

## OFFICIATING PRIESTS

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Monsignor James Robert Myers

Rev. Fr. Martin Bamelinam

Rev. Professor Joseph Okine Quartey

Rev. Fr. Filton Mensah

Very Rev. Fr. Ebenezer Akesseh

Rev. Fr Raymond Osei Tutu

Rev. Fr. Anthony Enyinful

Rev. Fr Dominic Broni

Rev. Fr. Henry Cafuie Ahorlu

Rev. Fr John Amoah

## CHOIR

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Christ the King Church Choir

Angelic Choir

Benz Initiative

# *Order Of Service*

## PART I: PRE-BURIAL MASS

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Reception of the body

Opening Hymn: CH 212 - Yes Heaven is the Prize

Laying in State

Tributes Interspersed with Hymns/File past:

- ◆ CH 311 - Give Me The Wings of Faith
- ◆ CH 331 - Lord For Tomorrow And Its Needs
- ◆ CH 353 - I Come To You Once More My God
- ◆ CH 349 - Abide With Me Fast Falls
- ◆ CH 376 - Take My Life and Let It Be
- ◆ CH 356 - I Need You Every Hour
- ◆ CH 166 - Just As I am Without One Plea

Reading of Biography



## **PART II: THE HOLY MASS**

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- ◆ *Processional Hymn:* CH 308 - O Christ the Glory of the Angel Choirs
- ◆ *Introit:* Requiem Acternam

### **Introductory Rites**

- ◆ Opening Prayer

### **The Liturgy of the Word**

- ◆ *1st Reading:* Isaiah 25:6-9
- ◆ *Responsorial Psalm:* CH 162 - Yes I Shall Arise
- ◆ *Gospel Acclamation:* Alleluia ~ Soro Abofo
- ◆ *Gospel Reading:* Matthew 25:31- 46
- ◆ Homily
- ◆ *Credo:* St. Jude
- ◆ *Bidding Prayers/Prayer of the faithful:* Onim nea oye mame
- ◆ Collection

### **The Liturgy of the Eucharist**

- ◆ Preparation of the Gifts
- ◆ Incensation: CH 274 - O God Our Help in Ages Past
- ◆ Sanctus: St. Jude
- ◆ Mystery of Faith
- ◆ Doxology
- ◆ The Lord's Prayer
- ◆ Sign of Peace: CH 239 - It Is Well With My Soul

### **The Communion Rites**

- ◆ *Angus Dei:* Lamb of God
- ◆ *Communion Hymn:* CH 235 - Jesus My Lord, My God, My All, CH 95 - Jesus, Jesus, Come to Me, CH 111 - My God Loves Me
- ◆ *Pater Noster:* The Lord's Prayer
- ◆ *Post Communion Anthem:* Heaven by Benz Initiative

- ◆ *Second Collection:* Medley of Songs by Benz Initiative
- ◆ *Hymn:* Now Praise We Great and Famous Men
  
- ◆ Vote of Thanks
- ◆ Final Commendation
- ◆ Recessional Hymn: CH 305 - Hark Hark My Soul

### **PART III - GRAVE SIDE**

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- ◆ *Hymn:* CH 374 - Through All The Changing Scenes of Life
- ◆ Opening Prayer
- ◆ Blessing of Tomb
- ◆ *Hymn:* CH 365 - Silently the Shades
- ◆ Committal/Intercession
- ◆ *Hymn:* CH 364 - Now the Laborers Task is Over
- ◆ *Closing Hymn:* God Be With You Till We Meet Again
- ◆ *Song:* We are going

## CELEBRATING A LIFE WELL-LIVED

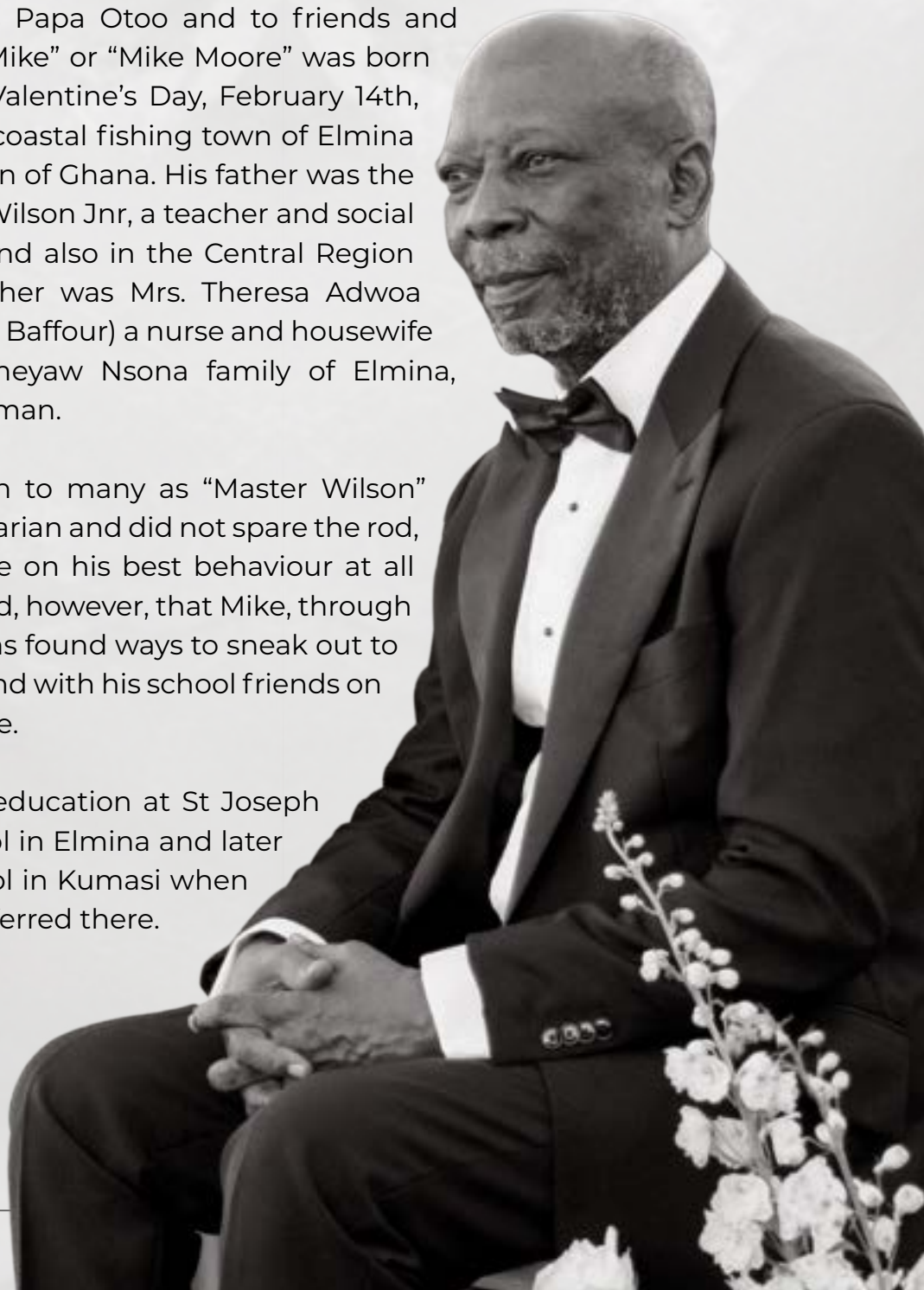
BIOGRAPHY OF

# PROFESSOR MICHAEL DAVID WILSON

The late Professor Michael David Wilson, affectionately known to family as Papa Otoo and to friends and acquaintances as “Mike” or “Mike Moore” was born on Wednesday, St Valentine’s Day, February 14th, 1951, at the historic coastal fishing town of Elmina in the Central Region of Ghana. His father was the late Michael David Wilson Jnr, a teacher and social worker from Saltpond also in the Central Region whilst his late mother was Mrs. Theresa Adwoa Mansah Wilson (née Baffour) a nurse and housewife from the Nana Ameyaw Nsona family of Elmina, Akwanda and Techiman.

Mike’s father known to many as “Master Wilson” was a strict disciplinarian and did not spare the rod, thus Mike had to be on his best behaviour at all times. It must be said, however, that Mike, through wiles and stratagems found ways to sneak out to play and horse around with his school friends on his father’s blind side.

Mike had his early education at St Joseph Catholic Boys School in Elmina and later at Asem Boys School in Kumasi when his father was transferred there.



In 1963, Mike sat for the Common Entrance exams and on passing entered Technology Secondary School, which was then located on the campus of the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology in Kumasi where his mother's eldest brother the late Dr. Robert Patrick Baffour was the Vice-Chancellor.

Right from form one through to form five at Technology Secondary School Mike was at the top of the class, excelling especially in all the science subjects and maths. On the lighter side he was friendly, affable, and extremely quick-witted. He played football for the school team and despite his slight stature showed amazing dexterity in footwork against bigger opponents.

In 1968 after success in his O-level exams, Mike was admitted into the sixth form of his father's alma mater, the renowned St Augustine's College in Cape Coast. Mike's sixth form in Cape Coast was a wonderful experience, not only because he was a better-than-average student but because in St Augustine's, he reconnected with family and friends.

In 1970, Mike passed his A Level exams with flying colours and gained admission into the nation's premier tertiary institution, the University of Ghana at Legon. It was at Legon and his Akuafo Hall of Residence that Mike came into his own as an engaging, humorous, friendly, and sociable young man of great intellect

and a sharp enquiring mind with an easygoing temperament. He thus amassed a coterie of friends and acquaintances, many of whom have stories and anecdotes to recount of Mike Wilson and his exploits on campus and beyond.

Mike was committed to his studies and chalked a BSc (General Science) in 1973 and subsequently a BSc (Hons) in Entomology in 1975. In between the two first degrees, Mike taught at Ghana's oldest boys' secondary school Mfantsipim in Cape Coast where he quickly acquired a reputation as a super cool teacher very much admired by his students.



In 1978, he was selected for the World Health Organisation, (WHO)/TDR MSc program at the famed London School of Tropical Medicine in the UK where he obtained an MSc in Medical Parasitology in 1979.

Mike continued working as a research fellow on various international disease control initiatives whilst studying for his PhD in Biological Sciences at the University of Salford also in the UK which he successfully completed in 1994. Suffice it to be said and acknowledged that Mike has spent 40 years of his professional life investigating, researching, teaching, and mentoring to the highest recognised and acceptable standards in Disease prevention and control. He has worked as a biologist for the WHO Onchocerciasis (River Blindness) Control Program in various parts of West Africa from 1999 to 2003.

Mike Wilson was the project leader of an international team of experts who developed the operational strategy for the eradication of River Blindness on the island of Bioko in Equatorial Guinea. He was also the first programme Manager of the West African Centre for International Parasite Control (WACIPAC) which provided training and technical advice to managers of national soil-transmitted helminthiasis (STH) programmes in seven West African countries.

From 2017 to 2023, he was the Program Director of the United States National Institute of Health (NIH) funded research program titled “Noguchi Institute Initiative for Neglected Tropical Disease Elimination”. Mike also initiated a lasting partnership with Professor Michael Capello of Yale University, USA in tandem with the Noguchi Institute to research into the epidemiology of

hookworm infection in Ghana, offering opportunities for young scientists to pursue research across continents.



His research took him to many countries across Africa and the world. In true Mike fashion, he mentored many professionals in his line of work - many of whom are of national and global repute today. All in all, Mike left a professional and work delivery record very few could match. Until his demise, he was also a Professor of Parasitology at his alma mater, the University of Ghana. His professional legacy

will continue to live on in his many mentees, programs he pioneered and his numerous publications.

And to make their union complete, four daughters followed with three grandchildren for now as icing on the



One of the most fascinating and vital sides of Professor Michael David Wilson was that his incredibly busy schedule was second to his wife, children, and close family. In 1980 Mike met Alfreda Ogoe when she was a student at the University of Cape Coast and totally smitten by her beauty and gentle demeanour swore to marry her and true to his word on the 24th of October 1984 the once Miss Ogoe became Mrs. Alfreda Wilson.

cake. Many a time in the middle of a gathering Mike would suddenly vanish for his friends to later find out that he had gone home to his beloved Alfreda.

Mike's love of family also extended to his siblings, cousins, nephews, and nieces whom he encouraged, supported, and assisted when the need arose. In his later years, he became one of the wise old men of both his paternal and maternal families, the Wilsons and Baffours respectively.

Papa Otoo was not only close to his late parents but also to his late uncle Dr. RP Baffour whom he lived with for a great part of his youth and early adulthood. Mike said many times that his uncle was a great inspiration who showed avid interest in his academic progress and achievements. When the family established the RP Baffour Foundation in memory of his uncle Mike became the chairman of the board of trustees and worked diligently to secure funds for selected projects such as building and renovating classrooms and an ICT centre for RP Baffour Anglican JHS in Elmina.

Education for all was his passion and hundreds of young people can readily attest to the mentorship, contribution, and assistance Prof. Wilson made in guiding them to a better standard of life and superlative academic qualifications.

