

*In Ever Loving Memory*

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  **KWABENA  
GYASI OWUSU**

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**June 19, 2001 - July 5, 2020**

FUNERAL AND THANKGIVING SERVICE



**Kwabena Gyasi Owusu**



*Kwabena Gyasi Owusu*

# Order of Service

## OPENING PRAYER:

Rev. Asamoah-Gyadu

## FILING PAST

(WITH KEYBOARD RECITALS)

## SCRIPTURAL WORDS OF COMFORT

PRAYER: - Rev. Kwadwo Boateng

BIOGRAPHY - Mr. Victor Yao-dablu

## TRIBUTES

SCRIPTURE READING: 1 COR 15:20-28

- Mr Isaac Acquah

## HOMILY

PRAYERS OF COMMENDATION:

NOTICES - Dr. Edward Amporful.

VOTE OF THANKS: - Gwendy Gyaben

CLOSING PRAYER: - Rev. Asamoah-

Gyadu

BENEDICTION: - Rev. Kwadwo Boateng

# HYMNS

MHB 511

1. Begone, unbelief, My Savior is near,  
And for my relief Will surely appear;  
By prayer let me wrestle, And He will perform;  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm

2. Though dark be my way, Since He is my Guide,  
'Tis mine to obey, 'Tis His to provide;  
Though cisterns be broken, And creatures all fail,  
The word He hath spoken Shall surely prevail.

3. His love, in time past, Forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last In trouble to sink:  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review  
Confirms His good pleasure To help me quite through.

MHB 615

Guide me, O Thou great \*Jehovah,  
[\*Redeemer]  
Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak,  
but Thou art mighty,  
Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand.  
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more;  
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing stream doth flow;  
Let the fire and cloudy pillar Lead me  
all my journey through.  
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.



# HYMNS

MHB 831

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see The saints  
above, how great their joys, How  
bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here  
below, And poured out cries and  
tears: They wrestled hard, as we do  
now, With sins, and doubts, and  
fears.

3 Our glorious Leader claims our  
praise For His own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.



# *Biography*

## KWABENA GYASI OWUSU

“I Will Sing” Don Moen

1. Lord you seem so far away  
A million miles or more, it feels today  
And though I haven't lost my faith  
I must confess right now That it's hard for me to pray

But I don't know what to say  
And I don't know where to start  
But as You give the grace  
With all that's in my heart.

Chorus I will sing, yes I will praise, even in my darkest hour  
Through the sorrow and the pain I will sing, I will praise,  
even in my darkest hour  
Through the sorrow and the pain,  
lift my hands to honor You  
Because Your word is true I will sing.

Gyasi's favorite song!!!

“Kwabena Gyasi Owusu, affectionately called Gyasi, the younger of two sons of Mr. Ken Osei Owusu and Mrs. Christie Osei Owusu was born on 19th June 2001.

Gyasi began his primary education at Christ The King International School in September 2006. At Christ The King, he was a member of the Boys' Scout at an early stages of his basic education. He was also a member of

Due to his calm nature and excellent human relations, he was the toast of every student and teacher.

In September 2016, Gyasi was offered admission at St. Peter's Senior High School, Kwahu Nkwatia, to read General Science after passing the Basic Education Certificate Examinations (BECE).

At St. Peter's SHS, Gyasi was loved by all. He had very good relationship with both students and masters to the extent that he could walk to the houses of Mr. Gbekor, the Senior Housemaster and Father Lenwah, the then Assistant Headmaster at any time without hindrance.

In September 2019, Gyasi was offered admission at Entrance University, Accra to study for a Doctor of Pharmacy (Pharm D) Degree. Again, Gyasi was loved by all as a result of his pleasant nature.



# Biography

## KWABENA GYASI OWUSU

Gyasi had very good relationship with his Maker. He was a regular member of the Sunday School Unit of Asbury Donewell Church and participated in all church activities to the admiration of all.

