

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE

Obed Jeron Donkor



BURIAL
SERVICE



Biography

OF THE LATE
OBED JERON-DONKOR

Obed Jeron-Donkor, fondly known by many as BB or Pastor Obed, was born on 28th September 1998 in Accra to Apostle Oliver Jeron-Donkor and Rev. Mrs. Wilhelmina Jeron-Donkor. He grew up in a warm and loving Christian home alongside his siblings Emerald, Enos, and Jesse. From childhood, it was clear that Obed carried rare and remarkable gifts. His hands carried rhythm, and he became an exceptional drummer whose music lifted worship to another realm. Even more, Obed was marked by a prophetic grace and a keen spiritual sensitivity that spoke life and encouragement to those around him. These gifts, coupled with his natural warmth and friendliness, made him deeply loved by all who crossed his path.



Education and Early Life

Obed's journey of learning took him through Gags International School, Crown Prince School, Star Avenue School, Achimota Senior High School, the University of Ghana, and briefly, the Immigration School. It was during his time at Achimota School that his spiritual journey deepened. His eyes were opened to the supernatural, and from then on he walked boldly in ministry, carrying a strong prophetic grace. His encounters with God were evident, even leading him to appear on Praise TV alongside his mother to testify of the Lord's works in his life.

Career, Ministry, and Music

After completing the University of Ghana, Obed worked briefly with the State Insurance Company (SIC) before pursuing training with the Immigration Service. Yet, his thirst for knowledge stretched beyond classrooms. He completed online programs in Artificial Intelligence (AI) and soon became a sought-after guide for university students, helping many with their assignments, projects, and theses often going the extra mile to see others succeed.

Music, however, was Obed's heartbeat. What began as passion truly became a calling. He studied music formally and built a career in teaching, mentoring, and playing. He founded his own drum classes, raising the next generation of drummers, and his final teaching contract at Lincoln Community School saw him inspiring young children with the fundamentals of rhythm and sound. As Head of Music at MCFARM, his father's church, he poured his skill and spirit into worship. Beyond the church, Obed played with renowned gospel artists and groups including Eugene Zuta, Kobby Mantey, Eunice Koffie, and E'mpraise Inc.

He was also a songwriter, worship leader, and recording artist. His YouTube channel (Obed Jeron) blessed many with spirit-filled songs, including his much-loved track "Gratitude."

Though many of his works remain unpublished, they stand as part of his enduring legacy.

A Life Full of Love and Joy

Obed was not only gifted he was full of life. Adventurous, humorous, and determined, he approached challenges with joy. He once learned how to swim in under an hour. And though at first he couldn't even boil water, he picked up his love for cooking from his mother. Many times, while she prepared meals, he would linger in the kitchen, listening to her, asking questions, and sharing stories. Those moments of conversation became his quiet lessons. Though he never saw himself as the 'cooking type,' Obed grew into one mastering jollof rice that became a family favorite and baking a chocolate cake that everyone still remembers

A Man After God's Heart

To his family, friends, and all who knew him, Obed was more than a son, brother, or friend. He carried the heart of a father, always making others feel seen, cared for, and loved. His generosity, humility, and deep love for Christ touched countless lives.

Though his years on earth were short, his life was rich, his impact immeasurable, and his memory will remain forever in the hearts of those he touched. Above all, Obed will be remembered as:

- A loving son
- A devoted brother
- A true friend
- And a man after God's own heart.

Rest well, Obed Jeron-Donkor - your light still shines.





Tributes

OF THE LATE
OBED JERON-DONKOR

TRIBUTE FROM *Parents*

We still cannot believe you are gone, Obed. Your sudden passing remains a deep shock, and we are still learning to come to terms with it. You have left a great void in our hearts and in our home.

Your extraordinary love and care, your natural leadership of your siblings, the family, and the Church these gifts spoke loudly of who you truly were. You always took the initiative to do everything in your power to make others happy. Truly, the family, the Church, and the wider world will greatly miss you.

Yet even in this valley of grief, we take joy and pride in the life you lived and the impact you made. Near and far, people testify of how you gave them courage and hope to live again in this turbulent world. When you passed, testimonies



came pouring in: one of your sons in the music ministry wept as he recalled that all his attires had been gifts from you. Another spiritual son testified that you imparted him with the prophetic gift, and through it he has now become a blessing to many.

Time would fail us to recount all your exploits and the countless lives you touched in your short years on earth. But we know your good works will surely follow you. Like the Psalmist, you lived with the conviction:

"I will remember the works of the LORD; surely, I will remember thy wonders of old" (Psalm 77:11).

Though young in age, you carried the wisdom of the ancients and were adorned with many profound gifts and talents. You were a prophet after the kind of your father, a psalmist and musician, and above all, a drummer par excellence. We believe these gifts are now perfected in eternity, where you continue to minister even now. You even revealed to your brother Jesse in a vision that you were being prepared for a four-hour induction class in Heaven.

In the midst of our grief, the Holy Spirit whispered to your father: "**Son, I will not let any evil befall you, including the demise of your son.**" By these words we know your passing is precious in the sight of the Lord.

