



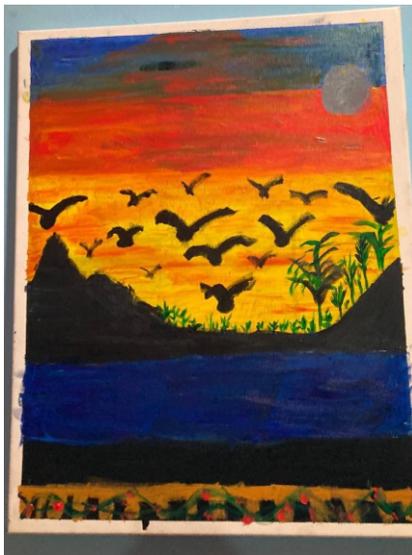
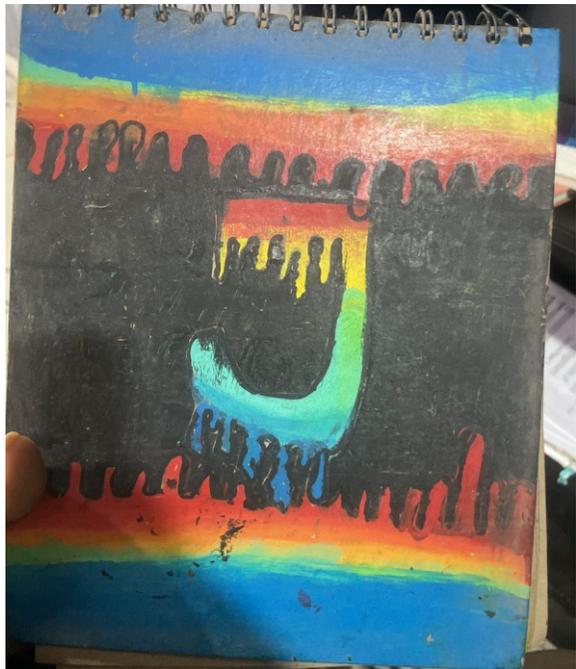
JOHN-CARPUS
NANA KWAKU
AMPOFO

15 March 2006 - 18 May 2025

www.johncarpusampofo.org

**“7004 well
numbered
days; and
a heart
applied to
wisdom”**





Order of Service

13 June, 2025, Agape House New Testament Church

Officiating Ministers
Rev Prince Mensah
Rev Adeline Mensah
Rev Divine Gbagbo
Rev Michael Adu-Gyamfi
Pastor Sheila Hutchful
Pastor Sarah Owusu

Guest ministers

Apostle Dr & Mrs Kpikpi (City of God Church/New Nations School)
Very Rev Dr Abedu Quashie (Trinity United Church)
Rev William Anti (Trinity United Church)

Part I: Pre-Burial Service at 8:00 am

1. Processional Hymn: When we all get to heaven
2. Opening Prayer: Rev Divine Gbagbo
3. Filing Past
4. Tributes:
Friends
Cousins
Grandmother
Uncles/Aunties
NNS Class of 2025
5. Filing past
6. Hymns:
It is well
Through all the changing scenes of life,
Captain of Israel's Host
7. Filing Past
8. Covering of Casket

Part II: Burial Service at 9:00 am

1. Opening Sentences
2. Worship and Praise: Heart Song

3. Biography : Mr Ken Asante
4. Song: You raise me up
5. Tributes by
NNS School : Mrs Hagar Adusi -Poku
Agape House New Testament Church
Brother : David-Kratos Ampofo
Sister : Rhema-Danielle Ampofo
Mother : Dr Rosemary Asante Ampofo
Father : Mr Kwame Yirenkyi Ampofo
6. Bible Reading:
Proverbs 3:5-6
Hebrews 4:15-16
John 14:1-3
7. Heart Song: Jireh
8. Sermon :Rev Prince Mensah
9. Offering :Rev Divine Gbagbo
10. Hymn: What a Friend we have in Jesus
11. Prayer for the family: Rev Adeline Mensah
12. Announcement & Vote of Thanks:
Prof Felix Ankomah Asante
13. Closing Prayer :Rev Prince Mensah
14. Closing Hymn: Will your Anchor Hold
15. Benediction: Rev Prince Mensah
16. Recessional Hymn : Hallelujah

Part III: Burial Service at the Cemetery

1. Hymn: How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
2. Committal
3. Prayers
4. Presentation of wreaths
5. Hymn: God be with you till we meet again
6. Vote of Thanks :Mr Charles Debrah Asante
7. Benediction



John-Carpus Nana Kwaku Ampofo

15 March 2006 - 18 May 2025

A Bright Star Called Johnny- His Life Story

John Carpus Nana Kwaku Ampofo; fondly known as Johnny, affectionately called "Papa J" by his classmates, and playfully known as "DJ Juicy Johnny" by those who loved him on the aux, was born on 15 March 2006 to Kwame Yirenkyi Ampofo of Mampong-Akwapim and Dr Rosemary Nana Agyeiwaa Ampofo (née Asante) of Kwahu Mpraeso and Aduamoaa.

From the very beginning, Johnny was a shining light. He came into the world with joy, and joy never left him. He was adorable, full of energy, and had the kind of charm that made strangers feel like family. He laughed deeply, loved freely, and never held back his heart. He believed in the beauty of every moment and the power of living fully. Johnny was someone who felt things deeply and never shied away from expressing them. He would playfully quip, "God forbid a man who loves to express himself".

He was fun-loving, people-loving, God-loving. He carried himself with dignity but never lost his sense of humour. He valued friendship and poured himself into the people he loved. He believed in himself and encouraged others to do the same. He was passionate, driven, and fearless in the pursuit of his dreams.

Johnny started his preschool at Lighthouse Christian Mission School, now St Adelaide International School. From there, he continued his kindergarten education at Mary Mother of Good Counsel School near West Airport. He later joined

his siblings at Golden Age School in Abelenkpe, where he continued to blossom in his primary school years. In all these schools, Johnny was a star; he was loved by his teachers, admired by his classmates, and actively involved in everything. He worked hard in class, played with passion, and took part in everything that brought people together. He was brilliant, creative, and full of ideas.

In 2018, Johnny began his secondary education at New Nations School, East Legon Hills. It was there that many saw his leadership and creativity truly come alive. He completed his IGCSE in 2023 and went on to pursue Sixth Form in the same school. He served as Events Prefect and left his mark as someone who brought life, energy, and excellence into everything he did. He had the honour of receiving an award during the Lower Sixth Speech and Prize Giving Day, the Great Strides Award, a moment that made both his teachers and family so proud.

Johnny was in the middle of writing his A-Level exams when he passed. He had big dreams and bold ambition. He wanted to be a corporate lawyer and a chartered accountant, following in the footsteps of his elder siblings, whom he loved dearly. But Johnny's dreams did not end there. He had a mind full of ideas and a heart full of passion.

He had hobbies and side projects that meant the world to him. He had plans to explore them all. Whether it was writing, music, business, fashion, poetry, or public speaking, Johnny believed he

could make a life out of anything he loved. And that belief gave him wings.

Johnny was multi-talented in every sense of the word. In the 7004 days that he lived, he numbered his days so well and applied his heart to wisdom. He achieved so much in such a short time. His life was a bright flame, brief but beautiful. A life lived with intention. A life that made a difference. A life that reflected the many shades of Johnny. There was;





JOHN-CARPUS AMPOFO

CORPORATE LAWYER

Contact

025 691 8668
johncarpusampofo@gmail.com
Adenta, Greater Accra Region
15 March 2006
Ghanian

Professional Summary

Hardworking, highly motivated professional eager to lend combined knowledge and skills to enhance business performance. Operates well in both individual and team capacities, leveraging seasoned work ethic to quickly adapt to different processes and drive company objectives. Resourceful and results-driven with a passion for growth and efficiency to meet company needs and increase service value.

Skills

- Writing
- Critical Thinking
- Excellent Communication
- Flexible and Adaptable
- Attention to Detail
- Knowledge in Finance
- Computer Skills
- Relationship Building
- Efficient researcher
- Reliability
- Problem-Solving
- Public Speaking
- Friendly, Positive Attitude
- Teamwork and Collaboration
- Basic Math
- Oral debate
- Decision-Making
- Self-Directed
- Time Management
- Effective Communication
- Continuous Improvement
- Case analysis

Education

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA

Expected graduation Jun 2025 | NEW NATION SCHOOL — Tema, Greater Accra Region

- Relevant Coursework
 - Literature
 - Accounting
 - Business
- Extracurricular Activities
 - Poetry
 - Drama Club
 - Yearbook Committee
 - Ghana International Model United Nations
 - Choir
 - Creative Writing

Johnny the Leader

Johnny naturally led wherever he went. He didn't wait to be called a leader; he lived like one. Whether it was in church, school, music, accounting, fashion, or friendship, he carried himself with purpose. His leadership was not about titles. It was about heart, effort, and the ability to make people feel seen, heard, and inspired.

He aspired to be a leader who transformed lives. He wanted to inspire change, real change. Not just in school or class, but in his community, in Ghana, and across the world. He led with compassion. He made people feel they mattered. He could pull a group together and make everyone feel like they were part of something bigger.

Johnny always took initiative. After their IGCSE exams, he proposed and spearheaded the creation of a yearbook project for his class. He took it seriously. He handled it with passion and attention to detail, even when others didn't believe it could be done. He saw what others missed and acted.

Everyone trusted Johnny with leadership because he led with love. He wasn't bossy. He was brave. He didn't impose. He inspired. His voice carried vision. His presence brought peace. Whether it was a formal event or just a hangout after class, people followed Johnny, not because they had to, but because they wanted to.

Johnny the Entrepreneur

Johnny was very enterprising. From a

young age, he had an eye for business and a heart for strategy. At just 12, he started a candy business with his sister. It was short-lived, but it was the beginning of something powerful. Johnny had caught the entrepreneurial bug, and he never let it go.

In the last few years of his life, Johnny built his brand: EVOLVE. He sold jewellery, unisex accessories, and vibrant branded T-shirts made especially for the youth. His designs were bold, radiant and expressive, just like him. He wanted his brand to reflect confidence, colour and creativity. He believed fashion should inspire. He wanted young people to feel proud of how they looked, and even prouder of who they were.

Johnny didn't stop there. He was always brainstorming new ideas. He would sit with his brother, tossing around business plans and dreaming up concepts, thinking through what could work and what impact it could have. He didn't wait for an opportunity. He created it. Johnny always had a business proposal or two on his sleeve.

He had a dream to become a billionaire. And he didn't just say it. He planned for it. He believed in multiple streams of income. He believed in the power of ownership. He wanted to build something that would last, something that would bless not just himself, but his community, his family and one day, the whole world.

Johnny was the kind of entrepreneur who brought his heart to the hustle. He chased his dreams with joy, creativity and drive. He didn't fear failure; he welcomed it as part of growth. He saw every venture as an opportunity to learn, lead, and leave a lasting mark.

Johnny the Philanthropist

Johnny was generous in the truest sense of the word. His heart beat for others. He didn't give because he had plenty; he gave because he cared deeply. He regularly saved his pocket money, not for shoes or gadgets, but to buy groceries and supplies for orphanages. And he didn't just send the items, he went himself. He went with his close friends, and together they gave not just food, but time, laughter and love.

During the holidays, while others were resting, Johnny volunteered. He spent his break days at *Future of Africa*, an NGO that helps underprivileged children get off the streets. He joined their outreach programs and poured his energy into giving hope to children who had little of it. He listened. He served. He connected.

Johnny believed we're only as strong as the people we help. He believed everyone deserved kindness and dignity. He believed the world should be softer, warmer, and fairer, and he played his part in making it so. His generosity wasn't loud. It was quiet, thoughtful and consistent. It was a reflection of his heart; pure, intentional, and full of grace.

Johnny the Writer

Johnny wrote with his heart. He wrote with fire. He had a way with words that could lift, soothe, question, and awaken. His pen was his voice, and

he used it boldly. He wrote because he had something to say; something that mattered.

Johnny expressed himself eloquently and prolifically through writing. He penned a rich collection of poems, short stories, and original drama scripts. His writing was never rushed. It was intentional, imaginative, and full of life. Whether he was capturing joy, wrestling with loss, or dreaming of something better, Johnny's words came from a place of deep truth.

He had published some of his poems already. One of them even won an award. He was so proud, but not boastful. He simply smiled and then went right back to writing. He had plans to do more.

With the help and mentorship of his Auntie Naa Odey, Johnny was working on compiling his writings into a full literary collection to be published in June after his exams. The collection included 20 poems. Each piece was different. Each one had a soul. Each one carried his unmistakable voice.

Writing gave Johnny freedom. It gave him space to imagine, reflect, and speak. Through it, he created a world where everyone had a place and every emotion had a home. His gift for storytelling was a mirror of who he was; vibrant, bold, and overflowing with purpose.

Johnny the Artist

Johnny was an artist in every sense. He saw colour where others saw blankness. He brought ideas to life with paint, fabric, and flair. During his free time, he painted with joy, designed T-shirts with bold statements, and experimented with





tie-dye. Art was his escape. It was also his way of speaking without words.

Every creation carried Johnny's energy. His designs were bright, unique, and confident. They reflected his personality; bold, brilliant and lively. When Johnny created, he wasn't just making something to see. He was making something to feel.

Johnny the Musician

Music lived in Johnny's spirit. He had a voice that moved people. He led worship at school, sang solos in church, and joined choirs wherever he found himself. He sang with meaning. He sang with conviction. He sang with joy.

He didn't just perform music; he lived it. He made his own tracks, stayed on top of music trends, and passionately followed his favourite artists. If you ever heard someone defending Olivia Rodrigo like their life depended on it, it was probably Johnny.

But more than anything, Johnny loved to share music. He made playlists for friends. He gave his sister uplifting gospel tunes when her faith felt low. He picked genres for friends that made them feel seen. Johnny believed that music could heal, and he used it as a gift, one he shared generously.

Johnny the Photographer

Johnny had an eye for beauty. On his birthday this year, he gave himself a

Canon camera. That camera became his companion. When he needed a break from studying, he'd step outside, take a walk, and capture light.

He loved nature. He loved scenery. He loved photographing the people he loved. He took hundreds of photos, not just to store memories, but to honour them. He believed that every moment mattered. He believed in holding onto beauty, even the quiet kind.

Photography was Johnny's way of freezing joy. He turned passing seconds into something permanent.

Johnny the YouTube Vlogger

Johnny was a storyteller. And he brought that gift online. On his YouTube channel, *John-Carpus Ampofo*, he spoke with honesty and insight. He vlogged about his day, shared his thoughts, and poured out his ideas. He had a calm but confident screen presence. Watching Johnny felt like talking to an old friend.

He paused his videos to focus on his A-levels, but he had every intention of returning. He was planning to resume his channel this month. He had fresh content ideas, new energy, and a heart full of things he wanted to share with the world.

Johnny believed the internet could be a place of truth and creativity. He didn't chase clout. He chased meaning.

Johnny's Eternal Flame

On Sunday, 18 May 2025, Johnny went home to be with the Lord, having completed seven of his twelve A-Level papers. He passed peacefully, full of promise and purpose.

He is survived by his father, Mr Kwame Yirenkyi Ampofo, a civil engineer at Ghana Highways Authority; his mother, Dr Rosemary Ampofo, Medical Director at Gilead Medical and Dental Centre; his brother, David-Kratos Ampofo, a lawyer at ENS; his sister, Rhema-Danielle Ampofo, an auditor at PwC Ghana; a larger family, both paternal and maternal, and a community of people who love him endlessly.

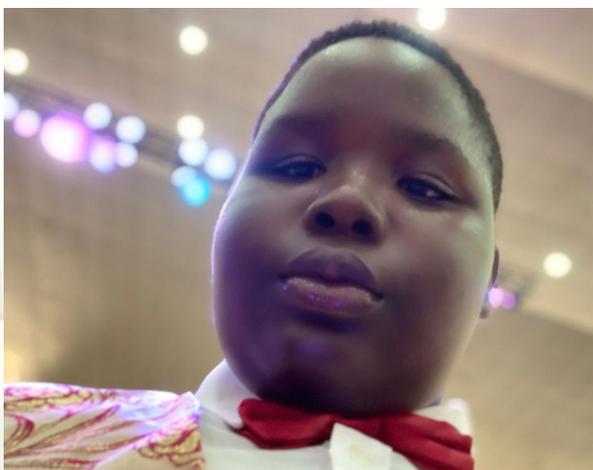
Johnny leaves behind a legacy soaked in light, joy, laughter, compassion, creativity, leadership, and truth.