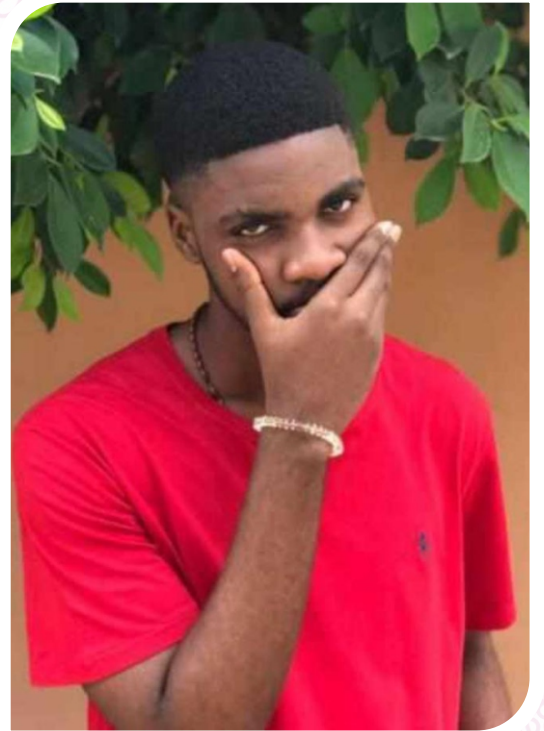
On Sunday the 15th of February, 2020, whilst his parents were out of town, Gyasi sent a distress call to them informing them of a boil-like growth on his body. He was accordingly advised to visit the hospital and eventually diagnosed of a disease we shudder to mention.

Even though Gyasi celebrated his 19th birthday on the sick bed, this did not stop him from sending pleasant and lovely messages and video recordings to his friends and loved ones. It was such a joyful moment because he looked very cheerful and excited cutting his birthday cake and reading messages from friends and loved ones.

In fact from 15th of February, 2020 to the 5th of July 2020 when his Maker finally called him, Gyasi was either on admission in the ward or had to visit the hospital for one appointment or the other.

In spite of all the pain he went through, he was always cheerful and urged us to be strong.

His only wish for all of us is that we should remain strong. Because he was strong, even in ill health.



# TRIBUTE BY PARENTS

## Mr. & Mrs. Ken Osei Owusu

"I Will Sing" Don Moen

Lord it's hard for me to see all the thoughts  
And plans you have for me, Yes, it is But I will put my trust in You  
Lord we made You die to set me free Oh, thank God You did But I  
don't know what to say And I don't know where to start But as you  
give the grace With all that's in my heart.

Chorus I will sing, yes I will praise, even in my darkest hour Through  
the sorrow and the pain I will sing, I will praise, even in my darkest  
hour Through the sorrow and the pain, lift my hands to honor you  
Because your word is true I will sing.

Gyasi's favorite song!!!

Imagine being on the sick bed, Imagine being in severe pain  
as a result of a big and deep surgical wound, Imagine being  
put on an oxygen support, Imagine being unable to move the  
lower part of your body, And imagine lying on one side of  
your body for hours, probably days.

"Life is not about waiting for the storm to pass, it is about  
learning to dance in the rain." Our son Kwabena through it  
all did not just give up in despair, he wanted to dance in the  
rain. He warded off a number of storms during his short life  
so he knew from experience that another storm was coming  
on the heels of the one that just passed. If he had not learned  
to dance; he may have remained dry and unfulfilled. He was  
fulfilled.

That was Gyasi OUR BUDDY for you. Very caring, Very

Gyasi was to us one of the boldest person we have ever come  
across. Getting up in the morning and going to bed at night  
required strength we didn't have, and only God could give,  
and He did. You may have heard people who suffer things  
like "it feels like a punch in the stomach." But the Lord held  
us through.

His only wish for all of us is that we should remain strong.  
Because he was strong, even in ill health. In spite of all these  
difficult experiences, can one have the courage and concern  
about the health and well being of others who presumably  
are healthier than the one with feelings described above? Yes,  
in spite of the difficulties Gyasi was going through he did not  
spare a moment to remind us with a clinched fist and by these  
words "BE STRONG" every evening that we had to leave  
him in the hospital to go home to prepare the next day's  
routine visit. Yes, that's Gyasi our Buddy, Our Son.  
Our "perfect day" would last for only a few measured  
minutes longer, as we were about to face a tragedy that  
would break in like a cruel thief. Can somebody help  
me answer this question? Is it REAL? Is it REAL that Gyasi is  
no more with us, who will answer this simple but  
deep question? Alas! We don't need any answer. The  
ANSWER is right in front of us.



