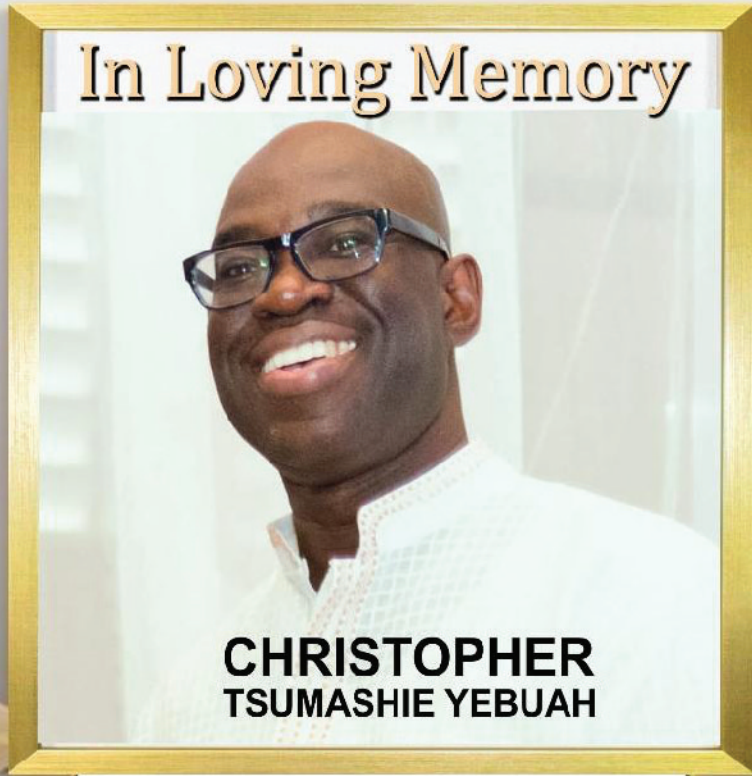


In Loving Memory



**CHRISTOPHER  
TSUMASHIE YEBUAH**

**AGED 54**

**BURIAL & MEMORIAL SERVICE - THURSDAY 20TH AUGUST, 2020**





Burial and Memorial Service  
for the late CHRISTOPHER TSUMASHIE YEBUAH

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**OFFICIATING CLERGY**

Rev. Daniel Ogbarmey Tetteh  
Rev. (Maj) Cynthia Kumitse  
Catechist Rosemond Abusuampek

**PART ONE: ORDER OF SERVICE**

Call to Worship - Rev Ogbarmey -Tetteh  
Opening Prayer – Catechist Rosemond Abusuampek.  
Opening Hymn: MHB 99  
Biography - Christian Nortey Yebuah  
Solo ( Alfred Addaqay) -I Will be still & know that you are God  
Tributes -Wife, Mother, Siblings  
Bible Reading – 1 Thess. 4:13 -18 – Regine Ankoma Bempong  
Song - Rev Nana Folson/MOBA 83  
Semonette – Rev Ogbarmey Tetteh  
Offertory (Alfred Addaquay)  
Special Prayers for family – Rev Major Cynthia Kumitse  
Announcements – Family Member  
Closing Hymn : MHB 110  
Closing Prayer/Benediction – Rev. Major Cynthia Kumitse

**PART TWO: THE GRAVE SIDE**

Scripture Sentences  
Lowering of Coffin  
Hymn MHB 602  
Committal Prayers  
Hymn MHB 614  
Laying of Wreaths  
Vote of Thanks  
Prayer/Benediction



**CHRISTOPHER TSUMASHIE YEBUAH**

*1965 - 2020*

*I have run my race with Dignity & Purpose*

----- *May he Rest in Peace* -----



## BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE CHRISTOPHER TSUMASIE YEBUAH

*“Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in me. My Father’s house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am “ John 14 : 1 -3*

Christopher Tsumashie Yebuah (Bona) was born in Accra, Ghana , on 13th December 1965 , to the late Lawyer C.T Yebuah of Osu, Nyonmowokweo and Colonel (Mrs) Faustina Cecelia Yebuah(Rtd) – Nee Amponsah of Larteh.

Christopher commenced his education at Services Primary School , Burma Camp and continued to the famous Mfantsipim School from 1978 -1985. At Mfantsipim, Christopher was a well known student and had two very interesting and hilarious nicknames , namely ‘Billy Bones’ and ‘Bona’. He was very studious, and it was no surprise then that he emerged as the Best performing student (SISCO) in Mfantsipim for the West African Examination Advanced Level General Certificate of Education Examination in the year 1985. Like his other two brothers, he was also the House Prefect for Lockhart Schweitzer at Mfantsipim.

Christopher Yebuah entered the University of Ghana, Legon, and graduated with a B.Sc. degree in Administration in 1989. He also successfully completed an MBA programme from Baylor University, in the USA.

His studious and focused disposition gave him a drive that was self -evident of a young man who was bound to go places. He was very active in AISEC during his university school days culminating in an internship with Citibank, Zurich, Switzerland.

Christopher had a string of successful career roles with reputable institutions such as Citibank, Pitney Bowes, JP Morgan and Casey Family Programs . He was at one time Vice President of Cross Border Payments at Citibank and Director in the Financial Services Group at Pitney Bowes . He was also at one time Managing Director in the Worldwide Securities Group at JP Morgan Bank. From 2006 – 2008, he was the Business head of JP Morgan Property Exchange.



Christopher Yebuah joined the Casey Family Programs in 2010. At the time of his demise he was the Director for Casey's real estate investments with the Casey Family programs. Over the past 10 years, Christopher helped to promote the mission of Casey Family Programs with his unique leadership qualities. He was a member of the Limited Partner Advisory Committees for several investment funds, as well as a member of the Council of Institutional Investors' U.S. Asset Owners Advisory Council. Furthermore, Christopher was involved in the African Private Equity and Venture Capital Association, helping to inform and educate institutional investors on African Private Equity.

Christopher was brought up in a Christian home and during his early years in Ghana attended 37 Military Hospital Methodist Presbyterian Church with his family. There is no doubt that the Christian values he was brought up with impacted tremendously upon his life, his dealings and his character. In 2010 he married his wife Jaqueline Atta-Nyamekye. They lived in Bridgeport, Connecticut and fellowshiped with Black Rock Interdenominational Church.

Although Christopher had a very busy working schedule and his job entailed a lot of travelling, he always made time, for family and friends. There is no denying that Christopher was a dedicated family man. His leadership role in ensuring the comfort of his mother is unquestionable. There are many not only within the family, who can bear witness to the fact that he had been there for them, not once, but on several occasions.

Christopher was a very profound intellectual and a mentor to many. He was very witty and funny and always presented an occasion for laughter and humour. In as much as Christopher was a peoples' person, he was a very private individual and was not prepared to compromise on standards.

On 20th July 2020, without showing any signs of ill health or complaining of any sickness Christopher passed on to glory at home, the shock of which is still raw to family, colleagues and friends. Christopher Tsumashie Yebuah, you will be dearly missed by your wife, mum, siblings, family and friends. Forever loved, forever to be cherished and remembered.

----- *May he Rest in Peace* -----



## TRIBUTE FROM WIFE

*'Ever has it been that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation' - The Prophet*

Scattered words and empty thoughts are all that seem to plague me now. I have learnt in the hardest way possible that grief is the price you pay for love. And yet this I must do. I must pull these words and thoughts together into some sort of coherence, into some sort of sense, when I cannot make sense of this all.

