

IN MEMORIAM

Jonathan Dennis Abraham

1957 – 2025



Mr. Jonathan Dennis Abraham

**OUR LADY OF APOSTLES CATHOLIC CHURCH, CAPE COAST
BURIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE OF THE LATE MR. JONATHAN DENNIS ABRAHAM**

Order of Service

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Archbishop Eventus Matthias Kobina Nketsia
Rev. Fr. Patrick Ebenezer Amonoo
Rev. Fr. Dominic Andoh
Monsignor Martin Essilfie
Very Rev. Isaac Ebo Blay

PART I: RITE AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CHURCH

PART II: PRE-BURIAL

1. Filing Past & Rose Ceremony
2. Reading of Tributes

PART III: EUCHARISTIC CELEBRATION

3. Processional Hymn
4. Introit -Through all the Changing Scenes of Life (CH 374)
5. Greeting and Welcome
6. Kyrie -Missa De Angelis
7. Opening Prayer

LITURGY OF THE WORD

8. 1st Reading - 1 Cor. 15: 20-28
9. Responsorial Psalm - Psalm 23:1-6
10. Alleluia - Alleluia
11. Gospel - Jn. 6: 51-59
12. Homily
13. Bidding Prayer - What a Friend (CH 259)

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

14. Collection
15. Preparation of the Gifts
16. Incensation - Abide with me (CH 349)
17. Prayer over the Gifts
18. Preface
19. Sanctus - St. John's Mass
20. Eucharistic Prayer
21. Doxology

COMMUNION RITES

22. Pater Noster
23. Sign of Peace - When Peace Like a River
24. Agnus Dei - Missa De Europa
25. Communion - CH. 348, 106, 350
26. Post Communion - Kweku ko da dzinn
27. Prayer
28. Second Collection
29. Announcements

Order of Service

PART IV: FINAL COMMENDATION

30. Song of Farewell - Time to say Goodbye
31. Biography
32. Song - Blewu
33. Incensation - Dead March
34. Prayers of Commendation
35. Benediction and Dismissal

PART V: AT THE GRAVESIDE – COMMITTAL SERVICE

1. Hymn - Yes, Heaven is Prize (CH 212)
2. Blessing of the Grave
3. Committal Prayers
4. Song - Resurrection

HYMNS

- | | |
|---|----------|
| Through All the Changing Scenes of Life | - CH 374 |
| What a Friend | - CH 259 |
| Abide With Me | - CH 349 |
| Love Divine | - CH 348 |
| The Lord's My Shepherd | - CH 106 |
| Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah | - CH 350 |
| Yes, Heaven is Prize | - CH 212 |



Biography of the late

MR. JONATHAN DENNIS ABRAHAM

For we don't live for ourselves or die for ourselves. If we live, it is to honour the Lord and if we die it is to honour the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord. Romans 14:7-8 (NLT).

Early Life

Jonathan Dennis Abraham (Kweku Amissah), affectionately known as “Nicky Bay,” was born on August 28, 1957, at Twifo-Hemang to the late Peter Dennis and Dinah Abraham. He spent his early years in Samreboi and began his primary education at St. John’s Preparatory School in Accra. Kweku was later admitted to St. Augustine’s College in Cape Coast, where he achieved his O-Level and A-Level certificates in 1977 and 1979, respectively, and served as a house prefect for St. Joseph’s House. Continuing his academic journey, he earned a Bachelor of Science (BSc.) degree in Biochemistry from the University of Ghana, Legon. While at school, he was actively involved in sports, particularly football and

hockey, demonstrating both leadership and team spirit. After his studies, he completed his National Service at Ghana National College in Cape Coast.

Family Life

On June 25, 1988, Kweku married his beloved wife, Nicole Ama Abraham, and the marriage was subsequently blessed in the Catholic Church at OLA Training College on April 30, 1994. Together, they were blessed with four children: Andria, Diana, Susana, and Jonathan. He is also survived by his daughter Joyce and two grandchildren, Akesi and Joojo. Known for his devotion, Kweku was a loving family man, not only to his immediate family but also to all those who held a special place in his heart. He was a man whose strength and love held his family together when it mattered most. Coming from a large family himself, with many siblings, uncles, aunts, and cousins, Kweku extended his generosity widely. Often at family celebrations that required some presentations, he would graciously step in with

“it’s all been settled, maaye biribiara.” He was a pillar of support and strength to many in his family.

Professional Journey and Personal Passions

Kweku dedicated 29 years to public service with the Ghana Revenue Authority (formerly the Customs, Excise and Preventive Service). He was appointed as an Assistant Collector on January 1, 1990, stationed first in Takoradi and subsequently holding several significant roles: Headquarters Laboratory, Kotoka International Airport Laboratory, Tema Laboratory, Gonokrom, and oversight of the Tema Fishing Harbour. His career highlights included becoming second-in-command at the Accra Collection in November 2018 as Chief Revenue Officer. He retired on August 28, 2019, after 29 years of dedicated service, earning recognition for his diligence, professionalism, integrity, and commitment. Throughout his life, Kweku also pursued entrepreneurial ventures, establishing and investing in businesses ranging from farming to manufacturing, specifically Petersfield and Rey Limited.

Outside his career, Kweku’s passion for sports, especially tennis, was central to his life. Whether watching Grand Slam matches or playing socially with friends, tennis brought him joy and energy,

while his competitive spirit was always matched with sportsmanship and good humour.

Christian Service

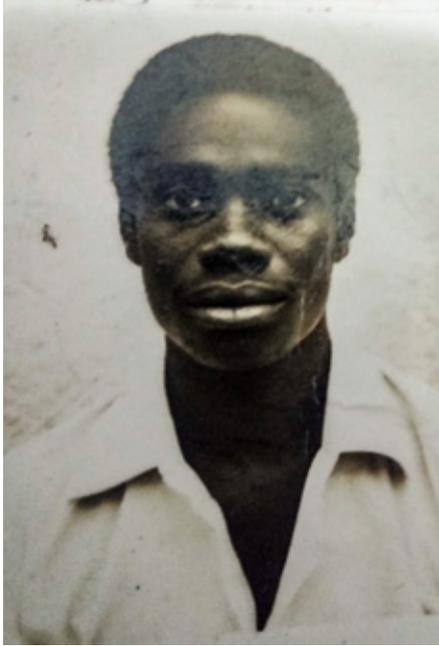
Kweku was deeply devoted to his Christian faith, never forgetting his Creator. Right from his infancy, he started to be active in various activities of the church and continued till his final call by his maker. Serving the Lord brought him great joy, and he contributed wholeheartedly with whatever resources he had, earning a Papal Blessing for his service to the Church from the Holy See in November 2017.

Last Days

In his final days, he remained steadfast in faith, trusting in God’s wisdom and will. Despite challenges, he stayed strong, brave, and loving, his humour bringing comfort as his family prayed for more years together. On August 21, 2025, Kweku passed away peacefully at the age of 67.