# TRIBUTE BY PARENTS

## Mr. & Mrs. Ken Osei Owusu

YES, IT IS REAL. Here is the evidence, right in front of us. Yes, our Buddy is gone; we are devastated, confused and shattered but in no way destroyed. We remain faithful in the Lord.

Gyasi also had faith in the Lord of recovery but why death? His last question to me was "Dad, why am I suffering" Yes, I can testify that he suffered from the very onset of the ailment. I can also give testimony to the Glory of God that his last hours with us were very peaceful. Indeed, this give us hope that our Maker has received him with open arms to a more peaceful place to rest.

Let me quote from a book recently given to us:

"The death of a loved one, especially a spouse, in this case a SON, is something that no one can ever imagine until it happens to you. It feels like you are on a roller coaster with all the emotions coming to play: shock, disbelief, profound sadness, pain, anguish, fear, doubt, insecurity, helplessness and emptiness... all the emotions you can imagine". (Matilda Amissah-Arthur (Mrs.), "Strength In The Storm").

These are the feelings. Oh, yes. But remember what Gyasi entreated us to do: BE STRONG. So strong we will be. We've lost our son, our friend and our buddy but in all these we shall remain strong. We will continue to walk by faith, asking God to help us comfort others, lest our own tears be wasted.

Buddy Gyasi, we will forever miss you.

Your partners in prayer Uncle Kobla, Auntie Matilda, Uncle Osei, Auntie Hellen and Auntie Pamela will miss you.

Auntie Nana, Auntie Budi, Auntie Maggie, and Auntie Darley will miss you.

Uncles Dzido, Solo, Kofi, Kwesi, KK, Doodu, Nii Ade and Nene will miss you.

Grandpa will miss you.

Auntie Lillian, Auntie Fremah, Auntie Bridget will miss you  
Uncles Ben, KO, Eddie, Ernest, Ernesto, will miss you.  
Kwame your Buddy of Buddies will miss you.

Mummy your Sweet Buddy will miss you, she will miss your pleasant arguments.

Daddy your EPL Buddy will miss you, I will miss your teases.

Gyasi we will all miss you, miss you greatly.  
We shall meet again Buddy.

**Rest Peacefully In the Lord.**



# TRIBUTE BY BROTHER

## KWAME OSEI OWUSU

On the 19th of June, 2001, a bundle of joy was brought to us and that same bundle of joy was taken from us on 5th of July, 2020.

It is with such great pain that I write this; a pain I have never felt before. My "gee for life" has been taken away from me and it hurts so badly, I can't contain it. This has been the worst experience of my life; from the moment I got to hear of the situation till the untimely demise of my brother.

Gyasi was my only brother and sibling, my fighting partner, the one I laughed with most and cherished above all others. All of these feel like the worst ever dream, except it is not a dream, but a very painful ordeal I keep reliving and this is something I would never wish on anybody.

I remember his words like it was yesterday, when he cried and told me that all of these was too much for him and he felt like he was stressing Mummy and Daddy up and how he wanted me around. I did not know what to say and never had I ever felt so helpless. All I could say was "you'd be fine, brother" and afterwards, broke up in tears and asked him to give the phone to Mummy. I spoke to Daddy telling him that Gyasi was crying, and he encouraged me so much and asked that we keep praying, for he believes so much in miracles. His words strengthened me so much and my faith was renewed that no matter what, you were going to pull through. I was so optimistic that you would surely come out of this, but just as the Good Book says in Proverbs 19:21, many are the plans in the heart of a man, but it is the counsel of the Lord which shall stand.