Christopher, we met twelve years ago when I came to the States to visit Eugene of blessed memory. We know our paths had crossed before as we were both in University of Ghana for a year before he left. He worked in London for a while when I lived there too and yet we never met. We often wondered how it was we never even knew each other and had to 're-meet' so many years later. We probably were not ready for each other then, but the right time came for us. And it was beautiful when that time came.

I have often prayed, 'Lord, thy will be done'. I have often sung and believed Methodist Hymn 602, which tells me that my life is portioned out for me. So even though my human mind cannot comprehend that this chapter has ended so abruptly, I have to believe that this is part of the Master Plan. I have to believe that the Lord in His wisdom has done what is best for Chris. I have to trust and believe that He has worked this for the good of Chris.

To know Christopher was to know intelligence. A depth of knowledge on a wide range of subject matter that could be almost intimidating. You had to be on your 'A' game always to be able debate any point with him. He would not take a defeat easily, so he chose to be always well informed. Younger ones would always defer to him for guidance on schools and career paths and many were those he mentored.

To know him was to know responsibility to family and friends and a fierce dedication and loyalty to all those he called dear. He made sure everyone was taken care of to the best of his ability. He would never repeat a conversation to another and if you persisted in bringing up another person's issues, he would change the subject or walk away.

To know him was to know diligence and a focus in the pursuit of what he liked till he achieved it. He would plan meticulously and execute this plan till he attained what he had set his sights on.

To know him was to know generosity. Everybody who came into contact with him was a beneficiary of his gener-



osity. Friends, close and extended family, children of friends..... I remember giving him a birthday card with \$20 to be given to one of my many daughters in Ghana on one of his trips home. He gave her fivefold what I had put in the card because 'that wasn't enough'.

These and other attributes quickly convinced me that here was a man I could love, trust and know for certain that I would always be in safe hands. My friends quickly renamed him Mr. Flowers, whilst their husbands complained he was casting them in a bad light as they did not buy as many flowers for their wives. I relocated to the US without a thought, without fear of what most were convinced was 'unknown'. I knew what I had found and thus begun 'our next chapter'. He made it easy to settle in, guiding me and helping me navigate a new environment. He made it fun, with impromptu trips together when he would travel on business to different states. He advised me not to settle for any available job but take my time till I found a job I enjoyed, commensurate with my qualifications which would offer what I deserved to be compensated. And even after I started working, he took care of me and the home as he had always done.

The irony of grief is that the person you need to talk to about how you feel is the person that is no longer here. Incomplete conversations. Unanswered questions. But I also know that 'when you are sorrowful, look again in your heart, you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight'. So even though this parting is very sorrowful, I will concentrate on and remember the delight. I will remember your good heart and how kind and generous you were. I will remember your diligence and your focus.

And grieve with hope that the Lord in His mercy will unite us when the time comes.  
Tsu. Tsumashie. My Rock. Odo.  
God rest your soul and may you rise with the saints when He comes.

-----**Jackie**-----



----- *May he Rest in Peace* -----

## TRIBUTE TO CHRISTOPHER: FROM MUMMY

Christopher - Eight years ago, I stood before a similar gathering and declared that it was every mother's prayer and dream for their children to live long and not to precede them to eternity That was specifically in relation to your elder brother Christian passing on to eternal glory. Never in my dreams and thoughts did I ever imagine that I would have to repeat this phrase again, with you lying before us in this casket. In my deep pain, confusion and anguish I have however resolved not to question the sovereignty and ways of God , but to lean on the everlasting arms of the Lord. My faith in God remains strong.

Christopher bore the name of his Father, and really took the mantle of caring and dotting me with all the niceties of life . His dedication in ensuring my comfort as well as that of other members of the family was par excellence. By the grace of God, Christopher was academically brilliant and an astute gentleman in the corporate world of banking and investment. Christopher was a people's person and Bona was always there for everyone. He was a real character, a true gentleman, always with a sense of mission and purpose.

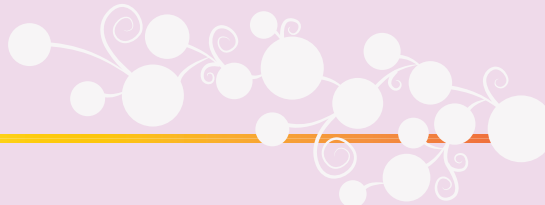
Now I speak again directly to my son. Christopher, Tsumashie, Bona : I reminisce with admiration and nostalgia your growing up years to be a conscientious, dedicated and honourable man who was always willing to go the extra mile for family and friends. The Godly values you imbibed were evident in the life that you lived. Your hilarious voice and funny laughter were very infectious. You were very chatty and engaged me in long conversations that always soothed my soul and always made my day. Oh – mine, your love for football, the Ghanaian game of draught, and books, were all very profound and legendary so to speak. You were meticulous, loved quality to a fault, and you were always on inspection whenever you visited home.

Tsumashie, Are you really gone? No more phone calls, no more visits. Bona have you really left me and the family so soon. I will forever cherish every moment that God gave you to us. The deep and fond memories of you have been indelibly inscribed on my mind and heart. I will never view or comprehend you in the past tense, You are present and will always be in my heart and thoughts.

I pray that you rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord till we meet gain.

You will forever be cherished and remembered with every sound beat of my heart.

Rest in perfect peace.



----- *May he Rest in Peace* -----

## TRIBUTE FROM SIBLINGS

For us, his brothers and sisters, we simply called him Tsu. Ours was a family fraternity of social activities, debates, football alliances and of course healthy opinionated views . In all these activities of ours, Christopher was a funny and interesting character who always added a special flavour to all activities.

We recall our growing up years with the good military style discipline our parents gave us. – Yet Christopher had a way of sneaking out without permission. Anytime Bona went AWOL, we knew where to find him. He was either sitting under the big tree near the 37 church playing a game of draughts or watching a soccer game at the hospital park. He was passionate about soccer and a die-hard fan of Great Olympics (Oly Dade) football team. It was no brainer for Chris to walk from our house at 37 to the Accra Sports stadium and back, just to watch his favourite team play during his student days. Chris was an avid reader, and whenever he picked up a book to read, we all knew what it meant –“Leave me alone , I don't want to be disturbed”

Bona worked hard and we all watched with admiration and pride our intelligent and astute brother grow to become a successful individual in the banking and investment industry. As a brother, he was dependable and cared very much about all his siblings. He had a very generous spirit and was always ready to help with his siblings. He adored his mother and her well-being was his priority.

For us, this was not the time for Bona to depart. We lost Christian (Pashishi) eight years ago and never imagined that we would have to be here today to say farewell to Christopher. The shock, the pain, the tears are real, however, we acknowledge our ways are not the ways of God and that LIGHT will always triumph and win.

In truth, we really do not need to write volumes about who are brother was and what he stood for. The testimonies that are flooding in from all over the world, attest to his true worth and nature. His legacy will always remain and will speak for him even in his death. Tsu - The flame you lit will never be extinguished as you have left an indelible mark on all within the family and beyond. Rest in perfect peace-Bona. God be with you till me meet again.