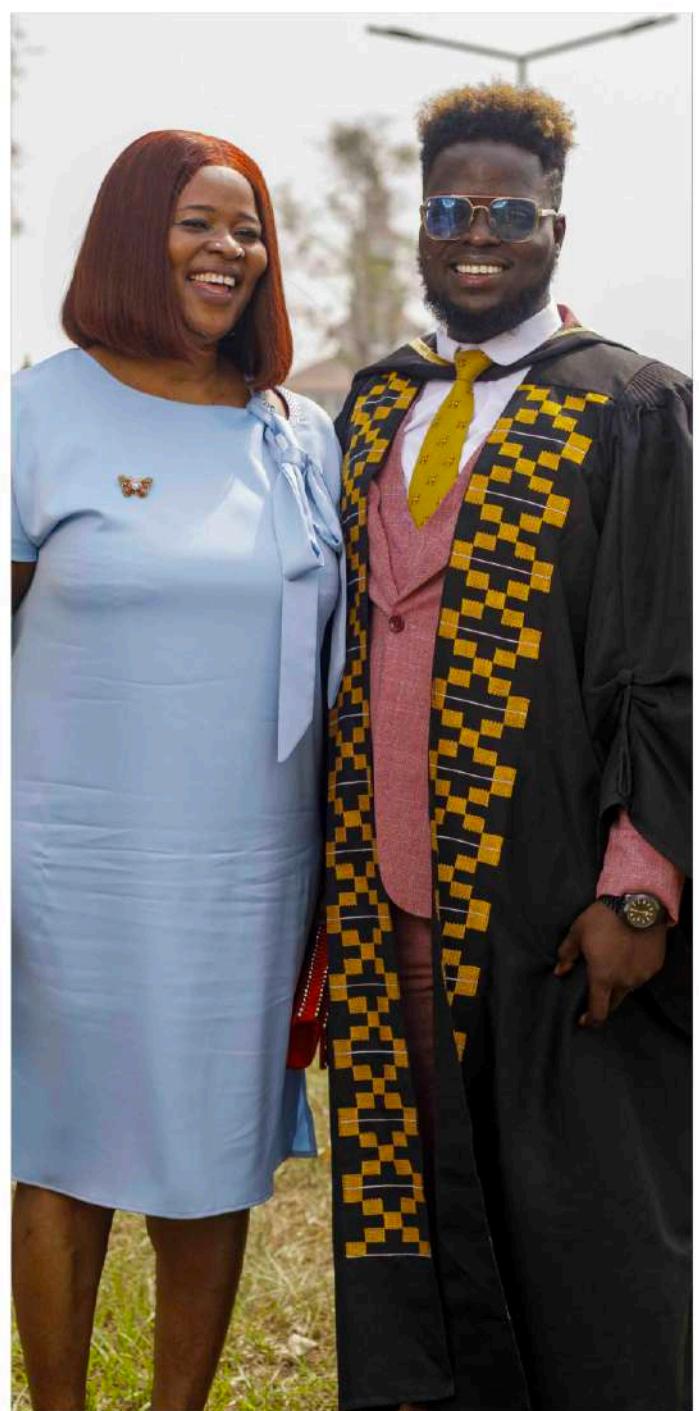
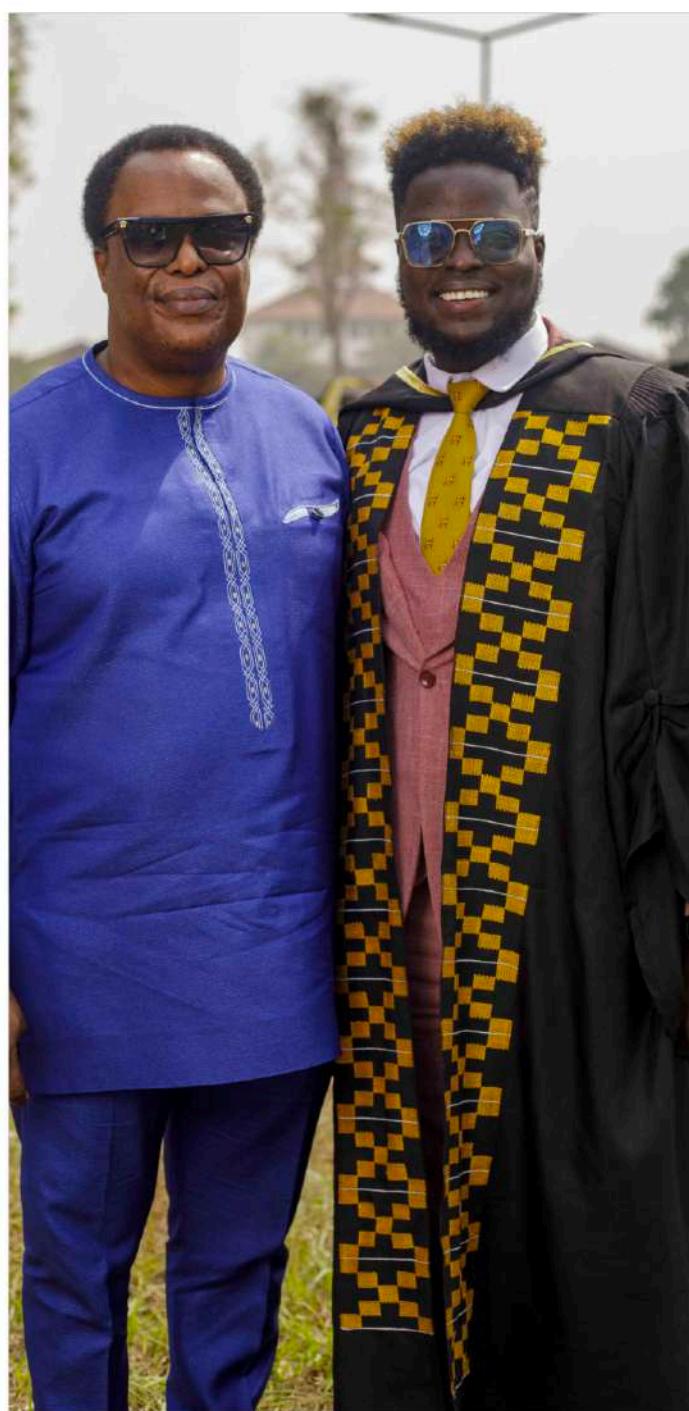
And so, we rest on the eternal promise of Scripture:

"If God is for us, who can be against us? ... For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Romans 8:31–39).

This is our comfort: death has not separated you from Christ, and it has not separated us from you. We live with the assurance that we shall meet again in the Resurrection and Rapture of the just.

Obed, journey well with your angels into the presence of God. We love you dearly, and you will forever remain in our hearts and thoughts.

Rest in peace, beloved son.



TRIBUTE FROM SISTER,

Emerald

I remember exactly how I felt the morning before I found out about your passing. It was the first time I truly felt sad and missed home that day. I just remember feeling extremely down my tummy felt weird, and generally, I was quite off. Maybe that was your way of signaling me for what was to come.