The Lord's counsel has stood over our plans and even though I have not a shred of doubt that he is in the bosom of our Lord, and I ought to be grateful because in all things we should be thankful to Him, I am broken, angry, hurt and so sad. I just wanted to speak with him so much more. We literally talked every day and for two days before his demise, I could not speak to Gyasi. All I have been praying for is that I get to talk to him again. You are the God of Miracles, make this happen for me, please Lord!!!

What wouldn't I give to hug my brother again, talk to him, tease him and tell him how much I love him? Now there's no one to argue with him, probably even fight with and Mummy would say "Ma yi bo", meaning I will beat the two of you. I can't describe how I feel; no words seem enough. I am utterly devastated. God, why would You give me a brother only to take him away now? The memories I have with my brother will forever remain in my heart. Nobody can ever replace you. I promise, I will fulfill your dreams and mine together. I know you would have wanted me to be strong but I just can't. This terrible feeling in my chest just won't go away.

Brothers in life, Brothers in death!!! I would choose you a million times in a million lifetimes as my brother.  
God rest your beautiful soul, Dear Brother!

**Its only farewell, never goodbye!!**

## TRIBUTE BY AMPORFUL FAMILY

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,  
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?  
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,

Will your anchor drift or firm remain?

We have an anchor that keeps the soul  
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,  
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,  
Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.

MHB 634

It is hard to find words to adequately express our huge loss.

May be with time the Good Lord will help to fill the void.

It is difficult but what can we say or do?

Gyasi was a gift from God.

Everything about him showed that indeed he was Special!

His looks inspired. His smile infectious.

His comments soothed the soul.

Gyasi showed bravery even to the last moment. His Daddy is an ardent supporter of Liverpool FC. Three days before Gyasi passed on, Manchester City had beaten Liverpool 4-0. When Daddy approached his bed, he cupped four fingers on his left hand and drew a circle with the right hand and smiled. The Daddy beamed with a smile in spite of the days, weeks and months of pain.

The message from our son - simple but clear- no matter the odds we should still let our light shine.

Fight the good fight with all thy might!

Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,

Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face; Life with its way before us lies,

Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;  
His boundless mercy will provide;  
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its life, and Christ its love. **MHB 490**  
**Gyasi, God Be With You Till We Meet Again.**





## TRIBUTE BY YAO-DABLU FAMILY



8 “ My thoughts are nothing like your thoughts, ” says the LORD. “  
And my ways are far beyond anything you could imagine.  
9 For just as the heavens are higher than the earth, so my ways are  
higher than your ways and my thoughts higher than your  
thoughts.

Isaiah 55:8 & 9 NLT

You were such a delight right from when you were born. That adorable tiny baby in a crib at the Trust Hospital to the beautiful chubby toddler you became. We often teased our sister C that God meant to give her a girl but changed His mind at the last minute; because you were more beautiful than handsome. Right after first year in senior high school all the chubbiness was lost, to produce a tall handsome young man. You showed very quickly what an intelligent, confident, witty, vocal personality you were. Gyasi, you had a very strong personality, very determined in many ways and giving Kwame your big brother a ran for his eldership status.

Our thoughts today are rife with fond memories of you; your coy smile and those witty comments you used to pass. You were determined, knowing exactly what you wanted and grabbing a hold of it. From being on the back of Auntie Nanaa with your knapsack still strapped on; why? You wanted to sleep but you still wanted your beloved knapsack with you, so it stayed on. You slept pretty lightly, because too many interesting things were happening around to be missed while you slept. So all of us in House No. 10 will tip toe around because “the king was sleeping”. No, you would not accept it when people called you obolo; you quickly retorted, “I am not fat or obolo I’m just big” as Auntie Budi had told you. And oh yes we had to remember that “My name is not Gyasi, it is Gyasi” (pronounced

Gyersi)

You were a very strong young man and you had great faith. Even when the odds seemed against you, you fought hard and it took just a little encouragement to get you back on the track of faith. You faced this hard hurdle with great strength, we are so proud of you.

Papa is still trying to come to terms with your sudden demise and keeps asking why? Auntie Nanaa is beside herself with grief, she is unable to comprehend the activities of the past few weeks. Your cousins are shocked, because though some were chatting with you often you never gave them an inkling as to what you were going through. You fought real hard to the end but then you were always a fighter.