## TRIBUTE FROM A SPECIAL SISTER AND FRIEND

The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord . – Job 1:21  
There is no doubt in my heart that God created you as a special gift for a special purpose. To my human mind your role could have continued for a longer time. Like Jonah, I am tempted to be upset about you being removed so soon but who knows better than God?

I remember the first time we met, somewhere in 1994, I had just started a relationship with your brother Pash. He introduced us and left us to get to know each other. We ended up conversing the whole day and as if that wasn't enough, we continued the following day when you asked me to accompany you to do some rounds around town. This ended up with you going home to say hello to my parents. You truly made me feel special in my new family.

No words can describe my thoughts about your sudden demise. I can only thank God for the time I had with you. Life always comes with its loads and the Lord who knows the weight of our loads often gives us the right people to help make it lighter. Bona ! You were a pilgrim of strength and a great support to me both when Pash was around as well as in his absence . You were always there to encourage me and give me a reason to go on . When Pash left you did your best to help me swallow my bitter pill. You said to me, you will always be part of the family. You assured me I would be okay , but obviously power only belongs to god. He said to thank Him in every situation. So I give him thanks.

Bona, I appreciate all you did to make my life worthwhile. Early this year, on your visit, when we packed your constant 'boofloat' and other stuff , little did I know it was the last time we were seeing of you. Now that your golden heart has stopped beating and your hardworking hands have been laid to rest, I pray God wraps his wings around you and keep you safe till we meet again. My dear brother and friend. Yaawor ojogbaa! Rest in Perfect Peace

-----*From* EVA



-----*May he Rest in Peace*-----





## REFLECTIONS ON UNCLE TSU

The news of your passing has hit me so hard it felt like everything in this world had come to a standstill. I cannot believe you are no longer on this earth. It is like a dream. Why did you have to go so early without warning? Uncle Tsu, as we affectionately called him will be dearly missed.

You were very confident, and I could talk to you about anything. You were always willing to hear me out and I will always remember what you told me “ Nana, I have your back”. I will miss you dearly. You were like my best friend. As we spoke on the Thursday preceding your death, little did I know that was the last time I would be talking to you.

You have created a big void in our hearts , but God knows best. Thank you for everything you stood for and for all the support you gave to me. I will always remember you and you will always have a special place in my heart.  
Rest in Peace, Uncle Tsu.

Nana Serwah



----- *May he Rest in Peace* -----



## TRIBUTE FROM NEPHEWS & NIECES

I can still hear Tsumashie's laughter and emphatic voice: "G. W. Ayiteyfi". I am not sure how I acquired the "W" in my initials, but that's Tsumashie's form of endearment.

For some of us (nephews and nieces), our relationship with Tsumashie was more of a contemporary, rather than an uncle. I recall Tsumashie at Mfantsipim, when he'd stop by my dormitory to visit. We parted ways when I left Mfantsipim in 1980, but we were re-connected when he attended Baylor University and visited me in Oakland, California in 1995. Within the vast expanse of the USA, we met infrequently, but there were occasions to meet – for a graduation in Atlanta, and in Houston, when we both worked for JPMorgan Chase sometime around 2006. By sheer coincidence, we met in Accra in July 2019 while I was visiting grandma Faustie.

In all the years I've known Tsumashie, this is the year we've communicated the most. I last spoke with Tsumashie on June 27- for 1 hour 17 minutes. After hearing the sad news about his passing, I checked my phone log, and realized that like a caring uncle, he's been checking on his extended family every month since March – the onset of Covid-19.

It's quite a challenge to write about Tsumashie in the past, but in all things we give Glory to God. We thank God for the opportunity we've had with Tsumashie in this life. Farewell.

**Griffiths R. Ayiteyfi, on behalf of USA nephews and nieces**



## -----Andy & Co to Tsu

For we believe that Jesus died and rose again, and so we believe that God will bring with Jesus those who have fallen asleep in him – 1 Thessalonians 4:14

Uncle Tsu Oh Uncle Tsu! It's so difficult to write a tribute to another of our dear uncles in just a few short years!

It is as heart wrenching as it is outright painful to write of Uncle Tsu in the past. It is so unbelievable and the pain real that Uncle Tsu is no longer with us.

Being the bright and intelligent man that he was from early on, Uncle Tsu took keen interest in our academics and always inquired of our progress. He continuously encouraged and inspired us to work hard at our studies to achieve great results.

Uncle Tsu showed great passion and resolve in whatever he did always speaking about 'fire in the belly'. He would say "you gotta have that fire in the belly". Upon getting into the corporate world and working with global companies, he always modelled for us the ethic of hard work. He would often share insights of the corporate world with us that got most of us interested in joining in the corporate world. This inspired even the courses we took at University, either studying what he studied, or related courses. Today most of us wherever we've found ourselves continue to be spurred on by our Uncle Tsu as we leaned on him for advice and guidance on how to grow and improve ourselves. Uncle Tsu also had a hearty side and his comical antics had us laughing so much on those long chats we'd have with him. He was really open, loving, caring and also stern if he had to be. When he'd say – "I'm not joking, I'm serious", then we know he meant it, whatever it was that was being discussed.

He is gone way too soon, our human minds cannot understand nor process it as to why such a dynamic, strong and enterprising man would be snatched from us so soon. But only the Almighty Father knows why and all we can do is to trust Him. He knows best and we will pray for His Peace that passes all understanding. Our human hearts are aching, our souls downcast within us but we say thanks to the Almighty for the years, wonderful years, that he blessed Uncle Tsu with and that we had the privilege of sharing those years with him. We will miss him, we will miss him dearly! May the good Lord grant his soul peaceful rest till we meet again. Uncle Tsu, rest in perfect peace.

-----*May he Rest in Peace*-----



## TO MY UNCLE

Uncle Tsumashie, Why did you have to go so soon? I spoke to you barely a week to your sudden demise. I'm definitely going to miss your surprise visits, How you could just pop up on us. Those surprises meant a lot.

My mum was always excited to see her brother, while grandma could always not hide her excitement in seeing her son. You were and are still going to be a great inspiration. Uncle Tsumashie comes and says "eii Kafui so won't you hug your uncle". Then he goes like "I didn't bring you anything ohh" , meanwhile he would have left it with grandma to give to me later. When you found out I was running a small business, you gave me a lot of advice that's going to stick with me for the rest of my life.

You were extremely worried about us during this COVID 19 era. Always calling to make sure we were safe. Grandma said you turned me into a policewoman making sure she didn't go beyond the gate. Words are not enough to express the void you have left in our hearts.

All we can say is God knows best. As 2nd Corinthians 1:3-4 says Blessed be God, even the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the father of mercies and God of all comfort. Who comforts us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them that are in trouble , by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted by God. Uncle Tsu I will miss you soo much Rest in Perfect Peace dear uncle.

-----*Kafui*



-----*May he Rest in Peace*-----

## OUR THOUGHTS

Uncle Tsu! It is so hard to come to terms with the fact you are no longer here ! When I heard the news of your passing I was so torn , I had just spoken to you a few days before and we had spoken about us coming to visit you soon. Nevertheless, God's ways are not our ways , so we just have to keep trusting in him. Uncle, you were an amazing person who was there for everybody at all times; you gave great advice and support and were a real giver. I reminisce on the times when you would be in London on business and we would meet up. Sometimes you would come to our house and we would eat kenkey and before we knew it, you have fallen asleep on the sofa! You always had time for your family, and we spent many occasions discussing the extensive nature of the Yebuah family tree. Uncle Tsu, you always encouraged me and Naa Shika to do our best when it comes to education , I remember you always telling me that my hard work would pay off in the future and I will always hold that advice dear to my heart . The days out in Central London, our discussions on politics and your bellowing laugh will be my fondest memories. Uncle Tsu, all of us will miss you dearly. Rest in Peace Uncle Tsu.

