



ORDER OF BURIAL SERVICE
FOR THE LATE

Nana Amoah Young

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FOR THE LATE
NANA AMOAH YOUNG

AT THE
TRANSITIONS FUNERAL HOME - HAATSO

ON WEDNESDAY, 10TH JUNE, 2026,

AT
8:30 A.M

LAYING IN STATE AT TRANSITION, HAATSO FUNERAL HOME

OFFICIATING CLERGY

REV. EBENEZER N.A. ASHITEY
VERY REV. ISAAC AKUSHIE
REV. EDWARD SEREKO-YOUNGE
REV. MRS. OLGA N.A. AMARTEIFIO
REV. SOLOMON A. KOTEI
REV. NANA YAW SIAW ADANE

IN ATTENDANCE

VERY REV. MRS. DORIS SAAH – (SECRETARY OF SYNOD-ACCRA DIOCESE)
VERY REV. SARAH AMANKWA-WIREDU
VERY REV. SETH BENTUM-TACKIE
VERY REV. ERIC B. CLOTTEY
REV. RICHMOND ESHUN – (HOSPITAL CHAPLAIN-ACCRA DIOCESE)
REV. JOSHUA QUARCOO
CAT. ELSIE ADJEI-MENSAH
CAT. EVANS OFOSU

PRE-BURIAL AND BURIAL RITES

PART 1: PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. Call to Worship - Cat. Evans Ofosu
2. Hymn - PH 549 (1-3)
3. Prayer - - do -
4. Scripture Reading - (Eng.:) - Ps. 121:1-8 - Mr. Alexander J.D. Kotei
5. Hymn/Filing Past - Choir
6. Tributes
7. Scripture Reading - (Ga:)- Rom. 8:23-30 - Ms. Rhoda Banson
8. Hymn/ Filing Past - Choir
9. Tributes
10. Scripture Reading - (Eng.:)- John 11:17-21 - Ms. Nana Ama Boison
11. Hymn/ Filing Past - Choir
12. Tributes
13. Hymn - PH 310 (All)
14. Filing Past by family
15. Closing Prayer/Benediction - Minister
16. Hymn - PH. 777 (1-2)

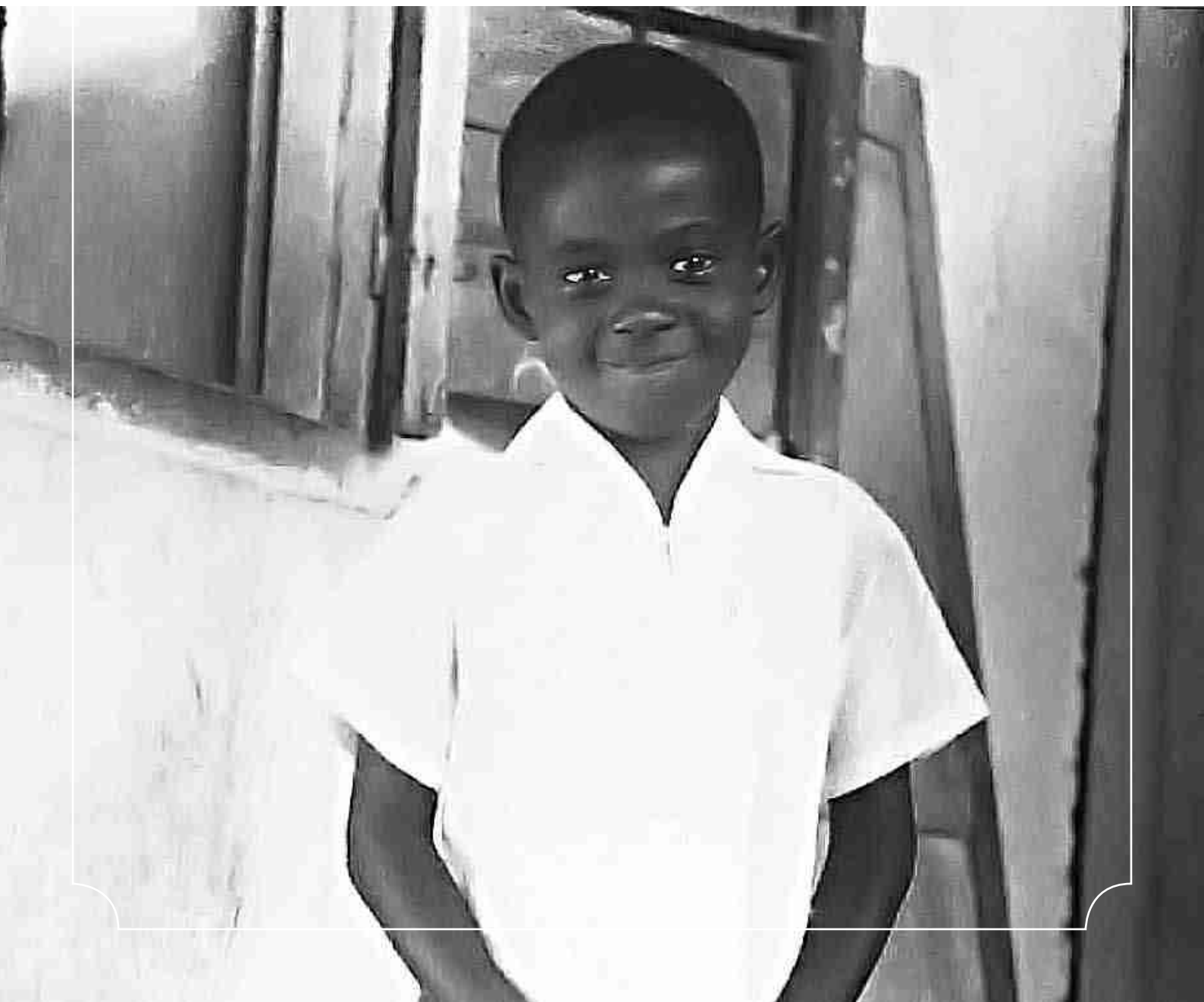
PART II – BURIAL SERVICE

1. Call to worship - Rev. Nana Yaw Siaw-Adane
2. Processional Hymn - MHB 427 - Through All the Changing Scenes of life
3. Scripture Sentences - - do -
4. Hymn - PH. 791 (1-3)
5. Prayer - - do -
6. Hymn - PH. 503 (1-3)
7. Solo - Mr. Francis Obeng
8. Biography/Tributes (40) - Wife, Children, Mother, Siblings & CMC Shipping Department/CMC (Rtd.) Staff Association
9. Hymn - AG 232 (1-2) - Begone Unbelief
10. Scripture Reading - Ps. 90:1-6,12 - (Eng.:) - Mr. Emmanuel N. Kotei
- (Ga:.) - Prsb. Regina Lartey
- (Twi:) - Prsb. Cecilia Oduro Baah
11. Hymn - AG 498 (1-3) - Pleasant are Thy Courts Above
12. Sermon/Creed - Rev. Ebenezer N.A. Ashitey
13. Hymn - AG 264 (1-2) - When Peace Like a River
14. Prayer of Thanksgiving - Very Rev. Sarah Amankwa-Wiredu
15. Christian Charity - (PH. 555; 549) - Rev. Solomon Kotei
16. Dedication of Offertory - - do -
17. Announcements - Mr. Fred Pappoe
18. Closing Hymn - PH. 518 (1-3) - Rev. Nana Yaw Siaw-Adane

- 19. Prayer/Benediction - Very Rev. Isaac Akushie
- 20. Recessional Hymn - AG 489 - God be with you till we meet again

PART III – AT THE GRAVE

- 1. Scripture Sentences - Rev. Nana Yaw Siaw-Adane
- 2. Hymn - PH. 502 (1-2) - - do -
- 3. Exhortation - - do -
- 4. Hymn - PH: 818 (1-2) - - do -
- 5. Prayer/Committal - Rev. Mrs. Olga Amarteifio
- 6. Hymn (Ashienye/Ashietse) - - do -
- 7. Closing Hymn - MHB. 914(1-2) - God be with you till we meet again
- 8. Vote of Thanks - Family Member
- 9. Benediction - Rev. Mrs. Olga Amarteifio





BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE NANA AMOAH YOUNG

A LIFE OF FAITH, SERVICE, HUMILITY, AND GRACE

Nana Amoah Young was born on 17th October 1960 at the Korle-Bu Teaching Hospital, the cherished son of Mr. Kwasi Amoako Atta Young (of blessed memory) and Mrs. Victoria Amoako Atta. He hailed from a lineage rooted in dignity, tradition, and quiet strength, and was named after his grandfather, Nana Amoatia Young of the Kyebi Adontenhene lineage.

From his earliest days, Nana exhibited a calm and gentle spirit. This disposition reflected both his upbringing and the grace that would guide him throughout his life. His humility, peaceful nature, and steady character became defining qualities, shaping his relationships and the path he walked.