His days were short, but his impact is eternal. He gave us a lifetime's worth of love in just 7004 days.

We will forever carry him in our hearts. We will always love you, Johnny. We will always miss you.

Johnny Baby. MPB. Our Soulmate. Our Light.

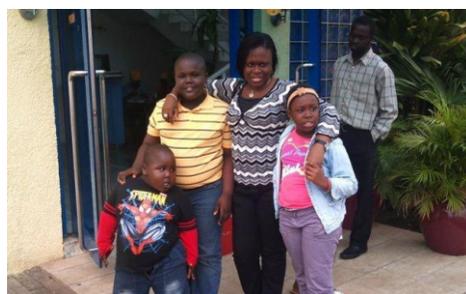
We will never forget you. You are forever etched in our hearts, Johnny. Forever.







From The Closest Love He Knew



The Son I Called My Personal Billionaire - A Father's Tribute

My Personal Billionaire

Daddy

We were overjoyed when we first got wind of your arrival — unexpected, yet received with great gladness. You arrived precisely in the middle of March, and perhaps that's why you never chose sides—you were always on everyone's side.

My memories of Johnny are of a good-natured, chubby, obedient, and determined child. That never changed as you matured into a fine young man. Your heart overflowed with love, and you would never hurt a fly. You loved your mother to bits, cherished Grandma like no other, held Rhema as dear as your own soul, and loved David and me like Jonathan loved David.

Johnny was a man of many talents — an academic, an artist, a musician, a budding diplomat, a photographer, a peacemaker, a gentle politician, and an entrepreneur-in-the-making. Life has dealt us a cruel blow. The world has been robbed of a rising star. My Johnny, whom I fondly called My Personal Billionaire, was just about to be unleashed upon this world. But even in this pain, we choose to give thanks and bless the One who gives and takes away.

Johnny, I will ensure that your creative legacy lives on. "The Art of Realization", the anthology you

quietly penned, will be published posthumously. When Rhema shared it with me, I was amazed, and so proud.

We always heard you singing in the shower, and we had plans—studio recordings, driving school, so many things. But I never knew of your literary gift. I thought literature was just one of your A-level subjects. I was wrong—you were an author in your own right.

As I say farewell to you today, I carry very few regrets. I loved you with all my heart, and you loved me just the same. We were there for each other. I look back and give thanks—just like you said. I remember taking ten days leave from work just to drive you to and from school during the busiest period of your A-level exams.

I wanted to ease your stress and bring you some comfort. You enjoyed every bit of it, and so did I. Little did I know God was giving me extra time with you. I'm grateful for every minute spent.

That fateful Sunday will remain etched in my heart forever. Painful as it is, it has taught me a valuable lesson—life can change in an instant. By that evening, I realised my Johnny was gone. Only memories remained. But they are good memories. And, I have come to deeply understand how much it matters to create good memories consciously.

Johnny, Daddy will always remember you: obedient, kind, cheerful, tender, intelligent, creative, full of life, and gentle to the core. A young man of deep faith. A kind politician. An entrepreneur in the making. I would give anything just to share one more moment with you.

You have left behind more than memories—you've left us with purpose. We will carry your laughter, your kindness, your music, and your words with us. In our actions, your legacy will live on.

Let us never forget to spend time with those we love. You never know when a quiet ride to school becomes your last precious gift.

Tell Grandma and the others that we'll all be joining you soon. I've learnt there's no time in eternity, the wait won't seem long from your end. Keep cheering us on as we run our race. You are now part of the Great Cloud of Witnesses. And please ask God to bless us.

" [MPB] you have fought the good fight, you have finished the race, you have kept the faith."

—2 Timothy 4:7

You will remain forever in my heart.













A Mother's Love, A Mother's Pain - Forever My Johnny Baby

My Son, My Light, My Grief

Mummy

My dearest Johnny Baby,

(I can still see your smile from the corner of my eye anytime I call you this way, and I can also hear all the worried observer voices behind me saying he is not a baby.)

Writing this tribute has been the most challenging task I have had to accomplish in my over five decades on earth. But why wouldn't it be when the night before you passed, we had been discussing your graduation attire and your university room and when an hour before we were separated, we had been teasing each other. I could never have thought of doing anything like this; No! Not even in my worst nightmare.

I was so elated to welcome you into the world on that rainy afternoon in March, and what a big bundle of joy you were. And again, on another rainy afternoon, nineteen years later, you left me, completely shattered! My world came to a standstill!

You grew up quickly into a sweet, fun-loving, caring, intelligent and jolly boy.

You were such fun to be around and equally peace-loving, and wouldn't mind saying sorry a hundred

times. At home, we thought you wasted the word "sorry" sometimes. You were such a kind soul, empathy personified in any way it is spelt. You had an equally big heart, just like your person, for everybody that life brought your way. When your classmate's school uniform was torn you would bring it home for me to have it mended, you would take your extra school bag to give to another friend whose was spoilt, you would organise to get past questions for me to take to the printer even in subjects you were not offering for friends to help them in their learning.

Your love was so deep and almost urgent as though you knew your time here was short and indeed numbered. Your acts of love and pure kindness have also given me many children I can now call sons and daughters. Many of whom have come to spend some of these difficult days with us. Thank you.

Johnny, your friends told me how you were planning to make me so proud by earning an A* in every subject. And Rhema also told me how you said your Mother's Day present to me was going to be the 3 A*'s you were going to get. But Johnny, didn't you know you had already given me 100 A*'s?

The Saturday morning, exactly a year ago, when you told me you admired my resilience, I really did feel cool. I had really wondered then if you knew the correct meaning of "resilience". When you did, I resolved from that day I was going to be even



stronger by God's grace, no matter what life threw at me. I am sure you are probably looking at me now laughing, the way you do and saying, "you are not doing so well this time then".

It really is just tough Johnny!

I have missed you so much each day and every day of these twenty-six days you have been gone. I missed you so badly yesterday, but so did I the day before and the one before that.

I miss the tonnes of messages you would send daily. I miss your early morning texts "*Heyyy Rosa are you ok? Good am.*"

I miss your late-night texts before you dosed off "*Good night Rosa, please check if I am awake when u wake up.*"

I also miss all the other texts in between, "I am taking a short nap", "I am going to have dinner ", the many texts complimenting meals The last one said, "the pork stew tasted heavenly" (did I miss any meaning in that), and the very last message you sent to me, "I have a study group discussion at 3" about an hour before you passed on.

Oh Johnny! I keep reading through our messages to see if I have probably missed any hint of your home-going. But alas...

I also miss our little outings we had, which you called "Mum-son dates" We were planning to have many after your exams. You sure did know how to have fun and knew of all the nice places.

I miss hearing you sing all the time, and even though I would tell you again and again to lower your voice, I would give anything to hear you sing again, now

even louder. The house has suddenly gone so quiet over the past couple of days.

But Johnny, even though my heart aches so deeply with our separation, I do not grieve as one without hope. I know that to be absent from me is to be present with our Lord. 2 Corinthians 5: 8. It is just your living abode that has changed. So, Johnny, now I am even more determined than ever to keep the faith and run my race well so that when my time is up, we will be united again. Till then rest comfortably in the Lord's bosom. Sure, you have already found your place in the heavenly choir and are doing what you enjoy doing most! And where there is no more

crying, no more sorrow, no more dieting, no more exercise, no more examination stress and no more leg surgeries! **Rev 21:4 TPT** "*He will wipe away every tear from their eyes and eliminate death entirely. No one will mourn or weep any longer. The pain of wounds will no longer exist, for the old order has ceased.*" Say hello to Grandpa, Grandma and Auntie Leticia for me. They must have been surprised to see you.

I will always love you and find comfort in the many memories we shared.

Bye for now dearest Johnny Baby.
Rest In Perfect Peace my son, my friend.



















Always in My Heart – From Your Big Brother, Who Misses You Forever

Always in my heart *David-Kratos*

I remember when I first lifted you up,
Months after you were born
Everyone feared I'd drop you,
Now my heart's forever torn.

How could I have imagined then,
I'd lift your lifeless body one day?
Not in joy or laughter, Johnny,
If that's even possible,
But in anxiousness and grief that won't fade
away.

We had planned such vivid dreams,
Each goal set bold and clear
You'd be a corporate lawyer,
I went ahead to find our path
I'd have you working with me.

We imagined politics together,
Campaigning side by side;
You charming all the voters,
Me steering, advising and controlling, with
pride.

Leading the charge,
With strategy, careful thought.
But Johnny, you were the magic,
The love and charm I never brought.

Now those dreams are shattered,
Our plans gone, turned to dust.
How can life be so cruel?
Yet forward I know we must.
I still hear myself asking,
"Mummy, has Johnny applied today?"
For that Winter Vacation Programme,
Knowing she'd see it done right away.

From monsters you once hid,
Choosing my room as your safe place,
And I'd always insist each night,
"I love you," before your dreams took chase.

Fearful then, I'd often worry,
"What if tonight's our last?"
Never thinking you'd grow stronger,
Only to leave too fast.

I owe you for my courage,
My voice you helped me find,
You taught me independence,
Belief deep in my mind.

You showed me how to love myself,
Stand strong and hold my worth,
To know I'm just as capable,
As anyone on Earth.

Your life, your light, your legacy,
Will never fade away.
Just as Shakespeare made immortal,

His lover through words that say,

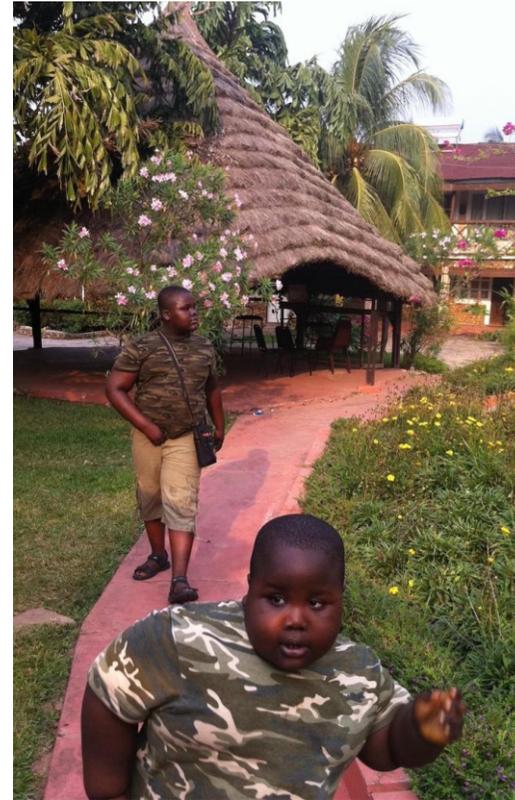
"So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee,"
Johnny, your memory forever alive,
In every breath and heartbeat I keep.
How do I say goodbye,
To my only brother?
So sudden, so painful
This can't be how it ends.

But know your story isn't over,
I'll live what we promised to do,
Reaching heights you've inspired,
Johnny, I'll always honour you.

Until we meet again, my brother,
Though death keeps us apart,
You'll forever be deeply loved,
And always in my heart.

I love you.







From Your Sister, Your Soulmate Rhee

MY SOULMATE

Rhema-Danielle

Dear Johnny,

I'm not ready to write this. And to be honest, I don't think I ever could be truly prepared. How could anyone be ready to put into words something that breaks the heart just thinking about it? I yearn to hear your voice again, but I can't. I keep wishing I'd see your face peek through my window like you used to every morning, at random times during the day and in the evening but there's only silence. I miss singing with you, hearing about your day, and sharing mine. I want one more moment with you, Johnny. To be in your presence again.

I find myself staring at your chats pinned on iMessage, Snapchat, and WhatsApp, hoping desperately that maybe you'll message me and say this was all just one of your jokes. But nothing comes. Johnny, it feels so weird without you. Everything has changed. I don't sleep the same. I can't eat the same. I barely feel like talking. Even the way I move feels unfamiliar. I haven't been the same since I saw you that day lifeless. That image haunts me.

You came to my room to give me something, and I said thank you. That was our last moment. You always used to get upset when I went out of the house without saying goodbye, but this time... you left me. No goodbye. No hug. No tickles. Just gone. We had so many plans, Johnny. I keep

thinking about that Saturday before, during our break, when we went to the law school library. We talked about all the fun things we'd do after my ACCA paper and your A-levels. We spoke about the future; we also discussed university and all the drama happening at your school. All those Instagram reels you sent me of places you wanted us to go to, especially those restaurants with platters you loved. You really liked waakye, and you made me order waakye for us. I wanted to pass the paper I was taking, and you encouraged me that I could do it, Johnny. Just minutes before you passed, you sent me one last reel. A cute place. Writing this is unbearable. I don't know how to put into words what you meant to me or how empty I feel now. How do you explain the pain of losing someone who was part of your everyday, your every plan?

The bond we shared was truly one of a kind. You were more than just my brother and friend. I've searched for the right word to describe our relationship, and the closest I've found is "soulmate" (a friend with whom you share a deep, unique connection built on mutual understanding and acceptance).

You understood me in a way no one else did, Johnny. We talked about everything; nothing was off-limits. You believed in me even when I struggled to believe in myself. You were always proud of me, and you made sure I knew it. On my graduation day, you took numerous photos and shared them with all your friends. It felt like you were the one graduating. When I finished university, you were thrilled. When I started





working, your pride was overwhelming. I was proud of you, too. I was excited about your future and everything you were becoming. You were so kind, so caring, and thoughtful, always checking in on me...

You were the real definition of a sanguine, a bundle of joy. You were always so cheerful and never let things get to you. Your joy was infectious, and it became a part of who I was. And now that you're gone, it feels like that part of me is gone too. You supported me in every way imaginable. You always went out of your way for me; whether it meant taking my phone so I could focus, staying up late to check my results, or encouraging me to keep going with my shea butter business,

When I told you I wanted to go on a break with my shea butter business because I couldn't handle it, you suggested I try buying and selling instead, and you bought me packs of scrunchies and lip glosses from Shein to start. You had such a remarkable gift for business; always dreaming big, thinking creatively, and doing everything with so much passion. Watching you chase your ideas with such determination was truly inspiring. I am so glad that I had the opportunity to support you, too, with everything you set out to do. You always wanted to do things with me and never made me feel left out even though I was the only girl. You baked with me, filmed YouTube videos with me, shared your snacks, and spent time with me. You never stopped believing in me.

Every time I felt discouraged after not doing well in an ACCA paper, you were right there reminding me of my strength, cheering me on, and pushing me to keep going. Your faith in me

gave me the courage to keep trying to excel at great heights.

When my faith felt unsteady and I was struggling to find my place in Christianity, you would send me uplifting songs and gently encourage me to go to church with you. You reminded me to take my walk with God seriously, and your quiet strength helped guide me back. Though you were my younger brother, you shared wisdom beyond your years, wisdom I'll hold onto forever. You had a heart full of hope and a spirit that always leaned toward the light. No matter what life threw your way, you chose to see the good.

Your positivity was a quiet strength that lifted everyone around you, including me. You lived life with such joy and freedom; it was as if the world opened its arms to you. You chased what made you happy, and somehow, everything you wished for found its way to you. Watching you live so fully was truly inspiring. I deeply admired the way you carried yourself, with such confidence and unwavering belief in who you were. You never doubted your worth, and that self-assurance was something I looked up to more than you ever knew. You were always so in tune with me, so present, so aware.

You could sense when something was wrong, even before I said a word. Whenever I was feeling low, you'd show up with your warm smile, a silly joke, or just your quiet presence, and somehow, everything felt lighter. It meant the world to know someone saw me that clearly and cared that deeply.

Just a few days before you passed, I was feeling overwhelmed, tired, anxious, and weighed down

by the pressure of my upcoming paper. I told you how I felt, and without hesitation, you stopped studying, walked into my room, and started tickling me, to make me laugh. In that simple, silly moment, you reminded me of the joy in life and how deeply you cared.

You had such a calm, peaceful spirit, and even when you upset me, you always found the most unexpected and touching ways to say sorry. Whether it was through a funny gesture, a sweet message, or just sitting quietly beside me, you always knew how to make things right and somehow make me smile through it all.

You were always so generous, always thinking of me in the smallest, sweetest ways. I still remember how you'd surprise me with little gifts from Shein and AliExpress especially those cute stickers and phone cases you knew I loved.

It wasn't about the things themselves, but the love behind them. You made me feel seen, remembered, and cherished. The last gift you gave me which was a silver heart-shaped necklace means more to me than words can say. I will cherish it always, and wear it close to my heart as a reminder of your love and your thoughtfulness

I miss you so much, Johnny.