-----*Amanda and Juanita*

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## TO OUR UNCLE

Uncle Christopher - We were always excited when you came over to visit your sister our mum in Canada. You had time to play with us and always had special gifts for us. We will forever cherish the times we had with you. We recall you teasing us to be of good behaviour or else the goodies will not flow .Farewell Uncle Tsu ' - We know that you are resting peacefully in the bosom of the Lord.

-----*Maame and Ellis*



-----*May he Rest in Peace*-----



## TRIBUTE FROM JOSEPH AKUAMOAH BOATENG TO CHRIS

Chris has been more of a brother than a colleague at work since we first met 35 years ago. My tribute will focus on his service at Casey Family Programs. Christopher joined Casey Family Programs' in February 2010. He was the 7th employee hired on the investments team and played an integral role in the development and formation of the investment program. Bona's [Christopher's] passion for investing, coupled with Casey's mission, resonated in the way he conducted his work. He brought insight and perspective to the leadership of Casey, as well as a desire to learn about, and seek, Building Communities of Hope with the investment community.

He was a man of great integrity and kindness; a beloved colleague and friend. Those of us who were fortunate enough to know Christopher, knew him as a kind and caring man. Someone who got along with everybody. Someone with an endless curiosity and passion for life. Someone who was a loyal friend. A partner in the investment community recently shared these words about Christopher: "He didn't demand/command my focus, but totally hooked it in his clarity of thought and generosity of spirit." That was Christopher. Several individuals found him to be a great mentor. He had the unique ability to connect with anyone, regardless of where they were from, what they looked like, or what they were dealing with. He treated everyone as valuable, and made us feel seen, heard, special, and worthy. He validated the humanity in each of us and enriched each of our lives for the better. This is the legacy he leaves behind.

Christopher's family was his greatest love, and our hearts go out to them, as well as all those whose lives he touched. On behalf of the Casey Family Programs, and most especially my team, it was a great honor to work with Christopher. We will continue to dedicate ourselves to furthering the work he so greatly cared about.

Christopher, Nante Yie!!!

-----*May he Rest in Peace*-----



## TRIBUTE – EZEKIEL YARBOI

Uncle Christopher has been a part of my life as long as I can remember. He worked in Boston, but lived in Bridgeport, and every Friday he would give me a ride from my mom's house in Boston to my dad's house in Stamford. The ride from Boston to Stamford is three and a half hours long and those three and a half hours feel even longer when you have a five year-old asking you questions the whole way. Keeping in mind that Stamford is south of Bridgeport and my mom's house in Boston is not near his office, he likely added an extra hour and a half to his commute each weekend for my parents and my convenience. This speaks volumes to who he was: a kind, caring, and loving man. I remember those car rides; eating McDonald's and listening to Fela. He made an annoying chore an exciting adventure each weekend. Our rides together were not a one-time occasion. For years he got us safely across state lines. He never complained and he never expected anything in return. He was simply spreading kindness out of the goodness of his heart. I once asked my dad why Grandma named two of her sons Chris. Couldn't she come up with any other names? I later learned that Uncle Christopher did not have the same parents as my dad, but they were brothers, nonetheless. It was really a gift having him in our lives. My face would always light up when my dad would answer the phone and say "Bona, oh Charley". I can clearly remember when I last saw him at the house a few months ago. He asked me so many questions. He said that it was revenge for all the years that I wouldn't stop talking in the car. He was a jokester and I can still remember his laugh so clearly: "he-he-he-he". He wanted me to stay connected with my Ghanaian heritage. When I was 10 he told me that I had until I was 18 to learn Ga, or he was going to take me to Ghana and I couldn't come back home until I was fluent. I still haven't learned Ga, and I regret it. I wonder what types of stories he would have told me in his mother tongue. Uncle Christopher was more than just an uncle to me, he was a father figure. His compassion, leadership, and wisdom were that of a great father. Although he is no longer with us, his legacy will live on through all of the people he touched and all of his many kindnesses. Uncle Bona, keh o'manye aya. (Uncle Bona, go with grace)

----- *May he Rest in Peace* -----











## A TRIBUTE TO A BROTHER, MENTOR & FRIEND - OKWANING

### Tsumashie the Big Brother

The first time I met you, you were 9 years old and I was a baby, new to this world. I was very fond of your sisters, and spent a lot of time around them, so I want to believe that you thought of me as an annoying little BROTHER. But the real story of our relationship started 20 years later, when I moved to Connecticut to start my career. You took me under your wings, like the BIG BROTHER you had become to me. You had me move in with you, as I searched to find a place to stay and showed me the way around in this new city and state. A few years later, you insisted my wife and I move in with you again, as we tried to save for our first home; I will miss you, always being there for me

### Bona the Mentor

When you lacked the experience, you made sure to connect me to others who had that experience; When you found out I was studying to become an actuary, you connected me with a friend who had already traveled the path to mentor me; And as I grew in my career and was impatient with my advancement and opportunities, you told me to be patient and taught me how to navigate the corporate world; When I showed interest in roles in finance and strategy, you insisted I connect with some of your other friends and colleagues who had been in similar roles; I am where I am today because of you, and I will miss your guidance

### Uncle Chris the Friend

You were there in the hospital when my kids were born, never missing a beat, and when my oldest son got sick and needed surgery, you assured me that everything was going to be okay. You were there when we christened them both, I remember like yesterday, you on stage, holding them through ceremony; You always found time on their birthdays, or Christmas to let them know how special they were, and when we were out of the country, you checked in on the oldest to make sure he was okay; You had become my backstop, a backstop I lost on July 20th. On that fateful day, I lost a friend, a mentor and a big brother.

### Farewell Big Brother

Tsumashie, Bona, Uncle Chris – You are missed dearly by the Okwanings', but we know we will meet again, and again you would have journeyed the road before, so we know you will take us under your wings and mentor us in that glorious world;  
Farewell.

----- *May he Rest in Peace* -----



## TRIBUTE TO CTY – CASEY FAMILY PROGRAM

Those of us who were fortunate enough to know Christopher, knew him as a kind, gentle, and caring man. He made us feel valuable, seen, heard, and worthy, regardless of where we were from or what we looked like. He saw the best in us and enriched our lives for the better. This is the legacy he leaves behind. Christopher's family – his mother, wife, sister, brother, nieces, and nephews – were his greatest love, and our hearts go out to them, as well as all those whose lives he touched. Over the past 10 years, Christopher helped to further the mission of Casey Family Programs. He brought insight and perspective to the leadership of Casey, as well as a desire to learn about, and seek, Building Communities of Hope with the investment community. He spoke on numerous panels discussing the Environmental, Social, and Governance aspects of investing, and spearheaded the investment team's efforts in helping to increasing Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion for women and minorities in the investment industry.