EARLY LIFE & EDUCATION

Nana began his educational journey at Radiantway Preparatory School in Korle-Gonno, Accra. His discipline, intelligence, and respectful nature quickly distinguished him. He approached learning with quiet determination, earning the admiration of both teachers and peers.

After successfully passing the Common Entrance Examination, he gained admission to West Africa Secondary School (WASS), where he continued to excel academically and socially. During this time, he built lasting friendships and developed values that remained with him throughout his life.

Eager to broaden his knowledge, Nana advanced to Accra Academy for his Sixth Form education. His time there played a significant role in shaping his character, instilling in him a strong sense of responsibility, discipline, and leadership—qualities that would later define his professional and personal life.

CAREER

Following his National Service, Nana began his professional journey with the Cocoa Marketing Board (CMB) on 14th July 1980 as a Clerk Grade II in the Finance Department. From the outset, his dedication, integrity, and strong work ethic set him apart.

On 14th November 1986, he was transferred to the Cocoa Marketing Company (CMC), marking the beginning of a steady and distinguished rise through the ranks. In October 1988, he was promoted to Clerk Grade I, followed by his advancement to Senior Shipping Clerk in August 1994, where he demonstrated exceptional organizational skills and deep expertise in shipping operations.

His consistent excellence earned him further promotions to Principal Shipping Clerk in October 2003, Senior Shipping Officer in October 2009, and ultimately Principal Shipping Officer in October 2014.

Over a remarkable 40-year career, Nana served the cocoa industry with unwavering loyalty and distinction, retiring on 14th October 2020 upon reaching retirement age. He was widely respected as a man of integrity, professionalism, and dedication. Many colleagues remember him as a mentor who guided others with patience, humility, and quiet wisdom.

In addition to his professional achievements, Nana further enhanced his expertise through studies at the Nungua Nautical College, strengthening his knowledge in maritime and shipping operations and reinforcing his reputation as a highly skilled and dependable officer.

MARRIAGE & FAMILY LIFE

In 1983, Nana met Linda Joyce Kuotsoo Kotei, a young secretary whose warmth and grace complemented his gentle nature. What began as a workplace acquaintance grew into a deep friendship and, ultimately, a lifelong partnership.

Their union was formally sealed in July 1988 through a traditional marriage ceremony. Years later, on 28th June 2001, their marriage was blessed at the Osu North Presbyterian Church (now Shalom), marking a public dedication of their life together.

Their home was blessed with four children: Rudolph Godwin Kwame Asare Young, Cyril Kwaku Asiamah Young, Ohene Kena Young, and Enid Vicky Maame Kyerewaa Naadja Young.

Nana was a devoted husband and father, present in both the quiet and significant moments of family life. He led with gentleness and patience, creating a home filled with peace, unity, and mutual respect. To his family, he was not only a provider but also a confidant, encourager, and a steady source of strength.

CHRISTIAN LIFE

Nana's journey of faith began in early childhood. He was baptized in 1963 at the Kyebi Presbyterian Church, marking the start of a lifelong walk with God. During school holidays, he faithfully accompanied his grandmother to church, absorbing the rhythms of worship and the teachings of Scripture.

As he matured, his faith deepened into a quiet but firm devotion. He developed a love for Bible study, reflection, and spiritual growth. His faith was not loud, but it was evident—expressed through his character, humility, and daily conduct.

He consistently chose peace over conflict and kindness over pride. His calm spirit, forgiving heart, and gentle demeanor reflected a man who trusted God deeply. To those who knew him, his life was a living testimony of grace, patience, and quiet obedience.

SOCIAL LIFE & PERSONALITY

Nana was a man whose presence brought calm and reassurance. He avoided conflict and responded to situations with understanding and wisdom. His gentle smile and composed nature made him approachable and comforting to all.

He had a special affection for children, engaging them with warmth and patience, and making each one feel valued and safe.

Beyond his calm demeanor, Nana had a lively passion for Accra Great Olympics, which he supported with enthusiasm and loyalty. This love added a joyful dimension to his personality, often shared with friends and family.

To all who knew him—family, friends, colleagues, and neighbours—Nana was a pillar of humility, sincerity, and compassion. His relationships were built on respect, honesty, and genuine care.

FINAL DAYS & CALL TO GLORY

In the final chapter of his life, Nana faced a brief illness with remarkable strength and dignity. On 28th March 2026, at the Korle-Bu Teaching Hospital, he peacefully answered the call to eternal rest at the age of 65.

Though his passing brought deep sorrow, it also inspired gratitude for a life well lived - one marked by grace, faith, and quiet strength. Though he is no longer physically present, his impact endures. His love, humility, and faith continue to live on in the lives he touched.

FAREWELL

Nana lived a life that honoured God, uplifted his family, and served his nation with dignity. He walked humbly, loved deeply, and left a lasting imprint on all who encountered him.

As Scripture reminds us, "The memory of the righteous is blessed" (Proverbs 10:7). Nana's life stands as a testament to this truth. His legacy lives on in the love he shared, the values he upheld, and the lives he shaped.

May his soul rest in perfect peace.





TRIBUTE TO MY BELOVED HUSBAND, NANA AMOAH YOUNG

Psalm 121

“Mεεβα ni maye nkomo, ke miye Kristo Iε...” - PH 505

“Trukaa ke oya feemo tete, enyεo mo eninaa po...” - PH 776

It is with a heart weighed down by sorrow that I write this tribute to my beloved husband, Nana Amoah Young, my Nana, my companion, and my strength.

Nana and I first crossed paths in 1982 when I joined Cocobod. From the very moment I saw him, he stood out. He was tall, handsome, full of life, and always impeccably dressed. His neatly starched white shirts were not just clothing. They were a reflection of the man he was. Nana was disciplined, sharp, and dignified. Anyone who knew Nana remembers how crisp and elegant he looked in his shirts, always carrying himself with quiet confidence.

One afternoon, he walked into my office and invited me to lunch. That simple invitation marked the beginning of a love story that would span over four decades. What started as a friendship, quickly blossomed into something beautiful and deep. Nana visited me often, and with each moment spent together, I knew I had found a man whose love was genuine and unwavering.

In 1986, we sealed our love with our traditional marriage, filled with dreams and hope for a beautiful future. God blessed us abundantly. A year later, we welcomed our first son, Rudolph. In time, our home was filled with even more joy with the arrival of Cyril, Ohene, and our precious daughter, Enid.

On 28th June, 2001, we stood before God and consummated our union in church under the leadership of Rev. Rose Teteki Abbey. This was a sacred moment that remains etched in my heart forever.

Our marriage, like any other, faced its trials. There were moments when the storms of life threatened to shake us, but we stood firm. We held on to each other, to our faith, and to the love that bound us. With God's guidance and the support of family and friends, we overcame every challenge. For forty years, Nana was my partner in every sense.

Nana was strong. For all those years, he was never one to be confined to a hospital bed. But in November 2025, everything changed. His health began to decline, and our lives were suddenly filled with hospital visits, sleepless nights, and unending prayers. We cried to God, we knelt together, believing and trusting for healing. When the pain became unbearable, I stayed by his side, holding his hand, praying, comforting him, and drawing strength from his courage.

After his surgery in January, hope returned. Nana showed signs of recovery, and my heart was filled with joy again. I believed we had overcome the worst. Then you sent me that message on WhatsApp. A message that pierced my heart and brought me to tears.

The message read:

“One love.

You too much.

Much appreciated.

I could see the pain but you kept going. Cyril, Mister, Enid, they saw it all.

*May the Good Lord continue to bless you all, not excluding anyone
but those who have a story to tell.*

This too shall pass.”

One night, after our prayers, you whispered to me, "I will not die." And I held onto those words with every fiber of my being. I declared it with you. I believed it. We all did.

Nana, you were the life of every gathering. Even in your weakest moments, you never lost your spirit. You made us laugh. You reassured us. You fought with everything you had. You took every medication without complaint, followed every instruction, and never gave up. Each time we left for the hospital, you insisted we pray before stepping out. Your faith never wavered.

On 26th March, 2026, we went for what was meant to be a routine checkup. It was just a day before Enid's birthday. But when we returned home, something was not right. You struggled to breathe, and fear gripped my heart. We rushed you to the Police Hospital, and shortly after, you were transferred to the Korle Bu Teaching Hospital.

When Enid and I visited you in the morning of 28th March, you looked better. We spoke at length, and you even wished her a belated happy birthday. There was hope in your voice. We believed you would come home soon. We truly believed. But God had other plans.

When Enid and I stepped out briefly, I had no idea I was saying goodbye to you. Even after I got home, we spoke on the phone at 11:48am. That was the last time I heard your voice... a voice that had comforted me, loved me, and called me "sweet" in a way only you could.