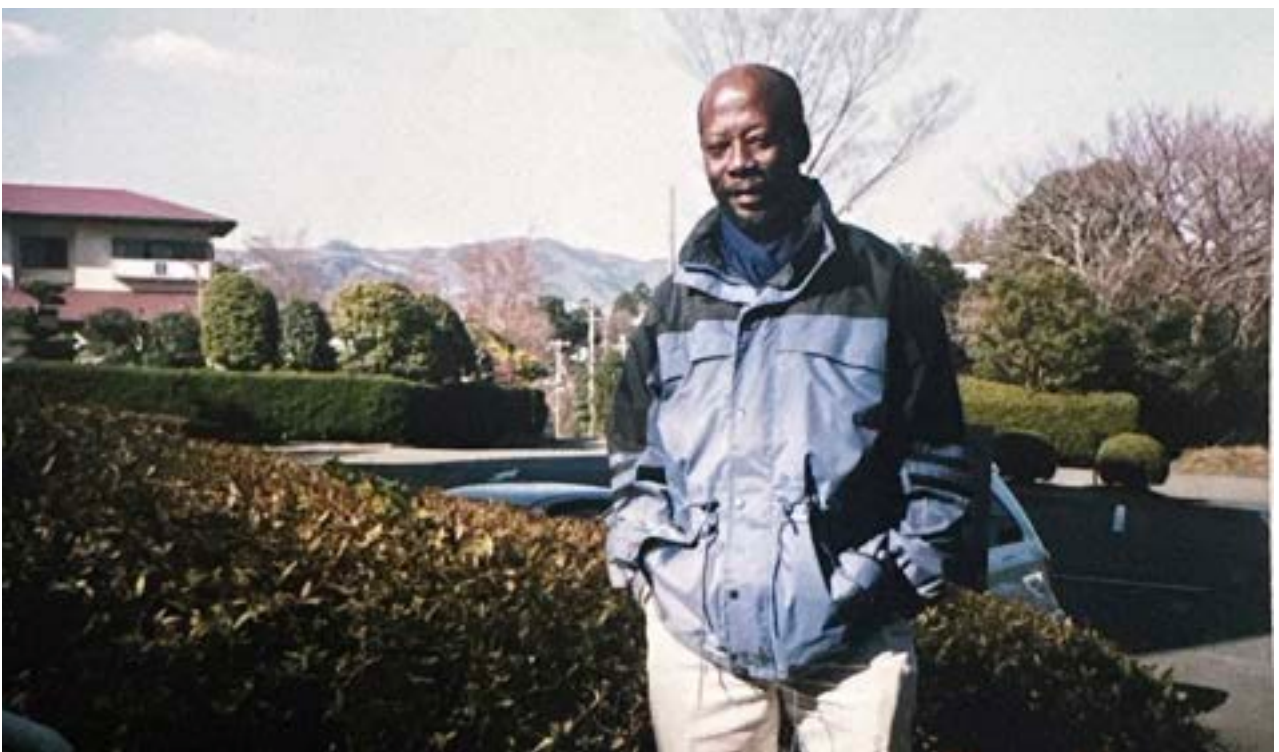
There is no doubt that Mike was a social creature who enjoyed the company of friends and colleagues. The CSIR clubhouse was his favourite

haunt where he spent leisure hours communing with peers and the like discussing every subject under the sun. He loved music of every genre, especially soul, highlife, jazz, and choral music. Professor Michael David Wilson was proverbially the man of all seasons.

On Sunday, July 14th, 2024, the irrepressible Mike was suddenly taken ill and rushed to hospital. During his spell under admission, Mike remained upbeat and in good humour, sharing jokes and bantering with friends and family, and he reconnected with his faith in God. On Friday, August 30th, 2024, Mike took a turn for the worse and passed on to eternity leaving his beloved Alfreda, four daughters, a son, grandchildren, brothers, sisters, family, colleagues, and friends in deep sorrow.

We have suffered a huge loss, a great tree has fallen. May his memory live on in those who loved and treasured him.

**MAY HIS SOUL REST IN PEACE IN THE BOSOM OF THE LORD**





# TRIBUTE BY **WIFE**

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**ALFREDA WILSON NÉE OGOE**

*For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's". Romans 14:8 KJV*

**M**ike or 'hello piert' was what I called you depending on the circumstances. I signed up to do life with you but you have reneged on your part. You always delivered, what happened this time?

The first day I met you I was captivated because, by intuition, I knew you were a rare gem. Beyond your faded jeans and 'scruffy farmer George' beard, your endearing personality stood out. That day, you regaled me with such funny stories that I had to beg you to stop before I died laughing. Our friendship blossomed into our everlasting love. In those days everyone in Adehye Hall at 'CapeVars' knew that once I got a call from you in Bolga, where you were at the time, nobody else would get to use the phone at the porter's lodge. I would hog the phone, talking and mostly laughing, from a sitting position to a lying down position on the counter. And I certainly didn't care a tad about the glaring looks I got from others wanting to use the communal phone. After all, I was talking to the love of my life, my boo!

Even my strict mother of blessed memory was swept off her stern guard, which she usually presented to any guy looking for me, when she met you for the first time. In her usual fashion, she would not remember the names of the prospectives because they did not quite cut it by her standards. But I know she adored you, Mike, because of her response to you the first time you came looking for me at home. This was her description of you - "owula feefeo ko ba tawo bo" meaning "a handsome gentleman came looking for you", he said he was Fante and was coming from London. I don't know what did it for Mama - whether the Gentleman, the Fante, or the London. But I knew that for Mama to be enamored with you, meant you were special and you were the one!

So without much ado and with my dear mum's blessing, we got engaged on Wednesday, married on Thursday, both very small and intimate ceremonies, and left Ghana on Friday to begin our life in Cote D'Ivoire. We found the cutest house

in Bouake where you worked at the WHO Oncho office. We had a wonderful life full of laughter and your pranks on me. I remember once when you returned from a trek in the middle of the night, and scared me to death by tapping on the window and just clearing your throat when I asked in my quavering voice if it was you. When you came inside finally and I was scolding you, you brought out of your bag a beautiful, exquisitely embroidered boubou which you had bought for me from your trip to Senegal, and placated me. You were so generous and kind and spoiled me thoroughly. Whenever your treks were longer than a week you would have me driven to Abidjan to stay with my auntie or friends to be safe in the company of others till you got back. So thoughtful!

I also accompanied you on some of your trips for adventure - Odienne, Ouagadougou on a sleeper train, and Bamako, to mention a few. In Ouaga we experienced a sandstorm for the first time in our lives. Everywhere looked like a beautiful orange sunset but every morsel of food tasted like sand in our mouths even in the confines of the hotel room. We had fun times too in Liverpool, London, Amsterdam, and Ferney where we got the best of France and Switzerland because it was on the border of the two countries.

When Dionne, Mama Kai, and I visited you in Geneva, you became a tour guide, touring Geneva with us and showing us a good time, but not sparing us the rambling history lesson of the city and the UN. I particularly loved that antique market you took us to in Ferney where I found little keepsakes of sentimental value which I have kept to this day.

Even though you missed out on some of the graduations in primary and high school for the girls because you were outside the country, you made it up to them by taking time off your busy schedule to attend each of the girls' graduations at MIT, Yale, Swarthmore, and Columbia, in the US.



Who will I share our repertoire of funny phrases with, which we garnered from watching our favourite British Comedy soaps in London? Like - Keeping Up Appearances, In Sickness and in Health, Yes Prime Minister, Terry and June, to mention a few. Your humour was ingenious and unparalleled. When I lost my dear mum, I was crying inconsolably, when you suddenly reached into your pocket, brought out a hundred dollar bill, and proceeded to wipe my tears with it. I, on seeing the bill, grabbed it and burst into laughter, to which you said - I know you love anything green!

You were very easygoing and made light of everything. Nothing seemed to bother you, much to my exasperation sometimes. In my angst, your favourite saying was always - 'Maame Maame nobody died' and sure enough at the end of the day it turns out it was not such a big deal after all the fuss.

You were kind to a fault but that has endeared you to all who have a relationship with you. The sincere comments about you show who you were. You had no airs and you were friend to all regardless of status.



You taught your children your values of humility, respect for others, and contentment with what you have. Hence another of your sayings - "obiaa nhwer ni pretse mu" meaning "don't look at what's on another person's plate, be content with what you have on yours."

You also encouraged the children to read because you used to say knowledge is hidden in books and what enters your mind no one can steal, so you placed intellectual possession above material possession. And indeed it has stood the children in good stead.

You were not excessive in your show of love towards the children but the love was deep and we felt it. The most congratulatory compliments they would get from you for getting almost all the prizes at school would be “Good good, keep it up!”. So it became a household byword for anything worthy of praise - good good!

And as for your grandchildren, they were the only ones who could do to you what no one could do! The girls always had to knock before entering our bedroom because that’s what children must learn. However, the grandchildren had the



liberty of barging into our bedroom without any protocol and would use our bed as a trampoline, and you as their fall breaker without any protest from you, even though your bed was your most sacred and treasured place of rest. Mike, you were a good and loving husband, and you gave me “no Wahala”. You were the ultimate gentleman, never failing to say ‘thank you’ after every meal and always coming to our rescue with your endless stash of white handkerchiefs which you never left home without.

You served God and your generation in your way. I would say you lived your life in reverse i.e. you served The Lord by your life and accepted

Him at last, whereas most of us accept The Lord first and then try to serve Him. What gives your girls and I the strength to carry on, is the fact that you gave your life to Christ and accepted Him as your Lord and Saviour in your last week. One of the last conversations you had with us assured us that your work is done and you have gone to be with The Lord.

As you always used to say jokingly to us -“You will be surprised when you get to heaven that I will be the one opening the door for you, so be of good behaviour.” In your usual fashion, you shocked us all by accepting Christ a few days before you left us. Just like when your friends thought you did not make the first-year university exam (FUE) because they could not find Mickey Moore (your nickname) on the notice board, but your real name, Michael Wilson, was there, so have you made it into the Lamb’s Book of Life. Glory be to God.

I thank God immensely for allowing me to ‘do life’ with this incredible man. This year would have been our fortieth wedding anniversary. Thank you, my love, for forty awesome years.

To say that I will miss you does not adequately express how I feel.

Rest in the bosom of the lover of your soul.  
Till you open the door for me in heaven,  
Adieu, my Piert!



# TRIBUTE BY DAUGHTERS

MICHELLE, YOLANDE, DIONNE & CLAUDETTE

*"Who is wise and understanding among you? Let them show it by their good life, by deeds done in the humility that comes from wisdom."- James 3:13*



Oh, Daddy! It still doesn't feel real that you are gone. Even though we know otherwise, we want to believe you are just away on a long trip for work, that you will return soon bearing goodies - chocolates from Amsterdam or cheese from France like you used to. We can't believe we will never hear you call us by the pet names you had for each of us: Mishu, Yoyo, Wowo, and MK. Our hearts truly ache knowing we'll never

see your gentle smile or share a secret joke with you in public, while we struggle to stifle fits of laughter.

You were measured but extremely generous, a free-spirit and yet principled, funny without indecency, humble yet deeply respected, gentle yet an effective leader, content yet always pursuing excellence. You showed us how to live.

We were so proud to have you as our father. In primary school, when other kids were bragging about their fathers' careers - "lawyer", "doctor", "businessman", we would always wait till the end to drop "my father is an entomologist", barely able to pronounce the word itself, but beaming internally with pride. "He is a scientist that studies insects" was our self-satisfied response to the befuddled "ei, what is that?", which often followed from our bested classmates.

And those insects! You would show us little vials of blackflies or mosquitos that you had captured on your treks, or take us to your lab at Noguchi, patiently explaining things and letting us peer excitedly at slides of parasites under the microscopes. We're pretty sure we were the only few kids in primary school who knew before learning about it in science class, that the scientific term for "river blindness" is onchocerciasis.

Your love of books, history, and learning was unparalleled. This was evidenced, not only by your very accomplished career and contributions to science but also at home with us. In the true spirit of an academic, you converted our home "video room" into a pseudo-library, filling every shelf with books and volumes of encyclopedias which seemed to hold the weight of the world's knowledge. You were a fount of knowledge for all kinds of facts, and we could always find you outside on the porch or in bed, coffee in one hand and a well-worn book in the other.

You instilled in us the importance of education and made many sacrifices to ensure we got the best. It's no surprise then, that many years later, when MK was doing research for a grad school assignment, she chanced upon, and cited, one of your many published scientific papers.

You were very proud of our accomplishments too. A popular refrain in our house was "Good good good, ebe dzi kyeehua!", whenever any of us would score high on a test, win a prize, get a glowing end-of-term



report, gain admission to college or grad school, graduate or get a new

job. However, on the occasions we made mistakes, a mini lecture from him was all the discipline we received and that was enough for us to course correct. You never yelled at us yet you commanded respect. You taught us that respect could be earned through love and gentleness, never force or control.

Everyone who knew our dad knew that even though he had a serious academic side, he was also kind, warm, playful, generous, and very, very funny. Our beloved father left an indelible



mark on each of us, gifting us unique pieces of his character that continue to shape who we are.

Mishu carries forward his calm demeanor, embodying the gentleness that our father exuded. Yoyo inherited his sharp wit and humor, a reminder of the joy and laughter he shared with us. Fritswa bears his deep commitment to social impact. And MK, holds close his love for academia, a shared commitment to learning and growth that continues to inspire us

all. Through each of us, he lives on. We looked forward to Saturday mornings in our household. His love of choral music meant we would have the melodic strains of the Winneba Youth Choir or Handel's Messiah, floating through the house from his sound system early in the morning as we did our chores. For our reward, we would all pile into his car afterward, that old reliable green Honda Civic, to go and buy a waakye feast from Katawodieso. Inevitably, we would always argue about who got to sit up in the front



seat with him to hear his stories and jokes first-hand. He also loved fufu and Fante kenkey, which were meals he requested even in his last days. He taught us humility, always reminding us that everyone's circumstances – privileged or otherwise – were merely an accident of their birth. He was unendingly patient, often waiting for long periods while his daughters got ready for family outings. He survived being the only man in our household with grace, humor, and above all, love.

He truly embodied what it means to be

a good man – indeed, a great man and role model. Measured yet extremely generous, a free spirit yet deeply principled, funny without indecency, humble yet deeply respected, gentle yet an effective leader, content yet always pursuing excellence.

There were many lives you could have chosen to live, but you stayed true to your calling, purpose, and passion—never motivated by material things. What an invaluable lesson that has been for me in a world where people will go to any length for wealth. You stayed in your lane, never in competition with anyone but yourself. You ran your own race, ever so excellently. And that’s why you were never afraid to let others shine. Today, the testament of those you mentored into greatness confirms this.

Daddy, your girls miss you dearly. We are grateful to have had conversations with you in your last days, that made

us laugh despite your condition, and that we could remind you how much we love you.

We wish we could hear your voice again, but we are comforted knowing



that you are in heaven, waiting to open the door for us when we can all be together again.

Thank you, Daddy. You have done exceedingly well.

We love you, Daddy Mike, rest well!



# TRIBUTES BY **SIBLINGS**



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## **MRS. FELICIA AMOAH**

It is with deep sorrow that I write Papa's tribute. Words cannot explain the sort of brother we have been privileged to have had. A light in the family who wore a smile. He was a perfect gentleman with a gentle spirit, full of kindness,



empathy, and love. He was devoted to helping whenever there was a need. He was an exceptional leader whose calming presence always saved the day.

While losing Papa makes us sad, we believe we will see him again. For all the memories Papa has left on our hearts, I am grateful to the Good Lord for giving us such a wonderful and caring brother, uncle to my children, and our friend.

Till we meet again, Papa! Rest in Perfect Peace.

## MADAM PATRICIA WILSON



*In the path of righteous in life, and  
in its pathway there is no death.  
Proverbs 12:28*

It with heavy heart that I pay this tribute to our beloved brother the late professor Michael David Wilson whose mortal remains lie before us this morning to mourn and whose life we are celebrating, a life well lived and worthy of emulation. Today confirms that our beloved brother has taken a long rest with the Lord. Death has done its worst by snatching you from us at a time we least expected. It is difficult to accept that the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away.