I miss you every single day, and deep down, I know you miss me too. I imagine you can't wait to tell me all about what it's like on the other side. I wonder what it's like for you. Are you really walking on streets of gold? Do you have a mansion in heaven? Have you seen Grandma? What kind of food do you eat there? Are you singing with the angels? There's so much I want to know. It hurts so much knowing I won't hear

your voice again until we meet on the other side. You were so full of life. I loved dropping you off at school and picking you up. I loved running our little lollipop business together. I loved making YouTube videos with you. I'll miss how you always took so many pictures of me. I loved painting with you, making tie-dye shirts, watching Marvel movies, and going to the cinema whenever a new one came out.

I loved laughing with you at all those comedy shows. I miss your laughter so much. I loved singing with you, baking Christmas cakes and apple pies, and talking about family drama. I just loved spending time with you.

It's so hard to believe you're gone. I feel empty. I feel so sad. All I have now are the memories but I'm so grateful for them. Thankful that I got to experience a bond so beautiful. You were amazing, Johnny. The best brother anyone could ever ask for. You were my blessing. Living the rest of my life without you feels impossible, but I promise to live for you.

I promise to bring to life all the businesses you dreamed of. I promise to become successful for you. I promise to tell the world about your art. I promise to carry your legacy with pride. I love you so much, my Johnny. I will make you proud. Keep cheering me on from heaven. Ask God for all the things I wish for just like you used to ask Mum and Dad for me.

18 May will always be my heartbreak anniversary.

Love you, my Legend.

Goodnight, mysoulmate.

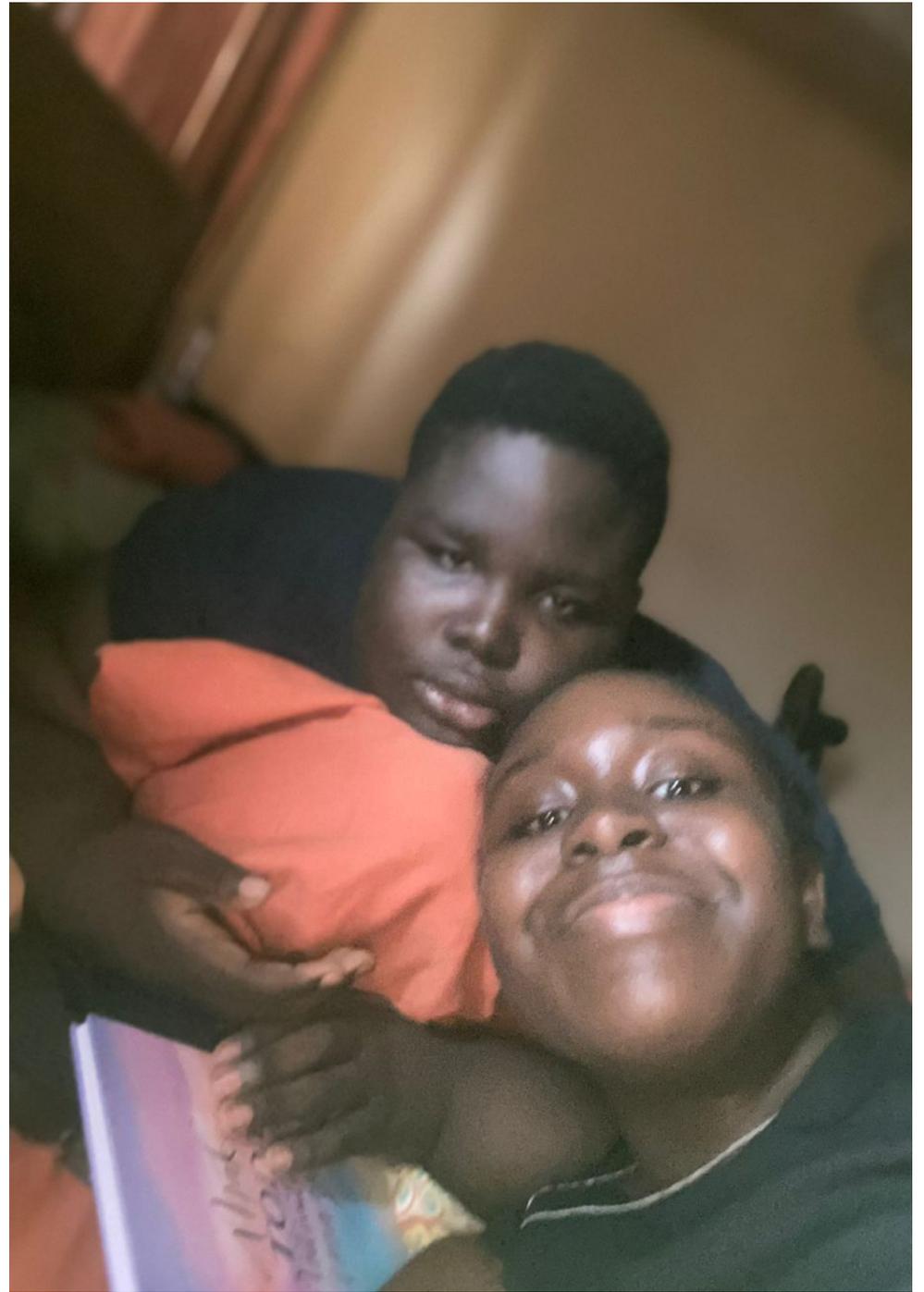
Rest well till we meet again on the other side.

Rhee









From a Grieving Grandmother

Grandma Janet

***"Yɛn nnipamma nkyeha koraa.
Yesen rekɔso sɛ sunsuma.
Yɛn susumarewarea.
Yahu no sɛ aderesa"***

Presby Hymn Book 770 v1

It is very difficult to write a tribute about you, my grandson.

Ao, what a shock it was when your uncle, Bishop Kwasi Ampofo, came to the house early Monday morning to inform me of your sudden departure to heaven.

Johnny, you were the 10th among the grandchildren, and you would always respond cheerfully, "Yiw Grandma," to any question I asked.

You were a quiet and reserved young man—perhaps a little shy around me—but we often chatted on WhatsApp, where you would share with me updates about your school programs.

We mostly spoke Twi, and I fondly remember the beautiful tribute you paid to me, Grandma Janet, during my 80th birthday celebration. It was such a precious moment.

As I was asking the Lord why He took you so soon, He gently said to me:

"Be rest assured, your Johnny is in my hands now. I have sent angels to meet him and take him to his final resting place, where real peace and everlasting life awaits."

Johnny, may the Good Lord hold you in His safe keeping - till we meet again.



Johnny, My Godson, My Joy



With Love From Your Godmother *Auntie Catherine*

Nothing warms my heart more than reading a note from Johnny on my birthday, Mother's Day, or any other occasion where he would sign off with "your godson." At that moment, if I could buy the entire world for him, I would.

I would sit on my bed, stare at his message with a big smile, and simply imagine those words coming from his pure heart, whispered through his soft-spoken voice. I've always felt incredibly proud to be Johnny's godmother.

From the moment you were born until the very end, you were a shining star. You made us all so incredibly proud every single year of your life. You were a polite and confident young man who never allowed anyone to put you down. You were such a joy to be around, always cracking funny jokes to lighten the mood.

Some people here would know the famous Oboshie joke. Your mom would share all your little gossip with me, and we would both laugh and say, "Eiii Johnny." I remember how you would always comment on my dressing, making sure I was on point before I went up to sing in the choir.

I cherished those very personal comments from you because they made me feel special and loved by my godson. I love you too, Johnny.

I also enjoyed listening to you sing whenever I heard you. You loved worshipping God. Now, you have the

perfect opportunity to worship your God with a pure heart and face to face with him. You fought bravely through all the challenges in your life and kept your faith in our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, above all else. That's very important.

On the afternoon of Sunday, 18 May, you shocked us with your sudden departure. It was completely unexpected because you weren't sick or anything like that. All I knew was that my godson, who had made me so proud with his O-level results, was going to do even better with his A-levels. I had no idea that I only had 19 years of my sweet godson. I am so proud of you, Johnny.

Since we can't explain your departure, we would rather find comfort in the Holy Scriptures, knowing that our father in heaven has all under his control.

Psalms 116:15 NLT- "The Lord cares deeply when his loved ones die."

Dear Johnny, if you look down and see us crying, it's not because we didn't recognize your special qualities or appreciate the time we spent with you. In fact, we're simply expressing our deep sadness and the profound miss we have for you already.

But look at how we're all adorned in white and blue, celebrating you and sharing cherished memories of you. This should tell you how much you're loved and cherished. We're grateful to God for enriching our lives with you. We truly enjoyed your company. Our memories of you are filled with sweetness.

Rest well, my dear godson, until we meet again in glory.

With Love from Johnny's Uncles and Aunties

Uncle Felix Asante and Aunty Naa Odey Asante



13th April 2025

Johnny: "Hello Aunty Naa, so sorry for the late response, Mummy had an event in the house today, and I was helping serve, and it really escaped me. Sorry once more. Please, since it's late, would tomorrow be okay?"

Naa: "Yes, please tomorrow anytime after 3pm"

Johnny: "Noted, yes please"

14th April 2025

Johnny: "Hello "

Naa: "Can I call now?"

Johnny: "Yes please"

Naa: "Ok great. Calling!"

He had plans.

We spoke not long ago—just a month past.

He was excited, thoughtful, choosing his path with care.

And we were meant to meet again, over lunch, to dream aloud about his recital, his book launch, his future. I had

found my writing pal, my dreaming mate. I dreamt about the books we would write together.

I had fantasised about his poetry book debut. The book that would carry his voice out into the world.

At 18, he held within him a light, a universe of words, weaving poetry with the grace of someone who saw the world differently not just as it was, but as it could be — another Shakespeare? Or Chaucer?

Now, that light has dimmed—but it burns fiercely in every poem he left behind.

He had plans,

For the university that awaited his bright mind, He couldn't wait to enter the Legon that everybody alluded to in the conversations. You promised to spend more time with Uncle Felix when you got there.

Uncle Felix had dreams for you as well. He was waiting, anticipating your matriculation. He said he had to ensure you got a good hostel and had a good time settling in. After all you were the last baby.

But fate had other plans

Our family is devastated.

His parents, inconsolable.

His siblings, broken.

His cousins, shocked

His friends, lost.

And I... I still catch myself waiting for a message, still holding on to the idea that this isn't real.

But through this grief, I still believe:

God is in control. Even in this storm.

Isaiah 4:6 – "For a place of refuge a shelter from the storm"

Psalms 93:4 "Mightier than the waves of the sea. The Lord on high is mighty"

Poem: *The Day Johnny Died*

It was a rainy day—
not the gentle kind,
but torrents, as if the sky itself had broken
beneath the weight of what it knew.
Clouds gathered not for weather,
but to mourn.

A storm, because he was leaving us.
The trees stood silent,
drenched in disbelief.

And I, I was on a bus to Tadi
That's where I was when we last spoke
But this time
I could not speak. Not because the rain gave me a hefty
beating but because I dared to ask why Lord?

It's not true you know I chuckled
I will get news in the morrow
How could this be?
He was just here.

Laughing, dreaming, planning.
So much left undone.
So many pages left unwritten.

It's today and the rain has stopped: but you are gone
I whisper a prayer—

not of understanding,
but of surrender.

Because now the news has broken,
And we have all now awoken
God was still in control.

And maybe, just maybe,
He needed a poet in heaven.

A Tribute to My Beloved Johnny *Aileen and Maxwell Abbey*



Sunday, 18 May 2025, is a day I will never forget. I had just returned from church, feeling uplifted and peaceful, when I decided to check my WhatsApp status updates.

As I scrolled, I saw Johnny's pictures flooding David's status—image after image of his vibrant smile, accompanied by crying emojis. My heart skipped a beat. Something wasn't right. I picked up the phone and called Auntie Vera immediately. And then came the words I never wanted to hear: "Johnny is gone."

Gone? No... it couldn't be. Not Johnny. Not the young man so full of life. My Johnny... gone too soon. Far, far too soon.

Johnny was more than a nephew—he was like the son I never had. There was a gentleness about him, a

kindness that wrapped around him like a warm blanket. He carried joy in his smile and light in his eyes.

Every time I visited, he welcomed me with open arms and a heart wide open. He would sit with me, chat with me, and laugh with me. He never made me feel like a guest. He made me feel like family. His presence was truly a gift. Johnny had a way of making you feel seen, heard, and loved. He paid attention to the little things, always asking if I had eaten, if I was comfortable, if there was anything I needed. It's those small, tender moments I will miss the most.

Now I ask myself—who will be there to share those simple joys with me when I visit? Who will meet me at the door with that radiant smile and warm embrace? The silence you've left behind is deafening, Johnny. The space you once filled feels unbearably empty.

We were all so proud of you. We watched as you matured, facing your studies with determination and grace. We were counting down the days to your graduation. We were eagerly waiting for your trip to the U.S.; already planning the places we would take you, and the memories we would create. But those dreams have now become echoes of what could have been.

Still, even in sorrow, I find comfort in the hope that you are resting in the arms of your Heavenly Father. That your beautiful soul is at peace, free from pain, basking in the glory of your Maker. That hope is the only balm for this grief. Johnny, my dear, you will never be forgotten. You have left fingerprints on our hearts that time cannot erase. I pray that one day, we will meet again, where there are no goodbyes, no sorrow, no parting.

Until that day comes, rest well in the eternal peace of God.

You are deeply loved. You are profoundly missed.
Farewell, Johnny!

To My Johnny *Aunty Vera and Uncle Lamar Hall*

The news of your early departure really shocked us on Sunday afternoon, 18 May 2025. Your time with us was far too short. We were preparing to celebrate your graduation this June, not a celebration of your life.

It hurts to know that you are gone, and to be writing a tribute instead, because you had such a promising future. But God needed you for your next assignment—to join the angelic choir in heaven, singing praises to the Almighty for eternity.

"My Johnny" is what I called you, because you were one of my favourite nephews. I will always remember you as vibrant, brave, intelligent, and charming, with that cool, big smile.

"Eiiii... Aunty Vera"—that's what you would have said right after hearing this. I am at peace knowing that you are resting well in heaven, until we meet again someday. I will miss you so much, My Johnny. Gone too soon, but forever in our hearts. Heaven has gained an angel—John Carpus Nana Kwaku Ampofo.

Nante yie... dayie... rest well, nephew.

Uncle Charles Asante

Dear Johnny,

I am lost for words today as we bid you farewell on your sudden demise. I had not seen you for some time, and I was hoping to see you in December for Kendrick's birthday, but I missed you. I was happy to see you at Grandma's funeral; you had grown so fast.

You were such an adorable nephew. The news of your demise shocked me so much, and it was hard to believe. The plans of man are many, but God is the ultimate.

I know you are in heaven, where there is no sorrow. Rest in perfect peace till we meet again.

Aunty Evelyn Oye Asante



Isaiah 57:1- *“The righteous man perishes, and no one lays it to heart; devout men are taken away, while no one understands. For the righteous man is taken away from calamity”*

Johnny, today your body is before us, and our hearts are heavy with sorrow. You were very lovely, intelligent and full of fun.

During Grandma's funeral, you insisted on taking a picture with me on my phone; little did I know that would be the last picture with you.

It has pleased God to call you at this young age, even though it is difficult to comprehend, God knows best. As Christians, we have hope in the fact that we will see you again.

Rest well in Heaven Johnny, till we meet again.

Tribute to John-Carpus Uncle Eugene Asante

John will always be remembered for his kind heart. You were respectful and loving to us all. Your passing shocked us all but we are reminded of the joy you brought to the family. Though we are heartbroken; we celebrate your resilience and strength.

We celebrate the young man that you had become. We celebrate your work and your passions, your music and literature.

Rest in peace John.

Bishop Kwasi Ampofo And Dr. Mrs. Evelyn Ampofo

2 Corinthians 5:1, 6-8 (KJV)

“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord: (For we walk by faith, not by sight:) We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.”

Johnny, we shall miss you. Your time here was short, but despite that, you made a big impact on many lives, with your soft-spokenness, your wit, and your sense of humour.

We were looking forward to seeing you tick off the various landmark stages of life, but alas, you departed when barely a third of that journey was done. It was, indeed, a short life your Maker had designed for you.

Yet we believe the Scripture is true, and we are confident that you are now joyfully with your Saviour and Master, Jesus. You can now respond to the heavenly roll call, saying, “Present in Heaven, absent on the earth.”

To my dear Nephew Johnny Uncle Young

It is sad for me to quote this old English ritual again in less than two and a half years...

“Death is a subject that admits no levity when mentioned by mortals because the young may die, the old must die, and the wisest knowest not how soon.”