Oh Nana...! Your final days are memories I will carry forever. Even in pain, you sang hymns of praise, lifting your voice to God with a heart full of faith. You filled the room with worship, reminding us all of where your strength came from.

And how I will miss the little things...

The way you called me "sweet" when you were happy, melting my heart instantly.

The way you called out "Tsootso, Tsootso, Tsootso" when I did something that displeased you. Even that, I will miss deeply.

Nana, my love, my partner, my everything...

For forty beautiful years, we walked this journey together, hand in hand, heart to heart. You loved me in ways words cannot fully express, and I loved you with everything within me. Though my heart is shattered and my tears flow endlessly, I take comfort in knowing that you fought a good fight.

You kept the faith. And now, you rest in the bosom of the Lord.

Sleep well, my Nana.

Sleep well, my sweet love.

Da yie, Nana Amoah!

Nana, yaawo ojogbann.

Until we meet again...

Your loving wife.

TRIBUTE TO OUR DAD

MHB 427

*“Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ”*

Buddy

TRIBUTE BY RUDOLPH YOUNG

It's hard for me to sit and write these final words to you. I don't even know where to begin...

You had two sides to you—the Nana who played with us and the Nana who was strict. Like every child, I never liked the strict Nana, but as I grew older, I came to appreciate that side of you. My fondest childhood memories are of you playing with us after school. Cyril and I would use your leg as an imaginary bicycle and pretend to ride. As we grew bigger and heavier, you promised to buy us a bicycle... which, by the way, we never received (lol).

Homework with you was always tough, especially math. Sometimes I knew the answers, but the look on your face—and the cane beside you—frightened me so much that I would give the wrong ones. I would expect lashes to follow, but instead, you would laugh cheekily and guide me to the correct answer. That was your soft side, even when you were trying to be firm.

One piece of advice you gave me has stayed with me to this day: to always look after the younger ones, especially in their studies so they will get ahead in life. You would say, “If you do better than them in life, they will always come to you for help, but if you share your knowledge, you will help each other.” That lesson has remained with me, and today we stand together as one, supporting each other. Even though they may not always need it, I will continue to look after them.

You instilled in us a sense of independence—to not rely solely on others, so as to avoid disappointment. You taught us contentment with what we have and humility in how we live. Indeed, you were humble. Indeed, you were content. Even when I disagreed with some of your decisions, I came to understand that this was simply who you were.

I never imagined that my trip in February would be the last time I would see you—our final hug, our final goodbye. We were hopeful that we still had more time, that you would be here for my next visit. You believed you would get better, because that was all we prayed for. We could sense your frustration when things became difficult and gloomy, but I always encouraged you not to give up. We wanted you to recover, to stand on your feet again, and return to your daily routine.

We tried to fulfill your little requests, to give you hope and allow you to still enjoy the things you loved. You truly tried, but the pain became too much to bear. Through it all, you never stopped saying “thank you.” Even in our last conversation, when I told you not to worry—that you would get better and come home soon—you responded, as always, “Thank you, thank you.”

Today, I say thank you too. Thank you for the life you gave me, for the memories we now cherish, and for the unwavering support you showed us over the years.

Matthew 5:4 says, “Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.” Today, we are hurting more than ever because you are no longer with us. We are in pain because we won't see you again. But we are comforted knowing that you are resting in the bosom of the Lord.

Revelation 21:4 reassures us: “He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain...” We know that you are no longer in pain. We know there are no

more tears running down your cheeks. You are finally at rest—the rest you longed for while you were here with us.

“Nana yaawɔ, ojogban.

Yehowah dientsɛ akwɛ onɔ, kɛ yashi bee ni wɔbaakpe ekonn.”

Amen.



TRIBUTE BY CYRIL YOUNG

Tribute to the President of the Starch Users Association of Ghana

“The starch in your shirt, even after washing,” was what earned you that title from me. EasyOn Spray Starch was always part of our household shopping list, and your neatly starched shirts became your trademark. That little joke is now one of the many memories that makes us smile through our tears.

Whether it was Nana, Bra Nana, Uncle Nana, or Mr. Young, you welcomed every name with warmth. You were easy-going, approachable, and kind to everyone who encountered you. Your calm nature and gentle spirit made people feel at home around you.

There are no words that can fully capture the space you have left behind. Your absence is deeply felt, yet your presence still lives on in everything you taught me and in the person I am today. You were more than a father — you were our guide, protector, and quiet source of strength.

Even in silence, you spoke volumes through your actions. You taught me the value of hard work, integrity, and courage in the face of life’s challenges. I remember when I thought I had performed badly after one of my major exams. While I was disappointed in myself, you celebrated me and quietly said, “This is not the end of the world.” Those simple words carried wisdom and comfort that stayed with me. They reminded me that our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

I also remember when I was burned with hot water as a child. During that painful healing journey, I experienced your love and strength in the deepest way. While I was admitted at the hospital, you never missed a visiting time. Your presence alone brought comfort and reassurance. That season taught me that difficult moments are not meant to break us, but to refine us and make us stronger. It also created an unbreakable bond between us.

One of the greatest gifts you gave me was your unwavering support when I decided to settle down with my beautiful wife. You welcomed her wholeheartedly, and over time, she became one of your closest friends — a bond I truly admired. On my wedding day, you were more than a coordinator; you carried the day with love, dedication, and pride, ensuring everything came together beautifully. Your presence brought calm, joy, and reassurance, and that memory will remain with me forever.

Though you are no longer here with us, your lessons continue to shape our lives. I hear your voice in our decisions, feel your strength in our struggles, and carry your wisdom with us every day.

Your life was a gift to everyone who knew you. Only you truly knew the pain you endured, yet you continued to fight with dignity and quiet strength that left us in awe. You were never one for many words, but your gentle smile drew people close effortlessly.

I will forever treasure your signature messages:

“Celebrating you, enjoy” on my birthdays,

“Much appreciated” whenever you expressed gratitude,
and “This too shall pass” whenever we worried about the pain you were going through.

One of your favourite quotes was:

“I learned to give, not because I have much, but because I know exactly how it feels to have nothing.”

Rest peacefully, Nana. You may be gone from our sight, but you will never be gone from our hearts.

And for the last time:

“Bye Bye Bye Bye Bye Bye Bye Bye... till we meet again.”

Ohene

TRIBUTE BY OHENE YOUNG

My father had a way of making the ordinary feel special. He gave me a nickname —“Mister”— and somehow, the way he said it carried pride, affection, and a quiet belief in who I could become. It stuck with me, not just as a name, but as a reminder of how he saw me. Every time I traveled for work, he became part of my mornings, no matter the distance. Like clockwork, my phone would ring, and it would be him, checking in to make sure I had arrived safely. It was never a long conversation, but it didn’t need to be. That small, consistent act said everything about the kind of father he was - present, caring, and always looking out for me.

And then there was his love for Chelsea - unshakable, unquestionable, and honestly, a little amusing. To him, every player who wore that blue shirt was world class. It didn’t matter what anyone else said; in his eyes, they were all the best. You could try to argue, but you’d quickly realize it was a losing battle. That was him - full of love, loyalty, and quiet humor. And even now, I still hear him calling me “Mister”; I still feel those morning check-ins, and still smile at the thought of his unwavering faith in his team.

Rest well Dad; love you always.

Enid

TRIBUTE BY ENID YOUNG

I never imagined this day would come, the day I would have to say goodbye to you and learn to live in a world without your presence. I keep holding on to the memory of the last time I saw you in the hospital....the warmth of your hug, the calmness in your voice, and the way we talked so normally, as though time was still on our side. I walked away that day thinking I would return in the evening to see you again, not knowing that goodbye would be our last.

Who will call me “sweet girl” now that you’re gone? Who will call me at night while everyone is sleeping, just to quietly share food with me because you knew I’d like it? Those small, thoughtful moments meant everything to me, and I never realized how deeply I would come to miss them until they became memories. You showed your care in the simplest but most meaningful ways, never needing grand gestures to make your presence felt.

Even when you were in pain, you were honest about it and you did not hide how hard it was. But even in those difficult moments, you still showed strength in the way you carried yourself. You kept

going as best as you could, and you never stopped caring for us. Your courage was not about pretending everything was okay, but about facing each day as it came, with love still in your heart. That strength will always stay with me.

I still don't know how to say goodbye. But even though you are no longer here with me, the kindness you lived by and the love you gave so freely will stay with me every day. I will always remember you and keep you close in my heart.

Rest in perfect peace, Bro. Nana. I will miss you so much.

“

I will forever treasure your signature messages: “Celebrating you, enjoy”on my birthdays, “Much appreciated” whenever you expressed gratitude, and “This too shall pass”... whenever we worried about the pain you were going through...