Christopher also served on various professional committees throughout his tenure. He was a member of the Limited Partner Advisory Committees for several investment funds, as well as a member of the Council of Institutional Investors' U.S. Asset Owners Advisory Council. In addition, Christopher was active in the African Private Equity and Venture Capital Association, helping to educate institutional investors on African Private Equity. Christopher had a natural ability to mentor and coach young people. He exhibited patience, understanding, and compassion, while at the same time demanded a level of excellence that those who worked with him strived to achieve. He had a strong work ethic, was firm, yet fair, and inspired others to live up to his example. Christopher was a man of great integrity, humility, and selflessness; a beloved colleague and friend. On behalf of Casey Family Programs, and most especially the Investments team, it was a great honor to work with Christopher. His memory will live on as we continue to dedicate ourselves to furthering Building Communities of Hope, the work he so greatly cared about.

----- *May he Rest in Peace* -----



## TRIBUTE FROM THE ANKOMA -BEMPONGS

*“His life was gentle, and the elements mixed so well in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, “This was a man.” – William Shakespeare*

Brother-Friend-Father-Uncle, a befitting multi-hyphenate for a man who seamlessly morphed into his many roles in our household; not once missing a beat as time passed or distance grew. Therefore, it comes as no surprise that each relationship along this chain feels unduly robbed of an earnest ally.

Brother-Friend-Father-Uncle Chris, the suddenness of your demise beats all imagination! The entire Ankoma-Bempong clan is at loss for words and you know that is hardly ever the case. Your home was always open to us, our concerns were your concerns and we knew we could always count on you.

Brother Chris, your sister Cynthia is at loss, having lost her project partner and it will take a long while for her to accept that your joint mischief and pipeline projects would be put on hold.

Friend Chris, Kojo would miss your affability, conversations on construction, current affairs and political debates.

Father-Uncle Chris, for Matilda, Tracey, Awurabena and Kobby, it is hard to accept that we can no longer pick up the phone and call you to chat about weekend plans, travel itineraries, job interviews, breakups, financial or educational decisions. You were measured in all your ways, your Jollof even came out perfectly by formula each time and you encouraged us all to approach every area of our lives with diligence. In our long chats with you, there was lots of laughter, lots of lessons to learn and absolutely no room for excuses.

How could you have left us so soon? You have indeed taught us a great lesson regarding our need to be ready for our maker at all times, number our days and apply our hearts to wisdom. Psalm 90:12.

Thank you for being such a blessing to all of us. Your kindness has left an indelible mark in our minds and in our hearts.

Have a peaceful rest in our Maker's bosom. Sleep in perfect peace, Onyame nfa wo sei.  
Da yie.



## TRIBUTE TO CHRISTOPHER YEBUAH (BONA) MOBA 1983 YEAR GROUP



To everything there is a season. A time to every purpose under the Heaven. A time to be born, a time to die. A time to plant and a time to pluck. A time to weep and a time to laugh. A time to mourn and a time to dance. Ecclesiastes 3:1-2, 4

Thursday September 28th, 1978 will forever be etched in our minds. That was the day when 140 stalwart fresh-faced adolescent boys entered Mfantsipim School popularly known as “The School” after successfully passing the Common Entrance examinations. We, freshers, were called Greenhorns and as we had our first supper together, most of us were happy to meet old mates and friends. As we were sharing jokes and looking forward to the arrival of the seniors the following day, one could easily identify the tall, slim, fast walking, fast talking, jovial, full of life boy we got to know later as Christopher Yebuah, who had been assigned to the upper dormitory of Lockhart Schweitzer House and Class 1B. For the next two weeks, while we waited to be inducted into Mfantsipim at the “Greenhorns’ night” ceremony, we got to know Christopher well. His primary schoolmate, late Ransford Slater gave him the name “Billy Bones” which eventually became “Bona” as we affectionately called him. He seemed to know the system very well having been briefed by his elder brother, the late Christian Yebuah, who was then in form three, and offered help and titbits to enable us cope with the new environment. Being among the tallest, the short boys loved to use him as a shield by walking alongside him so as not to be seen and called by the seniors. Bona knew this, but I guess his cool calm protective nature made him to allow us to use him as he knew how to wriggle out of trouble.

Bona with his height could have bullied the little ones, instead he hated it when little ones were being taken advantage of, and he was actually the defender of the weak. He was dependable and when one caused mischief, you were better off finding Bona and hiding behind him, for you were assured he would calm every one down and bring a lasting solution to the problem. We talked, we joked, we did our dormitory duties and went about our studies assiduously. From an early stage, Bona showed interest in reading and we used to read “Nancy Drew, Hardy Boys and Three Investigators Series”, among others. In form 2, we used to compete among ourselves by timing how long it would take to read 10 pages from the above series and answer questions from every page to be sure that no page was skipped.

Bona always excelled and we just had to accept the fact that he was really the fastest reader among us. Academically, Bona was all over the place, even though he had a high propensity towards the Arts. It was therefore not surprising that he was placed in the 4 Science (S) class, where one had the opportunity to either pursue the Sciences or the Arts in Sixth form. Despite being in the Science class, Bona developed a healthy rivalry with the finest students in the form four Arts class and even in the sciences. Such was the competitive nature of the boy and the



man we now mourn. Brevity does not allow us to recount more of the good times we had together in school. Bona excelled at the Ordinary Level Examination and decided to pursue the Arts for his sixth form. He was at his best there, and being a deep thinker, it was usual to see him articulating his thoughts and arguing passionately -especially when he was sure of his facts.

Bona was liked by all so it was not surprising he received wide acclamation when his name was announced as the House Prefect of Lockhart Schweitzer Upper Dormitory. He thus became a member of the exclusive Prefects Club of Mfantsipim. It was during his tenure that Lockhart Schweitzer won the inter houses athletics competition for the first time in years and he made sure Lockhart Schweitzer maintained the enviable position of the cleanest dormitory in the School. Bona joined the Very Exclusive Mfantsipim Club of Senior Scholars (Sisco) in 1985 when he obtained the best grades in the Advanced Level Examination. He had found his academic niche in the Arts and was easily admitted to University of Ghana to pursue a bachelor's program in Administration, where he graduated with honours four years later.

It was with great shock when the message floated on our WhatsApp group that Bona had passed on suddenly to eternity on Monday on Monday 20th July 2020. No, this is impossible, not Bona. He attended our quarterly meeting just last year and even surprised us in February 2020 with his presence at a MOBA 83 get together night at the Prisons Mess in Accra. He was healthy, his coolness was evident, his interactions with the other members was basically the Bona we knew. It was heart breaking, there was sorrow, consternation and disbelief, but alas several calls confirmed the sad story. Why "him" was a question on everybody's mind as we recalled the sudden loss of his senior brother a few years ago. There were no meaningful answers to the questions other than, only God knows why he called Christopher at this point in his life.

We are consoled knowing that he now rests in the bosom of the Lord. Mfantsipim School has lost another son, MOBA 83 feels like a sailboat whose winds have been knocked out of its sails, MOBA 83 has lost an irreplaceable brother and it is not easy to hold back our tears. Slowly, dark clouds gather, silently darkness draws nigh, MOBA 83 guys look sullen as they prepare to say goodbye to their departed brother. Death, you have laid your icy cold hands on our brother but be not proud though many have called thee mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so. You are gone Bona, but you will forever remain in our hearts for the joy you gave us. Even as you leave us, we can only say

Bona, it is God's choice and we cannot question it, Bona, you have left us good memories and we will keep the flame burning, Bona, we will remember joys and pains we went through as brothers, Bona, you have completed your circle, made it home and you are resting with the Lord .