One thing we however say is that God has the final say in all situations and has called you to rest from heartaches, sickness, pains and disappointments in this world. To Him alone be the glory.

Brother Mike was a mighty warrior and a gallant soldier of Christ who did not take his Christian activities for granted in the same way he was concerned about all family programmes and activities that he did not absent himself from any of them. He demonstrated commitment, passion, dedication and selflessness in all his endeavors. Apart from that he was sympathetic, highly meticulous and forgiving.

He was principled firm and strict at all times. He hatred discrimination and his doors were always opened for us, visitors and strangers for advice and whatever you needed. His generosity had no limit because he hated seeing people in difficulty or hungry. He played a fatherly role in our lives when our father died. Brother Mike may your soul rest in perfect peace in the almighty bosom till we meet again on the resurrection day.

Onua pa nantsew yie.  
Nyame mfa wokra nsie.

Amen

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**MR. NANA AGYEN WILSON**

*'For to me, to live in Christ and to die is gain. If I am to go on living in the body, this will mean fruitful labour for me. Yet what shall I choose? I do not know. I am torn between the two: I desire to depart and be with Christ which is better by far;'*  
*Philippians 1:21:23*



Today we gather to celebrate the life of a remarkable man, Papa Otoo whose journey on this earth touched the hearts of many. Papa Otoo was more than a brother, he was a beacon of strength, calmness and wisdom igniting the way for those privileged to know him.

My brother's life was a testament to the power of resilience and determination. His strength was not just in his ability to overcome adversity, but in how he inspired most people around him to do same, education being the KEY WORD. Papa Otoo's laughter was infectious and his stories and tales he shared were mostly real-life scenarios filed with insights that resonated with those who listened.

As we remember Papa Otoo today, we not only celebrate his achievements but also countless lives he touched.

Though my brother Papa Otoo is no longer with us in body his legacy will live on in many ways.

Rest in bosom of our maker.

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**MRS. CATHERINE AYIKU**

Gone too soon

Tribute to a very irreplaceable person.

Brother Otoo, my dearest big brother who loved me soo much. You always called my name Maame with affection and I always felt the love and the joy in your voice whenever we talked.



You were always delighted to see Myself Pat and the children.

When I last talked to you at the hospital you were looking forward to coming to Mexico for another joyful wedding ..but your life was cut short.

Your gentleness, kindness, and aura of peace touched me in every area of my life. Ever since I was a baby to this day you have inspired me, made me feel seen, and loved Pat, and our children so much. There was

always laughter and joy whenever we were together. Your love, laughter and legacy will forever be a part of our lives.

The impact of your life in our lives and those around you is a testament of your beautiful and gentle soul and your memory will continue to inspire and uplift us. Our hearts are heavy but we know that the Almighty God has found you a resting place.

Brother Otoo, May you rest in eternal peace.

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### **MRS. STELLA WILSON AGYAPONG**



It is with a heavy heart that I write this tribute to my big and older brother who remained big in every sense of the word; in everything he did and everything that he touched. Mike had a unique leadership style, very few words, but always springing to action and guiding us on the way. He was always humble, supportive, patient and respectful. Humble in a way that when he could even afford a more luxurious car, he stuck to his Honda Civic for 20 years until we begged him to change it to a BMW. To him material things did not matter, rather he would spend his money on books; very expensive ones too.

Born brainy, Mike delved into Academia, after recognizing that business was not his forte. Indeed he excelled in his science field and brought a lot of people along

with him, mentoring PhD students and facilitating opportunities for them. Mike brought a lot of laughter wherever he went and naturally bonded with people leading to many refrains with various people; to name a few 'Brain waves, Ogyam, Sogakope, Nyame Eguamba', and often responding 'Prophet 'when you called him Prof.

His coy gestures; never predicting what would come out of his mouth, his good sense of humor, never visibly angry, but very opinionated and sometimes obstinate.

Mike's passion to reach out to humanity got him involved in so many charities in which he excelled.

His Fashion sense was par excellence, always simple but classy. He would help me with style and colours when I designed my clothes, as a young child.

Mike, I have learned many lessons from you. I thank God for giving you to me as a brother. Your labour is not in vain. Your efforts that poured into your relationships and your work; your passion to teach and guide others will have a lasting impact beyond this life.

Your reward is eternal rest in the presence of Our Lord. Our consolation is that your works will follow you into eternity.

Mike, as you travel to your Maker, may your spirit which never dies, carry messages of love and hope to our ancestors and forbearers gone ahead of us. Tell them we miss them and thank them for us. At God's appointed time we all shall meet again.

Good bye, my brainy brother and Godspeed!

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## MR. IGNATIUS MARTIN KOJO WILSON

*"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of all mercies and God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our affliction, so that we may be able to comfort those who are in any affliction, with the comfort with which we ourselves are comforted by God." 2 Corinthians 1:3-4*

Today, as we gather to honour and remember my brother Professor Michael David Wilson, known to many as Prof, Micky Moo and the Prophet, I am overwhelmed with both gratitude and sorrow. Gratitude for the countless ways he has enriched my life, and sorrow for the void his absence has left in my heart.



In every journey, there are guiding stars that light the way and for me Uncle Mike was my guiding light. He became more than just a brother; he became my anchor, my mentor, confidant and a best friend.

As I reflect on my growing through life journeys, he showed me the power of leadership, brotherly love and kindness. His presence in my London home was a cherished gift, one that made every moment a precious memory. When I decided to pursue a career in Ghana, he encouraged me to reach out for my dreams and that perseverance and determination can lead to triumph.

In his laughter, we found solace and joy. His sense of humour and his ability to find light even in the darkest of times was a gift to all who knew him. During what I deemed challenging times during his hospital admission, he still saluted me during my visits. It was a reminder that life, even in its trials, could be met with grace and joy.

As I find it difficult to say a final goodbye, I know that his legacy lives on in the values he instilled, the lessons he taught, and the love he freely gave.

Uncle Mike, thank you for believing in me and encouraging me to do my best. I miss you deeply, my dear brother “Treasured in my heart you’ll stay until we meet again.”

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### **MRS. ROSEMERCY KOKOA MILLS-ROBERTSON**

I begin this tribute with a reflection from the Catholic hymnal, song number 385, which captures the essence of my brother Mike’s life: “Whatsoever you do to the least of my brothers, that you do unto me,” says our dear Lord Jesus Christ.

Brother Otoo lived by this call. He was a man of genuine compassion who gave food and water to the hungry and thirsty and helped the weary find rest. He calmed the fears of the anxious—especially me, Kokoa—and guided many in discovering their career paths. To the lonely, he offered love; to the aged and



marginalized, he gifted his warm smile. He listened deeply and cared for the restless, the worried, and all who came near him. Brother Otoo shared his talents, time, and resources generously, not only with his family and friends but also with students and humanity. I find peace in Jesus' words to him: "Enter the home of my Father." I believe you are indeed resting with the Lord.

As the psalmist says in Psalm 116, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His faithful ones." You, Brother Otoo, have indeed been faithful to your Creator, and your death has affected us all.

Oooow! Mo nua, you were there for me whenever I needed you. Your gentle nature always reminded me of Aunt Adjoa, our dear mother. You listened, you cared, and I will miss our gatherings at Nana's on Sundays. It was a joy to be together, laughing, sharing jokes, and reflecting on family matters. I will miss your calls, where you often called me a "herbalist" with a smile.

Hmmmm, I will miss you dearly. Thank you for all you did for me and our family.

Oww mo nua, da yie. Nyame ngye wo kra nkɔ Naheman no mu.

Maame Kokoa



# TRIBUTES BY **COUSINS**

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**HON. FRITZ BAFFOUR**

**T**he late Prof Michael David Wilson also known as Papa Otoo or Mike Moore by family and friends was the eldest child of my late father's youngest sister, Mrs. Theresa Adwoa Wilson nee Baffour also of blessed memory. Mike was therefore my brother in traditional parlance, from 1964 to 1968, we were classmates at Technology Secondary School in Kumasi and developed an exceedingly close friendship that transcended our mutual bloodlines. At school Mike proved himself not only a top-class student but also a friendly, warm and engaging human being, full of humour with a touch of teenage mischief of which sometimes I was a willing accomplice in some of the scrapes we got up to in school. In September 1968 after passing his O level examinations, Mike entered St Augustine's College in Cape Coast for his 6th form and A levels. As destiny would have it I was not too far away as I had to do my remedials at the Workers College in Cape Coast to re-sit certain subjects, whilst living with Mike's parents in nearby Elmina. I thus spent a lot of time with Mike and another cousin Francis Baffour (Paa Kobina) in their 6th form dorms at St Augustine's.

When Mike entered the University of Ghana, Legon in Accra, I was working at the erstwhile Ghana National Trading Corporation (GNTC) in the same city as an accounts clerk so we hooked up again especially over weekends where we spent our leisure hours enjoying the numerous pleasure haunts of the city, drinking and dancing the nights away.

In 1972 I left Ghana for the UK and Mike and I did not meet up again till 1978 when he came to the UK for further studies. I was then a family man so on a more toned down scale we resumed our fun loving escapades. I remember an instance when Mike, a couple of English friends and I went to the horse racing course at Newbury outside and lost almost all our money betting on losing nags. In a fit of desperation and despair Mike put all the money we had on a rank outsider called "Swanee Prince" at the most generous odds of 66 to one, to our great excitement and relief, Mike's selection romped home a winner.

That evening after the heartiest of celebrations at our great change of fortune we staggered home worse for wear but joyfully so.

When I finally came back home to Ghana in the mid 1980s, Mike between his many travels abroad remained a constant in my life as a brother, confidante, counselor and comrade. We continued to spend quality time together at family gatherings in Elmina and Accra, the CSIR club house and our various homes. As we grew older, wiser and acquired more responsibilities in professional and family life, we became very close, supporting and assisting each other when necessary.

Mike Wilson was one of the cleverest men I have ever known and in time I have known a few. Mike for his laid back and almost unflappable exterior was kind, thoughtful, generous, caring and a visionary who loved family and nation.

Mike was a year and a few weeks older than I am and when we both decided to give up alcohol, it was envisaged that we would spend our dotage in harness with our loved ones but alas the Creator called and my beloved brother, friend and confidante dutifully answered the summons.

Papa, all who knew and loved you will miss you dearly, for me life will never be the same again!

FARE THEE WELL BROTHER AND REST IN PERFECT PEACE IN THE LORD!

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### **MR. FRANCIS PAA KOBINA BAFFOUR**

A Few Moments With Mike Wilson: Smart, Affable, Witty, Kind, Humorous And Mild-Mannered Cousin.

That was Prof. Mike Wilson and I am sure you all have other attributes to add to this.

Since his passing, there are times when I wished I had continued talking to him on July 13th, the day before he suffered a stroke, with the hope our continued conversation would have changed the trajectory of events that could have intervened in the onset of his ailment. I have combed through my brain for gaps of how I could have filled that day but have come up empty.

Mike was a cousin, brother, friend, and very importantly a confidant that I will not be able to replace no matter how hard I tried. I don't believe I will be able to fill the void his death has left in my life for several reasons I can't get into. I will need at least a couple of hours that we don't have at the moment.

Let me indulge you in a brief family history that will shed light on why our family is very close, supportive, and helpful to each other. On February 19, 1959, my dad

died suddenly in a car accident. On the evening of that same day, his sister Mrs. de Graft Johnson was in labor with her daughter, waiting to be taken to the hospital when a call came in that her brother whom she had spent the afternoon with had died in a car accident. She vehemently protested to see her sister-in-law but in her condition at that time, there was no way she was going anywhere but the hospital. She was in labor. Upon getting to the hospital, she collapsed out of pain, disappointment, hurt, and grief and slipped into a coma. She did not even know how and exactly when she had her baby. Was the matriarch of the family, Maame Fristwa going to lose two children on the same day? The events of February 19, 1959, caused the matriarch to gather her brood closer, instill closeness, supportiveness, and bonding, and facilitated a strong familyhood.

These tragic events were the catalyst in cementing us as a strong and close family. The progeny of the matriarch also became friends and that's how Mike and I developed our strong bond.

We were in primary school together, inseparable, sang in the choir at St. Joseph's Catholic Church, and got into trouble together, but parted ways for a few years before ending up together again in St. Augustine's College. I remember the announcements in the dining hall fortnightly that "all class prefects should see the senior class prefect for their supply of chalk." And who was the senior class prefect? Mike Wilson, because he was the top student in Upper 6.

I was a member of the popular student band, the Famous Flames in St. Augustine's. At that time the band usually played in various nightclubs and hotels in Accra and other cities. On one occasion when we played at Tip Toe Gardens there was a dance competition. One of our friends entered the contest and needing a partner to dance with, Mike volunteered. The scores of competitors who entered the contest were eliminated until there were three. Mike and his partner were subsequently eliminated but Jane Moore kept dancing and Mike also stayed on the floor. When the calls for Jane Moore to leave the dance floor became louder and she wasn't budging, folks started to call Mike Moore to sit down thinking he was Jane's brother. How the name, Mike Moore escaped from the confines of the club is still a mystery to all of us considering that there was no TiK Tok, Instagram WhatsApp, or any of the social media apps existing then.

When Mike entered the University of Ghana, he invited me one weekend to a Fela Ransome Kuti show on campus. On the afternoon of the show, Mike had managed to talk his Akuafu Hall colleagues into being the goalkeeper of their soccer team. I did not know Mike to even be an average goalkeeper, but he dazzled everyone on the field with several acrobatic saves. Meanwhile, there were supporters running around the perimeter of the field screaming "Mike Moore!" and "Miki Moore!", with every save. Thus, the name "Mike Moore,"

which had first emerged from the night of the dance contest, was now widely recognized across campus.

After graduating from the University of Ghana, Mike and I and other friends stayed with Amoako deGraft-Johnson in his apartment on Zoti Road in Korle-Bu. The apartment became a bachelor's pad as we enjoyed each other's company and hung out together. The bonds between us and other cousins grew stronger as we often met in the apartment, argued, and debated various subjects and issues. On many of the subjects, most of us knew a lot about, and on other issues or subjects, we simply exchanged ignorance. Often, especially when we knew little about a subject, we argued louder and the person who was the loudest usually won.