”



Tribute From A Mother to Her Beloved Son

Mrs. Victoria Amoako-Atta (Grandma Victoria)

“For none of us lives to himself, and none of us dies to himself. If we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die, we die to the Lord. So then, whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord’s.”

– Romans 14:7 - 8 –

My beloved son,

Even as I stand here today, my heart still struggles to accept that you are truly gone. A mother is never prepared to bury her child, no matter his age. You were old, yet in my eyes, you remained the little boy I carried in my arms, prayed over, nurtured, and watched grow into a remarkable man. The pain of losing you is one I cannot fully describe. It is deep, heavy, and constant.

Your sudden illness came upon us so unexpectedly. One moment you were speaking with us, checking on me, laughing, making plans, and the next, we were watching helplessly as your strength faded away. I kept praying and believing that God would restore you to us. I held onto hope until the very end. But God, in His own wisdom, called you home.

You were more than a son to me; you were my comfort, my strength, and my joy. Every morning, you were the first to respond to my messages. Every day, you made sure to ask how I was doing, how my night had been, and whether I was keeping well. You never liked to see me sad. Whenever I worried or complained, you would gently encourage me and remind me to trust God. Your words always brought peace to my heart.

You cared for me in ways only a loving son could. You noticed the little things that made me happy. You would bring me my favourite chicken and chips, not because I asked, but because you simply loved to see me smile. Every birthday of mine mattered to you. You celebrated me with love, respect, and thoughtfulness. Those gestures may have seemed small to others, but to a mother, they meant everything.

As I look back on your life, I thank God for the man you became. You were respectful, calm, humble, and kind-hearted. You carried yourself with grace and wisdom. You never sought trouble and always tried to bring peace wherever you went. Even in difficult moments, you remained gentle and patient. Your laughter was soft and sincere, and your presence brought warmth into every room.

I still remember with pride how the little boy I once taught grew into a man who also taught me. During my promotional exams, you patiently helped me study and encouraged me not to give up. Those moments remain precious memories in my heart. A mother’s greatest joy is to see her child become a blessing to others, and you truly were.

Even in your final days, your faith never wavered. Though your body grew weak, your spirit remained strong. You endured your pain quietly and courageously. When I visited you and held your hands in prayer, you told me confidently that all would be well. Your grip may have weakened physically, but your faith in God remained firm. The assurance that you are with the Lord gives me comfort amidst this unbearable pain.

The house feels empty without you. The silence is painful. Sometimes I still expect to hear your voice or see you walk through the door as though nothing has happened. Losing you has left a wound in my heart that may never fully heal. But even in my sorrow, I hold firmly onto God’s promises.



The Bible says in Psalm 116:15, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." This verse reminds me that your passing was not unnoticed by God. The same God who watched over you throughout your life welcomed you lovingly into eternal rest.

Though tears fill my eyes, I do not mourn without hope. I know you are resting peacefully in the bosom of the Lord. I know you are free from pain, sickness, and every burden of this life. Your love, your kindness, your wisdom, and your gentle spirit will continue to live on in all of us.

You were deeply loved, my son. You are greatly missed, and you will never, ever be forgotten. Until we meet again in glory, may your soul rest peacefully in the arms of the Almighty.

Rest well, my beloved son.



TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS

Paa Tee

TRIBUTE BY EDWARD PAA TEE AMOAKO-ATTA

Nana,

I had always held on to the hope that one day I would come home so we could celebrate your 65th birthday together, just as I promised. Never did I imagine that the next time I returned home would be to say goodbye and lay you to rest. That pain is one my heart is still struggling to bear.

Even though I lived far away, we were never truly apart. We stayed in touch, we laughed, we shared moments — and those memories now mean more to me than words can ever express. Your legacy goes far beyond your achievements in life. It lives on in the hearts of everyone you touched, especially mine. I find myself going through old photographs, reliving our journey together — from our childhood days filled with chaos, laughter, and unforgettable memories, to the path of adulthood where life shaped us differently, yet always kept us connected.

I still smile when I remember the times you returned from Kyebi after spending time with our grandmother, Maami Kyerewaa. You would start mixing Ga and Twi so effortlessly, and we could never stop laughing. And during holidays, whenever you came home and found me wearing your clothes, you would immediately question me: *"Akwada, atare wei yei bo daii?"* — "Boy, is this dress yours?" Those moments, simple as they seemed then, have now become treasures I will carry forever.

As your younger brother, I looked up to you in ways I never fully expressed. You were my role model, my protector, and my quiet strength. I admired you more than you ever knew, and today, I wish I had told you more often.

The bond we shared was deep and unbreakable. Losing you feels like losing a part of myself. There is an emptiness in my heart that words cannot fill. Yet even in my grief, I find comfort in knowing that you are no longer in pain, and that you are resting peacefully in the presence of God.

Nana, you have taken a piece of my heart with you. But I will carry your memory, your lessons, and your love with me for the rest of my life. I promise to live in a way that will make you proud.

The Bible reminds us:

"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit." — Psalm 34:18

So today, with tears in my eyes and love in my heart, I say goodbye — not forever, but until we meet again.

Rest well, my brother.

Rest in perfect peace.

Ruby

TRIBUTE BY RUBY AMOAKO-ATTA

Tribute to My Brother

*"All things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe;
Lord, I no more Thy name blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive.
I can, I do believe in Thee;
All things are possible to me."
(All Things Are Possible, stanza 1)*

This was Nana's favorite hymn.
Nana, my brother, my friend, my confidant...
Now there is silence where your voice used to be.
There are no more calls, no more "come visit,"
No more laughter to fill my days.
At some point, you told me not to worry over you,
and that you wouldn't call me again.
I didn't understand then... but now I do.

On that fateful day, your last words to me
were so powerful, and they keep me going
no matter how hard your absence feels.
You said, "Oh, don't cry. Only commit me into the hands of God."

I closed my eyes to say a word of prayer,
and when I opened them, you were gone—
right before me.

But this gives me comfort...
knowing you are at peace,
knowing you are in a better place.

Nana... bye, bye, bye—
just as you would always say after our phone calls.

You will always be my brother,
and I will carry you with me every day of my life.

Rest well.
You are deeply loved and forever missed.

Twumwaa

TRIBUTE BY FLORENCE SQUIRE

Tribute to My Brother – The Late Nana Amoah Young

Bra Nana, how do we say goodbye to someone whose presence brought so much comfort, strength, and love into our lives? Even now, it feels unreal that you are no longer with us. Your sudden departure has left a pain words can hardly describe, and a silence that echoes deeply in our hearts. Yet, in the midst of our tears, the Word of God reminds us to give thanks in all things.

One of my greatest joys was witnessing your love for God grow so beautifully. When you accepted Jesus Christ as your Lord and personal Saviour, you embraced your faith wholeheartedly. I still remember how eager you were whenever I shared prayer links with you. You faithfully joined NSPPD prayers in the early mornings, and was always among the first to connect, the first to greet everyone, and the first to ask how others were doing.

You were not only my brother by blood, but you were a brother in every sense of the word. Calm, dependable, caring, and selfless, you had a special way of making people feel safe and supported. The late-night phone calls, the laughter we shared, the words of encouragement, and your reassuring presence are memories I will forever treasure.

After the painful loss of my husband last year, you stood by me when my world felt shattered. You became my strength in a season of weakness. You comforted me, supported me, and helped me through one of the darkest moments of my life. You didn't only care for me, you embraced my boys with genuine love and concern. You checked on them constantly, encouraged them, guided them, and became a father figure they deeply admired and loved.

Now, having to mourn you too feels unbearably heavy. Daddy, Winston, and Junior will miss you dearly. The void you have left behind cannot easily be filled. But even in our sorrow, we hold on to the comforting assurance that you are resting peacefully in the arms of the Lord you loved so dearly. We believe Heaven has welcomed you home, where there is no more pain, no more suffering, and no more tears.

The Bible says: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." — 2 Timothy 4:7

Your kindness will never be forgotten. Your love will never be forgotten.

Though your earthly journey has ended, your legacy of love and faith lives on in all the lives you touched.

Rest peacefully, dear brother.

You were deeply loved, and you will forever be remembered.

Ben

TRIBUTE BY REXFORD NUNOO

There is a verse in the Bible that reads: *"If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord."*

I had never envisaged losing our Nana Amoah so soon, so I had to be strong for myself and the family when I received the message of his demise. It took me some time to gather myself and stay focused on our way forward.

As the first two sons of two sisters, though I was a bit older, we were expected either to be combative with each other, fighting to prove who was the tougher one in the house, or to bond together as partners-in-crime. But Nana never displayed any of those traits. He was cool and relaxed in his demeanor, less confrontational, and very reserved with his words. We never had any sibling fights whatsoever.

