

A portrait of a Black man with a short beard and mustache, wearing a light blue and white striped polo shirt with a dark blue collar and a beaded necklace. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light blue and white.

**Burial &
Thanksgiving Mass**

FOR THE LATE



Anthony
NYANKUM

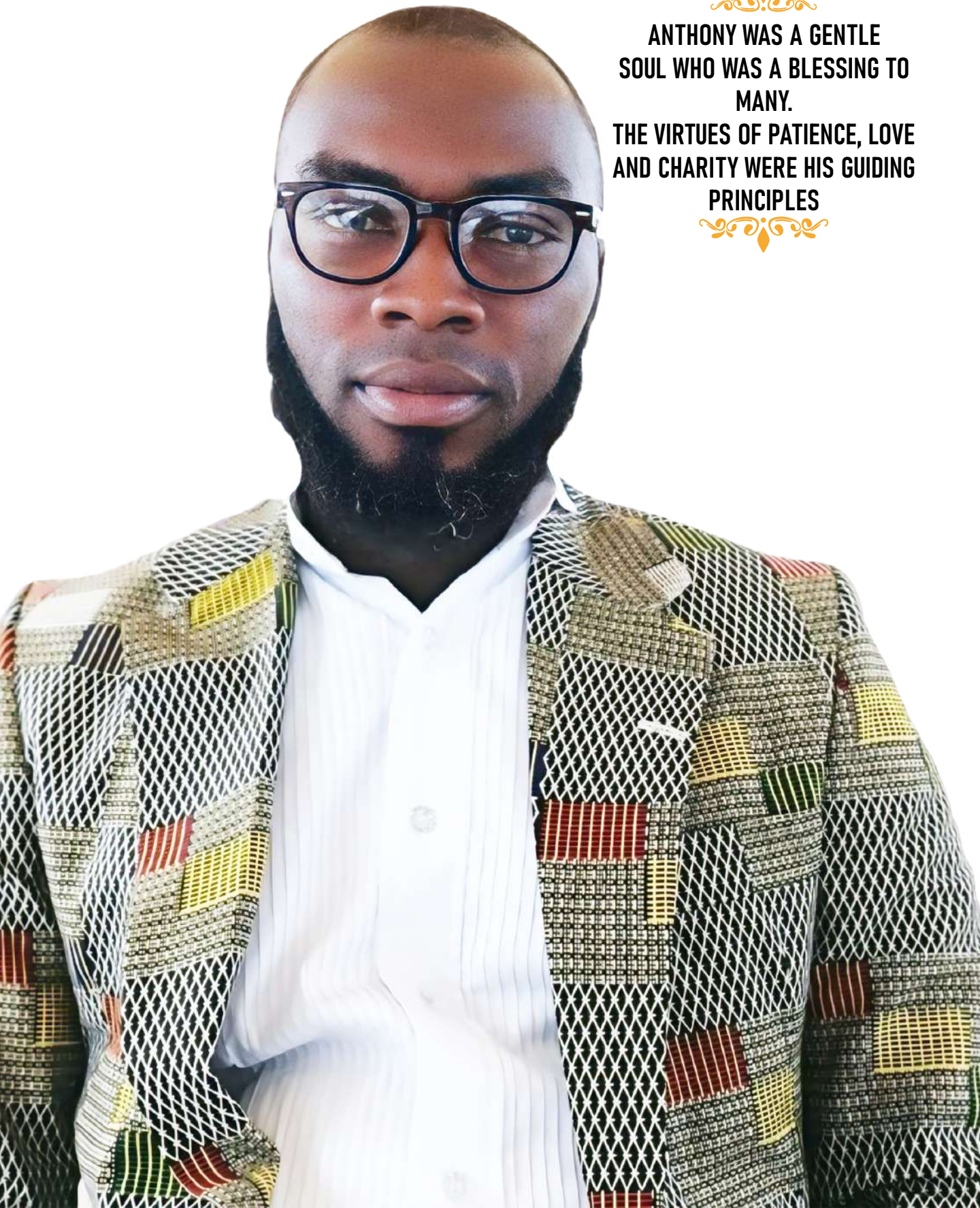
1985 - 2025

A.k.a. Papa Nyankum



SAT, 11TH | 8:00
OCT. 2025 | AM

*At St. John The Baptist Catholic Church
Adiembra*



**ANTHONY WAS A GENTLE
SOUL WHO WAS A BLESSING TO
MANY.**

**THE VIRTUES OF PATIENCE, LOVE
AND CHARITY WERE HIS GUIDING
PRINCIPLES**



Order Of Service



Officiating Ministers

- Monsignor Joseph Gyim Austin
- V. Rev. Fr. John Baptist Ephrim
- V. Rev. Fr. John Kobina Stephens
- V. Rev. Fr. Raphael Eshun
- V. Rev. Fr. Mark Anthony
- V. Rev. Fr. Alex Ebo Saim
- V. Rev. Fr. Adu Yaw Ansah
- Rev. Fr. Kelvin Hope Adabrah

