from the essence of what he was – a believer in the community spirit and the need for fellowship between friends, family and neighbours.



Maxwell's passion was to trade. He stayed close to the trading vocation all his life. At a very early age, he pooled together all the social equity he had built from friendships and associations, and started to connect the dots in small trades between people he knew. What started as a side hassle of sorts, became a big contribution to the life of many youth in the 1980s. During the years of what could be called the "shortage economy", Maxwell always knew where to find merchandise and how to arrange deliveries. The proceeds of his trade were always generously distributed in acts of kindness. Nobody went hungry around Maxwell, and no provision that could be made was not made. The hazards he endured in the vagaries of his trading pursuits were many. Maxwell fought through a few robberies for example. We heard the stories first hand about how he survived and how God guarded him.

There was a particularly distressing story of the time when he refused to hand over his day's takings to knife-wielding thugs, and his resolve weakened them to the point where they still took a share of the money he was carrying but he got to keep the bulk of it. Courage was ingrained in his profile. Interestingly, before the untimely event of 3rd December, 2021, he made salient inputs into a design discussion on transforming trading from the hazardous processes he had lived with, to digital flows. It sounds bizarre but his inputs were usually the short salient phrases. In this example, he said after reflection: "the registration of merchants will have to be easy. We will need assistance from agents".

Maxwell went through a period of numerous health challenges from the early 90s. There were a few stretches of illness that completely altered his trading vocation and perhaps his total life space. He spent some time recuperating in the family's Greenhill residence till his health was renewed sufficiently. Eventually, the family moved to Ofankor in 1994, and this was Maxwell's address till the unfortunate event of 3rd December, 2021.

Ofankor was a very eventful chapter in Maxwell's life. He again set up a wholesale and retail trading enterprise, that thrived virtually out of nothing but his connectedness with the society. His favorite greeting to customers – Hellooo – became his nickname. The community loved him, bonded with him, and revered him, all at once. Maxwell developed a touch that defied logic. Everything he touched grew and thrived. When he built a house, it was beautiful, it was delivered efficiently, and it housed a happy family. When he changed trading lines, all products he shifted to scaled into the market. His staff were absolutely motivated and loyal. Maxwell was a blessing to everybody.

The best part of Maxwell's life came in his later years. When he got married to Asantewaa, he resettled as the perfect husband, and later on a wonderful father of Maxwell Jnr and Julius. They were inseparable. Understandably, when he held court in front of his shop, as he did daily with customers, he was mostly flanked by one or both of his sons. Maxwell was iconic. He constantly prayed blessings into the lives of his family. He would say to the hearing of all that Maxwell Jnr

must stay more compliant than he did in youth and have an easier life. He focused on imbibing his family with all the exposure he had from his unique upbringing and the tiers of society he straddled. He adored his father in his adult years and adorned his walls with portraits of him. He wired his family into the heritage he treasured. His journey with Asantewaa was a joy to watch.

The personality of Maxwell, will be spoken about forever. The nicknames say it all. Helloo was the courteous, loving shop owner, community elder, and friend of all. CRAZY – as they called him in Mfantsipim – was the toughest kid in the hood and the unstoppable icon of radical disruption. Ras Gbonyo, was the representative of the movement towards a counter establishment.

In simple trade language, many times he analysed and unraveled complex political matters, corporate dynamics and social issues. He was always understated, always spiritual, and very kind. Maxwell loved his wife, sons, parents, uncles, aunties, nephews, nieces, brothers and all who he found in his short life.

Maxwell mixed esteemed acts of philanthropy with humble means. He was there for his friends when they signed up to acquire a taxi or similar asset in what are now commonly called “work and pay contracts”. He would do their computations, guide them and tolerate their weaknesses. He connected many job hopefuls to work opportunities, simply by putting the word around his community of contacts. He was an advisor to many traders, artisans, vehicle operators and professionals. He would listen actively, connect dots and create value. Being located in the midst of retired academia at Ofankor, it was interesting to see how they revolved around the axis that Maxwell constituted. They engaged him on a wide range of subjects and respected his views.