Mummy is doing fine, apparently she’s stronger than we all thought her to be. She will do okay, especially because that is what you would want her to be, so do not worry.

Daddy is still super hero standing stoically behind Mummy making sure she is okay.

Kwame will be fine too, and we know he’s going to make you super proud.

We promise to be there for them, as God gives us grace but it still will not be the same. You cannot be replaced. Indeed if tears could build a stairway and memories a lane, we would walk right up to heaven to bring you back again.

Gyasi this is hard, real hard, we your grandpas, grannies, aunties, uncles and cousins should not be writing a tribute in your memory; but the God we serve, the one in whom you believed to the end has deemed this the right time to call you. We understand that His ways are not ours and His way is the best so we hold our peace and believe.





## TRIBUTE BY YAO-DABLU FAMILY



When the heathen ask “but where is their God?” we will answer “Our God is in the heavens and He does what pleases him” Ps 115:3. In His time He will make all this plain.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.  
His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.  
Blind unbelief is sure to err  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.  
William Cowper, 1774 MHB 503 vs. 4, 5 & 6

**Sleep well son, sleep well till we meet again. Gyasi  
Hede nyuie .**





## TRIBUTE BY

### 2K16 BATCH OF CHRIST THE KING INT.SCHOOL.



Gyasi, we still cannot believe that you are no longer in our midst. It all happened so suddenly and words cannot adequately express the heartache and great sense of loss that plagues us at this time. We have since not stopped reminiscing all the memorable moments we shared together. Even though we mourn your loss today, we will forever cherish the joy and laughter you brought into our hearts.

We first met Kwabena Gyasi Osei Owusu in 2006 when he joined us in kindergarten. Gyasi was a bright light in this world and everyone who was a part of the class of 2016 can attest to that. He had many qualities that truly reflected the amazing, one-of-a-kind person that he was. From his love for the Sebago shoe brand which he constantly wore to school to his resilience and drive to pursue a career in pharmacy from a ripe age. This, he was doing before his untimely demise.

He was a wonderful friend whose best memory was meeting everyone in our class every day. He personified this by using his prom picture as his profile picture for years despite some light-hearted mocking from his peers. He was ever ready to make anyone laugh and smile throughout the day with his words, smile and just his mere presence. He loved to play video games and was very competitive, always striving to put his best foot forward in Call of Duty especially, and vowing to beat anyone who would dare to play against him.

No one can also forget how he always wore his signature school vest over his shirt basically every day, refusing to take it off just so that he would conspicuously look different on occasions when he did. It was his trademark after all. Gyasi was so tolerant and accepting of others and even joined in when people would jokingly call him silly names such as 'Fantekoyoo'

and famously, 'JayZz'.

These are just a few of some of the wonderful things that made Kwabena Gyasi Owusu, Kwabena Gyasi Owusu! To add on would mean an endless list of memories and attributes of what a great person he was, which every single member of the class would definitely cherish forever. The shock of his death is not just a stark reminder of our mortality. It also forcefully brings to the fore the essence and inevitable role of love as a virtue in our lives and how he epitomised that.

Gyasi, thank you for your love.  
Thank you for your friendship.  
We will miss you terribly.

Gyasi, fare thee well and remember (as reproduced below) the words of our batch song which we sang with great enthusiasm during our graduation at Christ the King Int. School.

**Glow in peace our good friend.**  
**Goodnight!**  
**Ekuorba Gyasi, Demirifa duee!!!**

This is where the chapter ends  
A new one now begins  
Time has come for letting go  
The hardest part is when you know  
All of these years, when we were here  
Are ending, but I'll always remember  
We say goodbye  
We hold on tight  
To these memories



TRIBUTE BY  
2K16 BATCH OF CHRIST THE KING INT.SCHOOL.