In Attendance

- St. John the Baptsit Catholic Church Choir
- St. Cecilia Singing Band

Organist & Choir master /Choir mistress

- Mr. Benjamin Frank Krampah
- Mr. Robert Anumu
- Mr. Albert Hayford
- Mr. Francis Essien
- Mr. Eugene Fynn - Assam
- Mrs. Emelia Agyabeng

PART I - BURIAL SERVICE

1. Reading of tribute
2. Procession - Lead kindly light (SNS 340)
3. Introit Days and moments (SNS 132)
4. Kyrie - Mass of St. Martha

LITURGY OF THE WORD

5. 1st Reading
6. Responsible Psalm - My soul is longing (SNS 411)
7. 2nd Reading
8. Gospel Acclamation - Alleluia
9. Gospel Reading

10. Homily - By the priest
11. Intercessory prayers
12. 1st collection - Melody of songs
13. Incensation - Father I know that all my life
14. Sanctus - Mass of St. Martha
15. Pater Noster - Out father
16. Sign of peace
17. Agnus Dei - Mass of St. Martha
18. Communion
 - a. How sweet the name (SNS 247)
 - b. Through all the changing (SNS 648)
 - c. Rock of ages clef for me (SNS 524)
 - d. The lord's my shepherd (SNS 600)
19. Post communion
20. 2nd collection - Medley of songs

PART II - FINAL COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

1. Reading of Biography
2. Hymn - Migyrinaa abow n'ekyir
3. Prayer, springling of holy water and incense
4. Intercessory prayer
5. In Paradisum
6. Announcement
7. Recession - Now praise we great (SNS 1120)

PART II - GRAVE SIDE

1. Opening Hymn - Hom asomdwee mu onua (SNS 176)
2. Blessing of the Tomb
3. Hymn - Abide with me (SNS 5)
4. Burial Rites/ Presentation of wreath
5. Vote of thanks
6. Closing Hymn - Jesus lives thy terrors (SNS 317)



biography

of the late Anthony Nyankum
A.k.a. Papa Nyankum

Family Tree

Anthony Nyankum, fondly called Papa Nyankum or Tony, was born on June 30, 1985, in Sekondi, Western Region. He was the beloved son of Mr. Prince Boamah, of blessed memory, and Madam Agatha Otoo-Nyankum. As the firstborn, he brought immense joy, pride, and lasting memories to his family.

Education and Career

Papa Nyankum began his education at Knights and Ladies of Marshall Daycare in Bakakyire and continued at Nana Anaise Memorial Primary School, where he showed strong academic interest and involvement in extracurricular activities. He completed junior secondary school at Air Force complex J.S.S and attended St. John's secondary school in Sekondi; a prestigious institution known for excellence for his senior secondary education, where his discipline and character grew.

He pursued higher education at Takoradi Polytechnic (now Takoradi Technical

University), where he earned an HND in Accounting. Committed to lifelong learning, he went on to obtain a degree in Accounting from KNUST through distance learning. To further enhance his technical expertise, he also completed training in Data Accounting Systems at IPMC.

Professionally, Papa Nyankum was a dedicated and versatile accountant who worked with organizations such as Mass Logistics, Supabets, the National Identification Authority, and Qnet. His entrepreneurial drive led him to found the Kharis Soccer Centre, along with other business ventures that benefited his community. Seeking further growth, he later moved to Accra to pursue new professional opportunities.

Christian Life

Papa Nyankum was a devoted Catholic whose faith guided every aspect of his life. He began serving the Church as a

young member of the Knights of the Altar, eventually becoming its president, reflecting his leadership and commitment. At St. John the Baptist Catholic Church in Adiembra, he served as Youth Vice President and represented the youth on the Parish Pastoral Council during Very Rev. Fr. Ebo Saim's tenure.

While at St. John's School, he was active in the Legion of Mary, participating in spiritual and community activities. His dedication to youth ministry continued as he became Youth Secretary at the Deanery level. He also made lasting contributions to the Noble Order of the Junior Knights and Ladies of Marshall, serving as Junior Grand Knight at 3J Sekondi and later as Financial Secretary of the adult council at Adiembra. As a founding member and organizer of 72J Adiembra, he mentored young members, promoting faith, service, and unity within the community.