Maxwell loved sports and supported Kumasi Asante Kotoko keenly. He captured their highs and lows with his witty commentary. As with everything else he did, his joy in the good times was infectious and he shrugged off the low moments. In Maxwell’s teen years his love for sports showed in athletics. He was a runner of hurdles races. In Little-Legon, using the make shift sports infrastructure that children of the 70s were good at, he made a mark in high jump. He also loved the martial arts but never signed up formally for training. His phenomenal strength in the various brushes he had with danger, was probably linked to the instincts he formed from self-taught combat sports.

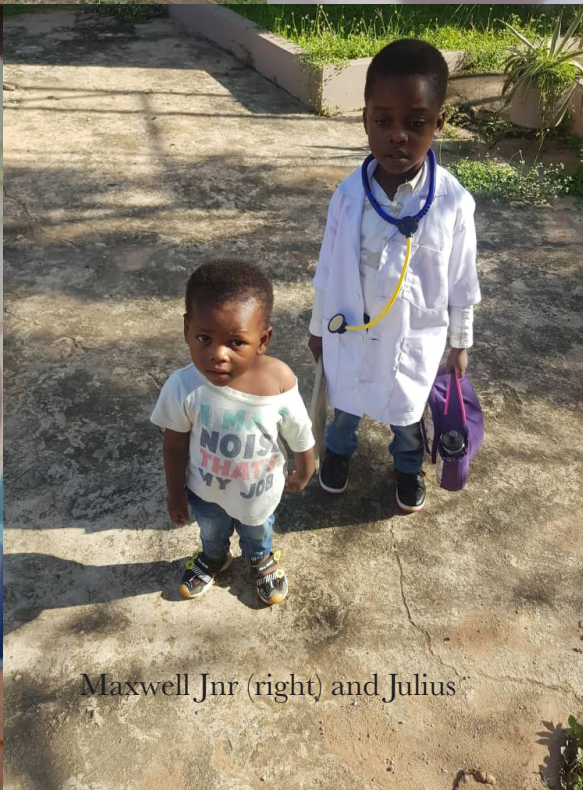
In the words of the late Joanna Nsarkoh, Maxwell was “a beautiful boy”. He will be missed forever. May the Lord bless the family he has left and give grace as we try to own the legacy of such a life.