He is deeply missed, remembered as a man whose legacy endures through the lives of those he loved and served.

May his soul rest in peace.





Tributes by

FAMILY, FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES

Tribute by Wife

Today we celebrate the life of my dear husband, Kweku Amissah, or as most of you knew him, "Nicky Bay." Kweku and I met 38 years ago at a friend's birthday party when he cut in while I was dancing with a female friend. He said it was unacceptable for two girls to be dancing together, that was his line, anyway. He was cheeky like that. We were married a year later and were blessed with four amazing children.

We had very little when we started our life together, but Kweku worked very hard, first as a Customs Officer and later as an entrepreneur, to give us a comfortable life. The children had the best education because he believed it was the greatest investment we could make in their future. As a result, they are now independent, resourceful, smart, and hardworking young women and man of whom he was so proud.

Kweku's 29 years as a Customs Officer meant he was often posted away from home. Yet he always made sure to be home at least every other weekend. I remember how he would drive through the night all the way from Paga so he could be home by morning. That was how much coming home to his family meant to him.

Distance was never a hindrance. He was always ready to drop everything and rush to us in any emergency, no matter where he was stationed.

He showed his love in his own unique ways, calling several times to check on us whenever we were travelling, or making sure we were safe during storm forecasts. Sometimes, when he stayed out too long, he would call to ask if he could bring us something, usually kebabs. That was his bribe or apology. Making sure we were doing well was very important to him. If any of us was hurting, so was he, and he would do whatever he could to make things right. That was how we knew he cared.

Kweku had a passion for tennis, which he shared with me and later with the children. On Saturday mornings, he would take them to the tennis court to watch him play, and as soon as they were old enough to hold a racket, he got them a coach. He even had plans to do the same for the grandchildren when they were older. He wanted the tradition to continue; it will now be up to their parents to carry it on in his memory. We also loved watching tennis on TV together, and I will miss cheering for his favourite players with

him. Even when he could no longer play because of his bad back, he still found joy in watching his friends at the tennis club. He enjoyed their company tremendously, saying they made him laugh, which he found very therapeutic.

Kweku had a quick wit and a wicked sense of humour, one of the things I loved most about him and will deeply miss. Even in his final days, he faced his illness with courage and humour, making us and the nurses laugh with his witty remarks. He would joke, “Nicky Bay is down,” whenever he felt weak. That humour helped him weather many storms, both his own and those of others he supported through difficult times.

We have lost a mighty tree under whose shade many took refuge in times of need. Kweku had a profound impact on the lives of many. He was kind and generous to all who needed his help, and I believe there are people here whose lives were transformed by his generosity. I am most grateful to those who, out of love for him or appreciation for his kindness, reached out to console us and offer assistance in various ways after his passing. The children and I have been deeply touched. God bless you all. The seeds of his kindness continue to sprout, and his legacy lives on.

Kweku loved God with all his heart. He always looked to the Lord for guidance whenever he had a problem, trusting that his prayers would be answered. He used to wake up at 3 a.m. to pray the Rosary, read the Bible, and listen to worship songs or hymns. Serving the Lord brought him great joy, and he did so with whatever resources he had. Like all of us, he was not perfect, and he was the first to admit it. But he believed deeply in God’s grace and mercy, and I have faith that he is with his Maker, at peace. That gives me great comfort.

As we say goodbye to my beloved Kweku, I am overcome by the magnitude of my loss. Yet I am also filled with gratitude, for the love he gave, for his compassion and generosity, and for the family we built together. Though we say goodbye, let us forever remember his zest for life, his infectious laughter, and the countless lives he touched. He may no longer be with us physically, but his spirit lives on in our hearts.

I will miss you terribly, Kweku Amisah. I will forever cherish the memories of our 38 years together. You fought a good fight; now rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord until we meet again.



Tribute by

CHILDREN

How can we capture a life lived with our father in just a few paragraphs? One thing we are certain of is that he would have wanted a joke thrown in there somewhere. He had a wicked sense of humour that surprised you in the most unexpected moments, always delivered with a cheeky, naughty smile.

Dada represented some of the best parts of who we are, a blueprint of strength and resilience, discipline and integrity, kindness and grace. He would always pride himself on being a principled man, and his deeds matched it. We are proud that we belong to him and he to us. Of all his many achievements, we were his most treasured. Dada never missed a chance to brag about us. Whether we were excelling in school or thriving at work, he made sure everyone around him knew it. He cheered us on and set us up for greatness, and now, more than ever, we are inspired to carry his legacy forward and make our lives count.

To us, he was a father in the complete sense of the word, because we could always count on

him to be there for us. His love, ever so present and profound, is the pillar on which we are built. Having him as a father meant we could approach life with some sense of audacity and purpose. We could dream big, explore freely, and try new things. Even when we failed, we dared to try again because he was our safety net.

Being the quintessential “provider”, Dada shaped our lives and made them exponentially better. For him, provision went beyond responsibility; it was his love language to us when words couldn't tell it all. He would buy a whole sack of coconuts when we only asked for four and pay full tuition when scholarship was an option. Being his child meant never having to worry; it meant living in security and abundance in equal measure. In our adult years, when he did not need to be our provider-in-chief, he would remind us, ever so often, “Maame, Ewurabena, Maame Kay, Papa, med) me mba nyinara” and we knew it.

He wanted his life to matter, not more than, but because of others. He had a lot of room in his heart, home, and pockets for everyone. He went

out of his way to ensure the needs of everyone around him were taken care of. This deep generosity and kindness extended to anyone who would seek it. Dada was a true giver, finding joy in seeing others happy and comfortable. And in his passing, these acts of kindness have become the legacy that carries us.

Dada was our protector and our guiding light. He felt better knowing we were safe, and we, in turn, felt secure knowing he was looking out for us, even from afar. We will forever be grateful for every call that came every hour as we journeyed between Cape Coast and Accra, for every storm update, even though the rain rarely fell and for every “we thank God for travel mercies” text that came in the early hours of the morning because it meant he had kept vigil. We carry that same sense of security throughout our lives, knowing he is still watching over us, making sure, as much as it depends on him, that we are okay.

Even in his last days, his greatest concern was whether we were all doing okay. Dada, we want you to know that we are okay because you did your very best job as our dad. We count ourselves blessed to have been by your side through those tough final days and nights. Though those

moments were painful, they were also precious because we got the chance to care for you as you had always cared for us. Every hug, every tender embrace is now a lasting reminder of the bond we shared. We are comforted knowing that the Lord now holds you close, resting safely in His embrace.

Dada, we feel the emptiness of your absence in every moment, but we are assured that you are living your best life now and are at peace. So, instead of ending on a sad note, we end with a celebration, for a life well lived and a man greatly adored and treasured.

Dada, we miss you sorely and love you always.