When I received the call from Kwame that evening, I let out a hushed moan and sobbed. My Johnny! He was the most loving of all my nephews and I have mentioned time and again to his parents, how much promise he held. He was kind. He was peace-loving and always had a kind word to give. He was helpful and ever willing to support in spite of anything. I promised my children a few months ago that I wouldn't grieve anymore, but Johnny, you made me cry.

At this crossroads, I want the pain to subside for your mother, father, siblings, the family, and even for me. *“And now to you the living, I say: Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, even so saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours.”*

Johnny, may the Angels and all the Martyrs welcome you into paradise.
Johnny, Dayie.
Johnny, Kafra wai.

Aunty Yaa

My dearest son, though your absence is a constant ache in my heart, I am eternally grateful for the years we had together. Your smile, your laugh and your gentle spirit will forever be etched in my memory. You were a bright light and I will always cherish the love and laughter we shared.

Though you may be gone, your memory lives on in our hearts.

*Uncle Gottfried , Aunty Anita ,
Jayden and Jesse*



Johnny,

It has been difficult writing a tribute today. Heaven is a beautiful place because they have such a good and a soft-spoken boy. The sorrow we felt when we heard of your demise has been replaced by a sudden joy because we know you are in heaven.

Jayden and Jesse have lost a caring and loving cousin because they have not forgotten how you made them feel the first time they visited you in Accra.

Jayden said mummy I won't cry again because Johnny has wings now. Rest well, Johnny, and always use your soft voice to intercede for us...

Johnny, my Pageboy!
Bishop Isaac Ssali



Isaiah 57:1 (NLT)

*"Good people pass away;
the godly often die before their time.
But no one seems to care or wonder why.
No one seems to understand
that God is protecting them from the evil to come."*

I got to know Johnny when he was still a toddler, between the ages of 2 and 5 years. Even though I was much older than him, he considered me his friend, and I had no option but to also consider him my young friend. Funny as it may sound, he used to share nice baby stories with me, sing Barney's songs to me, dance around, and sometimes promise to bring me his Teletubbies DVDs, which he actually did.

When he was in K church, he would drop off from his Mum's car and rush to my office; the tithe office, and boldly declare that he wanted me to walk him to church. I was always happy to walk him across the Adelaide chapel courtyard all the way to his church. Sometimes, he would wait for me to pick him up from church.

When his older siblings took him to church, he would tell them that he wanted to come to my office. That was our bond. With his lunch box, he would come and have lunch at my office. When his mum realized how close we were, she decided to bring plastic chair from home. Believe it or not, Johnny would happily sit on that chair, which could fit under my table, and have his lunch without interruptions under my watch.

There were times when his mum could not pick him up from school, and I would willingly and happily volunteer to pick him up. As for Johnny, all his siblings knew that once it was my car, there was no contention about who would sit in the front because that was Johnny's permanent seat.

While other parents were waiting to pick their children up from the gate, I would go all the way to his class to pick up my Johnny. When it was time for my wedding, according to Johnny, it was our wedding - how could I leave out my buddy?

Your guess is as good as mine. Johnny was my pageboy!! Looking back, I now know that God brought you into my life to teach me about parenting, which I am still learning.

Our relationship continued to grow as I watched Johnny grow from infancy to adulthood. When God blessed me with my children, Johnny was the uncle to them. Johnny was very affable, even though he was much younger than me.

There was something unique about him; he would reason like an adult and sustain a conversation with any adult. I know you're in a good place, but my pageboy, "I am missing you!" is an understatement.

I don't want to recount my experiences when I found out you had gone to be with the Lord; I choose to remember the good times we had together. You will forever be loved and missed.

A Tribute to “My Johnny”

Aunty Benny

"The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched — they must be felt with the heart." —Helen Keller

Physically, you may no longer be seen or touched, but your memory and the impact of your life will forever live on in our hearts.

Whenever your mum and I spoke or messaged, it was always, “How is everyone?” and “How is my Johnny?” My Johnny — this is such a heavy blow. I still can't believe you're really gone.

Writing this tribute is the hardest thing I've ever had to do. You had your whole life ahead of you — or so we thought. But God knows best.

Your gentle voice, your warm hugs, your boundless love — they are etched into my heart and will be deeply missed.

Your famous fried yam and sardines, always lovingly prepared and beautifully served, will never be forgotten. It's hard to accept that our chats on what I should get for you — the ones that always made your mum just a little jealous — have come to an end.

I've read and reread our messages. The last one you sent ended with a red heart. That heart now carries more meaning than ever before.

Romans 14:8 says:

“If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So then, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.”

Because we belong to the Lord, I hold on to the promise that we shall meet again at the resurrection.

Until then, rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord.

Till we meet again, my Johnny —
Fare thee well

A Tribute to Johnny, my twin Oboshie

Aunty Laretta



Johnny was a light in our lives — radiant, joyful, and full of love. At just 19 years old, he left an imprint that most people take a lifetime to make. He was a deeply loving and caring soul, whose heart stretched wide enough to embrace everyone around him.

He had the unmistakable spirit of a sanguine — always cheerful, always bubbling with energy, always ready to make others laugh. His presence could brighten a room, lift a heavy heart, or turn an ordinary moment into a memory.

If you were sad, Johnny would find a way to make you smile. If you were happy, he'd celebrate with you as if it were his own joy. He carried the rare gift of making people feel seen, heard, and loved.

But more than anything, Johnny loved God. His faith was not just in the things he said, but in how he lived — with gratitude for the past and trust in God for the future.

Even his final words to the world — “We look back and thank God. We look forward and we trust God” — is a testimony to the kind of soul he was: anchored in hope, guided by faith.

Though his time with us was short, the impact of his life is eternal. I can practically hear his voice saying hello to me anytime I went to their house (“Aunty Laretta, good afternoon!”).

I miss him more than words can express, but we take comfort in knowing that he is in the presence of the One he loved most — his God.

Johnny you will forever be our joy, our sunshine, and our beautiful reminder of God's grace. I love you endlessly my Johnny, my twin Oboshie.

Aunty Monica



My dear Johnny, writing this tribute has been one of the most difficult things I have had to do.

I just can't seem to string my thoughts together to write a befitting tribute to your memory. Rather, I keep sighing deeply and whispering to myself “Oh Johnny”.

Oh Johnny, my happy, caring, respectful, peoples' person, and proud member of my cake fan club, why...

Did you have to leave us so suddenly at this time? You were so full of promise and had many wonderful dreams and aspirations for the future. I do not doubt that you would have achieved them all by the grace of God, given your determination and good attitude, but alas ...

I have a thousand and one questions running through my mind, and even though I do not have any answers, I have hope.

I have hope that you are in a better place, I have hope that your good works shall follow you; I have hope that we shall meet again

Until then, rest well my dear Johnny.

God be with you till we meet again

Frank, Louisa, Debie-Ann and Caleb Gaisie



Psalm 116:15 KJV "Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints."

We gather to mourn Johnny and to honour and celebrate his beautiful impactful life. We cherish the wonderful times we spent with Johnny and family

during our visit to Ghana. You brought colour to our times together.

Those precious memories - from looking out for your older siblings to ensuring they were always okay - will forever be in our hearts. Debbie-Ann and Caleb fondly recall the joyful moments you all shared together, even calling you "our little annoying brother" with affection.

Your singing and incredible sense of humour brought so much light into our lives. It feels unimaginable that you're no longer with us, but we find comfort in knowing that your laughter continues to echo through our lives. We love you, special one, and for the moments you made us laugh until we cried.

Goodbye, Johnny. Our hearts ache deeply, but our smiles remain because you taught us the true meaning of joy. In the midst of trials, we can have the joy of the Lord.

Your sense of humour — sharp and always perfectly timed — lit up every room. Whether it was your clever comebacks or the way you could turn even the darkest day into a reason to smile, you had a rare and precious gift. You made us laugh until we cried, and now we cry because you're gone. You were more than just funny — you were kind, thoughtful, and always there when someone needed cheering up.

Rest in peace, dear Johnny, until we meet again. Keep singing in heaven!

Aunty Maggie

There are some people who walk into your life and leave footprints on your heart that time can never erase. Johnny was one of those rare souls.

At just 19, Johnny had a way of making everyone around him feel special, loved, and remembered. I will forever cherish the way he would light up and call me "Aunty Maggie" - not just once, but ten times in a minute, each

time with the same genuine warmth and affection. Those moments, which might have seemed ordinary then, now feel like precious gems I get to hold onto forever.

Through Johnny, I was blessed to meet and grow close to his wonderful mother and siblings. What I discovered was that Johnny's beautiful spirit wasn't an accident - it was nurtured by a family full of love. The bond we've all formed through our love for Johnny is something I will treasure always. Thank you for sharing your beautiful mother with me.

My Johnny, thank you for calling me "Aunty Maggie" with such joy, and sharing your beautiful heart with me.

You will never be gone from my heart.

Until we meet again, rest in peace my Johnny.





For Johnny - The Cousin Who Made Family Fun

Samantha Abbey

This is probably the hardest thing I've ever had to do. This is the first tribute I've ever written, and I never imagined it would be for you, Johnny. You're only 19. We're the same age, just five months apart. And now, you're gone. Weeks have passed, and it still doesn't feel real. I sit here flooded with memories, trying to find the words to capture what your life meant, but nothing feels like enough. How do you begin to write about someone who still feels so alive in your heart?

There are so many memories and words that flood my mind when I think about your life, Johnny. So much joy and laughter, so much light. You're gone, and even now, I still can't believe it. I don't even know if I can find the right words to explain what your life meant to me, what your absence now feels like. You were 19. We were supposed to have decades ahead of us.

We live our lives hoping for long years, milestones, and shared celebrations. We assume we'll have time. We call it the circle of life. We tell ourselves death comes when we are old, when we've done it all. But no one prepares you for losing someone so young. No one tells you how to carry the weight of unexpected loss, especially when that someone is part of you, your family, your generation, your mirror. Johnny, why did you have to leave so soon?

I remember when my mother told me the news that Sunday. I stood frozen. Her voice became a blur. I sat in my room replaying every memory, trying to grasp the impossible, that I would never see you again.

Johnny, I pray you are looking down on us now, smiling with peace we can't yet feel. I keep asking, why did you have to leave so soon? There's now a gap between me

and the other cousins in our family, a space only you filled. With all of us cousins spread out around the world, you and I were the close ones. Even living in two different countries, eight hours apart on a flight, we stayed connected. That's rare. That's special. That's something I'll never take for granted.

We didn't get to share all our childhood together in person, but the memories we did make transcend any distance. They live inside me now. I remember when you came to the U.S. and Auntie Vera took Steffanie, you, and I shopping, and you chose a Build-A-Bear. I remember seeing you every morning before school in Ghana in 2018, sitting together eating breakfast, waiting for you to get home so we could talk and laugh and be cousins. I remembered the candy and snacks we ate in the family room while playing cards.

I remembered church, where I sang in the choir and you worked with the media team, and how we'd eat together afterward in the church's restaurant. I remember the time in Cape Coast, the first time I ever ate garden egg stew, sitting with you, just being together. Everything in the world was good. And maybe back then, it was.

Johnny, we used to call ourselves twins because we were just five months apart. And we felt like twins too, texting, teasing each other, laughing. I remember you getting annoyed when I didn't text back quickly, and I wish I had. I wish I had said yes when you asked me to watch that Descendants prequel. You loved that movie so much, and now I'd give anything to watch it with you one more time. The second time I came to Ghana I cried when it was time to go back to America, not just because I was leaving Ghana, but because I was leaving you.

I remember the original cousins group chat and we all got



into the huge fight where everyone got so mad at us, and we rallied together and called ourselves “twins.”

You made me laugh like no one else. I still hear your voice. I can hear you saying “Ei” the way only you could.

You'd laugh at me trying to learn Twi and then tell me to just speak English because I was “butchering it.” I remember us just sitting in the guest room with Rhema, quietly or laughing out loud on our phones. Just being near you was enough.

There was that night in 2018 when you and David taught me how to play that video game. I waited patiently for my turn, and you fell asleep as I was playing. You were the reason I was excited to go back to Ghana. Every time I visited, I waited eagerly for you to finish school so we could hang out.

The last time I visited Ghana; I had no idea it would be our last time meeting. I begged for us to go visit Grandma Janet together and thank God we did. We pounded fufu, shared cocoa from the farm, and laughed until we fell asleep in the living room because we were too scared to sleep alone. Grandma woke us up in the morning and sent us back to our rooms and now I wish she could wake us up from this. From this pain. From this reality.

You took pictures of me at the Lancaster pool. You went painting with me. You didn't say it out loud, but I know you were happy when Rhema and I made it last minute to your award ceremony. I'll never forget your smile in the crowd as you accepted your award. If I had known that night would be the last time I'd see you in this life, I would've hugged you tighter. I would've stayed in Ghana a week longer.

Most of our time together was in the kitchen, making pancakes, baking cakes, frying indomie, sharing TikToks and videos on our phones. We would laughing in the car whilst riding to church and visiting friends.

I never got to see you sing on stage, but I remember

sitting in the kitchen and hearing your voice from upstairs, always singing your heart out. You had a voice that reached beyond rooms, now it reaches into my heart and echoes in the silence.

I still wake up in a panic. I still forget for a moment that you're gone. I still imagine you're at school in Ghana, waiting for the next break, the next vacation, the next hug. Every time I go back, I'll be searching for you. And I'll be crushed all over again when I remember you're not there.

We used to dream about what our weddings would look like. That of all other cousins as well and what they'd look like. Now I have to imagine that day without you, and it doesn't seem real. It doesn't seem fair. We would talk about our dreams, the cities we'd visit together. You wanted to travel, Johnny. You wanted to study in America and go to school in California. You dreamed of school in America. You wanted to visit New York, D.C., and L.A. To know those dreams won't come true breaks my heart in ways I can't explain. Johnny, you are forever 19. You took a piece of me with you, and I'll carry your memory with me every day I walk this earth. I see your face in my mind. I hear your voice in my dreams. I thought of you today. I thought of you yesterday. And I'll think of you tomorrow, and the next day, and the next.

When we said goodbye at the airport, I thought I'd see you again. I really believed that. I held onto that hope. I smiled for the photos we took, never knowing those would be the last. I wished you a happy birthday and hoped for many more birthdays. I thought we had time. Nobody teaches you how to grieve someone so young. Nobody tells you how to understand death when it knocks too early, when it's so unfair it takes your breath away. But I hold on to the truth that God knows.

That even when we don't, He sees the bigger picture. And somehow, in our confusion and heartbreak, He's still here. He's holding us, hearing our cries, and walking with us through this valley.

Oh Johnny, my heart aches in ways I can't explain. What I've lost can never be replaced, but your memory, your laughter, your love... they stay with me forever. Even in my grief, I know this: God knows. Even in the pain we can't understand, God sees. He holds. He hears. He is near the broken hearted. Johnny, rest well in eternity. You will never be forgotten. You will never stop being missed. Forever 19. Forever loved.

“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

Ken Asante

Johnny was a generous, creatively talented and affable person. His perspective, curiosity and infectious warm personality always amazed me. One interesting thing I noticed about Johnny as he grew up, was his laser focus and the clarity he had on what he wanted to do. He was quite ambitious.

Johnny will never hesitate to ask me all his questions until he was comfortable. I always made sure to answer all his questions and we will always find something to laugh about in our conversations. I will miss Johnny's warm smile any time I pledge support to his perspective or shared a common interest.

My fondest memory of Johnny was his love for his older brother David and sister Rhema. Growing up David and Johnny were inseparable, and he will always hold his big brother's hand wherever they went. David took pride in explaining things to Johnny any time he asked his questions from a very young age.

I also admired how much he loved and supported Rhema, and their inseparable bond with Grandma Mary. Rhema showed support for Johnny's creative pursuits. She was one of his biggest fans and study partner.

Johnny's free spirit was a joy to watch, whether he was mimicking an accent (very accurately), talking about his

future ambition or why he didn't agree with an opinion of his older siblings.

Johnny's death has broken my heart.

Our last conversation was about how much he was looking forward to starting a career in accounting and how he will eventually look to manage his own hours efficiently to limit excess late nights. I was looking forward to mentor him to navigate this world of work to create his own impact.

I will miss Johnny's warm smile, his kindness, soft mannered nature and drive.

Rest in peace awesome Johnny. You will remain in our hearts forever. Though your time with us was far too short, the light you brought into our lives will never fade.