Fare thee well Chris, Rest peacefully in the wonderful presence of God till we meet again....*Damirifa Due, nante yie.*

-----*May he Rest in Peace*-----





## TRIBUTES FROM COLLEAGUES AT CITIBANK AND JP MORGAN

Chris – As a co-worker and friend, you were always energetic and full of life. Your passing comes as a shock and now we are left to mourn your absence. You were always a good listener and storyteller and all your friends will always remember how you made them feel. Your resilience, optimism, and perseverance throughout the years shall serve as an inspiration for us all. To Chris's family, nothing really prepares us for these events, but our loved ones and friends can perhaps help us get by. Please know that I am thinking of you and offering my deepest sympathy.

Daniel Somarriba, Citibank Management Associate (MA) 1996, Miami, Florida, USA

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I met Christopher in 1997 when I joined Citibank in the Stamford Office. I was very fortunate to meet Chris because he introduced me to all of this friends and colleagues. Chris knew everyone and I could see that he was respected by his peers and the senior officers at the bank. We remained friends after we both left Citi and we often shared stories about our families. Our childhood experiences were very different. I loved hearing about his mum, sisters, and other family members that would travel to the US and stay with Chris. We often turned to each other for advice about work as we continued to advance or plateau in our careers. I was very happy when Chris told me about meeting Jackie and he always seemed so happy when he shared stories about their new home and their life in Connecticut.

I introduced Chris to my colleagues at JPMorgan (JPM) and I was happy when Chris was hired by my colleagues to join their team at JPM. We came full circle since Chris had played the same role for me at Citi years before when I met him at Citi. My JPM colleagues enjoyed working with Chris for the same reasons that I saw at Citi. He was smart, funny, hardworking and one of the most generous people I ever met. Even when he was busy, he always took the time to ask me how I was doing. I can still hear his voice on the phone. “Hi, it’s Christopher”, and I could see his smile through the phone because he was one of the kindest people I ever met. I will miss Chris and our conversations, but I will never forget the gentle, smart friend that I was fortunate to have in my life for almost 25 years.

Lara Graff, Citibank MA 1997 & JPMorgan Chase colleague, New York, NY USA

-----*May he Rest in Peace*-----



## TRIBUTE TO OUR CLASSMATE CHRISTOPHER YEBUAH (BONA) FROM UNIVERSITY OF GHANA BUSINESS SCHOOL CLASS OF 1989

In the end, it is not the years in your life that count, it's the life in your years...Abraham Lincoln  
"Shock" is more than an understatement for the reaction when the tragic news of the sudden passing of our classmate Christopher Yebuah, whom we all called "Bona", was shared on our group WhatsApp platform. Although as we advance in years, we are all constantly reminded of the certainty of death, its uncertain timing renders us bereft in disbelief when we are subjected to such an unexpected, abrupt conclusion of life. And so, we who remain on this side of eternity have no other choice than to look back, much too soon, still reeling from the shock, the suddenness of our communal loss, to now treasured memories of our classmate Bona.

We look back to September 1986, remembering one of the four very tall members of the dynamic crew of young and not so young freshmen admitted into the University of Ghana's School of Administration - Bona.

Bona, sauntering into class, a humorous glint in his eye evident even through his glasses, responding to greetings in various pitches with a half raised right hand as he made his way to his seat at the back of the classroom. Bona, with palpable friendliness, striking a conversation with almost anyone with ease. Bona, the consummate gentleman, affable, warm, kind, generous and thoughtful, his bonds and friendships with classmates would endure through the years.

Bona was smart and witty. He brought a breadth of knowledge and insight into intellectual discussions and debates on a wide range of topics beyond our class subjects, perspectives that made him a delight to engage with. He was also full of fun and had a keen sense of humour. The girls in the class reminisce fondly about the special and unique relationship they each had with Bona, the shared warmth and laughter when he visited their rooms in Volta hall, and the numerous examples of his kindness and thoughtfulness. One unforgettable recollection was how, in the midst of the upheaval following the announcement to vacate the university within a couple of hours during the period of unrest in the 1986/87 Aluta, Bona rushed in to help them pack their stuff and ensured they were able to leave campus speedily.

Long after the leafy lanes of Legon were behind us, Bona's selflessness and thoughtfulness continued to shine through. He visited classmates dotted around the globe - London, Switzerland, various US cities, met up with mates whenever he was in Accra to touch base, and looked up mates via calls and conversations wherever they found themselves. Bona genuinely cared, he celebrated with mates in their times of joy and stood by them in times of difficulty and sorrow. You could depend on Bona and know with certainty that he wouldn't let you down. Bona won the respect and admiration of his classmates as he excelled in the corporate world in the fields of finance and investment, holding executive positions in leading firms including J.P. Morgan, Citibank, Pitney-Bowes and Casey Family Programs. Throughout his career, we were proud to see him exhibit the professionalism, integrity and sense of purpose instilled in Legon. In this time of grief, we remember, and we salute him. Bona, we your grieving classmates are left to contemplate the paradox of death - death the final chapter of our earthly life as well as the first chapter of our life in eternity. We hold on to the knowledge that God in His wisdom has called you, earlier than we imagined, but consoled by the fact that He knows best. We your classmates, and the many lives you touched and brightened in your 54 years on this earth, thank Him for the blessing of knowing and being known by you. The rich memories we shared will ensure that you will continue to live in our thoughts and in our hearts. We pray God's comfort for your wife, mother, siblings and the whole family, and trust He will keep you safe in His Everlasting Arms till we meet again.

Bona, Rest in perfect peace. Yaa wo odjogbar

----- *May he Rest in Peace* -----





## TRIBUTE BY FREDERICK EDWARD OKINE

Begone, unbelief, ..... By prayer let me wrestle, And He will perform; With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm  
-MHB 511

I pondered over how unworthy I am to write a short tribute for a noble man whose life was not; but is aptly so gentle with elements so mixed that nature will stand and say, this was a man. It is a rude awakening because it never ever crossed my mind that even though death is a necessary end, I would be confronted with the demise of Christopher. "Quem di diligunt, adulescens moritur -whom the gods love dies young". I take solace 'Bona NDA' as I affectionately called him along with others did not sweat the small stuff. He had a personal non-overlapping relationship with each person and was never a fleering tell-tale sharing other people's stories. He was quick to extend a helping hand to any with an open-door policy to listen and offer advice. Do not let his personal favours go unreturned. Do not let his loans or cash advances go unpaid. This is the time to reach out to his entire family as a perfect memorial of love. Lord Christopher as my dad of blessed memory called him was a pillar of wealth in character, humility, tenacity, intellect, wisdom and wits. A scholar par excellence.

Together we endured many changing scenes that taught us life was not a bed of roses. The memories from our time in Class 1B on the Hills of Kwabotwe; through when I crushed in his room at Legon Hall Annex 'A' whilst visiting my late wife; to the United Kingdom where we hustled for jobs after his return from Switzerland; to the USA where he watched from afar and mused how we buy junk when we travel; his standard trademark warning governing luggage weight and content to mention a few. A worthy tribute lies in the unspoken chapters that remain in my heart. In the last five years the calls, emails, WhatsApp and debates had been prolific, healthy and productive. Our recent conversations had been around taking good care of ourselves during this Covid-19 season by ensuring maximum precautions; on our general health as well as grand but lowkey plans to embrace our retirement.