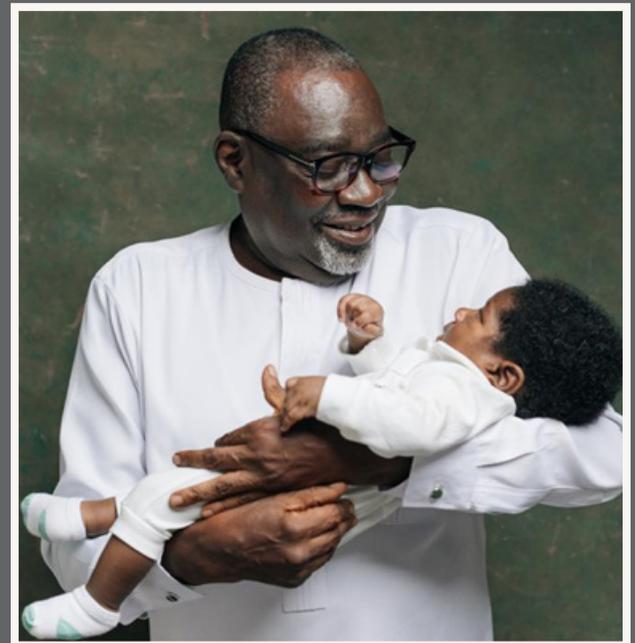


Tribute to

GRANDPA

Grandpa loved the children as if they were his own. From the moment they were born, he showed up for them in the most special and loving ways. When his grandkids were born, he would take the baby at dawn so his daughter could rest, always stepping in to care for them. Grandpa carried his title with great pride and would often speak about how much he loved the kids, always asking for them to be brought over so he could help care for them.

The children miss you deeply. When he fell ill, Akesi prayed for his healing every day. Even from his hospital bed, Grandpa's heart remained with the children. He kept asking how they were doing, if they were crying, and who was looking after them. That kind of love is rare and precious, and we will always treasure it. Grandpa's love lives on in their hearts and in the countless memories we continue to share with them.



Tribute by

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Words can never fully capture what you meant to our family and to all who knew you. You were more than just our brother—you were our friend, our guide, our protector, and our greatest supporter. The name Jonathan in the Holy Bible, 1 Samuel 18, exemplified friendship, prowess, courage, and loyalty. When King Saul, Jonathan's father, tried to kill David, Jonathan protected him and helped David to flee, even though David's death would have made Jonathan King.

Brother Kweku (Jonathan), just like the Christian name Mama and Dada gave you, you persevered to live up to the name. You prioritized your loved ones, always making time to lend a helping hand or share a laugh. Your presence was a source of strength and comfort, reminding us of the importance of loyalty and love. In a world that often tests our values, you remained steadfast, showing us what it means to live with purpose and heart. You were one in spirit with us, loved, protected, encouraged, defended, supported, challenged, as well as admonished us when necessary.

We observed you develop into a devoted brother, husband, father, and grandfather. You were the first person to admit that you were not perfect and fallible. You used to say we are not God, that is why we make mistakes.

We celebrate not just his achievements but the incredible person he became with age.

Though you may no longer be with us physically, you live on in every story we tell, every laugh we share, and every heart you touched. Your memory will continue to guide us, inspire us, and comfort us in times of sorrow.

From childhood memories filled with laughter, mischief, and shared secrets, to the times when life grew serious, you stood strong by our side, and you were always there. You had a way of lifting our spirits with your smile, your humour, and your kindness.

You taught us lessons in loyalty, discipline, love, and resilience without even trying, simply by

the way you lived your life. You showed us the importance of family, of standing together, and of giving generously without expecting anything in return.

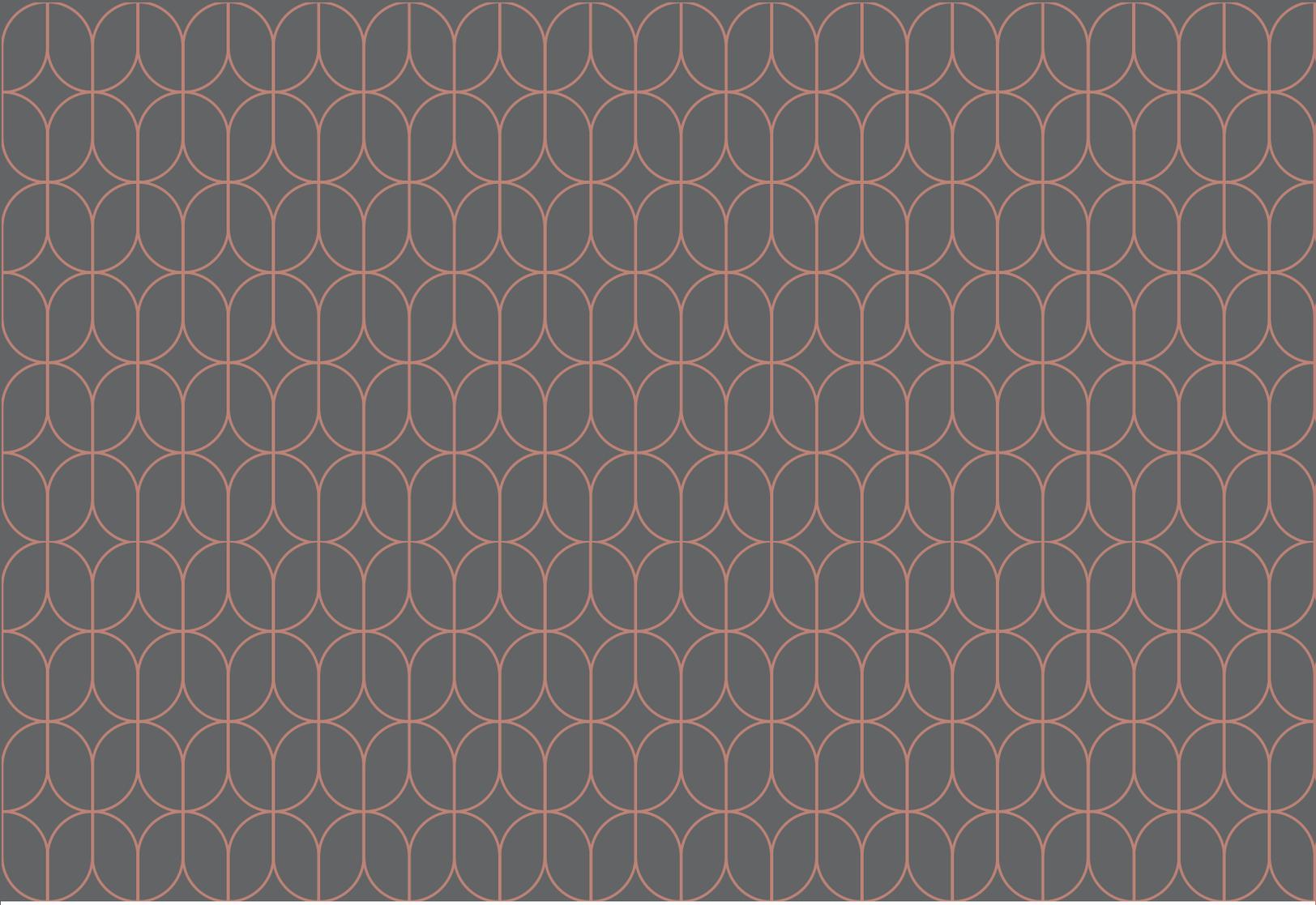
Brother Kweku, we are weeping and crying, and praying as brothers and sisters at your loss. We may fall at times, but as brothers and sisters, we shall rise and hold on together like you have taught us to do. Losing you has broken our hearts, but as you departed suddenly from us on 21st August, our dear sister Sophia's birthday, a part of you shall always live in our hearts. We miss you deeply, but we also celebrate you, the brother who could never be replaced, whose love was unwavering, and whose presence was a blessing beyond words.