Adelaide Asante



Johnny was always full of smiles and cheerful whenever I visited. He would playfully accuse me of not checking up on him enough, and my response was always, "I'll do better." During one of our chats, he saved his number on my phone simply as "Johnny"

Visits home often felt like an interrogation, as Johnny's

curiosity knew no bounds. He loved asking me all sorts of questions, and I vividly recall Grandma Mary chiding him— "Johnny wo ha Adelaide," to which he shyly and softly replied, "Oh Grandma, I just want to know."

The last time we met, I gave you a ride, and you shared your excitement about finishing your A Levels soon and starting university. You spoke of your dream to one day own multiple businesses when you began working.

I promised you that once your exams were over, I would give you a call so we could have lunch together, as I had vowed to be a better big sister to you. Sadly, we won't have that lunch date on this side of the world, but I look forward to the day we meet in heaven, where we can have even more glorious dates and spend eternity together.

Today, as we gather, we celebrate your life- a life, though short, lived to its fullest. Although you are no longer with us, you will remain forever in our hearts and cherished in our memories. Rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord

Abena and Ewurasi Asante

Johnny, the one who never backs out of an argument. Johnny made sure to share his thoughts on issues dear to his heart.

O what a sweet soul we had the privilege to call our cousin. He was calm, kind, warm and fun to be around. This is the Johnny we will always cherish in our hearts.

We never got the chance to say this, but here we go! Johnny, we were proud of you. Auntie Naa couldn't stop praising your beautiful poems. We were looking forward to the great pieces. We know the world was about to be amazed by them. We thank God for that.

We mourn the loss of everything you were going to be. Forging your own path among the cousins and smashing it. No longer the baby of the group, but our accomplished cousin.

Even in this difficult time, we thank God for the privilege of knowing you, your smile and your individuality. God gave us 19 years with you, though short, we are grateful to have known you. We are grateful to call you, our cousin. Knowing you're in perfect bliss at God's side, matching God's smile, comforts us.

Goodbye Johnny. Continue to rest in perfect peace Johnny.

In Loving Memory of our dear cousin Johnny

Raymond, Linus and Hilda





Isaiah 55:8-9 *“For My thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your ways My ways, says the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts.”*

Wow, Johnny, the news of your passing came as a complete surprise to us. Although we didn't grow up side by side or share everyday moments, the news of your passing still hit with a weight we didn't expect because family, no matter the distance or the frequency of connection, is always a part of us.

We are happy and grateful to have spent quality time with you and your family during our visit to Ghana and your visit to us in the US. We vividly remember the times we shared. Your smile, your giggles, your spirit, and your youth. The kind of energy that reminds us of life's beginning, of all the potential the world holds for someone just starting out.

You were smart, sweet, funny, family-oriented, driven, and continued to pursue your dreams. It hurts to think that your story ended so soon. It's a loss felt not only by those closest to you, but also by the extended branches

of our family tree, people like us, who may have watched from afar but still held pride in who you were becoming. We may not have known every detail of your life, but we know you held many passions, dreams, and aspirations. Life was just beginning for you. Your absence is leaving a quiet space in many hearts.

We know your life had meaning, and we believe that meaning will live on in the people you touched, the memories you leave behind, and the love that surrounds you now. Johnny, you will be deeply missed, but you will never be forgotten.

Your memory will live on in our hearts and in the lives of all those you touched. May you rest peacefully. Hug our mom and grandma for us in Heaven.

Love Always

Vanessa, Nana Agyemang and Angelica Kyei

Johnny was a sweet little boy and grew up to be a wonderfully kind and lovely young man. Anytime the various families from the Ampofo clan congregated, Johnny was sure to leave an amazing impression on us all.

From his love for Christ to his extensive knowledge of pop culture and passion for music and singing, he made all the cousins laugh and smile with his bubbly nature. His ability to be inclusive and make everyone feel welcomed was well noticed and appreciated by us.

We love you, Johnny; you will be dearly missed by us all. Your kind heart will live on in our memories and hearts forever. It's absolutely devastating that we lost you so young, but your personality has left a positive and unwavering mark on us all.

Till we meet again, rest in perfect peace.

Michael Ampofo and Rachael Oteng



Johnny... You were so young and so full of life. You had so much potential ahead of you. We never got to know whether you would follow in the footsteps of Rhema in the Business School or join David in the Legal Fraternity. Perhaps, you would have charted a new path altogether.

One thing we're reminded of in this difficult time is that death is no respecter of persons. It does not take into consideration the life yet to be lived. We must make the most of every moment we have here on Earth, for no one knows when the bell will toll for them.

We saw you singing happily in the choir while you were here. We certainly can't imagine the brightness of your smile as you've joined Heaven's Glorious Voices Choir, with God as your audience.

Johnny, we shall meet again on the other side. Until then, keep on shining.

Steffanie Abbey

Never would I have thought that our family would be preparing for a funeral for one of my cousins so soon.

Finally, after 6 years, I was able to make it to Ghana so I could see my cousins. I had made plans to bake and have a lot of fun with you, Johnny. Then, this unexpected news changed the trajectory of this trip. I wondered if I should

have tried harder to come earlier. I would have gotten to see you, Johnny.

My heart breaks thinking about this. There was so much more life that you should have experienced. Lord, have mercy. However, we thank the Lord for the days that you got to live. Hmmm. It is well. Thank you, Jesus, for the life of Johnny. Gone so soon, but I pray you are resting easy.

Until we meet again, Johnny.

To our beloved Johnny *Winston Kwabena Benneh*

I first met Johnny at Grandpa George's Residence at Ritz, where the whole family had come to visit.

He immediately caught everybody's attention as he was everywhere to the extent that Daddy and Mummy wanted to restrict him, but his very good friend, Grandpa, was always on his side, to be left alone and enjoy himself while there. Since he was the youngest among his siblings and very young at the time, he was always fun to be with.

We once again met at Kwawu Mpraeso as Part of their regular visits to grandpa. Always bubbling and full of life. What makes me remember Johnny most was our recent meeting at Grandma Mary's funeral. I intercepted him, exchanged pleasantries and talked about his school matters including what he was pursuing and what he wanted to be, amongst others. Afterwards, we will shake hands whenever he passed by, always giving a beaming smile.

He had been very energetic and enjoyable to be with. Hearing the shocking news of his sudden demise still feels unreal. Even though it's very difficult to comprehend this unexpected and untimely passing, we can only comfort ourselves and trust the words of God Almighty in Jeremiah 29:11. And we must trust him.

Johnny, our friend and cousin, will always continue to be in our hearts and minds forever.

Johnny Rest in Perfect Peace!

To Honour My Beloved Cousin *Daniela and Henry Owusu*

To honour our beloved cousin, we find ourselves reflecting on the countless memories we shared—from childhood adventures to more recent times. Though distance was sometimes a barrier, the little time we had with you was filled with laughter, understanding, and a deep sense of connection.

Whenever Auntie Yaa came around, you always asked how we were doing, and we truly appreciated that. Your ability to light up any room with your smile and your unwavering support during tough times will always be cherished.

Though you may be gone, the impact you had on me and my brother will forever remain. You will be profoundly missed but never forgotten.

Rest in perfect peace, Johnny.

Johnny, my darling friend! *Naa Yarkai*



Johnny, my fellow last-born, dance partner, runaway math student, business tycoon, and my darling friend. I've struggled so much to write this tribute because all of this still feels like a blur. We had so many plans and conversations about the future: countless business

ideas to make money, and even more outings to spend the money earned.

You were so excited about university and life after A-levels. You were almost there, so it's hard to accept that this is the end of life's journey for you, and that we won't get to bring our dreams to life.

Our relationship started as an extension of Rhema's friendship with me, but over time, you became my friend too. I always looked forward to seeing you and spending time with you whenever I came over, and I'm comforted knowing you felt the same way.

Rhema told me you even asked if I was going to come and stay over so we could study together for our exams the day before you left.

You were so sweet and kind, always checking in and making me laugh nonstop. Even when Rhema tried to sack you when we were together, you'd say, "Rhema, I didn't come here because of you; I came for Naa Yarkai!" Oh, Johnny, I will really, really miss you.

I'll miss you spamming my phone with your selfies, no matter how often I complained about my phone battery or storage. You'd laugh and say you were blessing my screen with your face, so I shouldn't complain.

I'll miss you always trying to listen in on Rhema and I's conversations and sneaking into our sleepovers with a mattress from the guest room so that you could get the latest gist about our lives. Thank you for always standing by the truth, even when we were being completely delusional.

I'll miss playing with you, Johnny. Whether it was acting out a wedding, pillow fights, water fights, Temple Run, or iMessage games, you were always so fun and competitive and never accepted defeat without a rematch.

I'll miss you always trying to convince me to buy

something, anything from one of your many businesses, even after I showed you exactly where to get the items cheaper.

I'll miss your head popping into Rhema's window and asking, "Eii, are you people sure you are learning or just chatting?" and then immediately joining the conversation anyway".

Every time I was leaving the house and came to say bye-bye, you'd always beg me not to go, to stay just a little longer or at the very least, make me promise I'd come back soon.

Johnny, why didn't you say goodbye before leaving? I would have also begged you to stay this time. It really hurts that you've left. But I know that I will see you again, and this time, our time together will be forever, by the grace of God.

Until then, rest well in eternity, my darling friend.
I'll miss you forever.

David Nii Larte Lloyd Addico



Johnny was someone who truly knew how to live. He loved capturing moments on video like he somehow knew we'd need them one day. Now, those videos bring comfort, showing us the joy, he carried and shared so easily.

He never let anyone come between him and his happiness. He chose joy, protected his peace, and always made others feel seen and appreciated. Being around him felt warm, easy, and right. He had a way of making life better just by being in it.

Losing him hurts deeply. It doesn't feel fair. But even though he's no longer here, he will never be forgotten. His smile, his laughter, and the love he gave so freely live on in our hearts.

One verse brings some peace:

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

He was a wonderful person. I miss him more than words can say. But I will carry him with me always, and just like the quote on his Instagram says, "We look back and thank God, We look forward and trust God."



The Friend We Loved, The Brother We Lost. To the Realest, Johnny

Kwadwo Owusu Boateng



Johnny and I shared a friendship that was as real as it gets, marked by its ups and downs. In the earlier years, we went through plenty of little arguments, disagreements, and stretches of silence that could last for days. Somehow, we always found our way back to each other. That was the kind of bond we shared. As we grew older, those petty quarrels faded away replaced by a deeper connection built on mutual respect and love.

We matured, grew closer, and while we still disagreed from time to time, it always came from a place of genuine care and truth. We were two friends who weren't afraid to tell

the truth, even when it hurt, because we wanted the best for each other.

Johnny was truly one of a kind. Full of life, energy, and love, he had a way of lighting up every room he walked into. He spread joy wherever he went, and his presence was always felt. He was a jack-of-all-trades, I'd say; creative, ambitious, and always brimming with new ideas.

When COVID-19 struck and the world came to a halt, Johnny didn't sit still. He channelled his energy into something fun and meaningful by starting a YouTube channel, making TikTok videos, and creating hilarious vlogs that kept us all entertained. When we were nearing graduation in Form 5, he came up with the idea to create a yearbook so that the memories we made would stay with us forever. I had the honour of working on that yearbook with him, and I loved every bit of it. He was truly brilliant at anything he put his mind to.

Johnny was also a poet and a storyteller. He spent his free time writing poems and movie scripts, developing his personal brand - Evolve, and selling bracelets, necklaces, and rings. If he wasn't creating something, he was probably online defending Olivia Rodrigo, his favourite musician, on Twitter with unmatched passion.

Beyond all his talents and ambitions, what stood out most about Johnny was his heart. He made sure, you felt his love, in the big and small ways. Whether it meant going out of his way to get you something, sacrificing his own share so you could have more or cheering you on from the sidelines, Johnny never hesitated. Loving others came naturally to him.

Over the years, I've learned so much from Johnny. He taught me to always look for opportunity in every situation, to spread love freely, and most importantly, to make sure the people you care about feel your love deeply and genuinely.

To Johnny's family, my heart goes out to you. Johnny was a wonderful friend and an incredible person, someone I truly cherished. You raised an exceptional young man. Because of him, you've gained someone who will always be here for you, just as he was always there for me.

Finally, to Johnny, I never imagined you'd leave us so soon. It still doesn't feel real. In just these past few weeks, I've caught myself so many times about to text you, forgetting for a moment that you're no longer just a message away, but rather with the heavenly angels smiling back at us. Your absence is heavy, and I miss you more than words can say. We had a bond that was truly special, and I'll always treasure it. There's still so much I still want to share with you, but I take comfort in knowing that one day I will.

In John 11:25-26, Jesus said, "I am the resurrection and the life. Whoever believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live; and everyone who lives and believes in me shall never die."

I know you were a believer, and because of that, I hold on to the promise that this is not the end. We will see you again, and personally, when that day comes, I am going to give you the biggest hug ever because I wish I could, just one more time.

Rest in peace, my brother. I love you deeply and thank you for sharing your life with me.

Karen



John, you weren't just a friend—you were like a brother to me in every way that counted. You were such a big part of my life and losing you has left a void I don't know how to fill. Sometimes I still hope I'll wake up and find out this was all some bad dream—that you'll be there, smiling and full of life like always.

But you're not. You're really gone. And everything feels different now. You would always tell me about your aspirations, all the goals and dreams you had. It breaks my heart knowing you won't get the chance to make them happen.

But I promise you this: I won't let your dreams die with you. I'll keep them alive. I'll go after the things you cared about, live the way you inspired me to live, and make sure people remember your name, your story, and your spirit.

That's how I'm going to honour you—by carrying your light forward. You may be gone, but your life meant so much, and I'll never forget you.

Rest easy, John. I'll miss you always.

Logo

A piece of my heart is now a star in the sky. In every shared memory, your light continues to shine. Gone from my sight, but never from my heart... I miss you so much, John. My heart is heavy, so heavy. I don't know how it will feel on our birthday, knowing you aren't by my side to cut our cake together. How will it feel to celebrate our birthday alone?

I never truly loved celebrating my birthday until you came into my life, John. Every year, I knew I had not just a friend to celebrate with, but a loving brother who made me appreciate that day so much. You, John, made every birthday we celebrated together special, showing me what love truly means. We planned to make our birthday celebration bigger this year, so I could give you something, anything, to show my appreciation. Where are you now? Who would I give it to?

I learned so much from you. You taught me that happiness is essential and helped me learn to love myself and others when I lacked self-love. Thank you for making my birthday our birthday, one of the most cherished days in the years we spent together. It's hard to accept that I now have to live only with the memories you left behind. Your laughter echoes in my head so loudly that it feels like you're right beside me.

It hurts to look at my wrist, and you know what I mean; I will hold on tight to it forever, John. You were funny, loving, caring—everything good I can think of. You were a source of positive energy. The tears I shed show the depth of my pain from missing you. Wherever you are, rest well, bro.

I will always leave room for you on our day; it's still our day. You were a blessing, and you blessed that day for me so, so much. Why did you have to go so soon? I miss you so much, John and I love you so much John. May your soul rest in perfect peace, bro. Rest well. I love you so much...bro.



Michael

From your very first day in Form 1, I always knew you as someone full of joy, energy, and warmth. Your voice was unmistakably loud and full of life, and your laughter could easily be heard and recognised, even from another class. It's hard to believe we won't hear either again.

Although we weren't especially close, I always saw you as one of the few people who truly gave our class its spirit—someone who instantly became a key member of our class over the years. Your presence added something special to our class, something we'll all feel the absence of.

I'm deeply saddened that you're gone, but I believe that you're in a better place now. Rest in peace, Johnny. You'll always be a part of our class and in our hearts.

Your favourite author

Enyimpa

*"You're really good at writing bro, you can use that"
"I think I will, thanks for the advice btw. I might do an online course cus of it"
"Can't wait to read your first book"*

This conversation just about sums up the kind of person Johnny was—supportive, through and through.

I had the privilege of calling John a friend for four years, and I wouldn't trade that for anything in the world.

Our first encounter was in French class, where he was amiably going back and forth with Miss Moteye about verb conjugations and how none of it made any sense. He had a way of bringing life into any situation, and what could have been a long, dreary two years of French became one of my favourite classes to date.

I had the pleasure of working closely with Johnny during the production of our Form 5 yearbook. Each time I sent him a draft or shared ideas on how to better word a message or speech, he always responded with such supportive words and kind compliments. They weren't grand gestures—but they made my day, every time.

It's these little things I'll miss the most about Johnny. The encouragement, the attentiveness, the simple kindness that made you feel seen and appreciated. His warmth lived in the small moments, and those moments will stay with me.

To me, John was a constant source of warmth and exuberance. I could never stay down when he was around—his infectious laughter always found a way to lift me. Even during private study, when I'd be struggling with a difficult concept, just one note of Johnny's singing was enough to lull me into a sense of calm, helping me clear my mind and focus.