That never die  
We say goodbye  
We hold on tight  
To these memories  
That never die  
We have had the time of our lives  
Now the page is turned  
The stories we will write  
We have had the time of our lives  
And I will not forget  
The faces left behind  
It's hard to walk away  
From the best of days  
But if it has to end  
I'm glad you have been my friend





## TRIBUTE BY



**ELIZABETH BAAH, HELEN APPAH, GINA BAAH, NAAMI ODDOYE, ADELINE AINOOSON,  
VERONICA LAMPTEY- SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS, ASBURY DUNWELL CHURCH**

'We have known Gyasi since he was a baby. Gyasi was basically born and bred at Asbury Dunwell Sunday School. His mother being a very dedicated Sunday School teacher. Gyasi always looked cool and happy. He was Mummy's boy. He was so much attached to Sunday School such that, even after he's grown to be a teenager, sometimes he will leave his teen class to give us a helping hand at Sunday School. We saw in him a future Asbury Dunwell Sunday School teacher in the making. But God knows best. Gyasi, we love you but God Loves you most. Gyasi, like our Sunday School slogan says, Asbury Dunwell Sunday School! "In Christ we grow". You grew and died in Christ. And that is all that matters.

**May your gentle and beautiful soul rest in perfect peace.**





## TRIBUTE BY



### MRS ADELINE AINOOSON, ASBURY DUNWELL CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER FOR AGES 7-12

Gyasi was the child who made Sunday School Class practically interesting. We could not start without him as his name preceded every directive...an up and coming leader. What a blessing he was in the Lord's army. Where is Gyasi? His life was a beautiful monument of God's love expressed through little children. His death, a stark reminder that as Christians, this world is not our home.

He will be sorely missed. May his family feel surrounded with love and prayers.

Till we meet again,

**Gyasi, rest in perfect peace.**



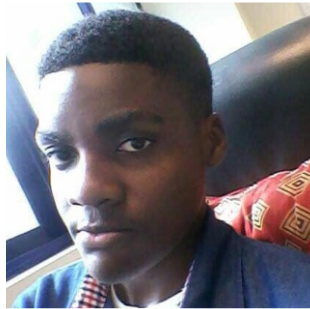


## TRIBUTE BY ETIENNE ADDO

When we were little kids Gyasi was always the person I would hang out with when there wasn't Sunday School. One of the nicest people I've ever known. He was genuine, honest, polite, and friendly. As time passed he went to school and we grew apart. We became mature suddenly. I would always check on him and ask how school had been when I saw him at Sunday School for teens. He became less of a talker but still a very solid guy. I am proud to call him my friend. His passing breaks my heart. I wish his family the greatest condolences. As Christians we all know God does everything at his time.

He saw this as Gyasi's time.

**May his soul rest in perfect peace.**



Agona Adumasa Abusuapanyin Yaw Yeboah, Obaahemaa Afua Amankrah, Opanyin Kwabena Kyei, Mr. Joseph Mensah, Mr. E. O. Amporful, Mrs. Helena Amporful, Mr. Kwaku Acheampong, Obaapanyin Abena Kosiko, Auntie Mensah, Madam Victoria Dame, Mrs Gladys Sarpong, Mad. Mary Tenkoranmaa, Mr. Kwadwo Owusu Adu, Mr. Jonathan Yao , Mr. Gershon Yao-Dablu, Mad. Letitia Yao ,Mrs. Bridget Abadji, Dr. & Mrs. Victor Akrofi, Mrs. Eleanor Asiedu Bekoe .

**UNCLES**

Ben Osei Owusu, Timothy Osei Owusu, Justice Osei Owusu, Edward Amporful, Ernest Ahenkorah Owusu, Ernest Amporful, Felix Osei, Rev. Richard Korley, Christian Yao-Dablu, Victor Yao-Dablu , Franklin Yao-Dablu , Kenneth Yao-Dablu.

**AUNTIES**

Lilian Owusu, Eunice Fremah Owusu, Bridget Ohemeng Da-Costa, Lydia Yao-Dablu , Mrs. Cynthia Larbi, Gwendy Gyaben.







SAY NOT IN GRIEF HE IS NO MORE  
BUT LIVE IN THANKFULNESS THAT HE WAS

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