Thank you, dear brother, for being a shining example of how to live life fully and with compassion. You will be deeply missed, but your legacy of kindness and integrity will continue to inspire us all. In times of challenge, he became our anchor; in moments of doubt, he was our voice of reason. His courage to put family first is a legacy that will live on in our hearts forever.

Thank you, Lord, for lending us Jonathan as a brother on earth for a while. We pray you open the doors of Heaven to him and grant him eternal life in Joy and in Peace. Amen.

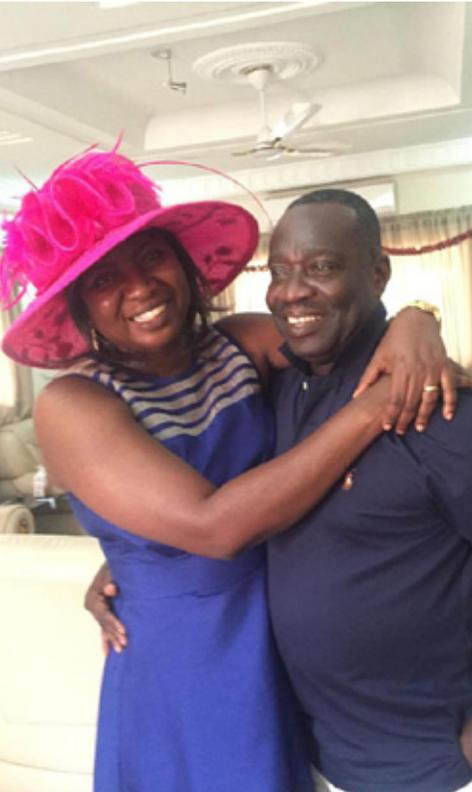
Rest peacefully, our dear brother. You will always remain in our hearts.



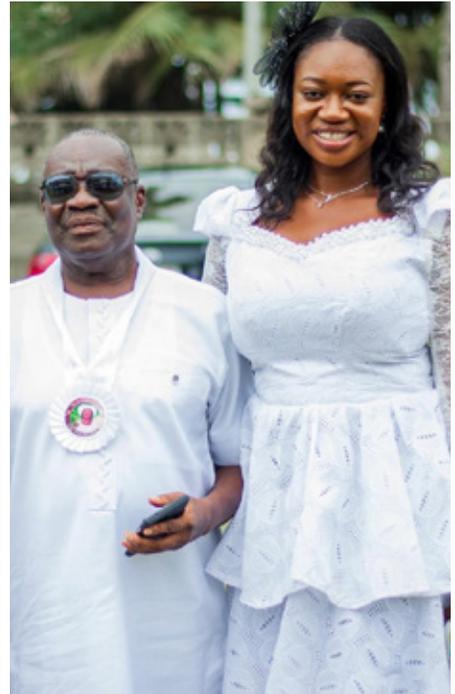


Gallery









Tribute by

MRS. MARGARET JOHNSON

*A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE, A GOD TO GLORIFY
A NEVER DYING SOUL TO SAVE, AND FIT IT FOR
THE SKY*

Kweku should have been the one to write a tribute for me and not the other way round. I still haven't come to terms with his passing because we had a lot of unfinished discussions to deal with. I'm very saddened and hurt by his death that I cannot find the right words to express how I feel. Kweku is more like a younger brother than a nephew to me.

His generosity, kindness, sympathy, and concern for others knew no bounds. He was my children's favorite cousin, always calling him by his guy name "Nicky Bay," which has become even more recognized than his real name, Jonathan.

There were times he called me "Maggie instead of Aunty Maggie" on the phone, and I would tell him, "Children of today don't respect Old age at all," and we would both laugh heartily and continue with our conversations. That was how freely we related. Every family event of his must be attended by his favorite Aunty Maggie, and that made me very proud of myself.

Kweku was really a force to reckon with, a rock against which the family leaned on, and I honestly do not see any replacement for him in sight. Now the foundation of the family has become weak, and I pray God to give us another Jonathan Nicky Bay Kweku Amissah Abraham to continue with his good works.

Nothing is more difficult than saying goodbye to a loved one, but there are those whose lives death cannot diminish. The love glows in the heart of family and loved ones.

Nicky, you know what? You are gone, but my memory of you will live on for a very, very long time to come. Thank you for all that you did for my family and me, and even in death, we will continue to love and cherish your memory.

Rest well, my dear Nicky, you did not live for yourself but for others as well. I pray God to have mercy on your gentle soul and keep you in his bosom, where you can be at peace. Peter, Dinah, your dad, and mum are surely waiting to welcome you home to be with them.

FAREWELL, KWEKU, AND REST IN PERFECT PEACE.

Tribute by

MRS MATILDA BANNERMAN-MENSAH

My earliest memories of Kweku go back to the years in Sekondi when I was in primary school and he was a little boy. I would hold his hand and Kwesi's while crossing the road and through the railway tracks to European Town, where my grandmother lived, for our lunch break and back to school for the afternoon session.

In later years, whenever he was naughty, I would remind him of this and how I cleaned his nose and feet. His response always was 'How Old were you? ɔkyerε dε nna edzi mpanyinsεm!' His perception of an aunt was a grown-up woman and not a girl who was a child herself.

Kweku and I grew closer over the years as I spent holidays with my sister and her family in

Samreboi. As we grew older, we shared little jokes, and his raucous laughter often punctuated our chats. We would reminisce about past incidents, such as when his dad made him and Kwesi share their earnings from their vacation job with me, insisting that helping with the cooking of meals was also a job.

Kweku was a generous soul, compassionate and caring. He was a real source of comfort to me when my husband passed on. He chauffeured me throughout the funeral. He went further

to provide bottled water branded with my husband's picture. I can never forget those acts of kindness.

Writing this tribute gets harder when I try to recall all the meetings, anniversaries, weddings, and all.

The last call I had from him was on the 27th of July. After the usual chatting and laughter, he asked, "So are you there alone?". I answered 'yes' and then he promised to see if he could find me a live-in house help. This was a promise he never could fulfill!

Kweku, may the Lord reward you with a peaceful rest. Your acts of kindness will never be forgotten.