I especially loved his bear hugs. Hugging Johnny was the best remedy for any gloom I carried. He was always willing—welcoming me with open arms, a gentle pat on the back, and quiet, reassuring words that somehow always felt just right.

I usually pride myself on having emotional control, but the night I found out my close friend was no more, I wept. I wept deeply. The pain was sharp, and it remains. For someone who always made it a point to be there for others, it hurts all the more to know that in his final moments, Johnny was alone.

I miss you, brother—I really, really do. The memories we shared replay in my mind every single day, and I hold onto them tightly.

I know you're in the bosom of our Father now, and it brings me peace to believe that you've found the same heavenly rest you so freely gave to others here on earth.

Rest well, Papa J.

You are loved beyond words, and missed beyond measure.

Zuriel

Johnny was incredibly cheerful, energetic, and full of life. Singing joyfully usually results in laughter during private study sessions. I'm still having a hard time accepting this loss. I take comfort in the knowledge that you are sleeping and that, as stated in 1 Thessalonians 4:13–17, we shall meet again in heaven.

Rest in peace.

Yayra

A light has dimmed, leaving a void that's hard to fill. Your laughter, your presence, and the memories we shared will forever be etched in our hearts. I'll miss you on the bus, the talks, and the shared jokes. You may be gone, but you'll never be forgotten.

A Tribute to Johnny

Kobby



Today, I remember someone who brought light and laughter into every room he entered. Johnny was one of the smartest and funniest people I've ever known. Quick with a snarky remark, sharp with insight, and always ready with a joke that could make even the hardest days a little easier. He had that rare mix of intelligence and humour, and he wore both so effortlessly.

But what I admired most about him was his determination. When he set his mind on something, nothing could stand in his way. Whether it was making the yearbook, starting his own business, or simply showing up for the people he cared about, he gave it everything he had. He lived fully, honestly, and with a heart full of purpose.

Losing him leaves a silence that feels impossible to fill. But I hold onto the laughter we shared, and the memories of his kindness and love. His ever—funny, brilliant, unshakable determination will always stay with me.

Rest easy, my friend. You were truly one of a kind.

Nigel

Johnny was a true friend. Loyal, kind and endlessly generous. His laughter lit up every room, and his personality inspired everyone around him. He cared deeply, and left us with unforgettable memories. Though he is gone, his spirit remains, guiding me with warmth and courage every single day of my life. I truly miss you. Love you bro.

Oye



John was one of those people you couldn't ignore-even if you tried. You'd hear his laugh from across the room and just know it was him. It wasn't just loud; it was joyful, contagious, completely Johnny. He was dramatic in the best way-always turning everyday things into something a little more memorable.

Whether he was singing like he meant every word, painting like colours spoke to him or capturing moments with his camera, John's artistic side was ever present.

His dream was to become a playwright, and honestly, he already was. He made life feel like a movie-spontaneous, beautiful, and full of feeling.

I love you like Earth to Saturn- a line from one of his poems- sums up the type of person John was. He would make sure you know he loves you, be there when you need a hug or simply linger behind you so you remember he'll always be there.

We miss him more than words can describe, but his story, his art, and that unforgettable laugh are still with us. Always and forever.

Sammy



Dear John,

Losing you has been the hardest thing I've ever faced. I can't imagine my life without you and moving forward from this will be so difficult.

You were a multi-talented and passionate person, destined for a bright future. You were always full of life and purpose, inspiring everyone around you.

My grandmother always talked about how well you carried yourself during our last graduation. My mother loved seeing us together during closing time at school.

The memories we shared will forever hold a special place in my heart. It hurts so much to say goodbye to all the plans we made and the dreams we talked about all day and night. You will always be missed by me, no matter what.

Sheryl

It is difficult to capture the whole spirit of someone like Johnny in a few words. He was a bright presence full of energy, laughter, and warmth. His outgoing personality made people feel instantly at ease, and his sense of humour brought joy to so many of us.

He had an incredible talent for singing and was always enthusiastic whenever an opportunity came around for him to showcase this talent. I will forever cherish our moments together during singing rehearsals for the G-Fest program at school.

What I didn't know until after his passing was that Johnny and I were actually cousins. He wasn't just a friend but truly family as well. It makes me think about all the connections we have that we don't always realise in the moment, and how important it is to hold close the people who bring light into our lives.

Johnny, I'm so grateful for the time we had, for your friendship, and for the memories I'll carry with me always. I miss you deeply. Rest in peace, cousin — you will never be forgotten.

Adomaba

Johnny always made me laugh. He was one of the funniest people I know and he always uplifted a class. He made people happy.

He always put in so much effort for our class. He would send as all the resources he would go the extra mile to make sure we were all progressing especially in Literature when the class was struggling.

He was one of the best classmates I have ever had and I thank GOD for the time we had to spend with him though it was short he will forever remain in our hearts.

-Adomaba

Uriel



Time, it is said, heals the wounds that we suffer in this journey of life on earth. True! However, time cannot erase from our minds the legacy of memories a loved person leaves behind.

John, your demise has been a very difficult one for me. I find it difficult to accept that you are no more. You were a caring, loving and very supportive friend- the kind of friend everyone would wish to have.

I would always recall how supportive you've been throughout my SHEIN importation business. Initially, I took it as a joke, but you brought it to life by being my first customer and recommending me to others.

Although you are no more, you remain in a special place in my heart. Rest well John. Till we meet again

Elsie

Tribute By Elsie Johnson In Remembrance Of The Late John-Carpus Ampofo

Heaven lent us our Papa J for a little while and now its gates have quietly closed, welcoming him back home to his Maker.

Johnny had this gift, this ability to change every atmosphere he found himself in, the ability to create his own atmosphere. At any given moment, he turned even the calmest space into a lively, chaotic burst of energy. Every syllable laced with humour and a laughter that spilled out and caught everyone in seconds.

Johnny, you always found a unique way to voice out your thoughts, to take a breath, then swirl everyone into your world. Now, as I go about convincing the Cool Kids to partake in every activity, I have one less person to call, one less person to plan group gifts with, one less voice in the many group chats I make and one less person to frame as the impostor during our late-night "Among Us" game sessions.

I watch as sentences about you slowly transform into past tense, a reminder that the world is already moving on while I'm still holding on. But you're not gone... are you? You're still here watching us make bold moves and cheering us on, watching us live life the way you would've loved to but definitely laughing your heart out at every wrong decision.

You're still here in every heated debate but never in any quiet moment because God forbid a man who loves to express himself.

You're no longer where our eyes can find you, but you linger in all the places we still feel. Your laughter, your sarcasm, your way of filling even the quietest moments still echo around us. So that's how I'll keep you close, by remembering your joy.

It's what I'll turn to when I need comfort, because if anyone would've laughed in this moment, it's you Johnny.

Rest in peace, dear friend—until we meet again.

-Elsie

Whitney

From when I met Johnny in 2022, I could tell he was an amazing soul, always chirpy and energetic, there was never a dull moment when Johnny was around, he would make me laugh till my stomach would hurt, and I am going to miss that dearly. What I admired most about Johnny was his passion to achieve his goals.

When Johnny wanted something, he would make sure he got it, and he would never give up. In our accounting class, I would sometimes forget that he did not offer the subject for IGCSE; his attitude and behaviour towards the subject were as though he had offered it long before A levels. It hurts to think that all his efforts, sleepless nights and countless study sessions have come to this, but I know that Johnny would have come up victorious and continued to be the amazing person that he is.

I love you forever, Johnny, and I will never forget you.

Eugenia

Today, as we're gathered here to say goodbye to Johnny, I would like to share my short memories of and thoughts on our cherished one of a kind, Johnny.

I want to start by saying how I personally found myself secretly laughing during business class anytime Johnny started laughing with his friends as they talked and passed jokes. I don't know what they joked about but whatever they were, his contagious laugh got to me.

Johnny was thoughtful, hardworking and funny. I say this because while our class was working on a project, he followed up on what I had done so far and showed concern in me balancing my studies with the project work so I can study enough for my exams. He got the award for rising stars during our lower sixth speech and prize day last year and I applauded him in my heart that day. And that laugh... I don't think I'll ever forget Johnny's laugh.

I personally liked his singing too. And willingness to sing. He was so talented. And confident.

As we bid farewell to Johnny, I will personally carry forward the love and laughter he brought into our school moments. I know I'll never forget Johnny. Though he may no longer be with us in body, his spirit will forever echo in our hearts, reminding us to cherish each moment and hold tight to the bonds we have as a class, friends and family.

Coming from Eugenia wholeheartedly, sincerely and with love.

-Eugenia

Frances



I remember the day we met in Form 3, that September—it feels like it was just yesterday. You were, and have always been, full of life and laughter. We instantly clicked, like two peas in a pod. During IGCSE, our bond grew even deeper. We shared endless jokes and rants, supported each other through everything. You were always that one friend anyone could count on—our friends would all agree.

Want to start a business? John would encourage you. Had a misunderstanding with someone? Just talk to John. Need past papers? John always had them. And for me, the most important thing—whenever I couldn't

decide on a hairstyle, you were always my go-to. Your laugh—so contagious—would echo through the classroom and brighten everyone's day.

In these past four years, you've always been there for me, and I for you. Moving homes to be closer to you was one of the best decisions I ever made. I still remember how excited you were when I told you. Our friends teased us, saying John was the happiest boy on earth—but truthfully, I was just as happy. You welcomed me into your family like I was one of your own.

You'd wake me up for school, make sure Mum or Dad picked me up because you didn't want me walking alone to the bus stop. Because of you, I've built a bond with your siblings and your parents that I will always treasure. I promise to always be there for them. I'll visit often, check in on Mum and Dad—for you. Thank you for all the memories, for your love, your laughter, your light.

Till we meet again, John-Carpus.

I love you—forever and ever.

-Frances

Dela

You don't have to be close to John to know the kind of person he was: loyal, easy going, caring, honest, generous, and deeply understanding.

One of my fondest memories of John was during our bus rides, where he often took over the speakers and played music and sang along for everyone, earning him the nickname DJ Juicy Johnny. I'll never forget the time he played a gospel song just for me.

Losing him hurts deeply, but I take comfort in knowing he's in a better place now with the Lord. His light and laughter will never be forgotten.

-Dela

Kezia



A Tribute to Jonny – My Brother in Spirit Jonny—Jonny Jonny, as I fondly called him—was more than just a friend. He was the brother I never knew I needed. Lively, full of compassion, and endlessly kind-hearted, Jonny had a spirit that lit up every room he walked into.

Out of all the people from New Nation, he was the one who never let distance change our bond. He was intentional, always reaching out, always showing that real friendship isn't bound by time or space. That kind of loyalty is rare—and Jonny had it in abundance.

One of my favorite memories of him was the day he showed up at school, walking like a king in his brand new Jordans. He was on cloud nine, and watching him glow with that pure, carefree joy is something I'll never forget. That was Jonny—free-spirited, full of life, and never afraid to just be himself.

He taught me lessons I still carry with me—lessons about generosity, about living fully, about never taking people for granted. I just wish I had one more moment with him. I often tell my sister, if I could turn back time, I'd trade anything to relive those days—to laugh again, to make new memories, to say thank you.

Though he's no longer here with us in the physical, his spirit lives on in every memory, every smile he left behind. Rest well, Jonny. You'll always be in my heart.

From Kezia

Estelle



Using free physics moments to spend time with you in literature will always be my favourite memory of us. You made form 4 and 5 the best years of my high school life. Those days where you and 3 of us sat together in English and Math were my favourite days of the week. The jokes, the laughter and the subtle seriousness about our studies made it all worthwhile.

Even in your playful insults and banter you always made everyone light up with laughter. Your obnoxious laugh and your comments about my facial expressions are some of the reasons why I won't forget you.

You always told me to smile and I never responded. Remembering that now brings a smile to my face.

Thank you for being you.

-Estelle

David Seneadza



My dear friend Johnny,

We met a very long time ago and became friends unexpectedly, but before I knew it you were one of the closest. Your energy never died and your contagious laughter is one that cannot be mistaken for anyone else's. You always found a way to put a smile on our faces with your creative jokes, and to take note of every memorable moment of your life.

People usually fail to live in the present and live life to the fullest but you never failed to do so, and that's something I will always remember about you. I hope to make you proud and to uplift the rest of our friends to make you proud too.

Meeting you and getting to be close to a person like you will always be one of my biggest achievements. As you are buried, know that you will forever be remembered in my heart. Love you brother.

David Seneadza

Sharon

It's hard to put into words the thoughts and emotions running through me as I write this. Hearing of your passing was... unreal. I didn't want to believe it. I couldn't believe it. What hit me the hardest was finding out, only after you were gone, that we were cousins. Life has a way of revealing its deepest truths at the most unexpected times, and this truth, although bittersweet, makes losing you even harder.

You always had this incredible energy about you, an energy that just drew people in. You had a way of making anyone laugh, no matter what they were going through. Your jokes which were clever, silly and always perfectly timed, lit up rooms and faces. You were joy, personified. Honestly, I like to think you were God's special gift of happiness to the world, and even though He's called you home now, I believe you're up there with Him, laughing that full, hearty laugh of yours and probably cracking jokes even the angels didn't see coming.

I miss you, Johnny. I really do. But every time I think of you, I'll smile. Because that's who you were. You were happiness.

Rest in peace, cousin. You are loved more deeply than words, whether big or small, could ever express.

Joojo Eshun

"A man who has friends must himself be friendly, but there is a friend who sticks closer than a brother" **Proverbs 18:24**

It was just a day before the end of my A levels, feeling very happy and accomplished about how far I had come. The excitement soon took a turn when I received a call from my dear friend David, who then informed me about our brother's demise.

It was not to be, and although your passing has left a big void in our hearts, we accept it because God has a reason for everything, just as he made our paths cross years ago in primary school.

Even though you left Golden Age before JHS, our bond continued strongly just as it was while you were my sitting partner. We continued to check up on each other and shared good memories over the internet. We always motivated each other during our Cambridge journey, and I cannot forget how happy you were at the British Council awards when I got the highest star performer award in the IGCSE French category.

How can I also forget when you gave me your Apple Pencil because you didn't have a use for it and I needed it to solve past questions. You paid for the delivery to my house and even added a little souvenir to the pencil. You told me you were busy and had wasted too much time giving it, and so you had to compensate me. What an actual act of kindness.

You were selfless in your brotherly love, and I will be forever grateful. Dear brother, now the sun will no more be your light by day and the moon will no longer shine on you at night, but God will be your everlasting light and someday we will meet again to enjoy the everlasting light together. Rest well Johnny.

We will carry you in spirit until we meet again.

Efe Quansah

A tribute to John Carpus

Johnny was a true artist. One of my earliest memories of him was during our Form Three Art exam, and his work was arguably the best in the class. The care and attention he put into each detail was clear, and his passion was evident.

This passion and consideration also manifested itself in all of his relationships. It was never hard for anyone to become friends with Johnny. In fact, it was probably more difficult not to become friends with him. He paid attention to what you said and always made an effort to reach out and connect.

I believe that one of the most important things a person can do is care — and John cared so much. In Sixth Form, he and I did not have any classes together, yet he would greet me every morning through his class window with the warmest smile and biggest wave. Johnny always made you feel welcome no matter what.

Even though he is no longer with us physically, his presence is still making a positive impact on our lives and I am eternally grateful to have been able to encounter such a bright soul in my lifetime.

Thank you, Johnny.

Efe Quansah

Augustine Badu

I was thinking about Johnny the other day, and one core memory came to mind. Back when we were in Golden Age, he threw this unforgettable birthday party and invited everyone. There were trampolines and other games and I remember we had so much fun.

But what I remember the most was what happened after the party. He told his parents he wanted me to stay for dinner because, at the time, we were best friends.

That's just the kind of person Johnny was—selfless, full of love, and always thinking about others. He had a big heart, and he made people feel seen, valued, and cared for.

That's why I know, deep down, that he's in a better place now.

And with that, I just want to say:

"It's been a long day without you, my friend, and I'll tell you all about it when I see you again. We've come a long way from where we began... Oh, I'll tell you all about it when I see you again. When I see you again."

Bio Mensah

I met Johnny last year at GIMUN. We didn't really hit off to a great start because of my guarded nature. However, with the few interactions we had at GIMUN, he came across as a good, caring and honest guy.

From there, we became friends, mainly because he made sure to check in on me every week. This little action reflected the sincerity he had within him; a quality hard to find among people. He was a confidant, a good one at that. I know others that have Johnny in their lives will say same.

And so, though I've not known him for too long, he'll forever be missed.