On one Saturday, I invited Mike to accompany me to pick up some training equipment from the University of Cape Coast. We took the opportunity to visit some friends while there. I remember Mike telling me that one of the friends was cute and wondering who that was. I responded, "Sure she is cute and her name is Alfreda Ogoe." To cut a long story short, I said to Mike "Meet Alfreda", and to Alfreda, "Meet my brother, Mike". About 10 days after the introduction, I heard "Alfie Darling", from Mike. I was not sure that I heard him right, but when he repeated it, I said to myself, "Thank you, Jesus". A couple of weeks after I heard "Alfie Darling" and thanked the Lord, I left for the U.S.A.

Over the years, Mike and Alfie Darling married and produced four beautiful and very smart girls. Incidentally, they all came to universities in the U.S. and I became their guardian. I call them the "Wilson Chicks".

Finally, Mike also served as the chairperson of the Dr. R.P. Baffour Foundation. For those who may not know who he is, Dr. Baffour was the first Vice Chancellor of the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology. It is him for whom the biannual RP Baffour Memorial lectures of KNUST are named. He was Kwame Nkrumah's sounding board on science and technology issues, and Nkrumah called him Komfo (a fetish priest).

Mike was profoundly passionate about the projects of the foundation, especially that of teaching underserved and underprivileged children about the fundamentals of computer science and the basics of coding in an adopted primary school, (R.P Baffour Anglican School) in Elmina. With the hard work and laser focus of Mike, the foundation has built a state-of-the-art computer lab with over forty computers, monitors, networking equipment, and accessories donated by an organization in the United States. On weekends, the laboratory becomes a boot camp for teaching the ten and eleven-year-olds coding. Mike would be happy for our continued support of the foundation and its objectives.

Thanks for reading and may Mike Rest in Peace, Amen.

TRIBUTES BY

# NEPHEWS & NIECES

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**ADELAIDE PEPRA ADDO**


I do not have enough words to express my grief and sorrow on the passing of my dear Uncle Papa Otoo. He replaced my late grandfather M.D Wilson so well; for me and the entire Family in immeasurable ways. He was always there for me during good times and especially during difficult times. He was an anchor and a huge support for me at the passing of my Mother and Mother-in-law. His physical and emotional support was outstanding and selfless.

Though he may be gone, the lessons he taught and the love he gave will remain with me always. This Perfect Gentleman will forever be appreciated and remain in my heart. May He rest peacefully in the bosom of the Almighty.

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**NANA ABA SAM**

*In all these things, we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor rulers, neither the present nor the future [...] nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord" ROMANS 8:37-39*

Thankyou Uncle Mike for your kindness, patience, generosity, advice but most of all, your presence. In every area of my life (and that of my siblings and cousins), you made yourself available and for that I will always be grateful. Do you remember when I thought I'd become an astrophysicist at 16 years old? You started planning my visit to the Hadron Collider in CERN, Switzerland. Well, not more than 3 months later, I changed my mind and decided finance would be easier somehow. You should have beaten me that day.



As I write this, I smile because you smile. Your laughter, your matter-of-factness, and honest disposition gives me confidence that today is a day for us to celebrate you, as you've celebrated all of us over the years. I am thankful to our almighty Father for the wonderful life you lived, and I will continue to walk in hope that all of us will carry the mantle and be of great help to our loved ones.

Rest in the embrace and love of the Lord, Uncle Mike. May His Perfect Peace always be yours, now and forevermore, Amen.

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### RITA EFE WILSON

Death, I know, is inevitable, but your passing is one I've struggled to accept.

"Efe, how are you?!" you'd always say with a smile on your face, your eyes lit up and a hug to start our conversations. You were always there, Uncle Mike, showing up for me at every milestone since I can remember.

I take comfort in knowing that I had the chance to tell you how much I appreciated you; that conversation in May will stay with me forever. Thank you for being more than an uncle to me. Though it hurts to not have you here with us anymore, I find peace knowing you're resting in the Lord's embrace.

May your gentle soul rest in eternal peace.



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### PAPA WILSON



Uncle Mike had this unique way of making everyone feel welcome. His door, his heart, and his arms were always open to us, no matter the time or place. He was someone you could turn to, knowing he'd be there with a listening ear, a gentle laugh, or a few words of encouragement. His joy and contentment with life were truly infectious; whenever you were with him, it felt like you were in the presence of someone who had discovered the secret to a happy life. Rest in peace Uncle Mike.

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## AHOMKA MILLS-ROBERTSON

Uncle Mike had a way of making you feel seen and valued, no matter who you were or what he was dealing with. Even as an accomplished scientist, his true brilliance lay in his genuine warmth and care for others.

His spirit of giving defined him—always there when a family member needed him, without fanfare or thanks, simply because he felt it was right. His joyful spirit and those playful nicknames brought us laughter and a deep sense of belonging.

Uncle Mike wasn't just a mentor and support; he embodied the love that binds our family together. In losing him, we celebrate a life that touched so many and taught us how one person's kindness and humility could inspire countless others.

Uncle Mike's legacy lives on, a guidepost reminding us to be warmer, kinder, and more present for each other, just as he always was.



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## ADOM MILLS-ROBERTSON

In honoring Uncle Mike, I'd like to reflect on the lessons he left behind. He was truly one of a kind, carrying an effortless grace and calm, no matter the challenges he faced. What stood out to me most was his unwavering dedication to family and education. Uncle Mike upheld these values with a quiet confidence, never brash, never boastful, but always humbly strong. He showed me the quiet power of being both humble and resolute. Despite reaching the pinnacle of academic success, he remained one of the most genuinely curious people I knew. He never wore his intelligence as a badge of superiority; instead, he asked questions with true interest, always seeking to understand more.



I'll miss you deeply, Uncle Mike. Thank you for the conversations, the support, and the invaluable lessons you shared with all who had the pleasure of knowing you.

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**ABIGAIL AGYAPONG**

Dearest Uncle Mike,

The pain of losing you has been hard to bear over the past few months. I find myself often reflecting on the many fond memories I made while staying with you and Aunty Alfie as a child. Thank you for opening your home to me, for your kindness, and for helping to create some of the most cherished moments of my life.

I will always hold dear the times we spent together at Noguchi. I can still remember how passionately you spoke about parasitology, and how you managed to convince me of the field to the point where I'm now seriously considering specializing in Infectious Diseases when I enter residency. Your influence on my path, even in this way, is something I will forever be grateful for.



And then there was Indomie—how you never wanted us to have it, and how we would sneak around to enjoy it despite your protests. It may seem trivial, but that memory speaks volumes about your deep care for us. You always wanted the best for us, even in the smallest of things. It's those little moments that I'll miss the most.

I will miss your humor, your laughter, and hearing about the incredible work you did across the world. Your stories and your wisdom inspired so many of us, and I will carry your legacy with me in everything I do.

Da Yie, Uncle Mike. Rest easy.

With all my love,  
Abigail (Abby) Agyapong

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**AYEYI MILLS-ROBERTSON**

I start my tribute by saying that I am grateful for you, Uncle Mike.

You were indeed one of a kind. In times when everything seemed overwhelming or impossible, he was there—not just for one of us but for the whole family. You showed your caring and nurturing spirit in so many good moments. On weekdays after school, we often gathered around him at the Clubhouse. He would always approach us kids, leaving the adults to find us and ensure we were

cared for with snacks and drinks. I wondered if he left the adults' company because he was tired or to give us another reason to smile that day. Now I know that is who he was—someone who gave without expecting anything in return, always ensuring we were okay.

Uncle Mike, words cannot fully express my emptiness, knowing you are no longer with us. It feels like one less star is shining in the sky. I pray that God holds you close and rewards you for the happiness, wisdom, and care you brought to our lives and everyone you touched.

Thank you, Uncle Mike. May you rest in peace.




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### ASEDA MILLS-ROBERTSON

Uncle Mike was a remarkable man who was kind, empathetic, and genuinely invested in the lives of those around him. He had a unique way of making people feel truly seen, always asking how you were with a sincerity that came straight



from the heart. He wasn't one to make a show of things; his presence was calm and steady, and his support was a quiet gift he shared without expectation. His laugh was gentle, understated, just like he was, and brought a sense of ease to every moment. In his own unassuming way, he shared wisdom that left a lasting impact on everyone who was lucky enough to know him.

Spending time with him left you feeling a little lighter, a little more understood, and those memories are now some of my most cherished. Whether he was offering comforting words or just sitting with you in quiet companionship,

Uncle Mike's warmth and strength were a steady anchor in our lives.

Losing him leaves an indescribable void, but his love and kindness live on in all of us.

He will be forever missed, but never forgotten.

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**ING. GRAHAM KOJO GYENYAME WILBERFORCE**

In memory of Prof. M.D. Wilson:

My first encounter with Uncle Mike is one I will never forget. We were headed back to Accra from Elmina, a routine trip that turned extraordinary when Uncle Mike calmly predicted a heavy storm approaching. At his urging, we parked the car and waited, and soon enough, the skies unleashed their fury. I was just a junior high school boy at the time, struggling to decide what path to take in senior high. When I asked my mother how Uncle Mike knew the storm was coming, she simply said, “He’s a very smart man and a scientist.” That moment was pivotal for me. It sparked a fascination with science that would shape my academic journey from that point forward.

Years later, as a senior at the university, I found myself in a difficult spot. I was stuck, unable to find the resources I needed to complete my thesis. It was Uncle Amoako who suggested I reach out to Prof. Wilson. His reputation as a brilliant scientist preceded him, but it wasn’t until I experienced his generosity and expertise firsthand that I truly understood it. He didn’t just help me—he provided a wealth of resources, guidance, and encouragement that went far beyond what I could have ever expected. Thanks to him, I didn’t just complete my thesis; I was awarded the best thesis award, a recognition that wouldn’t have been possible without his support.

Uncle Mike, I am forever indebted to you. Without your influence, I wouldn’t be the scientist and engineer I am today. Your guidance shaped my life and career, and for that, I am profoundly grateful. Your legacy will live on through



the countless lives you touched with your wisdom, kindness, and unwavering support. Rest well, Uncle. You will always be remembered with gratitude and love.

Signed,  
Ing. Graham Kojo Gyenyame Wilberforce

# TRIBUTES BY **IN-LAWS**

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## **MR. ALFRED OGOE**

My brother-in-law Mike had a quality that struck everybody...his humility! Within his inner circle, he declared that Prof. came to mean "Prophet" because he was tired of hearing "Professor" wherever he went.

Prophet was an elite in his field of science, but that's not all he knew: He could speak at length about finance, politics, and business, so one learnt a lot talking to him.

We are all saddened by this new reality of life without him.  
He may be gone but will not be forgotten.

RIP PROF

Abe

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## **MR. JOHN PRAH**

Uncle Mike,

As devastated as I am that you are no longer with us, I am eternally grateful for the life that you lived, the legacy that you left, and the example that you were. The book of 1 Thessalonians says, "...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." So, Uncle Mike, rather than mourn as the world does, I choose today to celebrate you and to thank you.

Thank you for wholeheartedly welcoming me to the family. Your kindness, gentleness, and humility were self-evident from day one. You were such a simple, down to earth man, and I always admired your unique ability to effortlessly connect with any and everyone. You genuinely believed in treating all people with kindness, love, and respect, and you made it a point to instill these virtues in all your children. I am thankful for the example of character that you set for our family.

Thank you for the example of excellence and achievement that you set for us all. I always admired your deep intellectual curiosity, and the diligence and relentlessness with which you pursued knowledge. We instantly bonded over our shared love of European and African history, and I finally made it through the last of the 10 books I “borrowed” from your library a few years ago. I fondly remember a long conversation we had about the 2008 financial crisis when you visited us in New York back in 2017. Notwithstanding your scientific inclination, you were instantly conversant with the intricacies of modern financial markets after reading “Barbarians at the Gate” in 2 days only. It was truly impressive.

Moreover, your countless academic and professional accomplishments are a testament to not only your uniquely gifted nature, but also your tireless work ethic. Qualities that we all constantly strive to emulate. Thank you for setting the bar so high.

Finally, I would like to thank you for imparting these values in your children. Thank you for raising four outstanding daughters, one of whom I was fortunate to marry. They say, “behind every great daughter is a truly amazing dad”. So, Uncle Mike, thank you for being the amazing, loving, and kind father that you were. Thank you for filling our lives with so much joy and levity every day.



We will miss you dearly, but we take comfort knowing that you are resting in eternal peace with our maker.

Until we meet again, Da Yie!

Love,

Johnny

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## MR. NANA YAW KETEWA BOATENG

Meeting your father-in-law can be daunting for any young man looking to marry the love of his life. It can feel like facing an endless test filled with questions from an unending syllabus. But meeting mine was different. Professor Wilson—who was “Professor” to me at the time—was as cool as ice. From our first meeting, you were warm and genuine, with no airs about you, making me feel welcome from the start.

You even opened up your personal library to me right away, and the first two books I borrowed, I read as if my life depended on them. After all, I was marrying a professor’s daughter.



Those two books—“They Came Before Columbus” by Ivan Van Sertima and “The Two Hearts of Kwasi Boachi” by Arthur Japin—sparked our first real bond over shared interests in history and Pan-Africanism. These conversations became endless, covering history, culture, and philosophy.

You knew my love for Manchester United and the Black Stars, and you’d often join me to catch games, especially on Sunday afternoons after church when we visited. Though you later admitted to once being a Tottenham fan, you always mentioned Kumasi Cornerstones as your team to avoid any heartache.

Just as you wore your heart openly, you wore your love of fufu proudly, knowing every fufu spot across Ghana. On one visit to my hometown, Koforidua, you insisted on taking me to the renowned Abosuor chop bar, where you were greeted like a king by both the waiters and the owner. It was clear you were a people person, even in my hometown.

During one of the hardest periods of my life, when I lost both parents within a year, you were an unwavering support. Always present, you either came personally or sent a chauffeured car to help me, standing by me in a way that words can

hardly capture. Even in tough situations, you'd lighten the mood with a quip or a smile, your humor slipping through even in the most challenging times. And even during your brief illness, you kept up this spirit, sharing a wink and a witty remark even during uncomfortable procedures.

You were a man of strong family values, showing love and concern for both your nuclear and extended family. On occasions like Mum's birthdays, a big bouquet of flowers would always arrive, giving me the chance to tease her about how much you loved to showcase your devotion. For the grandchildren, few boundaries existed. As you liked to say, "Wonma mmofra ba ndzi agoro," and they were always welcome to charge into the master bedroom at East Legon with reckless abandon, often receiving a scolding from Dionne or me for doing so. You, however, would pay it no mind, even offering your bed as a bouncy castle. In those moments, it was clear that no one could interfere with the fun between Gampa, as Elise called you, and your grandchildren.