Uncle Hooper, together with all your cousins and family from Turom, say Da yie, Nyame mfa wo nsie.

Tribute by

NEPHEWS & NIECES

Dada. The name we called you with such love and reverence, knowing that behind it stood a man whose loyalty was unshakeable and whose presence shaped every one of us in ways we're still discovering.

You were our anchor through every season of life. As children, we knew you as the disciplinarian, the one who set the standards high and expected nothing less than our best. Your strict guidance wasn't harsh; it was love in its most protective form. You taught us that discipline wasn't punishment, but preparation for the world that awaited us.

But what amazed us most was watching you evolve alongside us. As we grew from children into adults, you had the wisdom to grow with us. The stern uncle of our childhood became our trusted confidant, our counselor, and yes, our friend who could laugh about how "soft" you'd become. That wasn't softness, Dada. That was the mark of a truly great man who understood that love expresses itself differently in different seasons. You weren't just our uncle or even a father figure; you were our father in every way that mattered. Your voice carried weight because it carried wisdom. When you spoke, we listened, not out of fear, but out of deep respect for the man who had earned our trust through

countless acts of loyalty and love.

The stories we carry are endless: how you were always there for every milestone, every crisis, every moment when we needed someone who believed in us. You celebrated our victories as if they were your own and guided us through our failures with patience that seemed limitless.

We must also thank Auntie Ama, your devoted wife and children, for sharing you with us so generously. They understood that your heart was big enough to embrace not just your immediate family, but all of us who needed a father's guidance and love. They graciously allowed you to shoulder additional duties to the larger family, knowing that this calling was part of who you were. Their sacrifice enabled you to be the pillar of strength for so many of us, and we are forever grateful for their understanding and support.

Your greatest gift to us was teaching by example. You showed us what it means to honor our responsibilities, not as burdens, but as sacred trusts. Your commitment was legendary, Dada. That spirit of determination and dedication didn't just lead our family; it inspired us to lead our own lives with purpose. You embodied discipline not just as a practice, but as a way of being. Through you, we learned that true

discipline enables constant dedication, inspires unrelenting determination, and gives us the courage to face life's challenges head-on. You taught us that discipline is the inner strength that enables us to do what's right, to maintain higher standards, and to make tough decisions when the pressure is greatest.

Our only regret is that time moved too quickly. We wish we had more years to make you proud, to share more of our accomplishments and milestones with you. But we know that in the values you instilled in us, in the strength you gave us, and in the love you showed us, your legacy lives on. We learned from the best, Dada. Every lesson you taught us continues to guide our steps. Every standard you set continues to challenge us to be better. Every moment of your unwavering support continues to give us strength.

We celebrate you not just for who you were to us, but for the man you were, a man of integrity, loyalty, and uncommon strength. We are blessed beyond measure to have been shaped by your love and wisdom. Thank you, Dada, for being our foundation, our guide, and our greatest teacher. Your memory will forever be our compass, pointing us toward the kind of people you raised us to become.

Rest in peace, our beloved Dada. You will always remain in our hearts.



Tribute by

SONS IN LAW

From William Acquah

I still remember how nervous I was, the first time I was about to meet Dada as Ewurabena's boyfriend. I didn't know what to expect, but the moment I met him, all that anxiety melted away. He didn't just welcome me as a visitor or a friend; he welcomed me as family. I knew I had truly been accepted when he smiled and said he liked it when I called him "Nicky Bay." That small moment meant so much to me. It captured exactly who he was: warm, kind, and generous. His ability to make everyone feel at ease was effortless; whether through his infectious smile, gentle humour or generous spirit, it came so naturally to him.

Every visit to Cape Coast was filled with simple joys. He would always make sure we had our share of pineapple juice waiting, a small but fond tradition I looked forward to whenever we spent time with him and Auntie Ama. I can still picture the morning he surprised us, proudly showing off his culinary skills by serving his special omelette. Those gestures, small as they seemed, spoke volumes about his thoughtfulness and love.

One moment that will always stay with me, was the day I asked for Ewurabena's hand in marriage. He looked at me with that familiar,

reassuring smile and said, "I know you'll take good care of her." Those words weren't just approval; they were a blessing. And then, in true Dada fashion, he dashed off to his room to share the good news with Auntie Ama. That joy, that excitement, that pure warmth, is what I'll always remember about him.

Though we'll miss him deeply, I take comfort in knowing that his spirit lives on in the kindness he showed, the laughter he shared, and the love he poured into his family.

Rest well, Nicky Bay. Thank you for your open arms that welcomed me, thank you for trusting me, thank you for loving me as your own. I'll do my best to keep the promise I made to you to always take good care of Ewurabena.

From Aaron Petralba

I am so happy I had the privilege of getting to know Dada when I first visited Ghana. When I first came into his home, he welcomed me to join him for a meal. He focused on getting to know me and genuinely opening his household to me. He displayed generosity and hospitality to me.

Throughout my trip, I visited Dada's factories and various croplands. The vastness of what he had built showed me one thing: Dada was a provider and a hard worker.

I will miss Dada. In the short time I spent with him, he inspired me with his generosity, displayed what it means to be a provider, and gave me an example of what being a father is. He is with his Father in Heaven now. I only hope and pray for us that we, his family, take care of each other.

From Emmanuel Amponsah

Dada Abraham, till we meet again.

Your love for our children was more than affection; it was a strong bond. It gave us the assurance that they had a grandad they could always come home to. We will forever miss you and the special love you shared with us.

I will always cherish your wise counsel and the guidance you gave so freely. Every moment spent with you was marked by kindness, patience, and a genuine desire to help others. You made us proud and gave us a deep sense of security through your constant care. We are grateful for every call, every smile, and every prayer.

Today, as we celebrate your life, we take comfort in knowing that you rest peacefully in God's bosom. Your love and legacy will remain in our hearts forever.



Tribute to

OUR BELOVED BROTHER-IN-LAW

From Paa Kwadwo Nkansah

As his brother-in-law, I felt a special bond with Brother Kweku, one that was rooted in respect and shared family ties. He was the big brother I never had. From teaching me how to drive to being the one who took me to my first day at university, he guided and supported me in many ways.