Even when we left home to play around Mantse Agbona, the slaughter house, or the beach, he was always calm and reserved — a perfect gentleman, always relaxed, though sometimes boring to hang around because he would never stay out for long when we went out to mess around.

I remember vividly the days Daa would come to the Jamestown house, number D 61/1 Commodore Street, with him and his traditional stool. Yes, Nana had a stool. He would be dressed in his traditional element and displayed before us, and we would be asked to pay homage to him in our own house. After that charade, some small refreshments would be served.

We had one unfortunate and mischievous encounter as kids. When we were taken to Kyebi during our school holidays, we never expected any serious issues, as we had been there on so many occasions. Only for us to be told that we were going to be baptized in church that afternoon. Guess what? We left home that morning and went roaming the streets of Kyebi, missing both the church service and our baptism.

Even in our youthful days in Dansoman, Nana was always indoors while his peers were outside, so nothing negative was ever associated with him.

So when his son Rudy called and informed me about his sickness, I immediately called Nana, and we had a very insightful discussion. I promised him that I would be coming home soon, so he should prepare to leave Osu and come hang out with me. He laughed and told me not to worry, saying, *"This illness shall pass."* Those were his words.

On some days when we spoke on the phone, we would talk about politics and Accra Great Olympics. Him repeating himself became his trademark — *"Thank you, thank you, thank you"* still echoes in my ears. And now it is his *"bye, bye, bye, bye"* that remains with me.

His last text to me was about me coming home to see him healthy so we could hang out as we had promised ourselves. Little did I know that I would be coming home to read a tribute in his honor. Who would have imagined?

Much as we know that all things must come to an end, Nana Amoah, this kind of ending is so painful, just like the loss of the others we have mourned. But the good Lord, through whom all mercies flow, knows best.

Fare thee well, William Nana Amoatia Young. God's peace be with you. Fare thee well.

Afia

TRIBUTE BY MAVIS BONNA

Unco Nana! Unco Nana!!

One memory that will always stay with me, and I will never forget, is when I gave birth to my daughter. Her father named her Gifty, but you looked at her and said, *"This beautiful baby cannot be called Gifty,"* and you gave her the name Sheila. From that day, she has carried the name Sheila. Indeed, the name Sheila means boldness, and throughout her life she has truly been bold and strong, through every season of life. I believe it is because you gave her a good name with meaning. This beautiful gesture will forever remain special to me.

Afia Chinese aka Mrs Comodore

Uncle Nana, Yaawo jogban!

Maggie

TRIBUTE BY MARGARET AMOAKO-ATTA

Tribute to Uncle Nana

Uncle Nana, you were a quiet soul with a heart of gold. Your disciplined nature and caring spirit touched us deeply. You were always there for us, visiting our marital homes, offering wise words in your gentle voice. We'd sneak into your wardrobe for chocolates, and you'd catch us with a warm smile. Our rotational duties at your house when your wife was on official duties out of Accra were a joy. I'll cherish all the times we talked about all kinds of issues and concerns, as well as your leg pain, and you'd reassure me that everything was fine. I now realize that you spared me the worry. Your kindness, love, and selflessness will stay with us. We'll miss you dearly,

Uncle Nana. Rest in peace. Your memory will live on in our hearts.

TRIBUTE BY REV. EDWARD SEREKO-YOUNGE

A.K.A DADA KWAKU

“There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens, a time to be born and time to die.” Ecclesiastes 3: 1-2.

Nana, I did not imagine that you would be called to glory so soon when I visited you at the Korle-Bu Teaching Hospital with your wife Linda, children and some close family members around, after your surgery. Yet, such is life, no one can stop death; no matter who you are, when it comes to your turn, you must go.

Nana Amoah Young was actually Nana Amoatia Young, the name of his grandfather, the third Abontendomhene of Kyebi Akyem Abuakwa. When Nana was a child, he pronounced his surname as “Younch”, and was the first child of Kwasi Amoako Atta Young of blessed memory, the former General Captain of Accra Great Olympics, who was popularly known as Amola.

Nana was always ready to help me have my documents typed out in order that I could claim my medical bills at the Cocoa House. Nana, also, always traveled to Kyebi whenever there was an occasion for the family to come together and would spend all the days required, especially, from Friday to Monday. He had a special room which he occupied and would do everything to move out anyone for his occupation. He had always been accompanied by a close friend whose name, unfortunately, I have forgotten.

It is very interesting how Nana gave local names to his children. The first is named after Okyeame Asare, who was a Linguist of Okyenhene, the second was named after Kwaku Asiamah, one of our brothers who lived in the USA and came home to settle at Kwabenya and was called to glory about four years ago. The third is Ohene Kena, who was named after our senior brother who became the Chief of Pramkumaa, Akyem Abuakwa and also the Chief Linguist of Okyenhene. The last, but not the least, is Kyerewaa, who was named after her great grandmother Kyerewaa Osi Aboɔ.

Nana, even though we are sad at your home-going, yet we know that we are people with hope. Jesus suffered and died for our sins so that through faith in him we might be forgiven, and become His children to live forever more with Him.

Rest peacefully in the bosom of Abraham until we meet again.

Nana, nante yie,

Awurade nfa wo nsie.

Amen!

“

He was cool and relaxed in his demeanor, less confrontational, and very reserved with his words.

”

TRIBUTE BY NEPHEWS AND NIECES

Uncle Nana,

You were more than an uncle to us — you were kind, caring, and full of love. Your presence brought joy; your words brought comfort, and your laughter filled every space with warmth.

Thank you for the love you showed us, for the moments we shared, and the memories we will always hold close. Though you are no longer with us, your impact on our lives will never fade.

We will miss you dearly, Uncle Nana.

Rest peacefully.

Forever in our hearts.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE NANA AMOAH YOUNG BY IN-LAWS

(Bro Ablade, Sis Naatsoi, Sis Manye, Sis Kookaaley, Bro Papa Nii, Bro Ashie)

*“Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of Heaven, feed me now and evermore;
Bread of Heaven, feed me now and evermore.”*
— William Williams —

Today, we gather here with heavy hearts to bid farewell to a gentleman whom we lovingly called Nana. From the moment he became the beloved husband of our younger sister, he naturally became a brother to all of us. In many ways, he filled the place of the brothers who were not with us, and for that, we deeply appreciated the important role he played in our family life.

Nana was a quiet-spoken, humble, and unassuming gentleman. He carried himself with calmness and dignity, never seeking attention, yet his presence was always deeply felt. Though naturally reserved, one could always hear his lively voice and passionate opinions whenever football was being discussed. He loved sports dearly, and during football matches, whether local or international, he would enthusiastically comment on the players, especially when they performed exceptionally well.

He was also disciplined in his daily routine and never missed his early morning walks, which he undertook religiously. These simple but consistent habits reflected the quiet strength and steadiness that defined his life.

Above all, Nana was a devoted family man. He valued togetherness, love, and peace within the family, and we will forever cherish the beautiful memories we shared with him. Though he may no longer be with us physically, his memory will continue to live on in our hearts.

As we say goodbye today, let us remember Nana for his gentleness, kindness, humility, and the genuine love he shared with all who had the privilege of knowing him. May his life continue to inspire us to be more compassionate, patient, and understanding towards one another.

Nana, until we meet again, may the Good Lord grant you eternal rest and perfect peace. We will miss you dearly, but you will forever remain in our hearts.

Thank you for the love, laughter, support, and countless cherished memories you shared with us.

Farewell, Nana.

Rest peacefully.

Yaawɔ odjogbann!

TRIBUTE BY ZARA YAA YOUNG (Daughter-in-law)

During my first visit to meet the family, Bro Nana made me feel so welcome. Meeting family for the first time can feel intimidating, but he immediately made me feel comfortable and accepted. I even remember feeling unsure how to address him, at first, because everyone simply called him Nana or Bro Nana, but that reflected the kind of person he was; warm, approachable and easy to be around.

He had a way of making things feel light, even in short conversations. Even while he was unwell, he stayed upbeat and kept his sense of humor. It's easy to see where Rudy gets his warmth from.

One of the last times we spoke, he joked that my Ga had gotten better and said I must have a Ga teacher at home, which gave us all a good laugh.

Bro Nana, rest well, till we meet again!

TRIBUTE BY BEATRICE NAA ADOKAALEY YOUNG (Daughter-in-law)

"Hi" ...

Such a simple word, yet it holds so many memories. It was always the first thing you said to me, with a gentle smile.

Today, I say "Hi" again.

But with a heart that aches, wishing I could hear your voice one more time.

From the moment I joined the family, you welcomed me and loved me as your own. You were more than a father-in-law. You were a father and, as everyone knew, my friend.

You were gentle, kind and warm. Your sense of humour brightened every moment. Your presence brought comfort, and your smile never faded. I still remember you calling me over to sit beside you for our quiet chats, those moments I'll carry with me always.