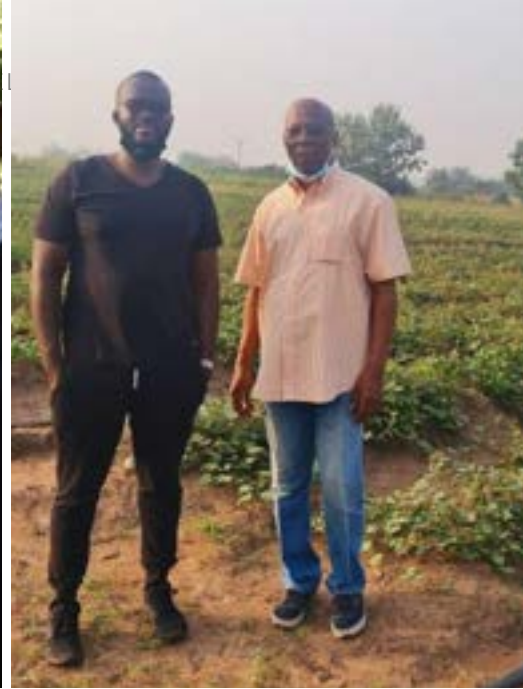
Your Noguchi family also meant a great deal to you, and in your final days, I saw firsthand that this sentiment was returned—they truly cherished you as much as you did them.

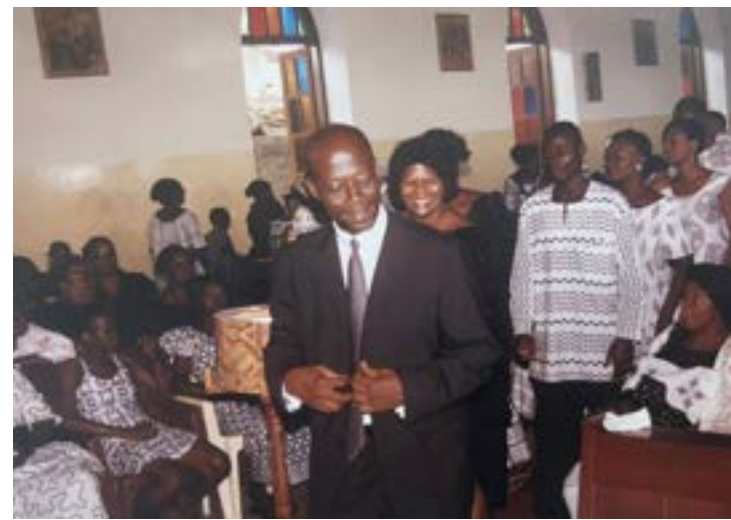
While those last days weren't easy, I choose to focus on the happy memories we shared: Sunday gatherings, Christmas lunches, New Year fireworks, and vacations, both near and far. We even had plans to attend the Ankos festival in Cape Coast and Takoradi together and explore a few more fufu spots. Knowing you these past seven years has been a privilege. You were a good man, embodying the fruits of the spirit. A man of the people, you actively shunned the limelight and carried out your good deeds quietly. You will be sorely missed, but I find peace knowing that you have found rest in the Lord's embrace.

As a parting tribute, I'll quote from the 6th verse of Mfantsipim's School Hymn 832, a place where you also left your mark as a science tutor, becoming an honorary old boy:

"The golden evening brightens in the west; Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest; Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest— Alleluia! Alleluia!"















## A TRIBUTE BY

**PROFESSOR KWADWO ANSAH KORAM**

I have read many tributes starting with the phrase/question “Where do I begin?” and never thought I would find myself in that situation so soon. I have really struggled to write this tribute. I guess it may be because I am still in a trance and simply not ready to say goodbye.

Today we come together to remember and honour a caring and beloved family man, a cherished colleague and friend who will be sincerely missed by many, for his significant contributions to medical research and for being a reliable friend on many occasions.

I first heard of Mike in 1974 from my mates in the science class when I entered Mfantshipim for my 6th Form. I was regaled with stories of a brilliant, affable, and dashing young science master who loved what he did and also guided the Science Club to win accolades at both the regional and national levels. It turns out that he would have been my teacher if I had undertaken my Ordinary Level certificate at Kwabotwe. Years later, Mike would tell me how he almost missed his chance to teach at Mfantshipim for his National Service. He had been posted there and arrived in a pair of faded jeans and a T-shirt to see the then-headmaster, Mr. O.K. Monney, who on seeing how he was dressed told him that there was no vacancy for a science master. He was advised by

his mate from Legon who was already teaching there that he stood no chance of teaching at the school with that sort of dressing. He said he promptly went shopping and returned the following day in an impeccable white shirt and tie whereupon he was immediately ushered into a science class to teach.

I met Mike when we both joined Noguchi in the early 1990s. He was in the Department of Parasitology and I being in the Epidemiology department meant we collaborated a lot on several projects. Mike was committed to research and brought his vast experience from working on the Onchocerciasis Control Programme to bear on the studies he undertook at the Institute. His passion for the elimination of onchocerciasis was infectious and we would discuss plans for the elimination of the disease on several occasions. He tested his ideas in a successful elimination programme on the island of Bioko in the early 2000s.

Mike was an all-round scientist and had solutions to several problems beyond river blindness. He was sincerely committed to the training and mentoring of younger colleagues, as evidenced by several younger colleagues mourning with us here today. He also loved the Institute and was always seeking ways to improve

the fortunes of the Institute, even to the extent of tapping into his wide network of friends for resources to help the Institute whenever the need arose. Mike was a treasured partner on every project on which we worked. I will miss his editorial capabilities and his sharp eye for detail, especially when it came to proofreading. He was my second pair of eyes, and I would always run my write-ups by Mike before the final submission.

In addition to his devotion to work, training and mentoring younger colleagues, and the improvement of the Institute, Mike found time for his colleagues and friends. He always had a cheerful word and had the unique ability to make light-hearted comments to lighten the mood during difficult times. His extraordinary sense of humour will be greatly missed. Over the years, I knew I could always count on Mike to come up with answers to problems sometimes going beyond the call of duty. He would always go the extra mile to help.

This tribute will not be complete without mentioning Mike's love for fufu, a passion he shared with our recently departed colleague, Prof. Appawu. Field trips were interesting times as we would find our way to one fufu joint or another and somehow, Mike would have prior knowledge of what to expect – “The soup here is very nice”; or “We have to endure this one”, etc. Visiting Bush Canteen with them was quite an experience – the

order was usually placed in code – e.g. “Legon Papa is here”, would deliver a set menu that was known between proprietor and client for the particular day of the week.

My relationship with Mike was not just limited to Noguchi. Since our children were classmates from primary school, we shared quite a lot together which ended up in several ‘soirees’ on their porch at South Labadi Estate, memories of which bring a smile to my face. The COVID-19 pandemic robbed us of such meetings when the family moved to East Legon. We also made a few trips to his favourite Club House and belonged to the exclusive BBC club where we shared many memorable evenings. Other memorable occasions were the “surprise” Valentine’s Day parties in the office. The day being his birthday, the ladies in his office always found a way of putting something together despite his protests.

Mike was a charming Fante gentleman who always had a kind word for everyone, even on his sick bed. As I look back, I remember with nostalgia the good times we shared in Elmina, Accra, especially South Labadi Estates, on trips to the U.S. and Mamfe, the discussions we had during “commercial” breaks under the trees in front of his office - suddenly, Noguchi feels lonely.

The time has come to say goodbye to a cherished friend and colleague who will never be forgotten by me and

those fortunate to have known him. The loss of my dear friend is a great blow but I believe it is a greater and irreplaceable loss for Alfreda, Michelle, Yolande, Dionne, Mama Kai, and the entire family. To them and all gathered here, I would like to share these words from the hymn by Katharina von Schlegel;

*Be still my soul when dearest friends depart  
And all is darkened in the vale of tears  
Then shall you better know His love, His heart  
Who comes to soothe your sorrows and your fears  
Be still my soul thy Jesus can repay  
From His own fullness all He takes away*

*Be still my soul: the hour is hastening on  
When we shall be forever with the Lord  
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone  
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored  
Be still my soul: when change and tears are past  
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last*

*Rest in peace, my friend.*



## A TRIBUTE BY

### **PROFESSOR DANIEL YAW BOAKYE**

*We understand death for the first time when he puts his hand upon one whom we love. – Madam De Stael.*

It all started some 40 years ago when I touched down in Bouake, Cote d'Ivoire as an intern of the World Health Organization Onchocerciasis Control Programme in West Africa (OCP) where Professor Michael Wilson or Mike, as he was affectionately called, was the Deputy Sector Chief for Côte d'Ivoire. On our first meeting, his first question to me was "Yaw, have you eaten?". When I could not eat much of the chicken he had ordered for me, he remarked humorously, "You have a bachelor's stomach." Mike took me under his wings, as he would a younger brother, and so began our friendship and brotherhood,

which lasted until his transition. Due to his kindness and humour, the months I spent in Côte d'Ivoire passed so quickly, as if they were days. We had some good times in Bouake and Odiene.

After Côte d'Ivoire, I was sent to Bamako where Mike later joined me, and we worked together in the Operational Research team of the OCP. Together with other colleagues, we mapped the distribution of vectors of the parasite that causes river blindness in Guinea, Guinea Bissau, and Mali. Mike was the centre that held the team together; never getting upset or angry, putting in a kind word here or there, witty and making jokes that eased our sailing through some challenging situations we faced because of the very difficult conditions of our work.

On one such trip, we did a journey of twelve (12) kilometres in six (6) hours. When our vehicle got stuck in the mud and the driver lost his sandals in the process of getting the vehicle out, Mike gave the driver his sandals, remarking that "at this point, the driver is more important than any of us if we have to get through." Such was Mike – a real team player.

In Mali, our friendship blossomed as we shared the same bungalow. We called each other "Asare" and that is a story to tell another day. When Alfreda and Sala joined us, she became "Asarebea". We became a family with our children calling us uncles. Mike was Uncle Mike, and I was Uncle Yaw.

Our coming to the Noguchi Memorial Institute for Medical Research (NMIMR) was not a coincidence but a deliberate decision to develop young talents in our field of medical entomology and biomedical research. This decision was taken in Mali after which each of us went to further his education. Mike went to the UK while I went to the Netherlands. During this period, I went to work with Mike in his lab at the University of Salford, UK and we met again in the Netherlands when Mike relocated to the University of Wageningen. He was the family I had, and we shared ideas and plans.

Professor Wilson was the first to come to Noguchi Memorial Institute for Medical Research and set up a Lab. One of the early Research Assistants to work with Mike is Professor Anita Ghansah. The seed that Mike sowed by supporting the early Research Assistants who worked with him to go for higher degrees was the catalyst for the Institute to support other young scientists to also have the opportunity to further their education. When I joined the Institute, our dream of forming a team to train young biomedical scientists became a reality. Together, I can mention many biomedical scientists, Professors, PhDs, and MPhil graduates

in Ghana (the University of Ghana, KNUST, UCC, UDS, etc), across Africa, Europe and the USA we have mentored. At NMIMR, apart from Prof. Anita Ghansah, there are Prof. Nancy Odurowah Quashie, Prof. Dziejzom De Souza, Dr Charles Quaye, Dr. Irene Larbi, Dr. Irene Offei, Dr. Jewelna Akorli; from other institutions we have Prof. Mike Osei-Atweneboana, (CSIR), Prof. Lydia Mosi (WAACBIP), Prof. Abena Amoah (University of Leiden) and Dr Arwa Elaagip (Sudan) to mention a few among many others.

Professor Michael Wilson has played his part and left a legacy of contributing to the fight against tropical diseases through his research work and mentorship. He will be missed, but I will miss him most. Nevertheless, I feel strengthened to continue what he began, and what we worked on together as I read the words of N. Macleod:

“We picture death as coming to destroy, let us rather picture Christ as coming to save. We think of death as ending; let us rather think of life as beginning, and that more abundantly. We think of losing; let us think of gaining. We think of parting; let us think of meeting. We think of going away; let us think of arriving. And as the voice of death whispers, “You must go from earth,” let us hear the voice of Christ saying, “You are but coming to Me!”

Mike, Asare, go to your maker in Peace Profound.

## A TRIBUTE BY

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**PROF. SAMUEL KOJO KWOFIE, CO-LEAD, ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE AND DRUG DISCOVERY RESEARCH GROUP AND HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF BIOMEDICAL ENGINEERING, UNIVERSITY OF GHANA**

To quote from the hymn composed by Capt. J. H. Tachie-Mensah: “We know there must be a purpose for all thy deeds so mysterious, teach us Thy ways lest ask we must, where is our God in Whom we trust?”.

There are deeds so mysterious that we cannot explain. You were whisked away now that we needed you most. In the afternoon of Tuesday, April 5, 2016, our paths crossed mysteriously through our curiosity to know each other. You proposed the pioneering of Artificial Intelligence (AI), Machine Learning and Big Data in Drug Discovery. We set up the first scientific research

group in computer-aided drug discovery. This was a collaboration between the Department of Biomedical Engineering and Noguchi Memorial Institute for Medical Research, University of Ghana. Soon, our partnership expanded with groups from Loyola University Medical Center in Chicago, Mayo Clinic in Florida and Hansraj College, University of Delhi, India.



Through your efforts, mentorship and guidance we successfully organised meetings and training workshops on drug discovery which attracted renowned speakers globally. In 2019, you went a step further for us to co-organise the First International Conference on Integrative Chemistry, Biology & Translational Medicine (ICBTM) held at University of Delhi, India. This conference provided the platform for us to expand the internationalization of our drug discovery work.

We published the first computer-aided drug discovery papers on Buruli ulcer in 2018 and utilised molecular dynamics simulation to unlock the mechanisms underlying granule exocytosis impairment in Buruli ulcer pathogenesis in 2019. We could offer plausible explanations to the role of mycolactone in wound healing. This work has been widely accepted and cited many times. You also led the development of the first freely available web-based Buruli Ulcer Drug Discovery Database, known as BuDb.

Your insightful understanding of the biochemistry of mycolactone, the toxin implicated in the disease pathogenesis, enabled us to explore the use of AI and experimental testing to discover how mycolactone can serve as a potential drug for the treatment and prevention of COVID-19 disease. This discovery titled: "Use of mycolactone (mln) and derivatives thereof for treatment of microbial infections" was successfully filed and published online in the USA with patent application number 18345605 on February 8, 2024. On the onset of COVID-19, through your guidance, we published journal articles which proposed potential drugs as well as other compounds which may be repurposed for possible experimental corroboration and further clinical trials.