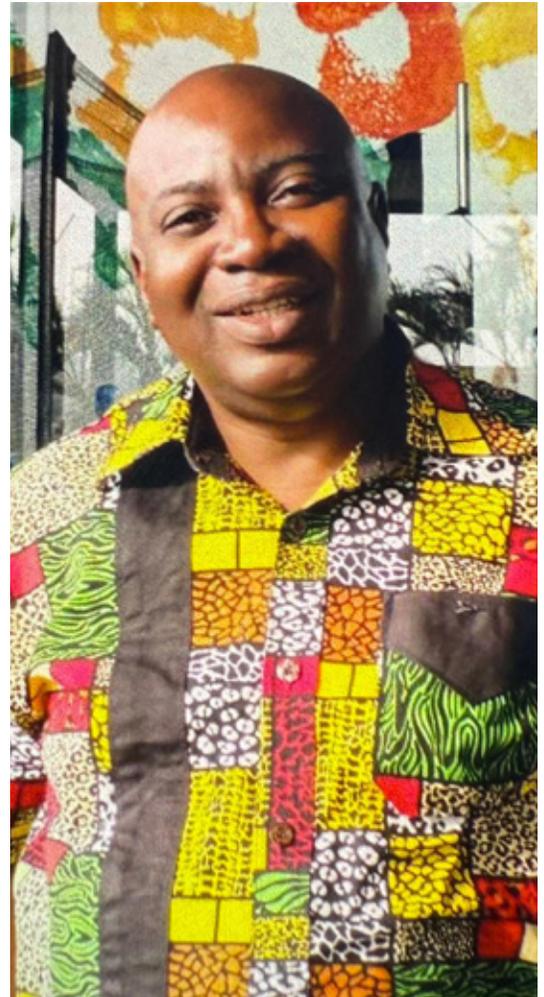
More than that, when my mother passed away, he was the one who gently broke the news to me, a moment of kindness and compassion that meant a lot to me during a time of great pain. His strength helped me through one of the toughest chapters in my life.

His generous spirit wasn't limited to his family; he shared his passions openly, especially his love for tennis. I cherish the times he took me to Hill Club to enjoy the game alongside his friends when I visited Cape Coast.

Losing him leaves a hole in my heart, but the memories of his mentorship and laughter are treasures I will carry with me.

His legacy is one of kindness, generosity, and unwavering support. I find peace in knowing that he now rests in eternal peace, free from pain.

May he rest in peace, forever cherished and never forgotten.



From Josephine Nana Yaa Baiden

It's not often that someone comes into your life and leaves a lasting mark, not through grand gestures, but through quiet strength, kindness, and a heart full of love. My brother-in-law was one of those rare souls.

From the very beginning, he made me feel like more than just a sister-in-law; he made me feel like true family. His warmth, his laughter, and his constant support were a gift, not only to me but to everyone who had the joy of knowing him.

He had a special way of making people feel seen and heard. Whether it was through a perfectly timed joke, a few kind words, or simply sitting with you in comfortable silence when words weren't needed, he was there. That kind of presence is rare, and I feel truly blessed to have experienced it.

To many, he was a brother, a son, a friend. To me, he was a brother by marriage, but a friend by choice, and a blessing to my heart.

Though he may no longer be with us in person, his spirit lives on in the stories we share, in the lessons he taught us, and in the love he gave so freely.

Rest peacefully, dear brother-in-law. You will be deeply missed, but you will never be forgotten.



Tribute by

TENNIS ON WHEELS, CAPE COAST IN MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED CHAIRMAN

Today, we gather here with heavy hearts to bid farewell to our leader, brother, friend, and a genuine friend of the tennis fraternity in Ghana, Chairman Jonathan Dennis Abraham. Chairman Nicky Bay as we affectionately call him, was more than the leader of our association; he was its soul and heartbeat. His passion for the sport was unmatched.

He proposed the formation of this association five years ago and has led the group since its formation with distinction, integrity, humility, resilience, and unwavering commitment and dedication.

He believed that tennis was more than a sport – it is a community to support one another and bring joy to hearts; a school for teaching life principles, nurturing talents, instilling discipline, and shaping and reforming character. And he lived this belief every single day during our association and on the court.

He dedicated his time and energy to the group generously, always putting the interest of the association above his own, and made every member feel valued, fulfilled, and empowered.

His humour and laughter echoed across our court at the Cape Coast Stadium every weekend when we assembled. His presence brought calm in moments of chaos and ego clashes, with his absence now leaving a silence that we will feel for a long time.

His kindness to the association was infinite and enabled the association to grow stronger and more united because in our moment of hardship, Chairman Nicky Bay will lend a hand of support.

As we say goodbye, let us be guided by what he stood for – empathy, unity, excellence, and kindness.

Rest well, Chairman Nicky Bay. The game goes on at the court we shared together, but it will never be the same without your presence there.

Your race is run, but your impact and legacy will live on in the annals of the association and in the hearts of all who had the privilege to know you. Every serve, Every rally, Every shot, Every slice, Every drop ball, Every cheer on our court, will remind us of your sacrifice and service to this association and the sport in general, and we

make a solemn promise as we bid you farewell today to keep this group thriving and growing from strength to strength in your honor.

May the earth rest gently on you, Chairman Nicky Bay. Good bye and may the Good Lord keep you well until the day of resurrection, when we shall all meet again.



"We do not remember days,
we remember moments"

Cesare Pavese

Tribute

FROM APSU 1977

Jonathan Abraham was of the class of 1977 at St. Augustine's College. He was a member of the 105 students who entered from one on September 22, 1972. Nicknamed Nicky Bay, he quickly established himself as a key member of this talented group of boys. A member of St. Joseph's House, he was a keen sportsman representing the house in track events as well as becoming an integral member of the school's tennis team. Abraham, who pursued science, was also brilliant academically. Still, he found time to socialize and became known for his great sense of humour. There was never a dull moment when Nicky Bay was around.

He is also remembered by his classmates for his kindness and generosity. This character extended to his senior years while he worked at the Customs Division of the Ghana Revenue Authority (GRA). He was very hard-working and enterprising and provided employment for scores of people in the Elmina community. An excellent host, he recently received a colleague and his students from the University of Cincinnati at his company in Elmina, where he also hosted many of his former classmates whenever they

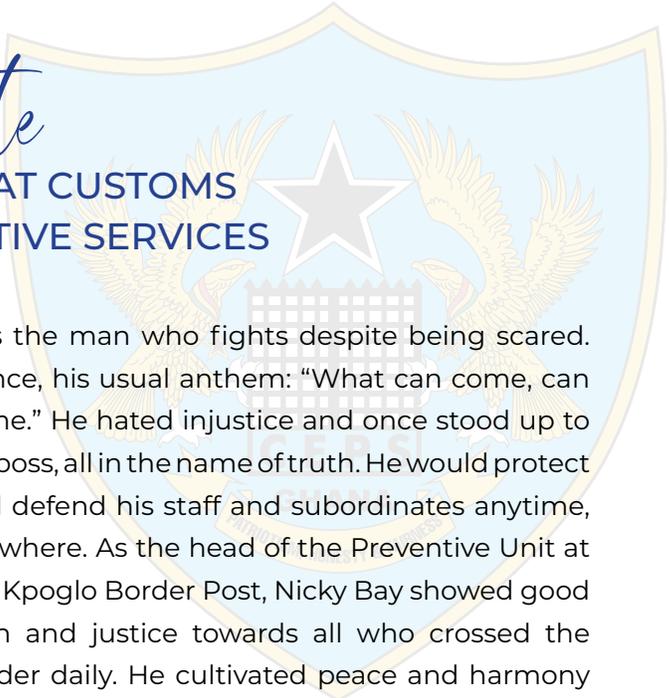


were in the area. For these and many others too numerous to mention, Nicky Bay will be greatly missed by the entire class of '77. Our thoughts and prayers are with his widow, his children, and the extended family, as well as those whose lives he touched in various ways.