I never imagined that after that Friday night, when you called Cyril and I to come sit close to you, we would find ourselves here today, holding on to that memory. It still feels unreal, but we hold on to knowing God's will is perfect.

Even when you were ill and in pain, you remained calm, caring, and full of wisdom. Thank you for always being there for us. Your words to stay strong, be patient, and do what is right will stay with us forever. I wish I could tell you all the moments that made you who you were to me. For now, I'll hold them close.

Thank you for loving me sincerely. Being cherished by you was a privilege I will not forget. Like you would say, "*Misumɔ osane waa, Auntie Naa.*" "*Mihu misumɔ osane waa, Bro. Nana.*"

This is not goodbye.
Forever in my heart, with love.
Rest well, dear father.
Yaa wɔ ojogbann yɛ Nuntsɔ lɛ mlin.

Your daughter-in-love,
Auntie Naa

TRIBUTE TO MY BOSSOM FRIEND, NANA AMOAH YOUNG

From Mr. Harry Essien, USA

It is with deep sorrow that I write this tribute to my dear friend, and an incredible companion whose friendship shaped some of the most meaningful moments of my life.

I met Nana Amoah Young in 1980 at COCOBOD, alongside Bernard Opare and Omane Mensah. What began as a simple connection quickly grew into something rare and lasting. Nana was not just a friend. He was a constant, steady, loyal friend and always present when it mattered most.

Our friendship was built on shared experiences and genuine joy. From the lively disco days across Accra to unforgettable moments at the stadium, cheering on our favorite teams, Nana was always right there, laughing, encouraging, and making every moment richer. Those were not just good times; they were the foundation of a friendship that stood the test of time. It was at one of these outings that he introduced me to Linda, the lady who later became his loving wife and mother of his children.

What made Nana special was not just the moments we shared, but who he was as a friend. He was dependable, kind, and deeply sincere. He listened, he cared, and he showed up consistently. In a world where friendships can fade, Nana remained true. He had a way of making you feel valued, understood, and never alone.

Even life's transitions could not weaken our bond. When I relocated to the USA, the distance was difficult, but our friendship endured. We stayed connected, and every reunion reminded me that what we had was real and unbreakable.

Through every stage of life, Nana remained the same warm, selfless soul. Even when he faced physical challenges, his spirit never dimmed. He still showed up with that same quiet strength and genuine heart that defined him.

Nana, you were more than a friend. You were a brother. Your loyalty, your kindness, and your presence are things I will carry with me forever. Losing you feels like losing a part of my own story.

Thank you for the friendship you gave so freely. Thank you for the memories, the laughter, and the unwavering bond we shared.

Until we meet again, my dear friend, rest peacefully. You will always have a place in my heart.

Fare thee well my brother.
Nana, yaawɔ ojogbann

TRIBUTE TO NANA AMOAH YOUNG FROM THE CMC RETIRED STAFF ASSOCIATION

We, the members of the CMC Retired Staff Association, with heavy hearts but deep gratitude to God, pay tribute to our dear colleague and friend, Nana Amoah Young, whose passing has created a great void among us.

Nana was a man of remarkable calmness, humility, and grace. Throughout his years of service, both in and out of the office, he was never known to get angry or engage in quarrels. He lived a life of peace, and as the Good Book reminds us, *"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called children of God."* Nana truly embodied this virtue, earning the admiration and respect of all.

He began his career in the Accounts Department and later joined the Shipping and Documentation Department of the Cocoa Marketing Company. In a demanding and often stressful work environment, Nana distinguished himself with his rare gift of humor. His cheerful spirit transformed tense moments into laughter. He told stories — sometimes surprising, sometimes unbelievable— but always uplifting. Through this, he brought relief, unity, and joy to all around him.

Even in retirement, Nana never changed. He remained his lively and jovial self, continuing to make us laugh during our meetings as retired staff of the Shipping Department. His presence was always refreshing, a reminder that life, no matter its burdens, should be lived with joy and good humor.

In our Ghanaian tradition, we say that a good person never truly dies; they live on in the hearts of those they touched. Nana's kindness, warmth, and laughter will continue to echo in our gatherings and in our memories. He was more than a colleague — he was a brother, a friend, and a pillar of unity among us.

As we mourn him, we also celebrate a life well lived. For Scripture tells us, *"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith."* Nana has run his race with dignity and has now gone to rest.

We pray that the Almighty God grants him eternal rest and comforts his family and all of us he has left behind.

Nana, da yie (sleep well).

Until we meet again.

TRIBUTE BY SHIPPING DEPARTMENT COCOA MARKETING COMPANY (CMC)

It is with profound sadness, deep sorrow and heavy hearts that we pay tribute to a remarkable man. An unforgettable colleague and a true pillar. Nana Amoah Young. At the age of 65, having just started a well-deserved retirement, he was called by his maker. It brings us immense grief that a man who spent his life working so hard was taken from us. He was meant to rest and enjoy the fruits of his labor.

He was employed in 1980 at COCOBOD, where he built a solid foundation of hard work and integrity. He was transferred to C.M.C in 1996: it was here that he spent 25 glorious years in the Shipping Department and to dedicate over four decades to the cocoa sector is no joke: Nana was an anchor to our operations.

To the world, he was just a staff of COCOBOD/CMC but to us at C.M.C (Shipping Department) he was a vibrant soul, who brought life to the office. He was affectionately called by his lively alias "PONPONS!" and his unforgettable catchy phrase "YOUR MOTHER". These phrases were never spoken in malice, instead they brought instant laughter, broke the heavy tension of stressful shipping deadlines and filled our department with an irreplaceable warmth.

"Grief is the price we pay for love- Queen Elizabeth II"

Nana was a man of instinct presence and impeccable standards. He was always neatly dressed turning heads in his perfectly ironed starched shirts that were always sparkling clean. His outward appearance reflected internal discipline, pride and care he brought to his work and his relationship every single day.

Behind the sharp dressing. Loud laughs, and energetic nicknames was a man with an exceptionally kind heart and open mind. Nana possessed a rare capacity to listen without judgment.

Nana Young was one of those rare people you do not come across often. He was genuinely humble no matter who you are, senior or junior, he treated all with the same respect.

What stood out most was how easily he took responsibility even when something wasn't his fault. He would step forward and take apologize sincerely. Just to make things right. You would hardly see Nana get angry. He was always calm and in good spirits, and somehow made the work place feel lighter.

Being around him, you could not help but learn to be humble, to take responsibility and to care for others. Nana was truly a whole character to study. In fact, he is the kind of person you struggle to describe with words. You just feel it in your heart how special he is.

Our hearts are heavy with sorrow at this memorial service. The grief we feel is a testament to the incredible impact he had on our lives. We extend our deepest sympathies to his family, thanking them for sharing this wonderful man with for all these years.

Rest in peace, PONPONS!!! You were truly such a man. Your legacy and kindness, openness, and joy will remain shipped and anchored in our hearts.

TRIBUTE FROM THE OLD FRIENDS OF WELLDODGE GROUP.

Today, with heavy hearts, the Old Friends of Welldodge Group mourn the passing of our most senior and respected member, Nana Amoah Young.

Nana was the patriarch of our fraternity. He was a strong unifying force who held us together during difficult times. In our group, which is built on true friendship, bonding, and supporting one another in times of distress and joy, Nana was more than just a member; he was our anchor and guiding light. He truly lived the spirit of Welldodge through his wisdom, grace, and commitment to our Union.

What made Nana special was how he bridged generations. Even though he was much older than most of us by well over 20 years he was very down-to-earth. He mixed freely with his junior brothers and sisters as equals. He was affable, calm, and easily approachable. Nana, had a great sense of humor and was always ready to share wise insights on football, politics, social issues, and the everyday challenges of life.

His calm strength, simplicity, and youthful energy made every gathering enjoyable. Nana had his

own unique swag and style in the way he dressed; perfect mix of simplicity and elegance. He was unassuming, yet he carried an aura of importance in any gathering. He had deep respect for people and showed genuine kindness to everyone, especially children. He always made time for them and connected with them warmly.

He was our father, our senior brother, our unifier, and above all, a true friend. By way of how he related to us for someone of his age group, Nana was one of a kind; affable and truly humane. We doubt we will ever meet another like him.

Today, we mourn the loss of a great soul. Your wisdom, laughter, calming presence, and brotherly love has left a big void in our lives. You will be greatly missed.

With love and gratitude for the wonderful memories and legacy you left behind, we say farewell, Nana Amoah Young.

May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace.
(Old Friends of Welldodge Group).

“

His calm strength, simplicity, and youthful energy made every gathering enjoyable..... He was unassuming, yet he carried an aura of importance in any gathering.... He was our father, our senior brother, our unifier, and above all, a true friend.

