

## - TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS -

Dear Richard,

We are all gathered here today to celebrate your amazing life. You were always strong, assertive, bold, fearless, entertaining, and an amazing soul, so full of life. You always knew what you wanted, and my God, you always went for it.

It is an honor and privilege to have known you. We love you and grew with you. I have come to understand that our body is a temporary host to a greater entity that lives within us and although the body may leave us, that greater entity will continue to live on. You have shown that through every single one of us here, today, and always found a way to bring us together.

The great lesson we have learned from you is to love one another, be there for one another, and support one another. Thank you Bro for the sacrifices you took upon yourself so that the rest of us didn't have to. We will continue to cherish and miss you deeply.



## - TRIBUTE BY FRIENDS -

To you my dear friend,

It breaks our hearts to lose you, but you did not go alone, for a part of us went with you the day God put his arms around you and lifted you to rest. This is unacceptable but it has become the truth. You were such an inspiring person and embodied the true meaning of a friend. You were full of kindness and I love the way you always found a way to make us laugh.

Thank you for your love, my brother and friend. Rest in peace till we meet again. A.K.A. APETE ONE!

We love you Atta Oko.

## HYMNS

### When We All Get To Heaven

One day You'll make everything new, Jesus. One day You'll bind every wound. The former things shall all pass away, no more tears.

One day You'll make sense of it all, Jesus. One day every question resolved. Every anxious thought left behind, no more fear.

**When we all get to Heaven,**

**What a day of rejoicing that will be**

**When we all see Jesus**

**We'll sing and shout the victory**

### What A Friend We Have In Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and grieves to bear! What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer! Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear, All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer!

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

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

## APPRECIATION

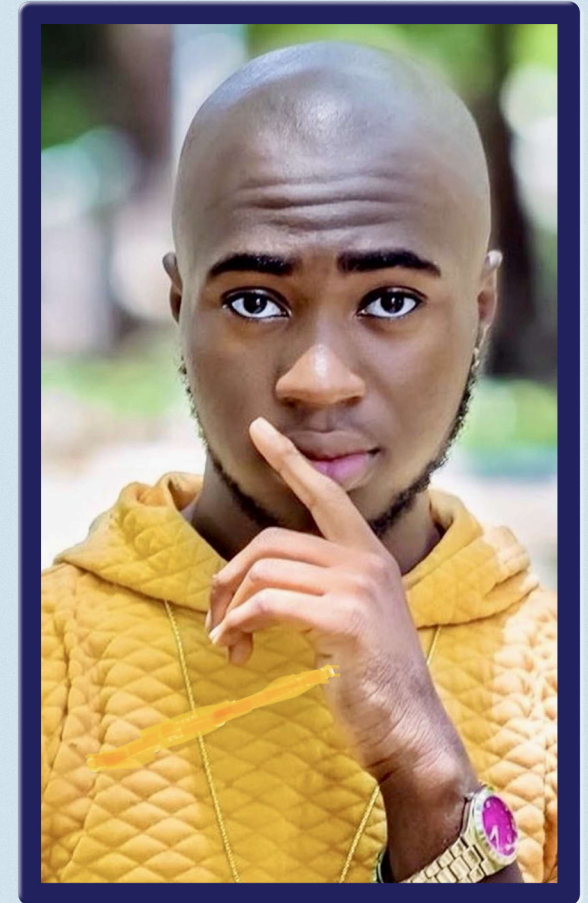
The family of Richard Atta Boakumah expresses its gratitude and appreciation to all for your acts of kindness, prayer, calls, presence, and support extended to our family in this difficult time of grief. We couldn't have walked this journey without you. May the Almighty God richly bless you.

"He will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning nor crying nor pain any more, for the former things have passed away." REV 21:4

## DONATION

**CASHAPP & ZELLE - 301 - 213 - 6933**

# *In Loving Memory*



# **RICHARD ATTA BUAKUMAH**

*a.k.a: Uncle Oko*

*1998 - 2023*

## ORDER OF SERVICE

OPENING PRAYER

HYMN - **When We All Get To Heaven**

1ST SCRIPTURE READING - **1 Thessalonians 4:13-18**

BIOGRAPHY - **Family**

SONG - **Goodness of God (Miracle Harmonics)**

TRIBUTE (Mother) - **Pamela Pecku**

SONG - **Reign In Majesty (Miracle Harmonics)**

TRIBUTE (Siblings) - **RACHEL BOAKUMAH**

TRIBUTE (Father)