A great parent



Love birds Maxwell and Asantewaa. Blissful moments



Maxwell Jnr (right) and Julius



Forever the family man





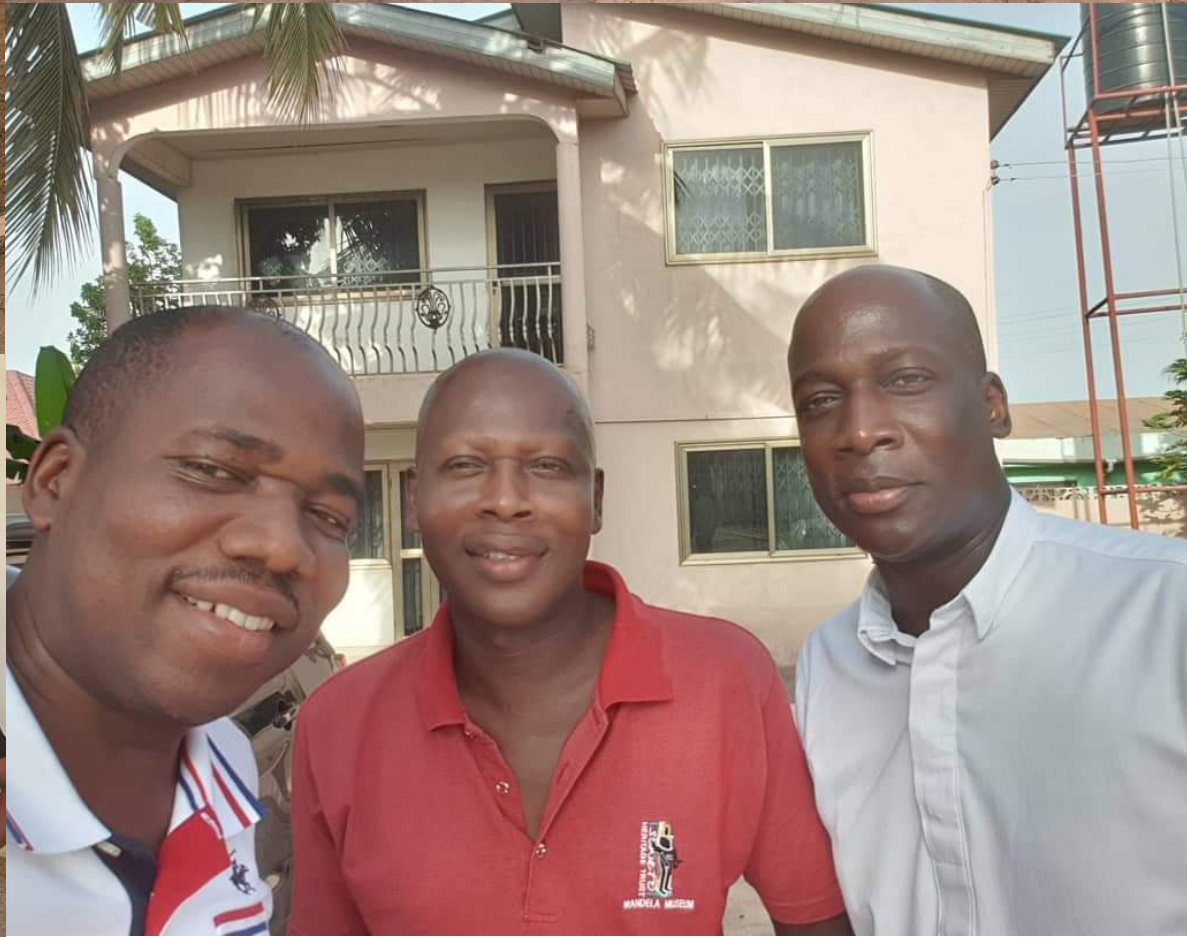
He filled his home with love



With brothers Eric, Yaw and Frank



Great moments with brothers



## A TRIBUTE TO MAXWELL NSARKOH

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# FROM THE FAMILY

**T**he memories of Maxwell will stretch across all the moments of our life. We have seen him in moments of courage and we have stood by him in vulnerability. The aura of Maxwell has surrounded us constantly for the last 5 decades and more.

We are reminded of the words of King David, in 2 Samuel 1 v26: I grieve for you, Jonathan my brother; you were very dear to me. Your love for me was wonderful, more wonderful than that of women.

We sit in deep grief at this time. The moments are quiet and different. The energy of the social anchor is missing. In these times though, the fondest memories linger.

The youth of the family will remember the uncle who could conjure school supplies at the shortest notice. The one with product lines for the widest range of children's wishes in their growing years.

The brothers remember the icon. The one who schooled in Cape-Coast but became a national household name across schools. The one who had a smile of recognition at the mention of every named reference. He simply knew everybody there was to know. We still remember that random moment, that evening in Adabraka, when Eric was being bullied by a taxi driver who would not respect the agreed drop off point and fares. Literally out of the wood work, appeared friends of Maxwell with the polite but firm enquiry that ended the cabbie's arrogance. His aura was felt everywhere. The protection he extended to us was effortless. He would always guide, always urge us on and ultimately step in when necessary to offer a shield.

In our journeys of faith, there was no clearer sign of the divine encounter than what we saw in Maxwell's life. He was no stranger to health challenges at certain periods in his life, but we saw him rise and heal in ways that were absolutely inspiring. The ultimate brush with danger was in 2006, when 4 rifles were pointed at him in an armed robbery.

The ability to pick a rare moment and overpower the assailant left to keep him at bay was the feat that his friends from Legon subsequently described as "another one that only Maxwell can do".

Maxwell was a nurturer. When we started working together on a business venture, he was quick to point out the important roles that Asantewaa – his wife – could play. She executed these with perfection but he supported her with everything he had.

There was never a day that Maxwell would not be seen walking with his children, interacting with his pets, checking his landscaping or undertaking some maintenance activity.