It feels so unreal that you're not here on earth with us anymore. Sometimes I think when I come home, you'll be there, and all this would just be a dream of some sort. But seeing you, being able to touch you and hug you, revived my soul. It made me so aware that you're more alive now than you ever were here on earth.

It comforts me to know that you're in a better place, where you'll experience no more pain or sorrow. That you'll be the happiest and most peaceful you've ever been. You looked so fresh and handsome when I saw you, and it's in reminiscing on that dream that I find joy and a peace that passes all understanding, as scripture says.

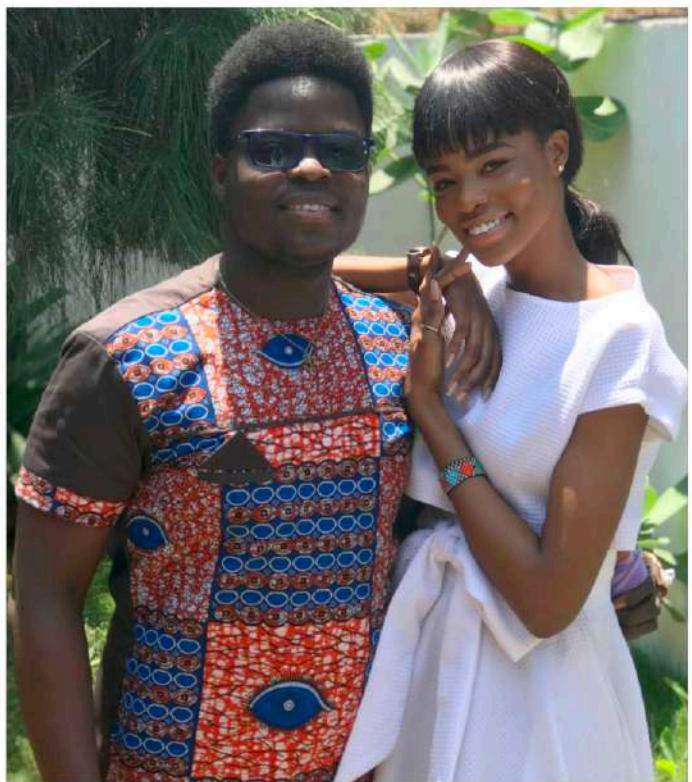
Obedo, you'll be sorely missed. No one tells stories as richly and as vividly as you do. I'll never again have you take me on my rounds and chat away here on earth. You're not here anymore to worry me about serving your food when you could've easily done it yourself, hahaha. Not here to push for an outing, not here to be the biggest cheerleader for us, not here to quarrel with me. Who will I have small misunderstandings with now? Enos and Jesse are not fun to "fight" with.

Thank you for being an amazing big brother - for caring for me, for us. For putting us first, always. For thinking ahead when it came to us. For choosing us, again and again. And when I say "**us**," I mean **Enos, Jesse, and me. Sorry mummy and daddy... you're not part of the "us."**

Till we meet again, I will continue to hold on to the Lord, who has been my rock, my fortress, and my hiding place in this difficult time. Even though it hurts so much sometimes, I know for a fact that as I continue to trust in the Lord, it will be well with my soul.



You'll always be in my heart. Your only and dearest biological sister,
Emerald.



TRIBUTE FROM *Brothers*

With heavy hearts, we, Enos and Jesse, the brothers of our beloved Obed, come together to honor and celebrate a life that was truly a blessing to us all.

As the eldest among us four, Obed carried a mantle that was far greater than his years. He was not only our brother but our guardian, our mentor, and, in many ways, a father figure. From the very beginning, he shouldered the responsibility of guiding and protecting us with unconditional love and patience. He became our safe place, always putting our needs before his own, and standing as a pillar of strength when life grew difficult.

Obed's heart was filled with kindness and compassion. He walked through life with a gentle spirit and a warm smile that could light up any room. To us, he was the bridge that held us together, the one who reminded us of the value of unity and sacrifice. Through his actions not just his words he taught us what it meant to love deeply, to care selflessly, and to live a life of service to both family and humanity.

As the eldest, he carved a path for us. He showed us how to dream, how to endure, and how to rise again when life knocked us down. Each of us carries a part of him within us his wisdom, his laughter, his faith, his courage. In moments of doubt, we still hear his voice urging us forward, and in moments of sorrow, we feel the comfort of the love he poured into us.

Though he has departed from this earthly journey, we refuse to grieve as those without hope. Instead, we rejoice that he ran his race faithfully and now rests in the eternal embrace of our Lord. His life was not measured by its length, but by the depth of his impact an impact that will continue to echo through us and through every life he touched.

We are strengthened by the words of Scripture:

"If God is for us, who can be against us? ... For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Romans 8:31–39).

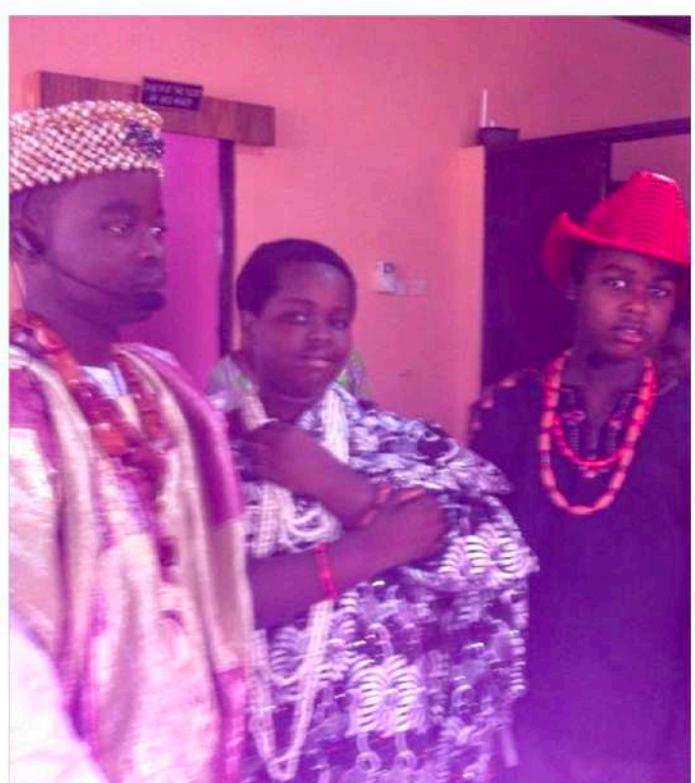


These words remind us that even in our sorrow, love triumphs, and the bond we share with our brother cannot be broken not even by death.