Other major achievements were the development of EBOLApred and TubPred, AI-based applications for the identification of potential drugs for the treatment of Ebola virus disease and cancers. These AI tools have been widely accepted and currently being used to augment drug discovery research.

We cannot enumerate here all the work you led in AI-based drug discovery, but these few highlighted consolidate the fact that you inspired the pioneering of a field in Ghana and sub-Saharan Africa.

Your love for your students, research assistants and co-investigators in AI work, can never be forgotten. You supported some of them to complete their graduate studies in Computer Science and Biomedical Engineering, so that they can serve as the Bioinformaticians and Biomedical Data Engineers in our research group. Today, the fruits of your labour and toil are manifested in many research assistants pursuing graduate studies and working in both overseas and Ghana. To quote the popular academic hymn “Gaudeamus igitur” (So, let us rejoice): “Vita nostra brevis est, Brevi finietur (Our life is brief, soon it will end), Vivat Academia (Long live the academy!), Vivant professors (Long live the professors!)”.

We express our sincere condolences to the wife, children, family and friends, we believe that one day, we shall reunite with Prof. Wilson, our dear beloved Father! We will then tell him all the stories he missed and how we fared in his absence!

To quote from Shakespeare:  
“Thou know’st ’tis common.  
All that lives must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity”.

We will miss you forever! To crown your life of generosity and charity:  
Requiescant in pace, Professus noster Sanctus Michael David Wilson.



## A TRIBUTE BY

**PROFESSOR JOHNSON NYARKO BOAMPONG –  
VICE CHANCELLOR OF UNIVERSITY OF CAPE COAST**

It is with a heavy heart that I pay tribute to the life and legacy of Professor Michael D. Wilson, a remarkable teacher, scholar, mentor, and leader in the fields of parasitology and global health. Prof. Wilson leaves behind an indelible mark, not only in the annals of biomedical research but also in the hearts of those who had the honour of learning from and working alongside him.

As a former postgraduate student under his tutelage and supervision at the Noguchi Memorial Institute for Medical Research, I was privileged to witness firsthand his unparalleled dedication to research, teaching, and mentorship. Prof. Wilson's contributions to disease control research and public health policy in Ghana were groundbreaking. His work focused primarily on combating parasitic diseases, and he was deeply committed to finding solutions that would improve the health outcomes of vulnerable populations in the region. As Director of Noguchi, his visionary leadership transformed the institute into a premier biomedical research hub, inspiring generations of scientists and public health professionals.

Beyond his academic achievements, Prof. Wilson was known for his humility, kindness, and wisdom. He was more than a professor; he was a mentor who nurtured the talents of young researchers, encouraging us to pursue excellence and service to humanity. His unwavering support, patience, and ability to see potential in others made a profound impact on my career and personal growth.

In remembering Prof. Wilson, I am comforted by the words of the Apostle Paul in 2 Timothy 4:7: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith." Indeed, Prof. Wilson fought the good fight—against disease, ignorance, and despair—and he ran his race with purpose and passion. I also find solace in the promise of John 11:25-26, where Jesus said: "I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in me will live, even though they die; and whoever lives by believing in me will never die." While Prof. Wilson may no longer be with us in person, his legacy and the knowledge he imparted will live on in all those whose lives he touched.

As we celebrate the life of this great man, we are reminded that the greatest tribute we can offer is to continue the work he started, pushing the frontiers of knowledge and serving the communities he cared for so deeply. May his soul rest in perfect peace, and may his family, friends, and the entire Noguchi community be comforted by the grace and peace of God.

Rest well, Prof. Wilson. You will forever be missed.

## A TRIBUTE BY

**PROFESSOR MIKE YAW OSEI-ATWENEBOANA,  
DIRECTOR OF CSIR-WATER RESEARCH INSTITUTE**

TRIBUTE TO MY ESTEEMED ACADEMIC FATHER, PROFESSOR MICHAEL DAVID WILSON: A JOURNEY WITH MY ACADEMIC FATHER

I remember in March 1994, I saw a handsome young scientist who had recently returned from abroad with a PhD, walk boldly and confidently through the corridors of the Zoology Department of the University of Ghana to the office of the late Prof. Koka, to discuss the training of graduate students in his research laboratory at Noguchi Memorial Institute for Medical Research (NMIMR). That news was tingling in the ears of every graduate student in the Department because every one of us wanted to work with him. Fortunately for me, I had the opportunity to be his first graduate student and trainee in his research laboratory under his tutelage for my master's research study on human onchocerciasis (river blindness). I must say that Prof. Wilson is one of the best scientists the world has produced in the field of onchocerciasis.

As a young scientist, Prof Wilson was full of energy, extremely hard-working, and worked for long hours. He was very intelligent, smart, very knowledgeable, and full of wisdom. The hallmarks that made him a successful scientist were his excellent writing skills, passion for knowledge, dedication to excellence, and hard work. It was therefore not surprising that he won many research grants over the years as a scientist and a Professor.

As his first student, trainee, and mentee, I enjoyed the luxury of having adequate funding for my master's research project, and excellent supervision of my thesis by Prof Wilson and his close pal Prof. Daniel Boakye who had also returned home after completing his PhD abroad. With such excellent inputs from Profs. Wilson and Boakye, I was able to complete my thesis within the stipulated period.

After my master's degree, I still worked under Prof. Wilson for over four years and later pursued a PhD in Canada, McGill University, and returned to the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research (CSIR) to continue my career as a scientist. While at CSIR, I continued to receive mentorship from Prof. Wilson as my academic father. Then we started collaborating and won joint grants.

As I grew steadily as a scientist, we worked together as father and son in the scientific profession, until I became the Director of CSIR-Water Research

Institute, when my pace as a scientist reduced significantly and shifted towards management. Prof. Wilson was so glad to see his academic son as a Director of such a prestigious Institution.

I recall years back when Prof Wilson used to go for field work on onchocerciasis with us. In those days the Ghanaian roads were really bad, more especially in the rural areas, where onchocerciasis is endemic. We have gone through very rough roads, slept in uncomfortable guest houses, and eaten food that sometimes we did not enjoy or like. I remember an incident at a chop bar one hot afternoon. As we sat to eat, I realized the food was so bad that I could not hide my reluctance to eat the food (we called it shoot). When I was ready to shoot, Prof. quickly looked at me and gave a signal, which translated to "You better shoot up." I had no choice but to oblige. There were many such lovely field experiences with Prof. Wilson that prepared me to be a resilient field and laboratory scientist.

I remember a few years back, we had a research grant from NIH and Prof. Wilson was the Principal investigator. The grant was substantial and for work on Neglected Tropical Diseases, an initiative he had established at NMIMR. Though the research project has been completed, there are still manuscripts yet to be published. I must say that Prof. Wilson will still be the senior author of the paper. Mama Alfreda, when the paper is published, I will present a copy to you as a memorial to my academic father. I am very glad to have met Mama Alfreda through my relationship with Prof. Wilson.

Since 2016, Prof. Wilson, Prof. Boakye, and I have been members of the Ghana Onchocerciasis Expert Committee (GEOC), working with the NTD programme to facilitate the elimination of onchocerciasis and other NTDs in Ghana. Prof. Wilson provided expert advice and guidance to the Committee till his demise. I am currently holding the fort and walking in his steps to guide the GEOC toward the elimination of Onchocerciasis in Ghana.

Prof. Wilson, I would like to let you know through your mortal remains, that the good work you have done at GEOC for almost one decade towards the elimination of onchocerciasis and other NTDs remains a big legacy for Ghana, and at a time not too distant from now, Onchocerciasis and other NTDs will be eliminated.

And when the roll is called, your great name will be mentioned and we will all bow to remember your great works.

Prof. Michael David Wilson, through your mentorship, your influence on my scientific and academic journey has been nothing short of transformative. Your

unwavering support, guidance, and encouragement have shaped me into the scholar I am today. Your numerous mentees have gained valuable insights, critical thinking, and a passion for learning that extends beyond the classroom. Your dedication, expertise, and kindness inspire us to pursue excellence.

Your guidance has been a beacon, illuminating the path to knowledge and wisdom. I will always carry your lessons with me. Your legacy lives on through the countless lives you've touched, you will always be remembered. You will stay in our hearts always.

My academic father, my mentor, my guiding light, and my friend, fare thee well and rest in perfect peace, in the bosom of Abraham.

With heartfelt gratitude, I am forever grateful

your academic son,

Professor Mike Yaw Osei-Atweneboana

## TRIBUTE BY

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### **THE NOGUCHI MEMORIAL INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH, UNIVERSITY OF GHANA, LEGON**

As the daylight settles into the sunset, those who have walked the trail gradually fade away. They don't fade into oblivion, but they open the doors for their good deeds to be remembered. Today, a trailblazer has walked on, but his good footprints have been left in the sands of time. The shocking news of the demise of Professor Michael David Wilson has brought great sadness to us at the Noguchi Memorial Institute for Medical Research (NMIMR).

Professor Michael David Wilson joined the Noguchi Memorial Institute for Medical Research in 1994 as a Research Fellow. His appointment marked the beginning of a career that would significantly shape the Institute and contribute immensely to global health for the subsequent three decades or so. As a pioneer in parasitic disease research, Prof. Wilson specialized mainly in Neglected Tropical Diseases, such as Onchocerciasis (river blindness) Lymphatic Filariasis (elephantiasis), and Hookworm. He set up the first molecular biology laboratory in the Institute to study the molecular classification of Onchocerciasis (both vector and parasite) in Ghana and other African countries. He worked in numerous field sites across Ghana to monitor the impact of the WHO Onchocerciasis Control Programme

on the distribution of blackflies. He was also actively involved in the elimination of Onchocerciasis in Equatorial Guinea.

Prof. Wilson was promoted to Senior Research Fellow on April 1, 1996, holding that role until September 30, 2000. Recognized for his leadership, he was appointed Head of the Parasitology Department in February 1998, a position he held till 2002. His research excellence earned him promotion to the level of Associate Professor in June 2002 and later, Professor in August 2006. Prof. Wilson's influence extended beyond departmental leadership. He served as Deputy Director of NMIMR from August 1, 2004 to July 31, 2009. Through his instrumentality, the Institute signed a bilateral agreement with the Government and people of Japan for the study of parasitic diseases in Africa. The agreement was dubbed "The Hashimoto Initiative", as it was signed by His Excellency Mr. Ryutaro Hashimoto, a former prime minister of Japan, and Prof. Wilson on behalf of the Institute.

He was also involved in the establishment of the Lymphatic Filariasis Support Centre for Africa at the Institute. His work significantly impacted national and international strategies for NTD control, with over 200 scientific publications and ten book chapters to his name.

As a master of networking and negotiation, Prof. Wilson was a major fundraiser for the Institute. His prowess took him to the corridors of political power and corporate Ghana, all in a bid to raise funds for the Institute. Our annual research meetings always benefited from his fundraising activities for its success. He was also instrumental in the establishment of the Alwaleed Clinical Research building at the Institute through the assistance of the Saudi Prince Al-Waleed Bin Talal Bin Abdulaziz Al Saud and his links to former President John Agyekum Kuffour.

Prof. Wilson was not only a brilliant scientist but also a compassionate mentor. He dedicated much of his time to training and nurturing the next generation of scientists, many of whom now hold influential positions in academia, research, and public health. He spearheaded the Noguchi-Yale University (USA) collaborations with a strong student exchange arm which saw the exchange of researchers and staff from the Institute and medical students and research assistants from Yale. His involvement with Yale University led to the training of more than 30 individuals in virology, molecular biology, ethics, and research support systems, the Institutional Animal Care and Use Committee (IACUC), just to mention a few. He was highly involved in the training of numerous postdoctoral fellows in the Institute with funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Prof. Wilson also loved choral music; he was one of the founding patrons of the Noguchi Choir, a choir he supported and followed whenever they performed.

After retiring on July 31, 2011, he continued to serve on a contract basis until July 31, 2018. He also served on several institutional, national, and international committees. Even in his retirement, Prof. Wilson remained an active and influential figure, contributing to research and providing valuable guidance to colleagues. As an Institute, we have lost a great scientist, an extraordinary mentor, a strategic negotiator, and an embodiment of institutional memory. The Noguchi Memorial Institute will forever cherish Prof. Wilson's contributions, leadership, and the unwavering support he extended to all.

While we mourn the loss of a dedicated scientist, we extend our deepest condolences to his wife, children, and the entire family for the loss of a dear husband, loving father, and generous family man.

Rest in perfect peace, Prof. Wilson. Your contributions and legacy to the Noguchi Memorial Institute for Medical Research will forever be remembered.

## A TRIBUTE FROM

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### **PROFESSOR DOROTHY YEBOAH-MANU, DIRECTOR OF NOGUCHI MEMORIAL INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH**

Undoubtedly the death of Prof. Michael David Wilson, a distinguished personality, who was affectionately called Prof. Wilson or Mike by most staff of Noguchi Memorial Institute for Medical Research (NMIMR) is a big loss to the Institute, and to me personally.

My first major interaction with Uncle Mike was when he invited me to join his laboratory offering training in PCR detection of tuberculosis which was being organized by a scientist from the Netherlands. I was so inspired by his eagerness to share ideas with the younger staff. He further introduced me to the scientist as one of the upcoming promising research assistants who will take up leadership in TB research and encouraged collaboration among us. His special leadership abilities and charismatic personality were readily apparent!

I later had the opportunity to organize the NMIMR at 40 conference with him. Wow, that was great! His ideas were shared freely, and his introduction to key people to raise funds was fantastic! He led us (Prof. Michael Ofori and myself) to the Ministry of Science, Technology, and Environment to invite the then-minister,

Prof. Frimpong Boateng as the special guest speaker. We had so much fun in all the planning and execution meetings. He had ideas and so much to contribute and yes, as for the stories, he made us laugh so much!

Prof. was at his best when I decided to apply for the Director of NMIMR position. He was one of my senior colleagues who encouraged me and even read through my dossier! For the ideas we shared and discussed, I cannot thank him enough.

If anyone loved NMIMR, he also had a special love for the Institute and loved to see it soar. When I decided to reactivate the NMIMR annual research meeting he was at his best! He has been very actively involved in the planning, fundraising, and all the processes we followed.

Some months before his sad departure, he came to me and said, "Dorothy, I think we should contact the one who funded our clinical trial facility". He led me to meet the contact for the financier and we agreed to make a video and send it through the contact to the financier. We started the video, he contributed to the editing and I left for leave. I visited him upon my return and found out that he was not well. As usual, he was very jovial, and I did not anticipate that he would depart soon. I was looking forward to his return and to continue receiving his inspiring support.