”

A Tribute to Nana Amoah Young

From Noel, Prince, Gabriel & Samuel

There are some people you meet in life who leave footprints so deep, time itself cannot erase them. Bro Nana, as we affectionately called you, was one of those rare souls.

You were not just a father to our friends; you became something even more profound to us. Despite the wide gap in age, you chose not to treat us as children, but as brothers. That alone speaks volumes about the kind of man you were. You were humble, open-hearted, and full of love. For close to a decade, we found not just a home in your house, but a place of belonging in your presence.

Our bond with you was built in the simplest, yet most meaningful ways. We spent long hours watching football, especially the English Premier League and Champions League. After long, tiring days, your home became our meeting point. A sanctuary where laughter, arguments, and life itself unfolded.

Your love for Chelsea was something else. Unshakable. Unapologetic. Even when logic and facts stood firmly against you, you stood your ground. You argued, with all seriousness, that Eden Hazard was better than Cristiano Ronaldo and no amount of evidence could convince you otherwise. To you, Chelsea was the greatest team in the world, regardless of what the league table said. And you held on to that belief even in your weakest moments. That was who you were. Loyal to the core. Then came your love for Cole Palmer. The way you spoke about him, the pride in your voice, it was as though you had found a new hero. You truly believed he deserved the Ballon d'Or in 2025. It became so real to us that we started calling you "Cole Palmer" yourself.

One memory we will never forget was that unforgettable match between Manchester United and Chelsea. By the 90th minute, Chelsea was down 3–2. We teased you mercilessly, and for once, you went quiet. It felt like defeat had finally caught up with you. But then... the 93rd minute came. Cole Palmer scored. The explosion of joy that came from you was surreal. We had never seen anything like it. When Chelsea turned it around to win 4–3, your joy knew no bounds. That moment will live with us forever.

But beyond football, you gave us something deeper. We spoke about life, relationships, work, dreams, and even politics. You never made us feel small. You came down to our level, shared meals with us, especially your fried yam, salad, and those unforgettable "house 2" moments. You gave us your time, your wisdom, and your heart.

When sickness came, we held on to hope the way you always did. We joked, saying Cole Palmer had torn his ACL, and like always, you responded with confidence that you would recover. That was your spirit: resilient, optimistic, unyielding.

Two nights before you left us, we sat with you after your hospital review. We tried to bring back the laughter, the banter, the arguments. But this time, you were quiet. Too quiet. In that moment, it hit us deeply... this was not the vibrant, energetic Nana Young we knew. You were fighting a battle we could not fully see. A battle of pain.

And now, you are gone.

Our hearts are heavy. Words feel insufficient.

Chelsea has lost one of its most passionate fans.

The world has lost a truly remarkable man. But, for us... , we have lost so much more.

We have lost a father who embraced us.

We have lost a general who stood firm in his beliefs.

We have lost a brother who laughed, argued, and lived with us.

We have lost a friend whose presence can never be replaced.

Bro Nana, Cole Palmer, thank you for the love you gave us. Thank you for the memories we will carry forever. Thank you for showing us what it means to live fully, love deeply, and stand firmly.

You may be gone from our sight, but you will never be gone from our hearts.

Rest well, Bro Nana.

Your boys will never forget you.

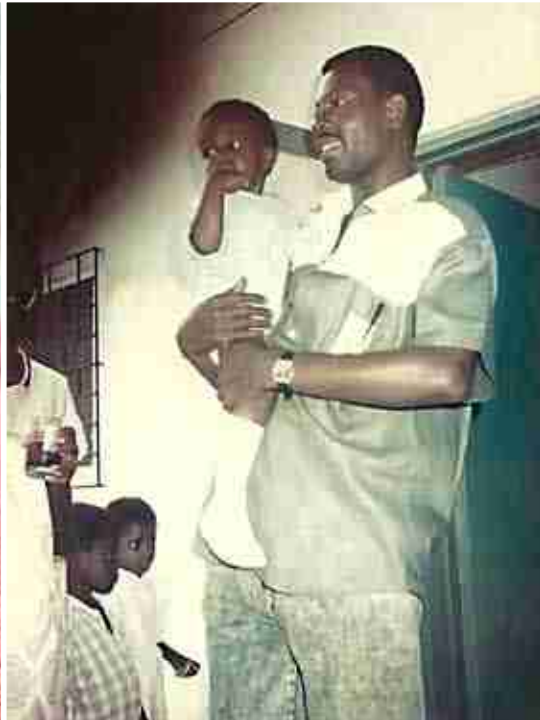
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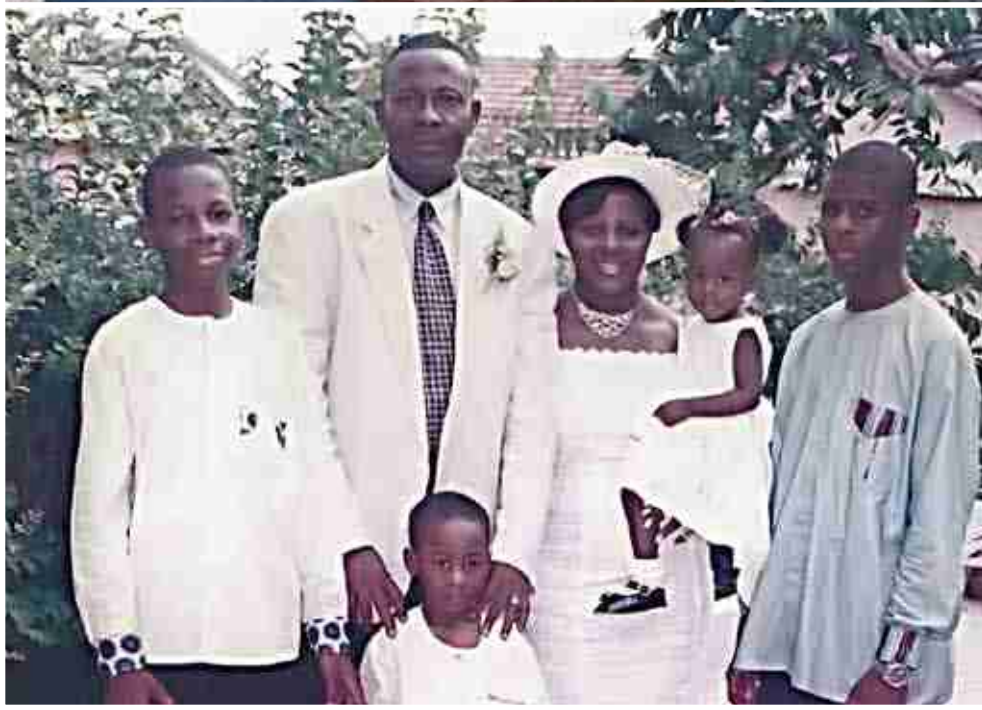
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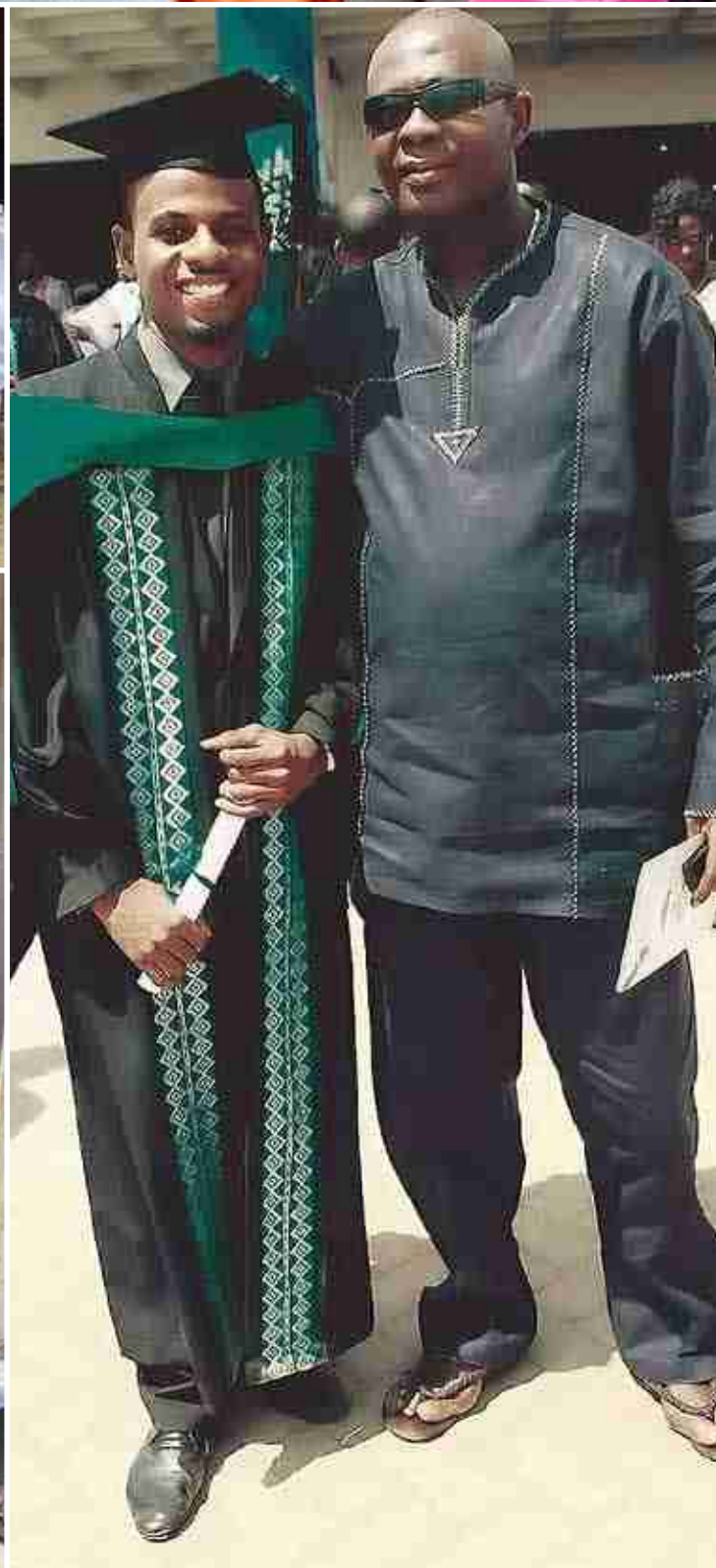