- Bio Mensah



Your Schools Remember You, Johnny



In Loving Memory of Master John-Carpus Ampofo

The Management and Staff of New Nation School

Today, we gather as the New Nation School family — with heavy hearts, yes — but also with a spirit of gratitude as we honour and remember our beloved student, brother, and friend: **John Carpus Ampofo**, whom we all fondly called *Johnny*.

John was more than just a student. He was a warm and shining presence in our school community — gentle, respectful, and full of quiet strength. You could always count on him to greet his teachers politely: “*Sir...*”, “*Auntie...*” — always with a smile, always with sincerity. It’s a voice many of us still hear in our minds and hearts.

He carried himself with maturity beyond his years — calm, thoughtful, and kind. In class, he was focused and dependable. In all school activities, he participated wholeheartedly. Whether it was a regular assembly, a sporting activity, or a major event like NNS Gospel Festival (G-Fest), Johnny was there — fully present, fully committed.

And oh, how we remember G-Fest 2025!

He stood on that stage with his friends and sang, “*Do you know Jesus? Does He live in your heart?*”

He did not just sing it — he declared it. That was not a

performance — it was a personal testimony.

A message that touched hearts and opened others to receive the Word that followed. That was John: someone who knew Jesus and lived like it.

Even when he faced life’s challenges, his spirit remained strong. After undergoing surgery that affected his mobility, he returned to school with determination. We moved his classroom downstairs for easier access — but when he got stronger, he asked us to move it back upstairs. “*I can climb*”, he said. That is who he was — quietly resilient.

He was also a helper. A thinker. A friend. He shared ideas with teachers, helped source learning materials for his classmates, reminded us about online sessions, and was always ready to engage — never for attention, but simply because he cared.

Johnny lived out the values we treasure at New Nation School — excellence, honour, humility, love, and faith. He lived them fully. And we thank God for the time we had with him.

Yes, our hearts are broken. Yes, we feel the pain of his sudden passing, especially during his final Cambridge exams, when he was standing at the very door of a bright future.

Nevertheless, we are not without hope.

The Bible assures us in Revelation 21:4:

“He will wipe away every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death, no more mourning, or crying, or pain...”

Again, in 2 Timothy 4:7, the Apostle Paul writes:

“I have fought the good fight. I have finished the race. I have kept the faith.” And we can say with confidence — **so did Johnny.**

To his family — we cannot pretend to understand the depth of your pain. However, please know this: you are not alone. We, his school family, walk with you. We mourn with you. We pray with you.

Johnny’s life was short, yes. But it was full of meaning. And his memory — his legacy — will live on in our hearts and in this school.

As we say goodbye, let us hold on to the joy he brought, the kindness he shared, and the faith he lived out.

May his soul rest in perfect peace — in the arms of the Saviour he loved so dearly.

Johnny, we love you. We miss you. And we will never forget you.

Rest well, till we meet again. Amen!



Your Schools Remember You, Johnny

From the Students of Golden Age International School, Class of 2021

We stand here today on behalf of the student body of Golden Age International School to honour the memory of someone who brought light into our lives — our dear friend and brother, John Carpus Ampofo.

Johnny wasn't just a classmate — he was the kind of person everyone loved to be around. He was funny, hardworking, always there when you needed him, and effortlessly entertaining. His presence filled every room with laughter, and his voice, whether speaking or singing, always had a way of lifting spirits.

We will never forget his loud, contagious laughter and the way he could turn even the dulllest moment into something worth remembering. His singing brought joy, his jokes brought relief, and his friendship brought warmth. John was simply the guy—the one who made school feel like home.

Though our hearts are heavy, we are grateful to have shared part of our lives with someone so unforgettable. His memory will forever live on in our classrooms, in our stories, and in our hearts.

Rest well, Johnny. We love you, and we will never forget you.



We Were More Than Classmates - A Tribute to Johnny from Upper Sixth

Johnny Wasn't Just a Classmate, He Was Our Vibe, the one who lit up our Class.

New Nations School Upper Sixth (2025)

"If we live, it's to honour the Lord. And if we die, it's to honour the Lord. So whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord." (Romans 14:8)

"What we once enjoyed and deeply loved we can never lose, for all that we love deeply becomes a part of us." - Helen Keller

Silence echoes through our floor, where laughter once filled the air. Our classroom, once a vibrant canvas of creativity and mirth, now stands sombre, its colours muted by the weight of your absence.

Papa J, as you were fondly called, was the life and heart of our class. You were more than just a friend—you were a brother, a companion, an accomplice, and our cherished chorister. Above all, you were a radiant source of joy to everyone lucky enough to cross your path.

We will never forget your bright smile, your infectious laughter, and your endlessly kind heart. Your teasing and playful spirit was contagious, sparking countless moments of light-hearted banter that brought us closer together as a class.

You had a remarkable way of making each person feel truly seen and heard, often voicing the thoughts and feelings of those too shy to speak for themselves. Your presence was a gift that profoundly touched all our lives.

French class with you in Form 4 was never dull, Accounting never silent, homeroom never boring, and

the entire school never monotonous. You brought energy, laughter, and life into every space you entered.

You truly loved singing—so, so much. It was rare to find you without a tune on your lips. Start any song, and Papa J would've picked up the lyrics by the second stanza, joining in without missing a beat. Your love for music knew no stage fright. At events like G-Fest and Carols Night, your voice filled the air—melodious, heartfelt, and powerful—praising God and stirring us all to do the same with joy and enthusiasm.

We would like to take a moment to express our admiration for your creativity and initiative. You always had ideas—big ones—and you weren't afraid to act on them. Like when you came up with the concept for the yearbook and followed through with such passion. Or when you took the bold step of launching your own accessories brand. You dreamed, and then you did.

You also made literature class unforgettable. Your hilarious back-and-forths with Mr. Seth turned every lesson into an experience. What could have been a typical class became something we actually looked forward to—thanks to you.

The passion you carried for everything you loved was contagious. Whether it was a show, a topic, or a joke, you had a way of speaking with such fire that we couldn't help but listen. You could convince anyone to watch something just from the way you animatedly told the story.

And who could forget your slick dance moves during our class drama production? Seeing you move blissfully to the rhythm was a moment of pure joy—like watching someone completely at home in their element.

One of the best memories of you was on the bus rides, when you'd connect your phone to the speaker and start playing all sorts of songs. From gospel to afrobeats to old-school jams—you always knew just what to play to set the mood. It was in those moments that you truly came alive, and it's no wonder you earned the nickname **DJ Juicy Johnny**.

Dela especially wants to thank you for playing a gospel song for him, just like always you really did your best to make everyone feel heard. You turned ordinary rides into mini parties, and that joy? It was infectious.

We were grief-stricken when the news of your passing reached us—questioning its truth, unwilling to accept that our dearly beloved Johnny was truly gone. You left us with no goodbye, no warning, before our world was shattered beyond recognition.

The exams we wrote the next day were nothing but a blur. Faced with the weight of unimaginable grief, how could we focus on pages filled with questions, when all our minds could echo was the one burning question: Why? Why now? Why John?

So many questions remain unanswered, and our hearts are heavy with them. But even heavier is the gaping hole your absence has left in us. You were one of one, Papa J—irreplaceable, inimitable. No substitute. No second. No equal.

It hurts to have to write a memorial tribute at such a young age for someone so dear to us. You left too soon, too suddenly, and far too early. There were so many memories still to be made, so many moments we were meant to share together as a class—now all shadowed by the painful truth that one of our own is no longer with us.

We are no longer complete.

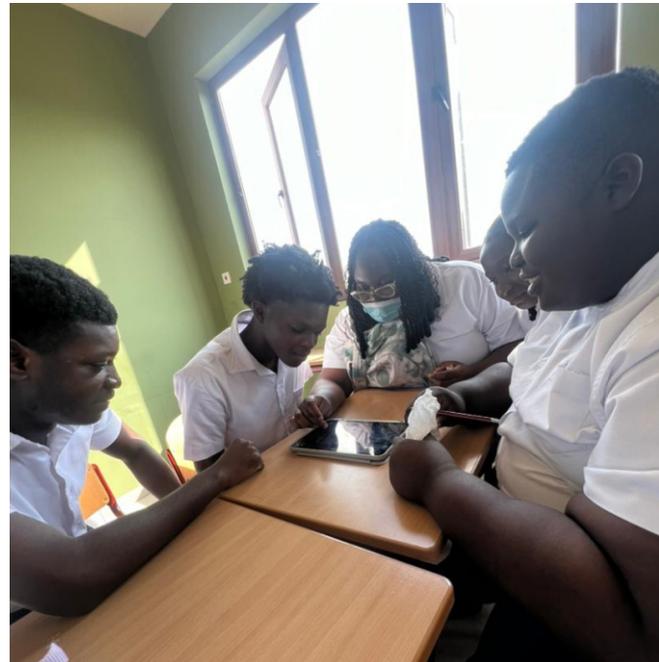
Yet, in everything we do as a class, we carry you with us. We do it with your spirit present in our laughter, our learning, and our celebrations. We do it not just as a gesture of remembrance or symbolism, but because we love you, John. We always will.

As we gather here today, we say thank you, brother. Thank you for the memories. Thank you for the love. Thank you for being the kind of friend who makes letting go feel not just hard—but impossible.

The heavens rejoice as you arrive—for with your voice, even the angels will sing louder.

“Tu nous manqueras pour toujours, mais jamais nous ne t'oublierons.” (You will be missed forever, but never forgotten.)

Repose en paix, notre frère. (Rest in peace, our brother.)



A Student Like No Other – Memories from Johnny's Teachers

In Loving Memory of John-Carpus Ampofo

Mr Ben Kissi, Accounting Teacher NNS

Revelation 21:4 reminds us, "He will wipe every tear from their eyes. Death will be no more; mourning and crying and pain will be no more, for the first things have passed away."

Today, with heavy hearts, we gather to honour the life of our dear student, brother, and friend, John Carpus Ampofo, affectionately known to us all as "Johnny." His sudden departure on Sunday, 18 May 2025, struck us like a thunderclap, leaving a profound void that resonates within our hearts.

It's often said that we don't truly appreciate moments until they become beautiful memories, and how true that is now. Johnny's unexpected absence serves as a heartbreaking reminder of the preciousness of life and the irreplaceable value of the connections we forge.

Yet, as we navigate this deep sorrow, we find solace in the belief that God knows best and that Johnny is now resting peacefully in His eternal embrace.

Today is not only a day of mourning but a celebration of the vibrant spirit that was Johnny. Finding words that encapsulate the essence of someone as extraordinary as Johnny feels overwhelming.

He was much more than a student; he was a friend, a confidant, a guiding light. His ability to make everyone around him feel seen and appreciated, no matter how minor the gesture, was truly remarkable.

Oh, Johnny, how I wish I were writing a recommendation for your university instead of a farewell tribute. Who will now remind me of our enlightening Zoom sessions? Who will share those brilliant ideas for after-school projects, or reach out to seek clarity on complex topics? Who will be there to research new learning resources, always eager to make life easier for his classmates? The void you leave behind is immense, and your absence is felt deeply.

The two hardest things to say in life are "hello" for the first time and "goodbye" for the last. As we grapple with this profound loss, let us hold tightly to the beautiful memories that bring us comfort, as well as the invaluable lessons you imparted about love, resilience, and kindness. Though you have left this world far too soon, your spirit remains an indelible part of our lives.

Rest in peace, dear Johnny. You will forever dwell in our hearts. Your ambition and promise, especially that A* you were so committed to achieving in your A-Level examinations, will always inspire us. I fondly remember the joy on your face when you first told me about your new jewellery business—your eyes sparkling with excitement. We had dreams of celebrating together as a class after your exams, sharing laughter and enjoying each other's company one last time.

You have left us with something precious, Johnny—your kind heart, your unwavering spirit, and your incredible team-building skills. While our hearts ache from your absence, we will cherish and celebrate the legacy you leave behind. Thank you for everything, Johnny. You will always be remembered and loved deeply. Rest well, dear friend.



Barima Yaw Asiedu *Educational Consultant*

John-Carpus was more than just a student. He was a wonderful soul who touched many lives and brought joy to those around him. Bright, curious, and eager to learn, he lit up every classroom he entered.

But Johnny gave more than just academic excellence. He shared warmth, generosity, and unwavering support with those around him.

We had open and honest conversations, laughed freely, and built a bond that went far beyond the classroom. His kindness left a deep and lasting impression, and his presence made each day better.

Though his time with us was short, the mark he left will never fade.

Rest in peace, Johnny. We will carry you in our hearts always. You will never be forgotten.

Francis Sanusi

It is with a heavy heart that I pay tribute to Johnny, my A-level literature student.

Though I never met him outside of the virtual classroom, his presence was profoundly felt during instructional periods. Johnny was an obedient scholar, always punctual and respectful, setting a standard for others to follow.

His confidence shone brightly, especially in the thoughtful questions he asked during lessons, revealing a sharp and engaged mind.

Beyond appearances, his voice and responses to every task reflected a genuine commitment to his studies, a dedication that inspired those around him.

Johnny's memory will forever remain a beacon of diligence and passion in the world of literature.

May his soul rest in peace.

Mr Sasu, Teacher Golden Age School

It's hard to find the words to express the sadness of losing Johnny. He was such a special young boy, and the news of his passing came as a real shock.

I remember when I first started working at Golden Age School, Johnny was one of the learners who immediately stood out. He was pure joy, always happy, bubbling with energy, and so eager to learn.

He had a wonderful curiosity and was always asking questions, wanting to know more about everything.

Those memories of him in class, always with a bright smile, are ones I will always treasure. He had such a loving and caring nature. Even after he left the school, the bond we shared remained. I

t always warmed my heart when he would send a message to wish me a happy birthday, year after year. It was a small thing, that demonstrated his thoughtfulness.

Not too long ago, I had the joy of seeing him at a graduation. The happiness in his eyes when he saw me was so clear and genuinely touching. It felt like no time had passed at all.

Hearing that he was gone felt unreal. I remember sending a message to his mum, saying, *"Please tell me this is a lie."*

Her reply, *"It's soooooo hard, Mr. Sasu, so so so hard"* just broke my heart.

Johnny was a genuinely loving and caring son. The joy he brought to those around him and the kindness he showed will never be forgotten. He will be deeply missed.

Miss Stella *Enterprise Teacher*

Today, we gather to remember and honour the life of John Carpus Ampofo, affectionately called Johnny, whose time with us was far too short but deeply meaningful. I am Stella Appiah Minkah, and I had the privilege of being his Enterprise tutor for IGCSE Level, where I watched him evolve into a remarkable young person.

Johnny was the kind of student who made our days brighter—quick with a smile, gist and full of innovative ideas, especially during the enterprise project. Whether it was helping a friend bring their creativity to life or simply offering a kind word when someone needed it most, Johnny gave without expecting anything in return.

One moment that will always stay with me is the kind words he shared with me when I lost my dad last year. Being the first to wish me a happy birthday was so fulfilling and one of the memories I will cherish forever. This act of kindness captured the very essence of who Johnny was—a beacon of compassion and love.

As his teacher, I was completely shattered when I found out about his passing, which left me in immeasurable pain and total disbelief. Today, we grieve not only the person Johnny was, but also the future that now lives in our hearts instead of the world. But even in this sorrow, we are grateful—for the memories, the laughter, the lessons, and the love he shared with us.

Johnny, you were a gift to this world. Though you are no longer with us in body, your spirit lives on in all of us who knew and loved you. We will carry your memory always. Rest well, Johnny. Aunt Stella will miss you so much.

Shepherds Remember Their Sheep - Tributes from Johnny's Pastors

In Loving Memory of Johnny Carpus Ampofo *Uncle David*

With questions deep and music in his veins,
He walked this world, a bright and happy soul.
Every rhythm he touched was a whisper of praise,
A song of light that danced through all his days.
God saw his glow, so pure, so brightly shining,
And called him home to sing before the Throne.

I have known Johnny since he was very little.
Even then, he was a child who listened deeply to the
whispers of the world and the quiet songs of the
heart.

He moved through life with a tender wonder, softly
unfolding the mysteries around him, always
seeking, always dreaming, always asking.

Johnny was composed, well-behaved, and pleasant
to be around. He was able to express everything he
wanted to say. He understood God well enough to
know how to relate to him.

Johnny exuded joy in the same effortless, natural,
and exquisite way that some people do with rhythm.

He cherished music not only for its tone but also for
its ability to convey ideas that words cannot.

You could sense his spirit rising whenever he sang,
tapped a beat, or performed a new song.

At church, he sat behind the keyboard and,
predictably, took a deep interest in the songs we
performed.