I owe a huge debt of gratitude to you Uncle Mike for your significant contributions towards my directorship.

Your death is a big loss and indeed I will miss THE DOCUMENTS!

My thoughts are with your wife, children, and entire family.

May the Almighty God grant you eternal rest.

DA YIE, UNCLE MDW

## TRIBUTE BY

**THE DEPARTMENT OF PARASITOLOGY, NOGUCHI  
MEMORIAL INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH,  
UNIVERSITY OF GHANA, LEGON**

The sad news of the demise of Professor Michael David Wilson came to us as a big blow. We have lost the second of our “three wise men” of the department within a year. Little did we expect that what started as “Prof Wilson is unwell would end up this way. The early departure of such a visionary leader and mentor is so unbearable for us as a department and the Institute as a whole.

Professor Michael David Wilson joined the Department of Parasitology at the Noguchi Memorial Institute for Medical Research (NMIMR) in 1994 as a Research Fellow. As a pioneer in parasitic disease research, Prof. Wilson specialized in Neglected Tropical Diseases (NTDs) such as Onchocerciasis, Lymphatic Filariasis, Buruli Ulcer, and Hookworm. However, he went beyond NTDs, working on other diseases like malaria and drug discovery. Prof. Wilson was a big thinker and visionary.

He established the molecular biology laboratory at the department for the molecular characterization of the blackfly and the parasite causing Onchocerciasis, in a bid to understand the impact of interventions on the vector and parasite populations. That initial investment led to the development of the molecular biology capacity in the department and the training of many students, interns, and staff. His unique training style quickly projected his staff onto the international platform to the admiration of many in the Institute. Through his dedication and hard work, Prof. Wilson was promoted to Senior Research Fellow on April 1, 1996, holding that role until September 30, 2000. Recognized for his leadership, he was appointed Head of the Parasitology Department in February 1998, a role he held twice as he was reappointed in October 2000. His research excellence earned him the title of Associate Professor in June 2002 and later, Professor in August 2006. He also served on several institutional, national, and international committees.

Coming from the WHO Onchocerciasis Control Program, he worked in numerous field sites across Ghana, to monitor the impact of the WHO Onchocerciasis Control activities on the distribution of the black flies and the parasite that causes onchocerciasis or river blindness. He was involved in the

elimination of onchocerciasis on the Bioko Island in Equatorial Guinea. Through his instrumentality, The West Africa Centre for International Parasite Control (WACIPAC) was established at the Institute and hosted by the department for school-based education on parasitic diseases in collaboration with the Ghana Education Service. He was also involved in the establishment of the Lymphatic Filariasis Support Centre for Africa at the Institute, hosted by the department.

His work ethic was impeccable. After retiring on July 31, 2011, he continued to serve the department on a contract basis until 2018. Through his collaboration with Yale University, he established and led the Noguchi Institute Initiative for NTDs Elimination (NIINE) project, with a focus on investigations into the epidemiology of soil-transmitted helminthiasis, individual and community risk factors of infection and reinfection. In 2018 he started new projects into drug discovery highlighting his enduring commitment to parasitology research. His work significantly impacted national and international strategies for the control of parasitic diseases, with over 200 scientific publications and 10 book chapters to his name.

Prof. Wilson was not only a brilliant scientist but also a compassionate mentor. He dedicated much of his time to training and nurturing the next generation of scientists, many of whom now hold influential positions in academia, research, and public health, a testament to his lasting impact on the department and legacy.

Prof. Wilson's relationships knew no bounds. He was a friend to all at the department and the Institute. It was common to find him standing under one of the trees in front of his office, a hand in his pocket, during his popular "commercial breaks," greeting colleagues, research assistants, and students alike with a wave and engaging in meaningful conversations, regardless of their rank or age. It was during most of these breaks that he discussed research ideas, science in general, and the rich history of our Institute. When projects were not being discussed under the tree, they were discussed during "coffee and cake break" which was always available in his office building.

Even in his retirement, Prof. Wilson remained an active and influential figure, contributing to research and providing valuable guidance. There was hardly a day when Prof. Wilson was not at work in the Institute unless he was out of the country.

It therefore came as a surprise when he fell ill, eventually leading to his demise.

The Department of Parasitology will forever cherish Prof. Wilson's contributions, leadership, and the unwavering support he extended to all. We wish to express our heartfelt condolences to his wife, children, and the entire family in these

very difficult times as they mourn the loss of a dear husband, a loving dad, and a great family member.

Rest in perfect peace, Prof. Wilson. You will be deeply missed, but your legacy will forever be a guiding light for us all.



TRIBUTE BY

**PROFESSOR ANITA GHANSAH,  
HEAD OF THE PARASITOLOGY DEPARTMENT,  
NOGUCHI MEMORIAL INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL  
RESEARCH, UNIVERSITY OF GHANA**

A life that touches others goes on forever. I am still grappling with the fact that Prof. Wilson is no more. Today, I am saddened but honoured to pay tribute to someone who not only guided my first steps in my career but shaped the very foundation of who I am as a scientist and as a leader. My first boss, my mentor, my inspiration at the Noguchi Memorial Institute and the first person to be employed by Professor Michael David Wilson.

I remember the 9th of February 1995, when I was sent to Prof. Wilson for my National service. I thought I was going to report, go back home, and return the following day to start work, but I was wrong. These were his first words. "Hello, oh! You are from Peter (the then Director of National Service), my name is Mike, you are welcome, join us for the field in Hohoe now". I was shocked! And this was the beginning of a career journey with Prof. Michael David Wilson.

When I first joined the institute, I was eager yet uncertain, full of questions and apprehensions, but Prof. Wilson saw something in me that I hadn't yet recognized in myself. With patience and insight, he nurtured my curiosity, encouraged my ambitions, and taught me the importance of rigorous research, integrity, and dedication to our field.

Ours was a very liberal environment, enabling everyone to thrive. Our first rule was no titles, a rule that took me a while to get used to. His name evolved from Mike, Uncle Mike, Mike Sensei (Japanese for a Master), and many more depending on what one needed. Mike quickly introduced us to the culture of applying for travel grants to attend international scientific conferences and networking. Then came the culture of writing grant proposals and scientific papers and the list continues.

I still remember coming to work as early as 8 am to meet Mike sweeping the lab (because he came first) on many occasions, a culture that has stayed with me till today.

We had a culture of taking short breaks in between work to "think" ("yen ko fa adwen"), a culture which was later termed a "commercial break" by his latest group.

I remember when I insisted on not doing any further studies in Ghana and Mike wanted me to take advantage of the project I was working on for my Masters. He went through the trouble of buying the admission forms, filling in sections he could, and asking me questions to complete the remaining sections and he did the submission wherever he got the form from.

His lab (Room 133) was the first molecular biology lab and so I learnt new techniques that were not familiar to many. The Wilson lab was the place to be as a young research assistant. We worked hard and around the clock seven days a week to obtain results. Our end-of-year group retreats took us to places like Kakuum Canopy Walk, Coconut Grove Hotel in Elmina, and his family house in Elmina, where his late Mum would welcome us and tell us a bit about the family depicted on the walls.

As I progressed and formed my own group, I always went back to Mike and we would catch up on my work, family, and of course, the history of the Institute and the documents he carried. Mike would ask me questions when he thought I was not making progress to put me back on track. He always took advantage of a visit to his office to have a "commercial break" during which he shared a lot of ideas and words of wisdom. When I told him I was taking the position as head of our department, he was very happy and promised to help me move the department to its next level. We had a couple of conversations around the

subject, but we were going to put together a comprehensive program for the department under my headship in August 2024. Even when I visited him in the hospital in July, Mike would ask when I was starting as head and that we should plan for the department. Little did I know that he would not be around to see me through.

As I reflect on all that Mike taught me, I realize that the greatest gift he gave me was belief—in my work, in my potential, and in my ability to make a difference. His legacy lives on in the knowledge he shared, the values he upheld, and the countless lives he touched, including my own.

Thank you, Mike Sensei, for your mentorship, your leadership, and for believing in me when I was just starting out. I am who I am today because of your guidance, and I will carry forward your legacy with gratitude and pride. I can never forget you. As we bid you farewell, I wish to express my deepest condolences to Auntie Alfreda and all the children and the entire family for the loss of a dear husband, great daddy, and loving family member.

Rest well now Mike Sensei, you always said there was plenty of rest in the grave.

Till we meet again,

Anita san

TRIBUTE BY

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**PROFESSOR JONATHAN K. STILES, MOREHOUSE  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, CHAIRMAN OF NMIMR  
ADVISORY BOARD**

It is really hard to lose someone who has had such a big impact on the field of infectious disease globally and on our community of biomedical researchers in Ghana.

Professor Wilson and I met many years ago at Akosombo where he was researching onchocerciasis (river blindness) and again as PhD students in the same laboratory under the guidance of Professor David Molyneux first at the University of Salford, UK, and subsequently at the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene. We remained close friends and research collaborators until his passing. We made various discoveries, published many scientific communications and are joint owners of a couple of patents. Prof Wilson was an amazingly gentle, kind, personable and a loyal friend. Over the years we have worked as collaborators on various internationally funded research projects (NIH, Wellcome Trust and WHO) and mentored numerous graduate students

and early-stage investigators globally. Many of these mentees have moved on to successful independent academic and research careers globally.

Prof Wilson was instrumental in my serving as the chair of Noguchi's international advisory board of directors to support and advise the current director of Noguchi Dr Yeboah Manu. He served as our key host country mentor for our numerous NIH Fogarty and MHIRT fellows who came through Noguchi Memorial Institute for training over the last 15 years.

Although Prof is no longer with us, his accomplishments and positive impact on infectious disease research and on all his friends and family endures forever.

Mike, rest in peace until we meet again.

You will be missed.

Jonathan K. Stiles, PhD, FASTMH

Professor and Chair, Department of Microbiology, Biochemistry, and Immunology  
Morehouse School of Medicine

A TRIBUTE BY

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**ADEL DRISS, PH.D.,  
MOREHOUSE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE**

With an incredibly heavy heart, I reflect on the loss of my dear mentor, Professor Michael David Wilson, Ph.D. of the Noguchi Memorial Institute for Medical Research at the University of Ghana. Prof. Wilson was not only one of the most respected figures in global parasitology, but he was also the embodiment of kindness, wisdom, and generosity.

My journey with Prof. Wilson began in 2013 when I met him during my Fogarty Global Health Fellowship. From the very start, his warmth and commitment were palpable. His welcoming nature—always inviting me for coffee or a chat in his office in Legon Campus in Accra—made me feel at home, even though I was an overseas visiting scientist. During my K01 IRSDA career development grant (2016-2021), he was my hosting mentor, guiding me through the complexities of global health research, specifically in parasitology and infectious diseases. He went out of his way to offer support and guidance, always trying to solve my challenges, especially during difficult times of securing research funding.

Prof. Wilson profoundly impacted tropical disease research globally with an impressive career spanning over 50 years. He dedicated his life to combating malaria, Buruli ulcer, schistosomiasis, lymphatic filariasis, hookworm, sickle cell disease, and many more. Furthermore, his work was not confined to the laboratory but extended into communities across West Africa and beyond, where his research directly impacted disease control and prevention efforts.

One example of his extraordinary accomplishments was his leadership in establishing the feasibility and development of the operational strategy to eliminate onchocerciasis transmission on the island of Bioko in Equatorial Guinea, a monumental task that showcased his brilliance as a scientist and a leader. His efforts in parasitology, from combating lymphatic filariasis to advancing the science of helminth infections, have saved countless lives and influenced the work of many global health professionals.



I fondly remember our last meeting at the American Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene (ASTMH) in Chicago in October 2023. We often shared lunches and dinners, discussing ways to secure funding and advance our collaboration. He was, as always, elegantly dressed in his traditional Ghanaian attire and, of course, always a gentleman, both in appearance and character.

These shared moments are now treasured memories of a mentor who was more than just a professional guide; he was a friend.

Prof. Wilson's presence commanded respect not just from his peers but also from his students, mentees, collaborators, and friends. He always had time to listen, offer advice, and provide mentorship with a genuine desire to see others succeed. His generosity of spirit, matched with his extraordinary intellect, made him irreplaceable in the global fight against infectious diseases.

I will miss our long conversations, his sharp insights, charm, and even the cigarette escapades we sometimes shared. He was a remarkable human being who dedicated his life to bettering the world, and I am eternally grateful for the

time I spent learning from him. His legacy will continue to inspire all who had the privilege of knowing him.

Throughout the years, I collaborated with Prof. Michael Wilson on numerous research projects that advanced our understanding of the intersections between malaria, sickle cell disease, and hemolytic disorders. Together, we explored how genetic and molecular factors influence disease outcomes, focusing on microRNAs, exosomal signaling, and inflammation. Prof. Wilson's contributions to our work were invaluable, and his insights helped push the boundaries of tropical medicine and parasitology. He left a legacy of research and discovery.

## TRIBUTES BY **FRIENDS**

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### **AMBASSADOR D.K. OSEI**

"Abi, which side we dey?"

"... isms, isms, isms!"

This salutation was adopted by four close friends on the campus of the University of Ghana in 1971. The four friends were; the late Professor Kobby Whyte, the late Billy Bolton; and the now late Professor Mike Wilson and I. One can understand how pained I was when Alfreda broke the sad news of my dear friend Mike's passing. He was the only friend of mine left, the only friend alive who could understand isms, isms, isms. Now, when I say "abi, which side we dey?", there will be no one to reply "...isms, isms, isms"

Mike and I met at the University of Ghana in 1971 and instantly became close friends. We did everything together; we ate breakfast, lunch, and dinner together from a collective pool of victuals. We acquired the bad habit of night clubbing together and spent long hours doing everything but studying until we had twenty-four hours to our examination. Mike was so bright that he could afford to walk into an examination room without revising his notes and still pass his tests with flying colors. We stayed in touch after we graduated from the University and started our professional careers. The different countries we worked in and the day-to-day responsibilities of life, could not keep us from staying in close contact. Mike always found time in his busy schedule onboard helicopters and chasing insects in the bushes of Guinea or Mali, to visit me in Conakry.

There was a period in my life when I was extremely busy. Between 2001 and 2009, I worked late hours and had very little time to socialize. But, no matter how

late I worked, Mike and I always found a way to hang out. We would rendezvous at my house at 10:00 p.m. or 11:00 p.m. to catch up on the day's events. There were many times that Alfreda would call me close to midnight to check when I would release her husband to her.