Hobby and Character

Papa Nyankum was a passionate reader and lifelong learner, exploring religious texts that deepened his faith and professional literature that broadened his knowledge.

A devoted Chelsea FC supporter, he lived and breathed football, often inspiring lively discussions. He enjoyed playing video games with friends and found joy and inspiration in music, frequently attending concerts and appreciating diverse genres.

Renowned for his vibrant personality, intellect, and humour, Papa Nyankum treated everyone with respect and kindness, leaving lasting impressions on all he met. Generous and selfless, he freely gave his time and support.

A visionary and compassionate leader, he inspired and guided those around him, creating a legacy grounded in humility, joy, empathy, and unwavering dedication to others.

End of Life

Earlier this year, in February, Papa Nyankum's health began to decline, leading to multiple hospitalizations at Effia Nkwanta Regional Hospital and Holy Child Catholic Hospital in Fijai.

On Saturday, August 30th, he was urgently admitted to Effia Nkwanta Regional Hospital, where he peacefully transitioned to glory, just two months after celebrating his birthday.

He was a devoted father to a beloved little girl, who brought immense joy into his life. His absence will be deeply felt. Yet, his legacy endures in the hearts of those he touched, in cherished memories, and in the lives he inspired.

As he lived, he exemplified:

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith."





TRIBUTE BY

Mother

My dear Papa Nyankum.

The pain that engulfed my heart because of the sudden demise of my beloved son Papa Nyankum has left me questioning how I can live the rest of my life. It broke my heart to lose you, but you did not go alone. A part of me went with you. A million times I have thought of you. A million times I have cried. If love could have saved you, you never would have died.

From the very first moment I knew you were mine, I understood the meaning of love in its purest form. You became my reason, my strength, and my greatest blessing. You filled my world with laughter, warmth, and purpose. Every day with you has been a gift, your smile gave me light, your words gave me hope, and your presence brought me joy beyond measure.

I have asked God so many questions, questions that have no answers, because of the depth of the pain I am going through. But I take consolation in the promises of God's Word:

"He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away." — Revelation 21:4

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

Being your mother has been the greatest honour of my life. You were not just my son, you were my companion, my pride, and my miracle. I poured all my love into you, and you returned it in ways words can never fully express.

Papa Nyankum, you were also my friend, my helper, and my partner. Whether it was writing my annual reports, arranging programmes, or drafting letters — you did it for me with joy. You always took initiative for the family, always so full of hope and optimism.

My heart breaks everyday knowing I cannot see you or hear your voice. But I feel you in the warmth of the sun, in the whisper of the wind, and in the sparkle of the stars. My darling, I want you to know that my love for you is endless. It stretches beyond time, beyond distance, and beyond this life. No matter where you are, you carry a piece of me, and I will always carry you within me. You were, and always will be, my greatest treasure.

I love you, yesterday, today, and for all eternity.

Rest well, my darling.

With all my heart,

Your mother.



Tribute

BY UNCLES & AUNTIES

To our beloved nephew
It is with heavy hearts that we stand here today to honour the memory of our dear nephew.

Tony was more than a nephew, he was a son, a brother, and a friend, our pride and our joy. From the moment he came into our lives, his presence brought joy, laughter, and warmth; his absence leaves a void that words can't fill. His caring, kindness, respectful, and loving nature has left a mark on us all. We're proud of the person he became, though his time with us was too short.

It is difficult to understand why someone so young, so full of promise and light, could have been taken from us so soon. The pain of his loss is immense, yet we find strength in cherishing the memories of your beautiful soul. He had a gift, the ability to make everyone feel valued, bringing smiles to us and other people around him. He made sure we were up to date with advancing technology; be it gifting some of us new mobile devices or providing cable services to keep us updated on global issues and entertainment, especially football.

His love for Chelsea FC even made us cheer along, win or lose. He turned every family gathering into a celebration as our music man (DJ). His energy and zeal to help people around him were incredible and unprecedented.

We watched Papa Nyankum grow,

prayed for him, nurtured his dreams, celebrated his milestones, and shared his happy and sad moments. Though his journey was brief, his life touched others in unforgettable ways. Now, we share in the grief of his passing; Tony, you always responded each time we called you and reply *"I am good by God's Grace"* even in challenging times, why not now.