I cannot accept that Twumashie who loves to talk and advice health, walks faster, is more athletic, extremely cautious, meticulous to a fault and telling me 2 weeks prior he would be starting to go to the gym is no more. The news left Sarah and I numb. Your memory will continue to be indelible in our home. In self-denial or defiance, I refuse to accept. Death! Be not proud. You are defeated because in Christopher's fibre at any challenge or adversity I know he had accepted his lot and it is well with his soul. I recall uncountable moments he had said to me "Burgers never mind, let it be, whatever my lot I will always say it is well with my soul". I believe you are in a better place. A place that because unknown, is feared by those you left behind.

*Bona NDA, dayie! Bona SLEEP, sleep well!!! Lord Christopher Rest Thee Well!!!*

*----- May he Rest in Peace -----*



## TRIBUTE TO MY FORMER ROOM MATE

Bona it never occurred to me that this day was going to come so soon. I missed your call eight days before you passed and how would I have known that that was my last opportunity to hear you on the other side of the line giving commentary on trending issues punctuated by your infectious laughter. I can't roll back time so here I am mourning you, Christopher Twumashie Yebuah, fondly known as Bona by many, myself included. Though we were not that close on the hill of Kwabotwe, we ended up being roommates for all the 3 years in Legon Hall Annex A 113 while pursuing our Bachelor's degree in Business Administration at the University of Ghana Business School. I still remember how we both used to scale the steps in the main hall with our slim long legs in order not to be late for the 7:30am lectures. And then helping ourselves at the waakye spot opposite the school after the first lecture. I was a man of few words and you were the exact opposite, no wonder you were able to titillate the girls in the class and cultivate unique friendships with almost every one of them.

Of course, Bona had an answer for everything and an opinion on every issue. Relationships were important to you and thinking about how others were faring came naturally to you. Your ability to mix easily with people and engage in hearty conversations even when meeting people for the first time was almost legendary. Bottom-line, you were such a fine, intelligent gentleman, downright hilarious, patently genuine, fiercely loyal, profoundly caring and a consummate cheerleader. You did better than me in staying in touch, irrespective of where you were. You were a giver and always willing to offer a helping hand. I still wear some of the shirts you bought for me some years ago. You touched my life in many more ways than you may know. Bona, I can't believe that you are now a memory ..... incredible! Anyway I will keep the pleasant and sweet memories of your warmth, friendship, kindness and thoughtfulness. Thanks for being one of my cheerleaders. Rest in perfect peace.

Rev. Ogbarmey Tetteh.



## **Tribute to my friend Christopher Tsumashie Yebuah by William (Chief) Coker**

Friendship is a gift and Bona exemplified friendship. Ours was a friendship that endured over the decades and across the globe. Bona, you have left a big void in our hearts. Stella and I are still in shock and deeply saddened by your sudden passing. You have been a lifelong friend and above all, more than a brother to us. We are so grateful for the times we spent together. We will cherish all the moments we got to share with you in Accra, London, Zurich, New York and San Francisco.

I first met Bona the very first day I went to the university at Legon. Bona was friends with my roommate, William Ebow Tandoh and he would spend a lot of time with us in our room, K31 Legon Hall. I remember Bona playing draughts with Ebow and other friends well into the wee hours of the morning. I also remember many scrabble games with Bona which he would win with ease. It was serendipitous that the three of us, Bona, Ebow and I got the opportunity to rendezvous in Accra in December 2018 for a fun evening after about 30 years of not being all together in one place.

As it turns out, Bona knew my wife Stella when they were little and growing up in the neighbourhoods of the 37 Military Hospital. There's a funny story about the red dress in Zurich which the three of us would reminisce about. Stella and I had just been married and we visited Bona in Zurich. We asked for his recommendation to a fancy restaurant where Stella and I could celebrate with a romantic dinner. Bona knew just the place and so off Stella and I went, she in a flowing red dress and me in a jacket and tie. We created quite the stir at the restaurant when we got there because it turned out to be a very casual joint for the locals! Stella and I made the most of it and we got many laughs out of it with Bona over the years.

Bona visited us often at our home in Menlo Park, California. Indeed, we regularly refer to our guest bedroom as 'Bona's room'. The last time I said goodbye to Bona in person was only a few months ago on January 26, 2020 when I dropped him off in San Francisco after he had visited us for the weekend on one of his West Coast work trips. During that visit, he would mention that he was ready to "move on" but we did not imagine it would be this kind of 'moving on' into eternity. We took a picture together as we bid each other farewell. The last time we spoke to Bona was on April 15, 2020 when he reached out to us by phone. During the long phone conversation, we checked in with each other about the Covid-19 pandemic and sheltering-in-place. He lamented that "we'll have to just wait this one out". So true.

We love Bona so much and we will miss him dearly. He was our quirky and somewhat clumsy friend who incessantly told stories and made us laugh. He loved and cared for all his family especially his mother and sisters. He made sure to keep in touch with his friends all over the world. He was so full of life. We thank God for his life. He's been a blessing to many. Bona, you've given us every reason to celebrate your life. Well done!



## TRIBUTE FROM SALLY -ANNE OHENE

“Nice guy. Always had a story or 2 to tell. He had time to worry about other people’s problems..... He made time to take Senyo to college..... He also used to get those weird tickets for you.....” That’s the summary I got from my son Sena as I began to put my words together and asked for his thoughts about Uncle Christopher.

Christopher, as you rightly observed I am about the only friend from long ago who has stuck to that name instead of “Bona”. You’ve been a genuine and loyal friend since the early 80s after meeting you through Victoria, your sister and my dear classmate from Wesley Girls. Over the years through Legon and even after you left Ghana, it didn’t matter where you found yourself Norway, Switzerland and eventually the US, to quote the hymn, “through all the changing scenes of life” you remained a person to count on, always willing to go the extra mile for your friends and family. It was always nice to be able to catch up anytime you came to Ghana because as Sena put it so well, you always had something interesting up your sleeve and the conversation never ran dry.

You had such a wealth of information on various issues and never hesitated to give your opinion and suggest solutions. Thank you for the airport pickups which also covered family beneficiaries, the shopping trips to the outlets which Susie reminded me of and the numerous rides; a concrete example being you picking us from Long Island and driving to what was for us nouvelle territory - Lewiston, Maine to drop Senyo off to start college. Christopher, you were the original bona fide travel agent. Who else could get me all those good deal tickets only you seemed to get from Expedia despite my tortuous itineraries even though we all checked the same internet?

There’s so much more I could go on about. We have lost a good friend; myself, Josephine, Hardy, Olga, Akua-moah and the others you talked about with so much fondness and familiarity that it sometimes felt like we were one large group of close friends though I had never met some of them before. I want to believe that like them, instead of dwelling on our loss we will cherish the wonderful memories of the good times together and be thankful to God for the blessing of knowing you. For we do not mourn as those without hope. We take it that the Sovereign Lord decided you have finished your task on earth and trust that you are in a much better place and at peace with your Maker.

Mr Christopher Yebuah, da yie. God be with you till we meet again.



## TRIBUTE FROM JOSEPHINE OFFORI

One of the hardest things to do in life is to write a tribute for a loved one. I loved Bona like a brother, so his pass-ing has left me numb.