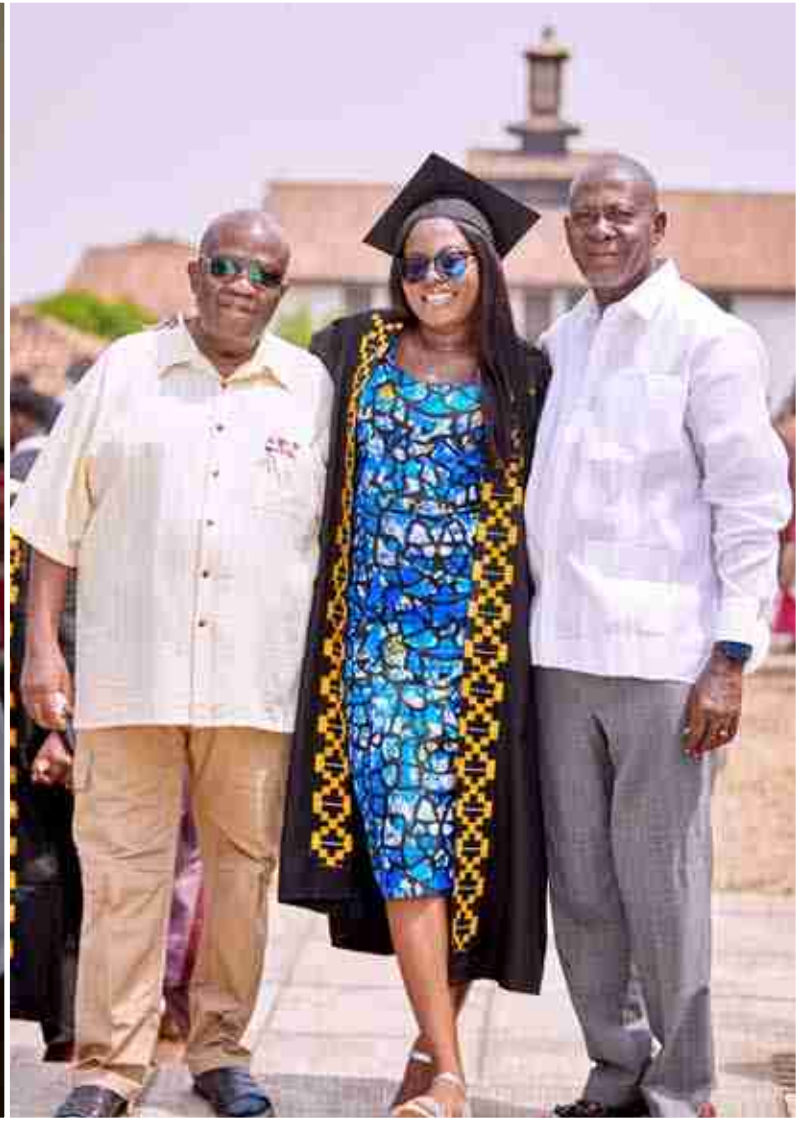






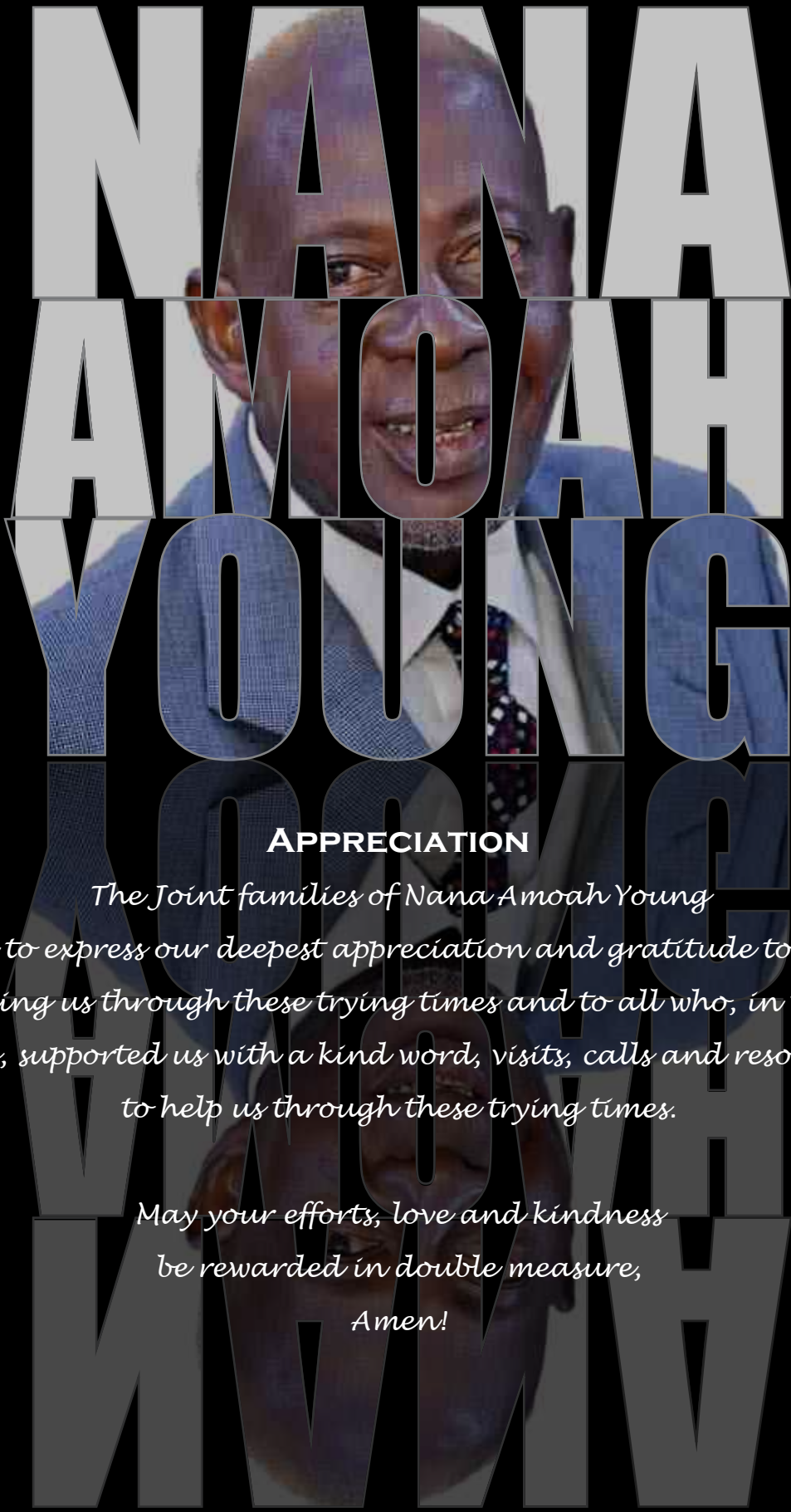








Nana... bye, bye, bye!



APPRECIATION

The Joint families of Nana Amoah Young wish to express our deepest appreciation and gratitude to God, for taking us through these trying times and to all who, in various ways, supported us with a kind word, visits, calls and resources to help us through these trying times.

*May your efforts, love and kindness be rewarded in double measure,
Amen!*