Nicky Bay, rest in eternal peace in the bosom of your Maker.

Da Yie.

Till we meet again.



Tribute

FROM COLLEAGUES AT CUSTOMS EXCISE AND PREVENTIVE SERVICES

“Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven”. Matt 5:16

Nicky Bay, as he was affectionately called, took life with ease, was full of life and fun to be with. He was always in a happy mood, known for his iconic laughter and infectious jokes about life. He was compassionate, hardworking, and punctual. He brightened every corner he worked in and always managed to turn things around. He always had a joke to lighten up stressful environments, such as ours.

He stood firm in everything he believed but was always prepared to compromise when confronted with the sacred truth. He was focused and committed to his work, which is why he was able to transition seamlessly from the Customs Laboratory to mainstream Customs operations when the conversion became necessary. Nicky Bay pursued life with perseverance and determination. He showed courage in facing all odds, enduring pain without fear. To him, the only thing to fear was fear itself, and the real hero

was the man who fights despite being scared. Hence, his usual anthem: “What can come, can come.” He hated injustice and once stood up to his boss, all in the name of truth. He would protect and defend his staff and subordinates anytime, anywhere. As the head of the Preventive Unit at the Kpoglo Border Post, Nicky Bay showed good faith and justice towards all who crossed the border daily. He cultivated peace and harmony among officers and the trading public by efficiently managing the cultural diversity in the melting pot.

In every conversation at the workplace, Nicky Bay emphasized the importance of investing in our children’s education. He believed love begins at home, and it is not how much we do but how much love we put into the actions we take.

I can imagine Nicky Bay’s silent whisper saying, “I’m gone, but you, my friends, continue to serve mankind. Adieu, my friends.”

We will miss him greatly for his kindness and thoughtfulness.





Tribute

FROM PETERSFIELD & REY GROUP LIMITED

For if we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die, we die to the Lord. So then, whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's. Rom 14:8

Today, with heavy hearts and tears that refuse to cease, we gather to honor the cherished life and enduring legacy of our beloved father, mentor, and leader, Mr. Jonathan Dennis Abraham. He was not only a visionary leader of remarkable insight but also a soul of boundless compassion who touched the lives of countless individuals, inspiring them to pursue their dreams with unwavering courage and hope.

The news of his passing struck us all like a thunderbolt. As staff of Petersfield and Rey Group Limited, we remain shattered and deeply grieved by the loss of our great CEO. His steadfast support and constant encouragement were not just pillars in our professional lives—they shaped our very outlook on life itself. His faith in us and his positive vision ignited our ambition, not only for ourselves but as a reflection of the hope he held for all of us. Death may have spoken the

final word, yet the tears in our eyes remind us that no one can replace the invaluable role he played while he walked among us.

Many of us were fortunate to witness Mr. Abraham's legendary spirit firsthand. Whether sharing stories of his triumphs or moments of hardship, he had a rare gift—the power to weave his words into vivid tapestries that captivated our minds, stirred our souls, and made us truly feel a sense of belonging and purpose.

Though our hearts break in mourning, we hold steadfast to the comforting hope that beyond this mortal veil, a grand celebration is being prepared in his honor—a joyous welcome befitting one who has died in the Lord's grace.

As we bid our final farewell to our dear CEO, Mr. Jonathan Dennis Abraham, let us carry forward the invaluable lessons he imparted and the sacred values he lived by. Even though he no longer walks beside us, his enduring legacy of inspiration and empowerment will forever live

on in the lives he touched. Together, we shall carry that torch forward to inspire and uplift the generations to come.

We will cherish the precious memories of the times we shared and keep his spirit alive in our hearts always. It is with sincere faith that we believe he now rests in perfect peace. In humble submission, we entrust him to our Lord and mighty Savior, praying that He grants him eternal peace until the blessed day when we shall meet again.

Mr. Abraham da yie, C.E.O nantse yie, Mr. Abraham Nyame mmfa wokra nsie yie

**“A well-spent day
brings happy sleep, so
a well-lived life
brings happy death.”**

Maya Angelou



PETERSFIELD & Rey

Tribute

FROM OLA CATHOLIC CHURCH, OLA ESTATE, CAPE COAST

*They that wait upon the Lord
Shall renew their strength;
They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
they shall run, and not be weary; And they shall
walk, and not faint (Isa 40:31)*

Today, we mourn one of the illustrious sons of the Church, one whose deeds were often done without any fanfare but were noticed by all because they made many individuals happy. As for the church, the less said about these deeds, the better, so that we can hold back our tears. As an individual, what connected me to Mr. Abraham was that we were both past students of St. Augustine's College, so, like the many younger APSUNians in the church, I used to call him 'Senior'.

Senior Jonathan was known to everyone in the church for his sense of action and generosity to many who needed him for pieces of advice and other forms of support. For many, he was the quiet type, but he would not hesitate to engage in conversation with those whom he met in church. He was ready to share whatever he had with those whom he came across.

The qualities he had endeared the hearts of many

individuals and societies, so they proposed that he served on the Advisory Board of OLA Parish. He indicated that he could not because he was not yet settled in Cape Coast. However, he gave his full support to his wife to serve on the board, thus enabling the church to obtain his family's views on pertinent issues under discussion and regular donations for church projects and the poor and needy in the church.

His interest in the construction of the Church's Mission House was so fascinating that he donated huge sums of money and visited the construction site any time he was in town. These and his numerous contributions to the church attracted the attention of the Archdiocese of Cape Coast and the Holy See. On November 17, 2017, His Holiness, Pope Francis, imparted the request for a Papal Blessing through the Blessed Virgin Mary to him and his family. In appreciation of this honour and the spirit of sharing, he declared that this blessing was in honour of all members of the church, as well as his friends and family members who had always supported him. With the consent of the Parish Priest and the support of members of the Advisory Board, he used the opportunity to bring many friends, family members, and other

well-wishers together to raise more funds for the mission house project on the day of the blessing. Thus, the sight of our mission house provides a memory of his benevolence.

Senior Jonathan hardly waited for someone to approach him to assist the church. Once he got wind of a programme, his donation will follow to the delight of everyone. As a church, we got more than what we had expected on such occasions. The School of Jesus and the Youth Council, in particular, will remember him for his fatherliness. For the senior citizens, he will be remembered for the annual Easter Monday picnics and other social functions. And for the entire church, what else can we say?