Today, we do not say goodbye, but “see you again.” We will carry his love as a torch, passing it on to future generations. Obed, your memory is our blessing, your life is our inspiration, and your love will forever be the strength that binds us.

Lovingly remembered,

Enos and Jesse



TRIBUTE FROM THE

Church

Revelation 14:13

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

Our beloved Obed was truly a child of the church, literally born into it, for the Lord had already called his father into ministry many years before his birth. From the very start, the atmosphere of God's presence shaped his life.

You grew up in the midst of prayer and worship hearing and seeing the church gather for Friday prayer meetings, Sunday services, and the life-transforming Monday Prophetic Training sessions. Here in this church you encountered the Lord, here you were baptized, and here you were discipled.

From your infancy, you were an active part of the children's ministry. We still remember how you "ate up" your roles during the Christmas dramas whether as a king or some noble character, you gave your all with such joy and life.

Very early on, your love for music and instruments began to shine. We witnessed your growing skill on the drums, the guitar, and even the piano. In time, you rose to become our master drummer, and whenever you sat behind those drums, it was as though they came alive in your hands. Under your rhythms, the whole congregation could not help but dance and praise the Most High. Oh, Obed the chief drummer himself how we will miss you!

But you were more than a drummer. You were multi-talented a gifted singer whose powerful worship songs lifted us all higher. Many times, we were blessed by your voice, and the "Thank You Lord" track remains a testament to the grace of musicianship you carried.

Beyond your music, you also walked in the prophetic grace of your father. The Spirit of God was evident in you, and many among us can testify of the words you spoke that came to pass. You were not just a musician, but a vessel of God's anointing, blessing lives and drawing many closer to Him.



As a church, we feel the weight of this loss. We have lost a gem a gifted musician, a worshipper, a prophet. Yet, even in our sorrow, we rejoice that Heaven has gained a recruit in the celestial army.

Auntie Grace Wilson will miss you dearly. Your brother and fellow prophet, Saba, says hello. Aunty Selina and her girls send their love. Daddy and Mummy say they love you so much.

And together, all the pastors and their wives, the elders, and the entire church family say:
Fare thee well, Obed Jeron-Donkor.

We will meet again at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

Rest well in the blessings of Abba.

TRIBUTE FROM

Akua Naomii



To my biggest cheerleader and brother, I take comfort in the words of

1 Thessalonians 4:14: "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

This promise strengthens me as I grieve your passing.

You were more than just a brother, my right-hand man, gist partner, bosom friend, and teacher. Your kindheart touched so many lives. Writing this tribute feels like an impossible task, as my heart aches thinking of not seeing your smile or hearing you shout my name, "**Akua**," countless times a day.

I got used to the notion that people don't really care about others in this life. But you changed that narrative by caring so deeply for me and my son in ways we never thought possible. Our families became one, and your love extended to everyone I held dear. You brought me so close to mummy and the family because they care so much about the people you love. I'll forever cherish the memories of you echoing mummy's words of wisdom, ensuring we followed her guidance.

Our bond confused many, but we didn't care. Rather, we found joy in their confusion. We joked about training each other for our future spouses, and you were instrumental in protecting me from those who wouldn't treat me right. Your genuine happiness for my achievements meant the world.

Now, my promotional interview letter has arrived, and I wish you were here to share my joy. I find myself checking my phone, expecting your calls, but they're not coming. It's been weeks since I heard your voice, checking on me morning, noon, and night.

I love you endlessly, Obed. Though we're apart, I console myself with the promise of seeing you again. The years we spent together were undoubtedly the best moments of my life. Your humility, work ethics, dedication to serving others, and love for God's work earned you many admirers, including those who called you "**Apostle**". You exemplified excellence in everything you did.

You'll forever be in my thoughts. Rest in the bosom of the Lord until we meet again.

Goodbye, my love and bosom friend.



TRIBUTE FROM THE,

Cousins

We, your cousins, gather today to honor and celebrate the life of our beloved Obed Jeron-Donkor.

To us, Obed was more than a cousin. He was a brother, a friend, and a source of joy. His laughter, kindness, and love for music touched us all. Whether through a smile, a joke, or the beat of his drums, he had a way of lifting every heart around him.

For me, Cephas Videtah, this loss feels even more personal. Obed and I once walked the same corridors of Achimota School, sharing youthful dreams and brotherly memories that will forever remain with me. His cheerfulness and humility made him stand out then, just as they did throughout his life.

Though his time with us was short, his impact was lasting. We will remember his joy, his humility, and his deep love for family. His legacy of togetherness will remain with us always. Obed, you were truly a blessing. We are grateful for the moments we shared and find comfort knowing you rest peacefully in the Lord.

Sleep well, dear cousin.

You will forever live in our hearts.

With love, Your Cousins.



TRIBUTE FROM THE,

Boatengs

Revelation 14:13

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

Your presence in this world was a gift to everyone who had the privilege of knowing you. You reminded us that sometimes, just being there for people is the greatest gift. Your kindness never had conditions, you gave love freely without asking for anything in return.

I witnessed how you gave your all during our engagement ceremony. I saw the sacrifices you put in when we had our wedding.

I appreciate the day to day love you showed our kids anytime they come to the house. We will never forget your efforts during my wife's 40th birthday celebration just a day before you left us.

Today, as it were, you're no more with us but your good works, sacrifice and love you showed us still remain with us .

So OBED,

Till we meet again we say may the Lord keep you.



TRIBUTE FROM UNCLE.