Our hearts are heavily grief, but we only take solace in your words and memories; holding firmly to the belief that you are resting peacefully in the loving arms of the LORD. *"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit."* – Psalm 34:18

Papa Nyankum, farewell, our dear nephew. You will forever live in our hearts. Though you are gone from our sight, your spirit will remain with us always. We will miss your laughter and presence, but we know that heaven has gained a beautiful angel.

Rest well, beloved.
Until we meet again. Nantsew yie.
With broken hearts
Your Aunties and uncles.



TRIBUTE BY

Siblings

“

No one knows when his hour will come; as fish captured in a cruel net, or as birds caught in a snare. So also, are men trapped by evil times that fall unexpectedly upon them

”

(ECCLESIASTES 9:1)

Words often fall short when it comes to describing the depth of love, laughter, and light he brought into our lives. He was not just a brother — he was an advisor, a leader, a confidant, a friend, and a man of strength and deep wisdom.

Tony was kind, selfless, generous, and compassionate, always ready to lend a helping hand. If you needed advice, he had it. If you needed someone to pray with, he was there. He was a steady presence, a source of encouragement, and a reminder of what it means to live a life of service and sincerity.

He taught us so much, not only about faith but about finances, about life, and how to plan for the future. He showed us the importance of standing on our values and living with integrity. We often prayed together, not only during challenging times, but even when things were going well.

Tony was a flame that burned bright, lighting up every life he touched. His death came as a profound shock; one we were unprepared for. In our sorrow, we could do nothing but hold onto God, walking in faith and praying without ceasing.

The passing of our beloved brother has deepened our understanding of Paul's words in Philippians 1:21:

“For to me, to live is Christ and to die is gain.”

Anyone can be a relative, but it takes someone truly special to be a brother. God gave us a brother to look up to, a man of good character, discipline, and determination. He was a man of faith who trusted in the LORD and sought His guidance, a man with a compassionate and generous heart, always ready to support those in need.

We are heartbroken to have lost such a gem to eternity, but we take comfort in knowing that life is made up of seasons, and in every season, God remains faithful.

As it is written in Ecclesiastes 3:1–4:

“There is an appointed time for everything, and a time for every activity under heaven: a time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to uproot, a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance.”

And so today, we mourn the life of our beloved brother — because we love him deeply and wish he were still by our side. You left so suddenly, without a chance to say goodbye. In your brief life you touched many lives and made a lasting impact on all who met you. If tears could build a stairway, and memories a lane, we would walk right up to heaven and bring you home again, brother.

In the garden of memories, may our brother bloom forever.

Goodbye Tony, till we meet again. Da yie!



Tribute

FROM AIRFORCE COMPLEX JHS
TAKORADI

“

“I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith.”

2 TIMOTHY 4:7

”

Some names carry laughter. Some faces carry light. Anthony was both. We went to the same JHS, and if you knew him, you knew he was never far from the action. Funny, active, and yes stubborn in the best way.

The kind of stubborn that meant he was always around, always disturbing someone in a way that made you laugh even when you tried to act annoyed. That was Anthony: the heartbeat of the group, the one who made ordinary moments unforgettable.

He was free with everyone. No airs, no walls. Whether it was football on the dusty pitch or table tennis with that competitive grin, Anthony played with joy and lived with kindness. He had a way of making you feel like you belonged, like you were part of something.

He wasn't just a classmate. He was a great friend. A kind soul. And though he's no longer with us in body, his energy, his jokes, his stubborn charm—they live on in our memories, in our stories, and in the way we laugh when we remember him.

Rest well, Anthony. You disturbed us with joy, and we'll never forget it.

A TRIBUTE TO MY BELOVED Grandson

It feels like only yesterday that I held you, my first grandchild, in my arms, so tiny, so precious and imagined the journey that lay ahead for you. From that very first moment, my heart overflowed with joy, knowing that you were a new branch in our growing family tree.

Watching you grow into the handsome, strong, kind, and caring person you became filled me with immeasurable pride and gratitude, fulfilling the dreams I had held for you from the very first glimpse of your sweet face. You felt more like a son than a grandson, calling me “mum” and filling my days with laughter. I will always remember the playful moments of coaxing you to eat: “Papa Nyankum, it's getting late, you have to eat,” and the calls of “Aga, where is Papa Nyankum? Call him to come home.”

You brought immeasurable happiness into my life, making me a proud great-grandmother.

My greatest wish was to watch you grow, to see the life you would create, but the Good Lord had other plans. Your memory will forever linger in my heart, and my love for you transcends words.

Papa Nyankum, knowing you are now at peace brings me comfort. Until we meet again in heaven, rest well, my beloved grandson. Your light will shine in our hearts forever.