In the professional lives of Eric and Yaw, Maxwell was the ultimate consultant. In a country with a very difficult distribution landscape that most corporate entities struggle to navigate, Maxwell supplied the forever vital trading instincts. He could speak with certainty on which brands were winning and why. He knew the consumer instincts. He guided the deep strategic discussions with the perspectives of real life. Maxwell's intelligence was immeasurable. He was always happy to share the experiences that he had spent his whole life gathering by legging markets and building businesses.

Maxwell rose to become a big trader in his areas of interest. He kept his modesty and he showed the ultimate strength when he decided in 2013 to change his strategy, so he could cope better with the physical demands of business. By putting in place a real estate income source and diversifying into products that could be overseen without much effort, he kept himself much healthier and perhaps extended his years. That extension was grossly inadequate. We say so though, while acknowledging that our God is sovereign and his will cannot be contested.

Maxwell is a brother forever and we love him dearly! May he rest in God's peace!

A TRIBUTE BY

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# MOBA 81

## (THE CENTENARY GREENHORNS)

We all received the news of Maxwell's demise with great shock and disbelief. Although we knew of his health challenges, we thought they had been very well managed over the years and he was in good spirits.

Being the son of a University Professor, Maxwell spent the early years of his infancy on Legon Campus where he was known to be humble, shy, soft spoken and affable.

He had his Primary school education at Englebert, Airport and subsequently gained admission to "The School" after passing his Common Entrance Exams.

Maxwell was amongst a batch of brilliant students who were offered admission to Mfantsipim School in August 1976, when the school turned 100 years. That group has since borne with pride the unique and privileged Title, "Centenary Greenhorns" (CGH)

In The School, he was liked by many. His huge popularity stemmed largely from his ever present smile and lovable nature. Most of his dormitory mates cannot recall him ever being angry. Despite his popularity, Ras mentored and looked after several small boys in his dorm.

He was also a good sportsman and played football and hockey for Pickard Packer House.

His love for music in general and Reggae music in particular was notorious earning him the alias "Ras" and he exhibited this love with his skillful dancing moves which he displayed at musical events in school such as "Records night" and concerts held off school premises referred to as "Pop Chains".

After school, Maxwell went into business and stuck to it throughout his adult life - reflecting his independence in thought. His clientele was wide and varied and he was passionate with his services. Maxwell was unable to play a very active role in our year group

activities due to ill health but he kept in touch with members through social media and remained loyal and committed to his close friends.

We recall with glee, however, that despite his health challenges, he made a conscientious effort to join us, his CGH mates, with his physical presence for the 40th anniversary celebration of our entry into the school which we held on 28th August 2016. You should have been there to see all of us overwhelmed with joy to once again enjoy his affable presence and shout out loud "Ras" with smiles, laughter and fond memories of our youthful lives and escapades!!

We know that he will be sorely missed by his loved ones, particularly his wife and young children and of course by the CGH.

Maxwell, Ras, may your gentle soul find everlasting rest in the bosom of the Lord."



*Maxwell with his mates from  
Mfantsipim 's Pickard Parker*

# HYMNS

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MHB 634

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,  
when the clouds unfold their wings of strife?  
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,  
will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

Refrain:

We have an anchor that keeps the soul  
steadfast and sure while the billows roll;  
fastened to the Rock which cannot move,  
grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!

2. Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear,  
when the breakers roar and the reef is near?  
While the surges rage, and the wild winds blow,  
shall the angry waves then your bark o'erflow? [Refrain]

3. Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,  
when the waters cold chill your latest breath?  
On the rising tide you can never fail,  
while your anchor holds within the veil. [Refrain]

4. Will your eyes behold through the morning light  
the city of gold and the harbour bright?  
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,  
when life's storms are past for evermore? [Refrain]

MHB 668

1. ANGEL voices, ever singing  
Round Thy throne of light,  
Angel harps, for ever ringing,  
Rest not day nor night;  
Thousands only live to bless Thee,  
And confess thee  
Lord or might.

2. Thou who art beyond the farthest  
Mortal eye can scan,  
Can it be that Thou regardest  
Songs of sinful man?  
Can we know that Thou art near us  
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

3. Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest  
O'er each work or Thine;  
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices  
For thy praise design;  
Craftsman's art and music's measure  
For thy pleasure all combine.