Hope & AUNTIE Bernice

I, Uncle Hope, remember Obed not only as my nephew but as my best friend during my time in Ghana. He drove me everywhere I needed to go, back and forth, with so much patience and joy. In those drives, we spoke at length about life, faith, and dreams, and in those moments,

I connected with him on a level deeper than family. He was my companion, my support, and my brother in spirit.

I, Aunty Bernice, will forever cherish the countless times I spent talking with Obed on the phone. Sometimes our conversations would last three hours, and yet it always felt too short.

We laughed, encouraged each other, and shared life in ways that only true friends can. He had a heart that welcomed everyone, and with me, he always showed love, respect, and care.

Obed was a gift to us, and though we will miss him deeply, his memory and the love we shared will forever remain in our hearts.



TRIBUTE FROM

Pastors



TRIBUTE OF OUR BELOVED BROTHER IN CHRIST, _OBED JERON-DONKOR_by PASTORS OF HIS FATHER.

Beloved in the Lord,

Today we gather not in defeat, but in thanksgiving to God for the life of our dear brother, Obed Jeron-donkor. He was more than a member of this church family, he was a pillar of faith, a friend to many, and a true servant of Christ.

Our brother lived his life with a heart burning for God. He loved the Lord deeply and showed it not just in words, but in deeds. His smile encouraged, his prayers lifted, and his service blessed. Whether in worship, fellowship, or acts of kindness, he left an imprint of Christ's love on every soul he touched.

Though our hearts grieve, we do not sorrow as those without hope (1 Thessalonians 4:13). We know that he has finished his race, kept the faith, and now rests in the presence of the Master he loved so dearly (2 Timothy 4:7-8). His absence leaves a great void, but his legacy of faith, humility, and devotion will continue to inspire us.

Our brother's life reminds us of Paul's words in Philippians 1:21: "**For to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain.**" He lived for Christ, and now he has gained the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, has prepared for those who love Him.

We will miss his laughter, his encouragement, and his fellowship, but we take comfort in knowing that we shall meet again in that glorious morning, when the trumpet shall sound and the dead in Christ shall rise first.

Sleep on, beloved brother, faithful servant, and friend. Rest in the bosom of the Lord whom you loved and served. Your memory will remain precious in our hearts, and your testimony will continue to speak.

Until we meet again in glory

Shalom.

TRIBUTE FROM GRANDPA,

G.K. Donkor
& The Family



Tribute to OBED JERON-DONKOR by his Family

Isaiah 41:4

"Who hath wrought and done it, calling the generations from the beginning? I the LORD, the first, and with the last; I am he."

Obed Jeron-Donkor, came to us, packaged as a Servant of God. He was an embodiment of Service and Worship. He worked and lived as if the coming of the LORD was very imminent and planned as if the LORD was not coming anytime soon.

More than anything else, he loved God deeply. His faith was his anchor, and he lived each day trusting in God's goodness. His life was a testimony that even in trials, one can still radiate hope, laughter, and love.

Obed was full of charity, always ready to share a smile, he was very kind, and would want to always hug you. His joy was contagious; he was humorous and made everyone laughed. Even in difficult times, he found a reason to be jovial, reminding us that life is too short not to cherish every moment. Obed shared generously and didn't mind receiving a gift, no matter how small and he always made sure he got whatever he asked and wanted.

His interpersonal skills were exceptional and would be dearly missed. Indeed, the LORD is the God of Eternity and man a slave of time. Obed lived as a true fighter. He faced life's challenges with a strength that inspired everyone around him.

Pain and struggles never defined him; instead, his courage, resilience, and unwavering faith in God shone through. Even though, to the family, Obed's time was short, we believe and are satisfy that, he served God's purpose in his own generation.

May his good works follow him. Painful and sudden as his departure was, we yield totally to the will of the Father of all spirits, the God of patience and consolation.

Obed! you fought the good fight, you kept the faith, and now, you have gained your crown of glory.

Xede Nywie!!

TRIBUTE FROM THE

Mauattah Family



Tribute to our Nephew

1 Thessalonians 4:13

"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."

Obed Jeron, our beloved son, erudite and kind-hearted, an adept minstrel and a true worshipper of the God we serve.

Indeed, our "whys" are many: the early exit, the hint less mortality, the unbearable sounds of sorrow, and the unexplainable brokenness. All these have exposed the limits of our minds and humbled the pride of our intellect.

The memories are countless, yet we will share only one, just so our pain is managed.

Thirteen months ago, some of us your uncles, aunties, and cousins sat with you on the upper balcony at Ablekuma. That day, you blessed us with a gracious lecture on music and worship, as we gathered around and watched your YouTube channel together. We savored that amazing moment, cherishing it with great anticipation of the launch of your own studio and brand of music

in an explosive festival of praise.

Alas, your Maker had other plans and placed a call you could not ignore.

Our comfort and healing remain in His hands. Perhaps we shall smile again when your drums beat, echoing not here on earth, but in heaven's eternal worship.

Xede Nyue!!

TRIBUTE FROM

Arnold Mensah

Obed, today I find myself reflecting on the life of a dear friend and patient, Obed. It is never easy to put into words the depth of someone's impact, but Obed was truly one of those rare souls who left a lasting imprint on everyone he met.

As a nurse and a brother I had the privilege of walking alongside him in moments of vulnerability, of strength, and of courage. Yet beyond the roles of caregiver and patient, we built a bond of friendship that I will always cherish. Obed had a way of turning even the most difficult days into opportunities for laughter and light. His smile carried warmth, his words carried wisdom, and his presence carried peace.

What struck me most about Obed was his resilience. No matter what challenges came his way, he faced them with grace and dignity. He taught me that compassion and courage



can coexist, that strength is not always loud, but often quiet and steady. To me, he was not only a patient but also a teacher, reminding me every day of why I chose this calling of service and care.

Obed's life was a gift. He showed kindness without measure, loved deeply, and inspired hope even in the hardest of times. His legacy is not one of sorrow but of joy, perseverance, and friendship.

Though we mourn his absence, we celebrate the love and memories he has left behind. Aww Obed ,my boss and my cheerleader he affectionately calls me Doctor, my family and I will always remember you.