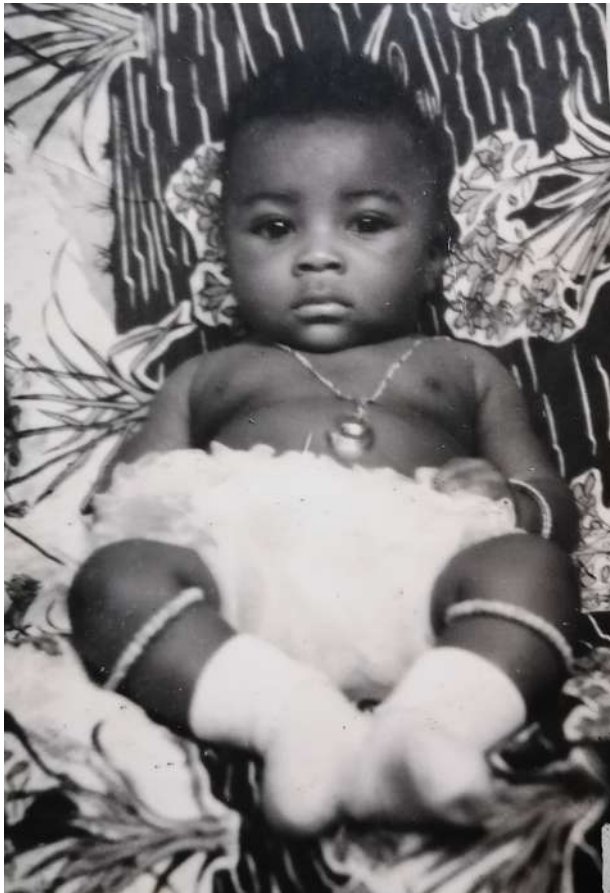
Gallery





Gallery





Gallery





Hymns

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT (SNS 340)

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling
gloom;
O lead me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
O lead me on!
Keep firm my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me.

2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that you
Should lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now,
Please lead me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3. So long your pow'r has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

DAYS AND MOMENTS (SNS 132)

1. Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within his narrow bed.

2. Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight:
Able now by grace to save them
O that while we can we might!

3. O by Thy power
Grant, Lord, that we
At our last hour
Fall not from Thee;
Saved by Thy grace,
Thine may we be
All through the days of eternity.

THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES (SNS 648)

1. Through all the changing scenes of life,
in trouble and in joy,
the praises of my God shall still
my heart and tongue employ.
Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
till all that are distressed,
from my example comfort take
and lay their griefs to rest.

2. O magnify the LORD with me,
exalt his holy name;
when in distress to him I called,
he to my rescue came.
The hosts of God encamp around
the dwellings of the just;
deliv'rance he affords to all
who in his promise trust.

3. O taste and see that he is good;
experience will decide
how blest are they, and only they
who in the LORD confide.
Fear him, you saints, and you will then
have nothing else to fear;
make serving him your sole delight,
your wants shall be his care.

ROCK OF AGES (SNS 524)

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee;
let the water and the blood,
from thy wounded side which flowed,
be of sin the double cure;
save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Not the labors of my hands
can fulfill thy law's demands;
could my zeal no respite know,
could my tears forever flow,
all for sin could not atone;
thou must save, and thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
simply to the cross I cling;
naked, come to thee for dress;
helpless, look to thee for grace;
foul, I to the fountain fly;
wash me, Savior, or I die

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD (SNS 600)

1. The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

2. My soul he doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
ev'n for his own name's sake.

3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

HOM ASOMDWE MU

1. Hom asomdwee mu onua dofo pa
wo wu yi ye yaw dze
naaso osian nyame n'asem ntsi
yehye dzen na yeka de
da yie, da yie !
da yie onua pa da yie!
nyame nkora wodo asomdwee mu
(onua pa da yie)

2. Hom asomdwee mu onua dofo
w'eduma abo adze
enye wiade fona edzi mpaam'
rokɔ hom asomdwee mu

HOW SWEET THE NAME (SNS 247)

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

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
It's manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

JESUS LIVES (SNS 317)

1. Jesus lives! thy terrors now
can, O death, no more appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia.

2. Jesus lives! henceforth is death
but the gate of life immortal:
this shall calm our trembling breath,
when we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia.

3. Jesus lives! for us he died;
then, alone to Jesus living,
pure in heart may we abide,
glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia.

ABIDE WITH ME (SNS 5)

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

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

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







Appreciation

The mother and entire family of the late
ANTHONY NYANKUM,
thank you most sincerely for your
sympathy and kind support during their time of grief.
God richly bless you