I wasn't surprised at all when his mother sent a
video of him singing during a program at his school. I
simply grinned and told myself that to know Johnny
was to hear a song — and that song was him,
echoing through time, unending and true.

After church, he always waits for me so we can go
down together. While everything is going on,
Johnny is making his music by fusing lyrics and
melody, which I occasionally found difficult to
understand, but which I still loved listening to and
recording.

I must say that it was nice to interact with Johnny at
such a young age, and we talked endlessly about
anything that caught our attention.

Johnny was considerate and always inquired about
my well-being whenever we had the opportunity to
communicate, whether it was online or in person.

About a month ago, when I last saw him at church,
we had a quick conversation, and I was pleased to
hear that he was doing well.

When his sister asked him what he would get their
mother for Mother's Day, I was astounded by his
own response and his goals.

Johnny said, "I don't have money, but I am going to
make sure I pass my A-level exams for mummy", he
thought it would make her happy.

Your stay with us seems too short, Johnny.
It's too early. It's too early.

You have robbed us of our smiles, Johnny.
But Johnny's life was full of music, laughter,
questions, love, and faith. And I choose to draw on
scripture to remind us that God is with us in our pain,
giving us presence, power, and healing when we need
it most.

Taken from NIV 1 Thessalonians 4:13-14
*"Brothers and sisters, we do not want you to be
uninformed about those who sleep in death, so that
you do not grieve like the rest of mankind, who have
no hope. For we believe that Jesus died and rose
again,*

*And so we believe that God will bring with Jesus those
who have fallen asleep in him."*

Today, we have faith in God's promise that this joyful
and smart soul sings in a realm where happiness
knows no bounds, where inquiries are answered, and
where music travels like streams of light.

Johnny, we will miss you more than words can
express. Your singing will always be a part of us in our
memories, in our hearts, and in the silent times when
heaven seems a little bit closer.

A Tribute to Johnny-C (Carpus)

Frimpies

I first met Johnny when he was just 7 years old—a curious, bright-eyed boy who would show up at my door with his electronic gadgets, always sure I could fix them. He called me Uncle Frimpies back then, long before I became his pastor. Even then, there was something remarkable about him—an energy, a warmth, his respect even in familiarity, a light that drew people in.

At age 14, our relationship shifted when I became his pastor. I was then the head of the media team at church, and I placed him under the mentorship of John Doe in the light control team. He took to the role with an eagerness that was contagious, lighting up not only the stage but our hearts. He was vibrant, full of life, and always brought an energy that was both uplifting and sincere.

I affectionately called him Johnny D, but he would quickly correct me with that cheeky grin—“It’s Johnny C, Uncle Frimpies. C for Carpus.” That was Johnny: playful yet precise.

Our last conversation was after his beloved grandma passed. I tried to comfort him, reminding him that she was now a heavenly support watching over him. I had no idea then that he, too, would be joining her so soon.

Johnny-C was more than a boy in the light control team. He was light—bubbling with laughter, overflowing with promise, and radiant with the kind of joy only a pure heart can carry. He respected deeply, loved fiercely, and lived beautifully. He was everybody’s friend!

Though his time here was brief, the brightness of his soul leaves an imprint time cannot erase. Sleep well, Johnny C. You are missed beyond words—but we know heaven just got a little brighter.

With love and eternal respect



Our Brother in Christ — From Those He Fellowshiped With

To the Memory of Johnny Agape House New Testament Church

Dear Johnny,

Though your time with us was far too short, your life left a mark that will never be forgotten. At just 19, you carried a light that inspired many a quiet strength, a kind heart, and a joy that was unmistakably from the Lord. We at Agape House New Testament Church celebrate the beautiful soul you were and the radiant spirit you shared with us all. We remember your smile, your laughter, your presence, and the seeds of faith you planted among your peers. You ran your race with grace, and now you rest in the arms of the Saviour, where there is no more pain, no more sorrow, only peace everlasting.

Even in this moment of deep sorrow, we hold tightly to the promise of Scripture: *"The Lord is close to the broken hearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit"* (Psalm 34:18). We believe your life was not lost, but sown. You are now in that glorious place where the streets are of gold, and the worship never ends. Your passing reminds us that heaven is real, and eternity is closer than we often realise. You've gone ahead to that great cloud of witnesses, cheering us on as we finish our own race in Christ Jesus.

We will carry your memory in our hearts and honor your life by living with the same kindness, courage, and faith you demonstrated.

Johnny, we miss you deeply, but we know this is not the end. As Jesus said, *"I am the resurrection and*

the life. The one who believes in me will live, even though they die" (John 11:25). You are alive in Christ, and we look forward to that joyful reunion one day. Until then, rest well, dear brother. You are forever part of the Agape House family. Your legacy lives on in us.



The Choir You Belonged To, The Voice We Miss

Your Song Lives On.

Cedarwood Youth Choir

Today, we gather not only in sorrow but in deep gratitude as we remember our beloved brother, Johnny.

For many years, he served faithfully in the choir—not just as a singer, but as a vessel of God's presence among us. He sang not to impress, but to glorify the One who gave him the gift.

We mourn deeply, but we do not grieve without hope. For we know that our dear Johnny now sings with the heavenly choir, where every note is perfect, and every song is eternal.

We will miss his chats and the feedback he wanted after every song, just so he could do better. He pestered his mum for uniforms and was always excited to belong.

And though we no longer hear your voice here on earth, we trust that heaven is louder, richer, and more beautiful with you in its choir.

Rest in perfect peace, Johnny. We love you.



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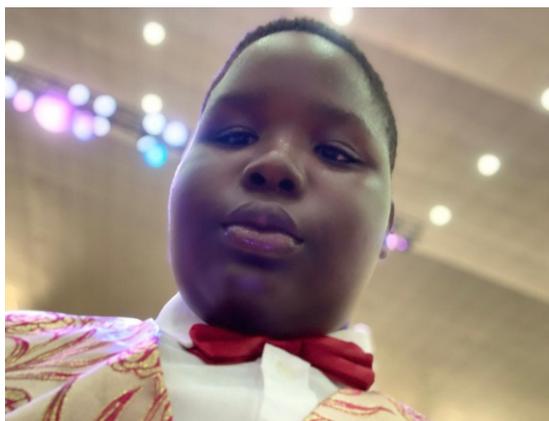
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From his pen, with soul — Johnny's Poetry

Remember Me

Before she died she left these words with me
Words that help me through trying and undefeated times.
Words that guided me.
And she said,

Remember me, in your deepest darkest hour
Remember me, when you need a friend
Remember me, when the bad comes and also when the good comes
Remember me, when you go to sleep and
Remember me, when you hear the crows call
Remember me, during your midnight rain and
Remember me, when there's sunshine

For I am with you, in your heart
Wherever you go

What No One Sees

What no one sees
is everyone's nightmare
The future is one;
One that torments half the population before they sleep
How does something so far feel so close
We choose to focus on what we can't see than
focus on what is right in front of us, things in front of us begin to be ignored as
we angst for the future.

but how about

What no one sees
Is everyone's dream;
Our goals are one;
One that fills us with promise and the fulfillment of being able to almost achieve it
How does something so far feel so close
We choose to focus on what we think we can do rather than
focus on what we can do, things in front of us begin to be ignored as
we dream of our accomplishments.

What no one sees
is everybody's midnight rain.

Happy valentine's day from The Left Overs

Happy Valentine's day
A day where people set aside their hopes and dreams and spend;

24 hours being hopeless romantics

24 hours that love prevails then the next morning it's back to the same
routine

24 hours that people curiously and intentionally show their love for each
other

but why can't we love everyday? why must it be one day?

shouldn't we learn from this? aren't many of us hurting enough

the pain from being asked by no one and the pain from spending
the day alone showing no efforts to dress meticulously cause they don't
want us

we are the left overs and valentine's day never ceases to make us forget

happy valentine's day!

These Are The Days

These are the days
That you'll remember
Go ahead and make yourself proud
You need to understand you have to

Be the one who cheers you on
Be the one who leads you on
Be the one who makes yourself proud, so proud
Be the one who's always there
Be the one who'll always care
Be the one who'll smile when you're down

Cause these are the days
You'll remember
Go ahead and make yourself proud
You need to understand that

Sixty Seven Years Ago

She was nineteen when they ruled us
when they exploited us for resources to better their countries

She was nineteen when she was forced to quit school and stay
on the farm so the produce would be larger

She was nineteen when she was forced to marry a British man
because he was filled with lust and pride

She was nineteen when she had her first child her sweet sweet angel, she
gave her everything she could and made sure they won't take her song
away.

Now She's eighty six and we're free

She's eighty six and has a whole generation behind her,
looking up to her

She's eighty six and is free of the trauma imposed on her

She's eighty six and is free thanks to a man who fought for the freedom
and rights of her people

She's eighty six and the world is everything she dreamed of

Every year she thinks of the years we weren't free.

This Time Next Year

My dear son, my beloved son,

Raise your head high, and smile
this period of suffering won't last forever
this time next year you'll smile again
be happier than you ever were, don't let this moment define you, be kind,
be gracious be everything you want to be.

This time next year I'll be far from you but closer to your heart, for the
heavens know you're the one i hold dear

Every night when you're sad;
Raise your head high, and smile
this period of suffering won't last forever
Every morning without me;
Raise your head high, and smile
this period of suffering won't last forever
Even in your darkest times;
Raise your head high, and smile
this period of suffering won't last forever

to my dear & my beloved son

Right Here Right Now

stay with me: i don't have much time,
all i have is now, right here, right now

there's no more ink

i pick up my quill to write
but there's no more ink
i always knew was going to finish
but i never got a chance to finish my collection

whenever we were together
just know, a poem was written
whenever we had our difficulties
a poem was written and thrown to the bottom of lovers lake

but it's been four hours, and i've not written
i try not to think about anything else but you
before i forget what i have, i wish i could write but
there's no more ink

Hymns

It is well

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Refrain:

It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!—
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4. For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

5. But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul!

6. And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.

Through all the changing scenes of life

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

He to my rescue came.

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

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

5. 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.

Captain of Israel's host and Guide

1. Captain of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy Word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2. By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
The light of man's directional way;
Or miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While Love, almighty Love, is near

What a friend we have in Jesus

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 your friends despise, forsake you?

Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In his arms he'll take and shield you;
you will find a solace there.

Will your anchor hold

1. 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?
Refrain:

2. 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.

3. It is safely moored; 'twill the storm
withstand,
for 'tis well-secured by the Savior's hand.
Though the tempest rage and the wild winds blow,
not an angry wave shall our boat o'erflow.
[Refrain]

4. When our eyes behold through the gath'ring
night
the city of gold, our harbor bright,
we shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore,
with the storms all past forevermore.
[Refrain]

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds

1. In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrow, heals his
wounds,
And drives away his fear,
And drives away his fear,
And drives away his fear,
It soothes his sorrow, heals his
wounds,
And drives away his fear.

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

3. Dear Name! the Rock on which we build;
Our shield and hiding-place;
Our never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace,
With boundless stores of grace,

With boundless stores of grace,
Our never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4. Jesus, our Savior, Shepherd, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring,
Accept the praise we bring,
Accept the praise we bring,
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring.

5. Weak is the effort of our heart,
And cold our warmest thought;
But when we see Thee as Thou art,
We'll praise Thee as we ought,
We'll praise Thee as we ought,
We'll praise Thee as we ought,
But when we see Thee as Thou art,
We'll praise Thee as we ought.

6. Till then we would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And triumph in that blessed Name
Which quells the pow'r of death,
Which quells the pow'r of death,
Which quells the pow'r of death,
And triumph in that blessed Name
Which quells the pow'r of death.

God be with you till we meet again

1. God be with you till we meet again;
loving counsels guide, uphold you,
may the Shepherd's care enfold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

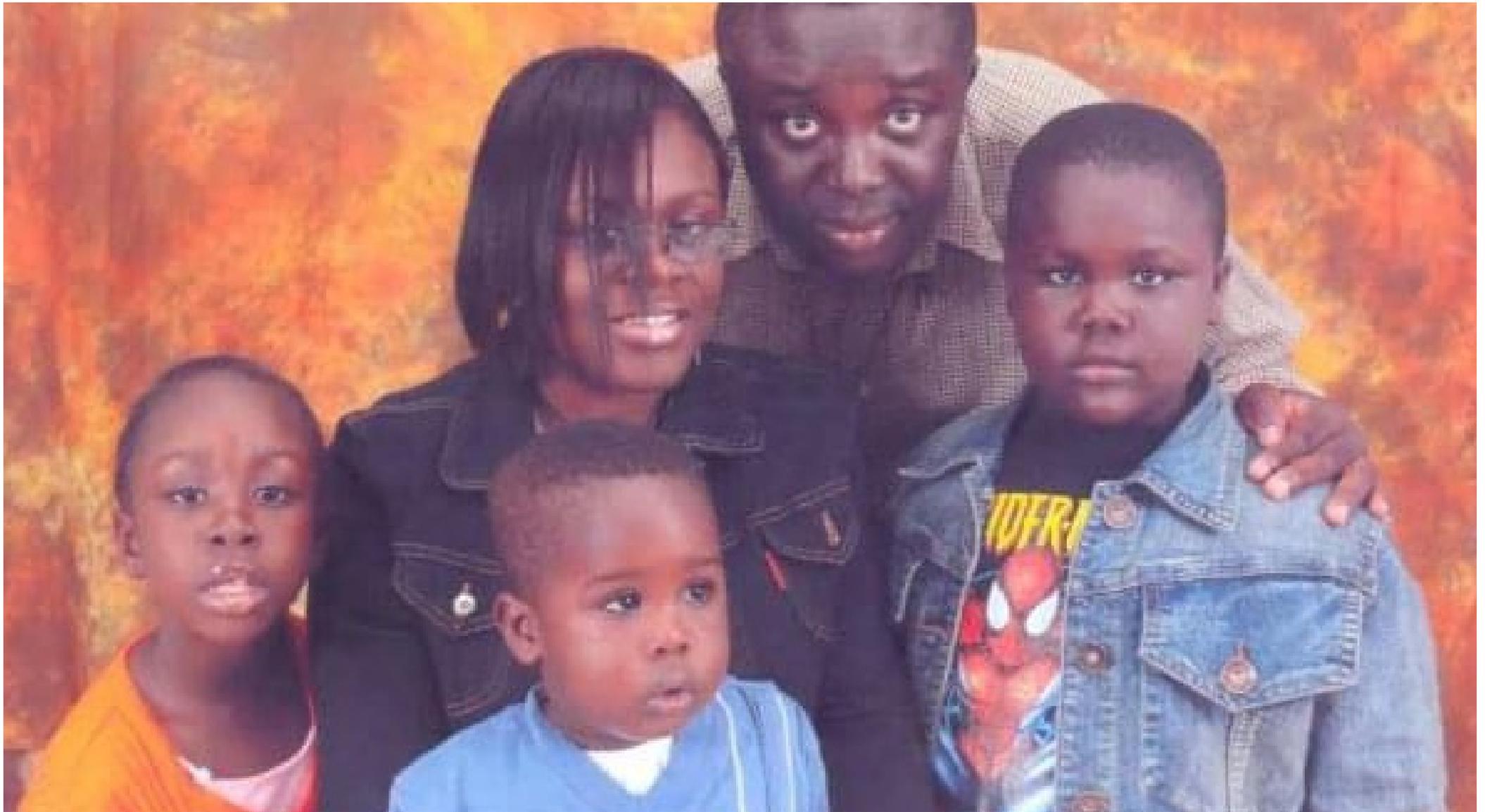
Refrain:

Till we meet, till we meet,
till we meet at Jesus' feet.
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

2. God be with you till we meet again;
unseen wings, protecting, hide you,
daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again. [Refrain]

3. God be with you till we meet again;
when life's perils thick confound you,
put unfailing arms around you;
God be with you till we meet again. [Refrain]

4. God be with you till we meet again;
keep love's banner floating o'er you,
smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again. [Refrain]



With hearts full of gratitude, we say thank you. Thank you for walking Johnny through life and for walking with us through the pain. For every memory you made with him, every encouragement, every act of love, we are deeply grateful. Thank you for celebrating the beautiful soul our Johnny was and always will be. God bless you.

The Ampofo , Asante and Allied Families

A portrait of a young Black man with short hair, smiling slightly with his eyes closed. He is wearing a black t-shirt with a bright orange rectangular patch on the chest containing the words "PULP FICTION" in bold, yellow, stylized capital letters. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with a stone wall on the left and green foliage on the right.

John-Carpus Nana Kwaku Ampofo

15 March 2006 - 18 May 2025