Rest well, Obed.

You will always remain in our hearts not just as someone I cared for, but as a friend I was blessed to know.

TRIBUTE FROM UNCLE

Koffie

To me, Obed was never just Obed, he was Amaga. That's what we called each other, and it carried a bond only we understood. From those days when we were just small boys talking about life, to growing into men, he was always wise beyond his years.

I'll never forget the nights he'd sit in the car for hours, talking to his first love, or the joy of seeing him connect with great people in the music world, like Sonnie Badu. No matter where life took him, he stayed solid, loving, and kind.

As a fashion designer, I saw a side of him many didn't see, his eye for style. Sometimes he would design outfits himself, and I'd help bring them to life. He had taste, a presence that went beyond fashion.

Obed wasn't just my brother, he was my mirror, Amaga to Amaga. His wisdom, his kindness, his style, and his way of seeing life will forever live in me.

Amaga! Rest well



TRIBUTE FROM

Saba

Tribute to my Best Man: OBED JERON-DONKOR

Ladies and gentlemen,

Today, as I stand here remembering the happiest day of my life sixteen years ago, I cannot proceed without honoring the memory of someone who stood beside me long before this altar my best man, my brother in spirit, Obed Jeron-Donkor.

I am reminded that no journey is ever walked alone. At the heart of my journey is a brother, a friend, and a companion who stood with me then, and still stands with me now my Best Man.

Obed wasn't just a friend he was my first best man, and he took up that mantle at the incredible age of ten years old. Even then, he stood tall with the wisdom of an elder, the heart of a servant, and the spirit of a leader. That image of him, boyish yet brave, responsible yet playful, has never left me.

Obed was a firstborn not just in his family, but in every sense of the word. He led by example. He carried weight no one saw and yet still found a way to lighten the loads of others. His life was a symphony of service, faith, and compassion.

A drummer and a teacher, Obed taught more than just rhythm and knowledge. He taught love. He taught consistency. He taught faith. He was a prophet, speaking truth with conviction. A counselor, offering wisdom far beyond his years. A prayer warrior, fighting unseen battles for those he loved. A philanthropist, always giving not only from his pockets, but from the deep wells of his heart.

He was a songwriter, singer, and psalmist, whose voice wasn't just heard in the melodies he crafted, but in the lives he touched. Every song he sang felt like a direct line to Heaven. Every word he spoke carried peace and purpose.

I remember our last moment together so vividly. We were at the airport, bidding farewell to Emerald a moment filled with hope and anticipation for the future. What I didn't know then was that I was



also saying goodbye to Obed. And yet, even in that final meeting, his warmth, his laughter, and his love stayed with me.

Just a day before he passed, Obed and I had planned something beautiful — he was going to teach me about AI, always eager to share and to build others. And on the very day he left this world, we spoke at length about ministry two brothers dreaming, reflecting, and surrendering to God's call.

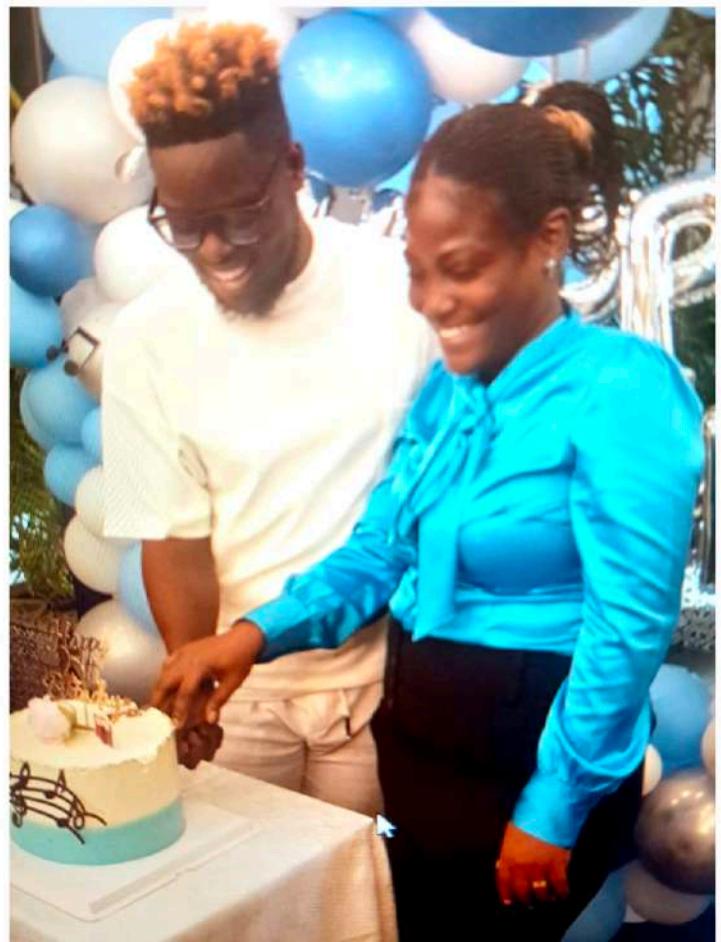
How sacred that final conversation is to me now. Obed was more than a best man on paper. He was God's best in a man given to us for a time, but destined for eternity. His life reminds me that impact is not measured in years, but in the depth of love, faith, and service one gives.

As I embark on this new chapter, I cannot but honor the man who has walked beside me since childhood, who has prayed for me, and believed in me. Today, I do not just call him my Best Man; I call him my brother, my inspiration, and my lifelong friend

To Obed Jeron-Donkor — my best man forever, in heaven and on earth — thank you. Your voice may have quieted here, but your echo will never fade.

Thank you for standing with me then. Thank you for standing with me now. And thank you for being a priceless part of my story

Rest well, my brother. Rest well, my friend.



TRIBUTE FROM

Star Avenue

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

How do we put into words what it means to lose someone like you, Obed? How do we capture the weight of this loss, when your absence feels louder than any sound?