God puts people in our lives for a reason and Bona was a blessing in my life. I met him in the early 90s in London and the connection was instant. We both migrated to the US in the mid-late 90s, and over the years we shared each other's joys and pains, celebrated many events , had numerous debates and discussions , and through it all, I knew the one person I could always count on was Bona.

I believe in the authenticity of people as it is the basis of the most nurturing, truthful and honest relationship, and Bona was always authentic with me. No wonder we bonded from the moment we met and ended up having such a long friendship. He never judged or forced his opinions on me. He was compassionate, always a shoulder to lean on. He was full of life always confident and optimistic. He had so many virtues that made him a presence in any circumstance. He was fun loving, and I am lucky to have shared so many memorable moments with him. I will cherish those memories for the rest of my life.

Thank you for being the best friend one could ever have, thank you for all that you taught me, thank you for being there whenever we needed you. Thank you for always motivating and lifting me up, thank you for the laughs and all the good times we shared.

People forget what you say. People forget what you do. But no-one forgets how someone makes them feel. And NO ONE will take away the joy, laughter and smiles that Bona and I shared over the years.

I MISS YOU: You will be in our hearts forever. Rest in perfect peace. Josephine.



----- *May he Rest in Peace* -----



## NANA KWAME ADDO'S TRIBUTE TO CHRISTOPHER TSUMASHIE YEBUAH

A budding rose blooms, withstands the elements of time and continues to bloom for a lifetime. This symbolizes the beautiful relationship Christopher and I shared; one that started at Mfantshipim, on the famous Kwabotwe hill, and evolved into a brotherly relationship built on principles of unconditional love, respect, loyalty, and support for one another, among others. True soulmates we are.

As we later found out, Christopher's father, the late esteemed lawyer C.T. Yebuah, was one of my dad's teachers. I also met his mother, Colonel Faustina Yebuah (Rtd), Aunt Faustie or mommy to me, when I was a child on admission at the 37 Military Hospital where she was the Deputy Matron and before I knew Christopher. There is more! It also turns out my late grandmother knew Christopher's father and his family very well from their days at Tudu and long before the two of us were born. Little wonder she had remarkably high regard for Christopher and always expressed how much of a gentleman he was, a status to be elevated once my grandmother found out who his father was. "He is the son of a fine gentleman," she would always say in Ga. I regularly teased Christopher about my grandmother's view of him being influenced by his father's well-earned reputation and that he was riding on his father's coat tails. Destined to be friends, one might say.

Christopher and I spent time together during our secondary school vacations. He met my parents and siblings as I did his. They all came to know him as Bona, a nickname he could not shed. Long before my children were born, he told me he would not give them presents if they called him Uncle Bona. Well, as children do, they slipped and did. True to his nature, Christopher did not have the heart to abide by his threat and remained very fond of them. Obligation to family was top-of-mind for Christopher. His commitment to prioritize the well-being of his dear mother and siblings was unwavering. After the untimely death of Christian, his elder brother, Christopher stepped up even more and became the central pillar of support. He spared no expense in ensuring the comfort of his family and was always incredibly thoughtful. We conversed several times a week and at times, multiple times a day. My phone rings and my wife would fondly say "your boyfriend is calling." Our first conversation of the day always started with inquiries about how our mothers were doing. Neither of us ever left Accra without paying a visit to each other's mother.

A brilliant and unassuming intellectual he was. Christopher's drive to succeed continued throughout his career in which he was a dedicated and consummate professional. He worked incredibly hard for everything he earned. Integrity, he had. I always teased him about having come an exceptionally long way from his days of constantly walking the streets of Accra to now walking the streets of New York's buzzing financial district and rubbing

----- *May he Rest in Peace* -----



shoulders with people on Wall Street. Ironically, in more recent conversations, both of us started talking about just looking forward to retiring and enjoying the fruits of our labour someday. We also kept dreaming and promised to retire each other if one of us ever won a sizeable lotto jackpot.

Selfless and generous he also was. Christopher did not hesitate to drop what he was doing and offer to make the long drive to New York when I informed him my wife Becky, who was traveling to Accra to spend time with my mother, was stranded in transit at JFK airport because of a visa issue. In a way, I am glad things happened the way they did. Becky spent over two weeks with Christopher and Jackie and got to know them quite well. He took the time to accompany her to the Ghana Consulate to get her visa in order and proudly showed her his office. Now, Becky has better insight and appreciation into what drove our bond. My Mfantshipim class com-rades may also recall how Christopher opened his home to one of our mates and arranged for him to get medical attention at a renowned university hospital in the United States.

The brevity of life and certainty of death, as my late father liked to quote. In closing, Christopher's brief yet exemplary life is an example of a mission bigger than personal ambition; a valuable lesson for all of us. He was very private, compassionate, and peaceful. I am honoured to have been a confidant. It is well known that Christopher touched the lives of many, including non-family. It is time for all of us to pay forward in his honour. The most valuable tribute all of us can afford Christopher is to be present for his dear mother in any way possible.

Christopher, as Becky prayed on the day you prematurely left us, she reminded you of what you already know. Our home continues to be yours and you are always welcome. We acknowledge the signs you have given us and look forward to continuing our relationship in another realm. Rest in peace, my dear friend and brother. Heartfelt condolences from me, Becky and my family to Jackie, Auntie Faustie, siblings and Christopher's entire family.

*"True friends are the ones who never leave your heart, even if they leave your life for a while. Even after years apart, you pick up with them right where you left off, and even if they die, they are never dead in your heart."*

- - - - - *Unknown Author*

- - - - - *May he Rest in Peace* - - - - -



## HYMNS

### MHB 99

*How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds.  
And drives away his fear.*

*It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest*

*Till then I would Thy love proclaim,  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.*

### MHB 110

*Jesus lover of my soul  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
into heaven guide  
O receive my soul at last*

*Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me :  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.*

*Thou, O Christ, art all I want.  
More than all in Thee I find.  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.*

### MHB 602

*Father, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see ;  
But I ask Thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee.*

*I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad and joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes ,  
And a heart at leisure from itself  
To soothe and sympathize.*

*In a service which Thy will appoints  
There are no bonds for me ;  
For my inmost soul is taught the truth  
That makes Thy children free ;  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty*

### MHB 614

*Heavenly Father,  
Thou has brought us  
Safely to the present age.  
Gently leading on our footsteps,  
Watching over us all the way.  
Friend and Guide through life's  
long journey,  
Grateful hearts to Thee we bring  
But for love so true and change-  
less  
How shall we fit praises sing*

*Shadows deep have crossed our  
pathway  
We have trembled in the storm  
Clouds have gathered round so  
clearly  
That we could not see Thy form  
Yet Thy love hath never left us  
In our grieves alone to be,  
And the help each gave the other  
Was the strength that came from  
Thee*

*Many that we love have left us,  
Reaching first their journeys end  
Now they wait to give us  
welcome ,  
Brother, sister, child and friend.  
When at last our journeys over  
And we pass away from sight,  
Father, take us through the  
darkness  
Into everlasting light.*





*" There are some who bring  
a light  
so great to the world that even after they have gone, the  
light  
remains"*



*----- May he Rest in Peace -----*



# *Appreciation*

To those who knew him  
To those who worked with him  
To those who loved and cherished him

The love we have received, the prayers that came our way; the words of comfort, the practical help we received, the kind generosity and support we were blessed with during this difficult time,

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**WE THANK YOU!**