4. In Thy house, great God, we offer  
Of Thine own to thee,  
And for Thine acceptance proffer,  
All unworthily,  
Hearts, and minds, and hands, and voices  
In our choicest Psalmody.

5. Honour, glory, might, and merit  
Thine shall ever be,  
Father, Son, and Holy spirit,  
Blessed Trinity.  
Or the best that Thou hast given  
Earth and heaven Render thee. Amen.

MHB 468

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!  
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,  
still all my song shall be,  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

2. Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,  
darkness be over me, my rest a stone;  
yet in my dreams I'd be  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

3. There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;  
all that thou sendest me, in mercy given;  
angels to beckon me  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

4. Then, with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise,  
out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;  
so by my woes to be

# HYMNS

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nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

5. Or if, on joyful wing cleaving the sky,  
sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,  
still all my song shall be,  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

MHB 612

Refrain:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the gloom of  
evening.

Lord, lead me on! Lord, lead me on!  
On through the night! On to your radi-  
ance!

Lead, kindly Light!

Lead, kindly Light, kindly Light!

1. The night is dark, and I am far from  
home,  
Direct my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.  
So lead me onward, Lord, and hear my  
plea. [Refrain]

2. Not always thus, I seldom looked for  
you,  
I loved to choose and seek my path alone.  
In spite of fear, my pride controlled my  
will,  
Remember not my past, but lead me still.  
[Refrain]

3. So long your pow'r has blest me on the  
way,  
And still it leads, past hill and storm and  
night!  
And with the morn, those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost a  
while. [Refrain]

MHB 608

1. CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide  
Of all who seek the land above,  
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,  
The cloud of Thy protecting love;  
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule,  
Thy word;  
Our end, the glory of the Lord.  
2. By Thine unerring spirit led,  
We shall not in the desert stray;  
We shall not full direction need,  
Nor miss our providential way;  
As far from danger as from fear,  
While love, almighty love, is near.

MHB 578

1. A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

2. To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill;  
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage  
To do my Master's will!

3. Arm me with watchful care  
As in Thy sight to live,  
And now Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give!

4. Help me to watch and pray,  
And still on Thee rely,  
Oh, let me not my trust betray,  
But press to realms on high.

MHB 10

1. Now thank we all our God  
with heart and hands and voices,  
who wondrous things has done,  
in whom his world rejoices;  
who from our mothers' arms  
has blessed us on our way  
with countless gifts of love,  
and still is ours today.

2. O may this bounteous God  
through all our life be near us,  
with ever joyful hearts  
and blessed peace to cheer us,  
to keep us in his grace,  
and guide us when perplexed,  
and free us from all ills  
of this world in the next.

3. All praise and thanks to God  
the Father now be given,  
the Son and Spirit blest,  
who reign in highest heaven  
the one eternal God,  
whom heaven and earth adore;  
for thus it was, is now,  
and shall be evermore.

MHB 976

1. Now the laborer's task is o'er;  
Now the battle day is past;  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.

Refrain:

Father, in thy gracious keeping,  
Leave we now thy servant sleeping. A-men.

2. There the tears of earth are dried,  
There its hidden things are clear,

## HYMNS

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There the work of life is tried  
By a juster judge than here. [Refrain]

3. There the penitents, that turn  
To the cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Jesus learn  
At his feet in Paradise. [Refrain]

4. 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'  
Calmly now the words we say;  
Leaving him to sleep, in trust,  
Till the resurrection-day. [Refrain]  
(At sea, instead of stanza 4, the following shall be sung:)

5. 'Till the sea gives up its dead,'  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Laid in ocean's quiet bed  
Till the resurrection-day: [Refrain]  
Amen. with ever joyful hearts  
and blessed peace to cheer us,  
to keep us in his grace,  
and guide us when perplexed,  
and free us from all ills  
of this world in the next.

3. All praise and thanks to God  
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Till the resurrection-day: [Refrain]  
Amen.





*MAXWELL KWAME*  
*NSARKOHI*

1963 - 2021