Words may fail us, but our hearts will always remember. You were light. You were joy. You were laughter. With your ever-ready smile, your warm presence, and your gift of making everyone feel seen and loved, you left an imprint on each of us. In school, in music, in friendship, in brotherhood you lived fully, generously, and with grace. You taught us that life, though fleeting, is best lived in love and service.

From the little things like snacks shared in childhood, to the bigger gestures like prayers, encouragement, and quiet acts of kindness, you gave yourself away without hesitation. Even in your struggles, you carried your pain with dignity, choosing to shine rather than let the world see your burden. Truly, you were a gentleman, a friend, a brother, and a servant of God.

Oh Obed, Osofo Musician hmmmm. It's taken me hours to write this. Never ever did I think I would lose a friend at a young age. Never ever did I think you'd leave us this soon. You looked so healthy, no one would have thought or believed you were ill. You truly didn't look like your problems. You were so full of life even in your illness, we never saw the pain and struggle.

When I didn't hear from you on my birthday I should have known better...had I known they say, it is always at last. Thank you for every birthday call, the prayers and the gist. I am still in denial Obed. When we are telling our class story, we will remember you and mention your name Obed with smiles. Knowing your memories will forever be a blessing. No more sad days, no more pain, No more suffering.

Good and faithful friend, Good and faithful servant, though you're gone your light will continue to shine in our hearts. I will miss you. Love Erica

Brother Dearest. It still feels surreal to know you're no longer here with us. Life is so fleeting, and death often feels unbearably cruel, reminding us how short the journey really is. Though we had our differences in our younger years, growing up showed me the kind of friend you truly were—one who could always be counted on.

Thank you for being there when I needed someone most, for listening when I had no one else to turn to, and for the words of encouragement that carried me through. Thank you for every birthday call, every prayer, and every thoughtful thing you did.

I pray you've found true rest now, resting peacefully in the arms of our Maker. Put in a word or two for us up there every now and then. Your memory will remain with us always, until that day we meet to part no more.

With love always, Sasha

Words can't express how I feel now...Obed. You were so full of life, kind, caring and loving. You always checked on my siblings and I. Your sudden demise is what I can't get over. But I know you're resting and at peace with your maker in heaven.

The best drummer and musician as Sheila and always call you. My dear brother and friend, Rest in Peace and sing on with the angels. Till we meet again!! Now the laborers task is o'er

With love Karen

Words can never capture what you mean to me. Your bubbly spirit, warm personality, and ever-ready smile always lit up every room and yes, you always smelled so good too!

You had this beautiful way of making everyone feel seen, heard, and loved. I know I did, and I'm sure everyone who knew you felt the same.

Thank you for making these years so meaningful and beautiful. I'll continue to celebrate you always, because I am truly blessed to have known you.

Till we meet again, Minerva

My dear friend even though we weren't that close, you still made an impact in this world. You'll forever be remembered because you showed up for people when no one else did.

Rest easy gentle soul till we meet again. Efua

Obed Jeron Donkor.... I still can't believe you're no more with us. It feels so surreal which makes writing my tribute real hard. Obed who would have thought our last meet up was the last we would see each other. I'm happy I got to know you, I'm happy I sat in class with you, I'm happy to have had quarrels with you.

Obed may God grant you eternal rest, until we meet again.
Love, Irene

Dearest Obed,

I have thought greatly about what I'd say to you if you were right here again and I can't even put together the right words. I keep thinking about how I'd always say you're stubborn but looking back, I am convinced you knew all along and chose to embrace and enjoy every moment that you had and I am truly glad you did! You were our glue, the light in every room and even if we had not spoken the whole year, everyone always knew to expect a call from Obed on their birthdays without fail. You have left a great mark in all our hearts! Thank you for being a brother and a friend.

Rest Well Brother, Rest

I still feel the exact same way I felt when the news came that you had passed . Speechless. I'm probably still in denial. But as I started to think about you and the memories I have of you, I began to smile . Obed , you were so warm , gentle and so kind . I'll never forget how you would get me snacks back in primary school or was it the last time we met at Fuseini's wedding when you did not even hesitate to give me your suit because I was feeling cold. Just to find out after you passed that you weren't even feeling well that day . You were a good, good man . That's how I will remember you. Even though you're not here anymore, you will forever be in my heart and in my mind. Ofcourse, for all things beautiful. Rest in heavenly peace.

Love always , Anabel.

Obed was truly a lovely and kind-hearted person. Though it hurts to say goodbye so soon, we take comfort in knowing that those who fall asleep in Christ are not lost. As the Bible reminds us in Philippians 1:21, "...to live is Christ and to die is gain.

" We rejoice in the assurance that Obed is with the Lord. Our hearts grieve, but not as those without hope.

Till we meet again, dear Obed, may your soul rest in perfect peace.
With love, Gayle

Oh Obed, my guy, you were full of life, you had great potentials but they say, "We plan and God plans, but God is the best of planners". I tried so hard to word this tribute but each time I tried it got more difficult. You were such a gentleman.

You always called my brother and I "big men" even though we were of the same age, you saw the best in everyone. Our days back in primary and JHS were the best, the fights, jokes and the lessons. I'm glad to have shared that life with you. You'll always be my class mate, brother and a friend.

Rest well Obed, Rest well. Fuseini (FUZZY)

Obed, Obed, Obed are you there, where are you we miss you, your energy, your amazing personality if wishes were like horses beggars will ride that's what I keep reminiscing if we could save you we will, if we could wake you up we will or even speak to you for the last time, you were blessed with so much talent and you chose to use it despite your struggles I was always proud of you from afar when you call me no matter how long it had been we talk like it was just yesterday. It feels like a dream that I can't wake up from. I am so saddened by your death and as much as I wish it's a lie I can't question God.v

May you REST IN PERFECT PEACE BRO, Till we meet again
Love Amy Torkorno

Today we grieve, for the weight of your absence is heavy. We cry, because we miss your voice, your energy, your presence. But even in this grief, we do not mourn as those without hope. For we believe you now rest in the arms of your Maker, where there is no more pain, no more suffering, no more tears.