SONG - **"Candle in the winds"**

2ND SCRIPTURE READING - **1 Corinthians 15:51-58**

EXHORTATION - **Rev Samuel Caternor**

HYMN - **What A Friend We Have In Jesus**

PRAYER FOR THE BEREAVED FAMILY

VOTE OF THANKS - **Deaconess Ruthie Dann**

BENEDICTION

### **Biography of the Late Richard Atta Buakumah a.k.a.: Uncle Oko**

Richard Atta Boakumah was born April 19, 1998 at Osu Presbyterian Hospital in Accra to his parents Rev Michael Kwasi Boakumah and Madam Sharon Nana Yaa Opokuwaa Opoku. He attended Tiny Flowers Daycare Center and Seventh Day Adventist Primary International School.

In April 2009, Richard had an opportunity to travel to the United States of America with his two siblings, Richmond and Rachel Boakumah, to join their mother Madam Sharon Opoku.

Richard continued his 5th grade education at Gaywood Elementary School in April 2009. He later attended Thomas Johnson Middle School and Duval High School. Richard had an interest in business as a child, wanting to become an entrepreneur and work for himself. Richard worked at Bukom Café while in high school and continued after graduating.

Richard had an opportunity to work for Virginia Police Services, where he developed an interest in law enforcement and was encouraged by the officers to start off with private investigation.

Richard took several courses while working for Virginia Police Services and became a private investigator. He also registered his company Rich Guard and became self-employed.

On June 6, 2020, Richard complained of stomach pain which led him to the Emergency Room. After a three-year, well fought battle, Richard transitioned to be with his Heavenly Father on June 6, 2023.

Richard is survived by his parents, Rev. Michael Boakumah and Madam Sharon Opoku and siblings; Christina Quarcoopme, Richmond Boakumah, Rachel Boakumah, and six other siblings. Grandmother Madam Doris Okine, uncles and aunties, and a host of cousins, nieces, and nephews.

### **- TRIBUTE BY MOTHER -**

2 TIMOTHY 4:8 (NKJV)

"Finally, there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give to me on that Day, and not to me only but also to all who have loved His appearing."

Atta Oko, or "Unko," as I always call you and you'd respond "My love." You'd crack a joke saying, "My love, my love," but here I am, and I don't even have a love. Then I'd usually tell you that your mother is a jealous person, so I don't need a rival and we'd laugh about it.

Atta Oko is not just my son, but for real he's my love, my best friend, my advisor, and my all in all. You'd usually ask me to sing for you. Richard, I don't know what else to say but you are one of the best gifts that God gave me.

Richard, due to the pain you went through, we both had sleepless nights. You are now gone, and I still can't sleep. Richard, you would rather worry about me and ask if I have eaten. You'd always tell me to eat so that you could also eat. Unko, I still can't eat. Since you left, my world is shattered.

You'd always tell me, "Don't worry Mommy. You know God is in control. He's got us covered and his will be done, not our will." I'd respond, "Yes, Unko." Unko, I'm short of words, and I cannot believe that I am sitting here today writing a tribute for you. I thought it's the other way around, that a child will bury their parent.

I thought it's the other way around, that a child will bury their parent. Just like the sermons say in all things, I am giving glory to God and I'm grateful that he brought you into my life to get to know you. I am happy for the time that we shared, the bonding, and all that we did together.

Our God has been faithful, been with us, seen us through, watched over us, and kept a jealous eye over us. God loves Richard way better and way more than I do.

Richard, with a heavy heart, I say "Sleep on." I can't say "Rest in peace" because I'm still in denial and hoping you will return home one day. Sleep on my son, my love sleep on. For the past three years, you had no sleep. You can now sleep without any pain in the bosom of your Maker.

I love you from the bottom of my heart. Until we meet again in glory,

**Ataa Oko Wɔ jogbanɔ. Atta Oko Wɔ jogbanɔ.**



### **- TRIBUTE BY FATHER -**

Richard Sanyo A Boakumah, I call you "Tobge Tsito" because you were very proud to have come from Tsito. You are the first son of my strength, full of hope and aspiration. Your words gave me hope for the future, looking at you, and your desires for the family, I only concluded that you are the Joseph of the family. What happened, my son, that you were not able to fulfill your dreams? What happened that you have left sadly without saying a word? Although your demise was sudden, you have done your best as a good soldier of the Lord. I love you but the Lord loves you all the more. Go well, my son. Rest in the peace of the Lord. May the angels of the Lord be your guide till we meet again. Fare thee well, son. Fare thee well.