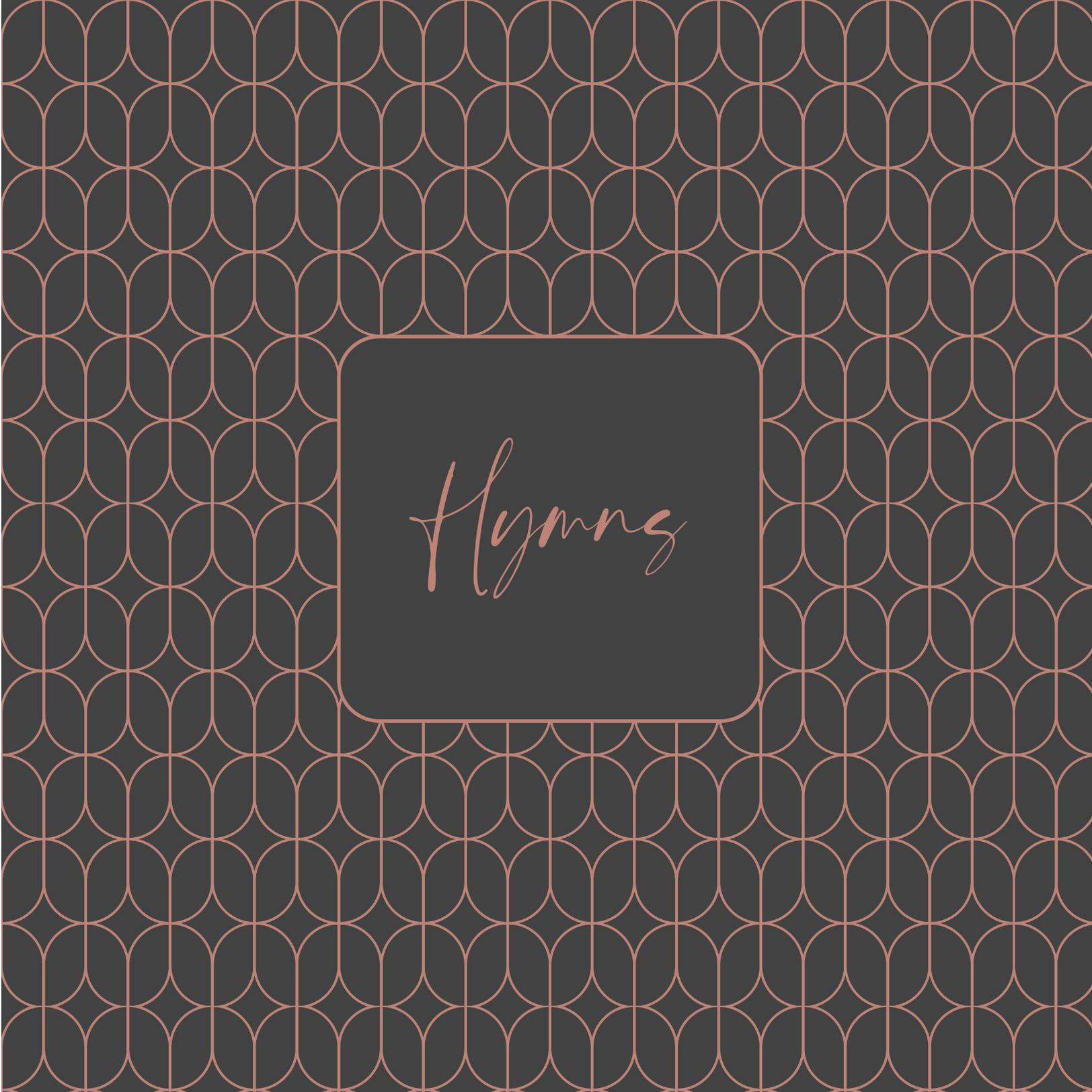
As we celebrate his life today, we look forward to completing the mission house and the church restoration project soon. We are short of words to proclaim your deeds. Our faith is in God, who made all things with Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. We recall that on the day you passed on, you had difficulty getting anything down your system. However, despite this, you received the Holy Eucharist with ease, thus confirming our faith that our help is in the Lord. With this, we rejoice in him, and with the hope that you are already with him.

Kweku, we cannot equate your deeds with those of St. Paul the Apostle. But we are convinced that that like St Paul in 2 Timothy 4: 7-8:

You have fought the good fight, You have finished the course, You have kept the faith. And there is laid up for you a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give you on that day. For you also loved his appearing.

Senior, Da yie, Da yie, Da yie; Nyame mfa wo kra nsie, Na ɔ' nkora wo dwoo dwoo





Hymns

CH 374

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.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their grief to rest.

3 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around,
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

5 Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide,
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then,
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

CH 259

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there..

CH349

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.

4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing
eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to
the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain
shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me..

CH 348

1. Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of Heav'n to Earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2. Come, Almighty to deliver;
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy host above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3. Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory
Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

CH 106

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 Spirit he restores again,

My life he does reclaim,

He guides me into righteousness,
To Glorify His name..

3 Although I walk in death's dark vale,

Yet I will fear no ill;

For you are with me, and your rod,
And staff my comfort still.

4 My table you have well prepared

In presence of my foes;

My head you do with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life

Shall surely follow me,

And in God's house forever more
My dwelling place shall be.

CH 350

1 Guide me, O my great Redeemer,

Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but you are mighty;

Hold me with your powerful hand.

Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,

Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Where the healing stream does flow.

Let the fire and cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.

Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,
You are still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,

Bid my anxious fears subside.

Death of death, and hell's Destruction,

Land me safe on Canaan's side:

Songs of praises, songs of praises

I will ever sing to you,

I will ever sing to you.

.

CH 212

1 Yes, Heaven is the prize;

My soul shall strive to gain;

One glimpse of Paradise,

Repays a life of pain.

Chorus:

'Tis Heaven; yes Heaven

'tis Heaven is the prize

'Tis Heaven, 'tis Heaven,

Yes Heaven is the prize.

2 Yes, heaven is the prize!
My soul, oh! think of this;
All earthly goods despise,
For such a crown of bliss.

[Chorus]

3 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
When sorrows press around.
Look up beyond the skies,
Where hope and strength are found.

[Chorus]

4 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Oh! its not hard to gain;
He surely wins who tries,
For hope can conquer pain.

[Chorus]

5 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
The strife will soon be past:
Faint not, but raise your eyes,
And struggle to the last.

[Chorus]

6 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Faith shows the crown to gain;
Hope lights the way and dies,
But Love will always reign.

[Chorus]

7 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Too much cannot be given;
And he alone is wise,
Who gives up all for Heaven.

[Chorus]

8 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Death opens wide the door,
And then the spirit flies
To God for evermore.

[Chorus]

**“20 But we are citizens of heaven,
where the Lord Jesus Christ lives.
And we are eagerly waiting for him to
return as our Saviour.**

**21 He will take our weak mortal bodies
and change them into glorious bodies
like his own, using the same power
with which he will bring everything
under his control.**

PHIL 3:20-21”



APPRECIATION

On behalf of the family of the late
Mr. Jonathan Dennis Abraham,
we extend our heartfelt gratitude to all who joined us to
celebrate his life and bid him farewell.

Your presence, kind words, prayers, and gestures of love
brought us great comfort during this difficult time. May
God richly bless you for standing with us and for honouring
his memory.



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NICKY BAY

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