And so, though we are broken, we hold onto faith. Faith that this is not the end. Faith that one day, beyond the veil of time, we shall meet again. On that day there will be no more goodbyes, only joy, only reunion, only everlasting peace.

Obed, your story does not end here. Your light continues in every life you touched, in every memory we cherish, in every prayer we whisper. You will not be forgotten. You will always be loved.

Rest well, dear brother. Rest well, faithful friend. Until we meet again, in glory everlasting.

With Love, Your Friends



TRIBUTE FROM

OAA 2016

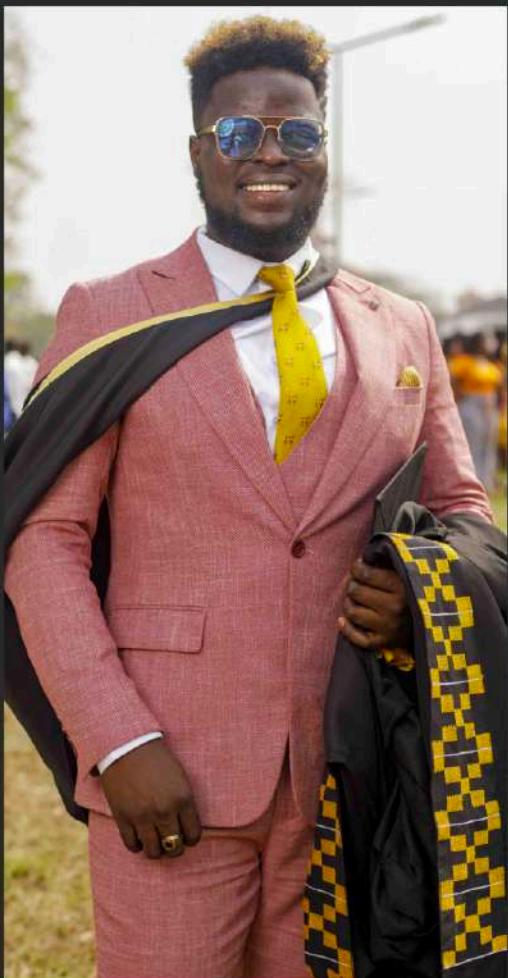
Obed, your life was a beautiful melody of passion, warmth, and devotion. We remember your love for drumming, the Bembem band, and the Chosen Ministers you helped start and served with wholeheartedly. Your rhythms lifted our spirits, your piano filled our mornings with worship, and your energy made Sunday service at Achimota School come alive.

Your laughter, your smiles, and your ever-friendly nature touched everyone around you. Despite the struggles you faced, you lived fully, inspiring us all with your strength and faith.

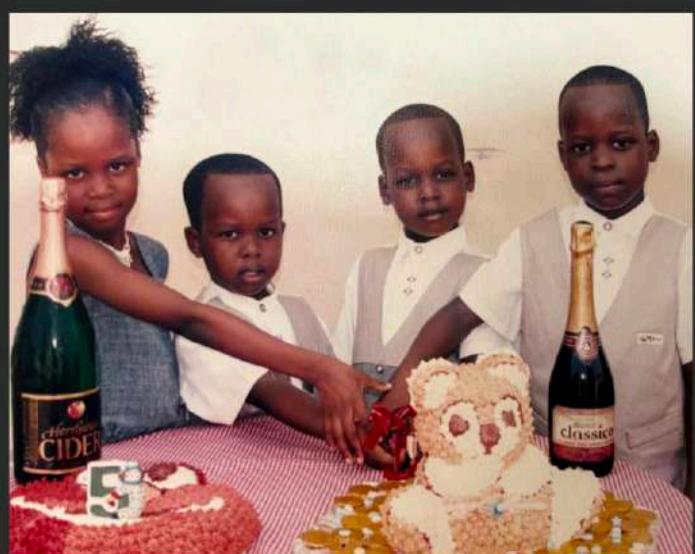
Fraser House, Science 8, and all your friends will miss you dearly. Your memory will forever remain in our hearts, and we take comfort knowing you rest peacefully in the bosom of our Father.

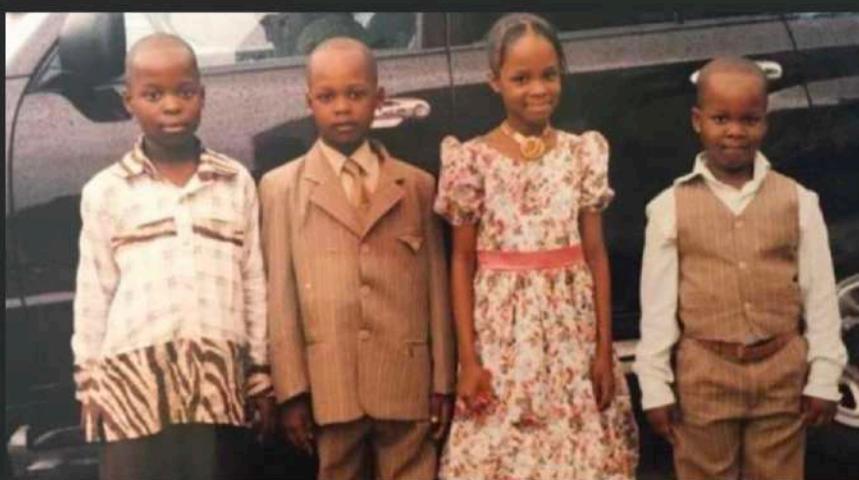
Farewell, Akora. Till we meet again













Appreciation

The family of the late Obed Jeron-Donkor wishes to express our deepest gratitude to all who have stood with us during this difficult time.

To our extended family, friends, church members, colleagues, and loved ones your prayers, visits, comforting words, and generous support have carried us through our grief. Every call, every message, every presence at our side has been a reminder that Obed's life touched so many.

Though our hearts are heavy, we take comfort in the outpouring of love that surrounds us. It strengthens us to know that Obed's memory is cherished not only by us, his family, but by all whose lives he blessed with his kindness, wisdom, music, and laughter.

May God richly bless you for standing with us.

The Jeron-Donkor Family