One of the main values I cherished in Mike was his genuineness; he would sacrifice anything for his friends and could keep us laughing all day. I will miss our endless nightly arguments and unending jokes. I will forever cherish the 53-year bond and memories we shared as brothers.

Abi which side we dey..... isms, isms, isms!

## A TRIBUTE BY

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### **VICTOR "CHUBBY" LARBI**

I write this tribute for a departed friend and brother with a heavy lugubrious heart. I am from Peki and Mike hailed from Elmina. Our paths crossed on the University of Ghana, Legon campus in 1970 where I had been admitted earlier in 1969. We were young by those days' standards and had just been thrust into the promised land with "millions" available from respective hall bursars. We were later joined by friends Dr. Eric De-graft, and Dr. Owusu-Afriyie, the immediate past Agric minister, to form the group "The Wagon", an opportunity to display our youthful exuberance. We mixed pleasure with academic work and became scholars in our respective areas of endeavour. Special mention of Mike (Mikoo) who became a professor at Noguchi Memorial Institute until his sudden demise.

Mike was an entomologist by training (study of insects) and was engaged in an Onchocerciasis program in Burkina Faso and the northern region of Ghana. A task he excelled in, culminating in a job with the Noguchi Institute. After leaving Legon, we all had scholarships to study abroad and regrouped in Accra in the late 70s. I had a flat behind the police headquarters and Mike was living with his late Uncle, Professor R. P. Baffour, who happens to be his maternal uncle, down the road from my flat. That was a bachelor's abode that would be envied by most young men of today. We were joined later by friends Kojo Botsio Jr. and Dr. Kpakpo Allotey. While we were all playing on the circuit, Mike in his usual discrete nature had his eyes on a young pretty lady. A few months later they tied the knot.

This union made Mike sober and rendered him unavailable for most of the group's mischiefs. With marriage to Alfreda nee Ogoe came four beautiful brilliant girls which was not surprising considering Mike's academic Pedigree. They excelled

in their various academic fields. Mike after retirement from Noguchi was given a contract extension and represented Noguchi in various capacities and he shuttled between Accra, Geneva, and Tokyo.

Mike was a jolly good fellow and mixed pleasure with academic work. In the course of our friendship, I had the opportunity to meet the following family members of Mike: Amoako (Slim Giant), Fritz, Ama, and Stella. He was a visible and active member of the CSIR senior common room where he made many friends and was admired for his sense of humour, coupled with his gentle mannerism.

The last time I saw Mike, with his wife Alfreda, was at a very joyous occasion, my 75th birthday dinner in March this year. Mike was taken ill in August, and prompt medical attention was marshaled but unfortunately, he could not pull through. To the widow Alfreda, we mourn with you and the entire family. Mike is grateful for the love and care you gave him. We are very grateful for your tolerance.

Fare thee well. Till we meet on the resurrection day.

Anadzo, Young Man, Sokpoyede, rest in the bosom of your maker

Amen

## A TRIBUTE BY

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### **ADJEI SOWAH**

Professor Wilson and I met on the off chance in Cape Coast some fifty-odd years ago, and have been best of friends ever since, almost like brothers. As my late mother used to say “Families are not only born but are also made”. We became so close that we would sound each other out on issues that needed confirmation, often his advice was invaluable and was always made with the best of intentions. He was endowed with a very fine intellect, and sound judgment and was very conscientious and methodical in all his pursuits, especially in his chosen profession.

Mikey had always preferred academia, following his uncle and mentor, the late Dr. R. P. Baffour, which led him to the Ministry of Health after National Service and then to the World Health Organization (WHO),. The rest was history: taking him to the riverbanks around West Africa to work on the River Blindness, which was plaguing the indigenous people. His persistent work on Onchocerciasis had made him one of the foremost experts in the field, taking him around the world to numerous symposia. I kept asking him why he was still working long after

most of us had retired; his answer was there was work to be done and as long as he was able, he would continue to do his bit for the good of humanity. Even before he was taken ill, he had plans to travel to a conference.

My late 'brother' was one of the nicest people one could ever meet and I would be surprised if anyone who knew him up close would have a bad word to say about him. He was of a very kind disposition always with a benign smile, which was welcoming, putting others at ease, even to his subordinates, especially his drivers and workers with whom he went on trips to remote places in West Africa. He was naturally humble, without airs, which was the first thing one noticed about him. I later found out that that trait runs in the family after meeting most of them, especially his sisters, Kate and Stella, some of the finest people. I always remember one of the first things Mickey would do after a long absence as a prelude to catching up would be to ask about my children, such humanity.

Mickey was an incessant reader, and his idle time was spent in bed and he would read for as long as he could; his interest outside work was history, especially military history, primarily the history of war and military battles, and his knowledge of European military history was quite impressive. He also knew a lot about the history of religion, especially the religions of West Asia, namely Christianity, Islam, and Zoroastrian religion.

Professor Wilson was one of nature's finest gentlemen and will be sorely missed by all who knew him. And sometimes we even ask, why the fine ones leave so early, and then we console ourselves in the knowledge that his soul was only meant to be with us for a finite time, only to continue its journey elsewhere. He came into our lives to bring us joy and happiness: often we wish the journey together would never end, yet the one who put us all together has a plan for each of us, unbeknownst to any of us. So as a friend, I agreed that, in our twilight years, we should keep in touch as often as we can, to reflect and cherish the companionship for as long as it lasts.

Michael, my brother, fare thee well until we meet on the other side of the river. Your crossing the Rubicon is not the end, you will forever be in our hearts until we meet again.

Opoo!

Damidri fa duea!

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 A TRIBUTE BY
 

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**DR. ERIC DEGRAFT, BELGIUM**

It is with a heavy heart that I write a tribute to Prof. Michael Wilson, who was more than simply a friend. In fact, he was my best friend and a sincere comrade who supported me no matter what.

We went through life doing lots of things together; Good things, Crazy things, and sometimes “so-called” bad things. In fact, I could write a book if I wanted to share fond memories of what we experienced together as friends.

“Mickey Moo, Papa Otuu” as I always called him brought a big smile to his face, and he would respond by saying “Bronii” (white man). To me, he was a source of wisdom, love, and endless funny stories that filled our hearts with joy.

As we bid farewell to Prof. Wilson, let us be inspired and guided by his spirit, which will continue to bloom in our hearts, reminding us of the beauty and joy of life.

REST IN PEACE, MY DEAR BROTHER MIKE!!

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 A TRIBUTE BY
 

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**JEAN, JEANETTE AND BABY**

Death has laid its icy hands on yet another loved one. Dear Mike, your passing came too soon.

As friendship transcends death, the memories we made in Geneva during your time at the World Health Organization will remain a lasting one. Criss-crossing the corridors of WHO, hopping from one meeting to another and hoping that you make it on time! We would bump into each other occasionally and you would say in Fante haarr abaazi nti na wo y3 meetings pii deiii..... eben time na woo tsena ho y3 adwuma. During our get-togethers at home over meals, we reminisced about our beloved Ghana; These experiences have created lasting memories for us.

Always wise, you had a cool head. You said very little but was always fully loaded. You were cunningly funny - a trait we loved about you! Thank you for all the right things you said at the right time!. Your magnetic coolness and simplicity will be sorely missed. Saying goodbye this soon feels wrong. So instead, we will just say da yie our friend and big brother till we meet again at the Resurrection.

TRIBUTES BY

# CSIR CLUBHOUSE MEMBERS

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**FRANCIS C.G (NAB) MILLS-ROBERTSON**

I first met Prof. Mike Wilson on Friday, 11th June 1993, and have known him for 31 years; half my entire life. Mike was officially my brother-in-law. Our relationship, however, transcended that. Mike was my brother, friend, mentor, advisor, helper, and much more. He was a wise, reliable, and sturdy pillar of consistency and support. Though Mike was a brilliant, respected, multi-award-winning Professor of international repute, he wore those credentials with true modesty and humility. Mike was very much down to earth and also great fun. His social network cut across all classes and types. It was Mike who introduced me to the membership of CSIR Clubhouse, it was the same Mike who introduced me to the Mankessim market fufu spot. Wherever he went and whoever he met, Mike remained Mike; a man with no pretension; very comfortable in his own skin.

Rest in peace, Uncle Mike. In life, you wove a unique, rich, and beautiful tapestry with brilliance, compassion, and humility, leaving us a lasting legacy to look up to and try to live up to.

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**RICHARD BAFFOUR**

Uncle Mike, a beautiful soul, you were. I never ever saw you upset. You were always in good spirits. Non-confrontational and easygoing. Your combined spirits of persuasion and optimism and the willingness to help people without hesitation is the legacy that you have left us. May God bless you, for you touched so many lives and all I can say is Ayekoo. You will always be in our hearts.

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**EBOW SWATSON**

What a dear friend Mike was! In all the 50-odd years that I knew him, there was never an occasion when I saw him frown. Mike had an infectious smile, perpetually planted on his face. He was ever so charming, so affable, so caring and so gentle. Above all, he was witty, sharp, and very intelligent. Rest in Perfect Peace, my dear friend, till we meet again!

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**ALEX ABABIO**

Prof, your song may have ended, but the melody will forever linger on.

Thank you for your great friendship and immeasurable help in my daughter's grad school prep and professional life afterward. May the Good Lord lead you kindly home in perfect peace. As is said, death ends a life but not a relationship. You'd forever be with us.

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**CAROLINE WIREKO-BROBBY BAFFOUR**

Uncle Mike was warm and welcoming, very helpful and one could simply count on him for advice. He has left an indelible mark in the world, not with grand gestures or fancy titles but by basic goodness and generosity of character. Many are the earthly things we would have wished for him, but none compares to the peace and tranquility Heaven has offered him. He will always be remembered with respect, admiration and love. Da yie asew papa Uncle Mike.

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**KODZO CHAPMAN**

Prof. Wilson was humility personified, clear and unambiguous in expressing his thoughts on issues; on occasions very witty with pithy musings of his youth and school memories, which he shared with us whenever he was in our midst.

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**CHARLES BINEY**

Papa was brilliant but humble. He was great fun to be with. Yet, beneath all the wittiness, he cared so much for everybody. He had a special word for each of us. A great loss!! RIP Paps.

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**GENERAL JOSEPH PRAH**

My dear brother and friend, Prof Mike Wilson (aka Mickey Moore!), was the most affable and intelligent person to keep in your company. He could simply make you come down from your high horse with his unusual humour at moments you least expect! He was indeed a toast, lost to fun-loving persons forever. Lots of love! May he rest in perfect peace till we meet again!

### **CALVERT (CIGI) BLANKSON**

I first heard about Mike in youthful tales from friends at KNUST who had been with him in St Augustine's College. Years later we finally met at the CSIR Senior Staff Clubhouse and, I dare say, it was as if we had known each other for years. The fact that he had been a young Science Tutor at Mfantsipim along the way was an added subject of familiarity. I called him 'Honorary MOBA' and that pleased him enormously. We became friends seamlessly and I felt privileged. Mike was always genuinely thrilled to see you and every time full of fresh anecdotes to get you excited. He was full of fun, very unassuming, and generous to a fault. Mike, your life even though short, has been a blessing to many and we shall treasure your memory always. Fare thee well, Bro, till we meet again on the other side.

Sleep Well.

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### **MYLES ONGOH**

Professor Michael David Wilson was a remarkable man, a true beacon of compassion, wisdom, and humility. He dedicated his life to the betterment of others, particularly those less privileged. With an unwavering sense of responsibility to uplift others, he was there to help without hesitation, a guiding light for countless students and colleagues alike. His life was characterized by three remarkable qualities: his boundless generosity, his commitment to service, and his profound ability to inspire.

Professor Wilson's legacy is one of love, selflessness, and vision. He leaves behind a profound impact, reminding us of the power of a life lived in service to others.

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### **MOHAMMED AWWAL**

Prof. Wilson was a fine, soft-spoken critical thinker; very passionate about the rapid transformation and growth of the country. Beyond the world of parasitology and vector control, he had unique shared interests with each member, serving as a mentor to the younger ones. We will miss the long fulfilling conversations on numerous subjects spanning education, culture, music, political history, economics, public health, and infrastructural development. Prof lived the attribute of compassion-always eager to help others and hold their hands.

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## **KOFI DE-GRAFT JOHNSON**

Remembering Uncle Mike: Modest, Intelligent, Kind, Easygoing. That was Mike! Modest: Mike was the most modest person I ever met! He was simply the most humble, decent, and affable person who was very comfortable in his own skin!

Intelligence: His intelligence was boundless and this was amply evident when he settled disputes in his trademark calm and assured manner.

Kind: Mike simply personified kindness and was the go-to person when in dire need of a friendly ear.

Easygoing: Mike was so easygoing and that often belied his steely determination and focus, qualities he leaned on, in his professorship!

May flights of angels carry him to his eternal rest.

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## **PAUL A. GOLDWATER, CEO, FAPAPA CAR RENTALS & TOURS LTD.**

Dear friends, as we gather to remember our beloved Prof. Wilson, our hearts are heavy with the weight of his absence. He was not just a friend but a guiding light in both my personal and business life, igniting my passions and challenging me to reach for greatness. His laughter and wisdom filled my days, and the moments we shared will forever be etched in my memories. Let us honour his legacy by cherishing the bonds we formed and striving to embody the kindness and curiosity he instilled in us. In our grief, may we find strength in each other and keep his spirit alive in our hearts.

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## **KWAKU ADDO-DARKO – PETROLEUM COMMISSION**

Knowing Prof Mike Wilson as an active member of the CSIR Club House has been the most memorable time in my life. Prof was a gentleman, an affable and easy-going person who would go all out to help and advise in times of need. The love from Prof will never be forgotten. Prof left us with good memories that will forever be kept in our hearts and no matter how much time passes; we will miss him. I thank Almighty God for bestowing on him these great attributes. I will always owe a huge debt of gratitude to Prof for his significant contributions towards the growth of the Club House membership. His death is a big loss and indeed has thrown the entire Club House into deep mourning. Prof, I know you are in a better place, with no more pain and suffering. Keep shining bright in heaven.

Da Yie Prof.

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**CARL WIAFE, STACC**

Professor Michael David Wilson was an affable man. Professor Wilson led the StACC Ghana team to: promote dental aesthetics and mitigate the incidence of intestinal worm infections in children in the Bongo area. Professor Wilson also led the EcoHealth team to highlight the impact of climate change on the incidence of onchocerciasis along the white Volta basin of Ghana. In these endeavours, the teams exalted Prof Wilson, as a motivator and supporter of our mission against the incidences of dental fluorosis and (river blindness) onchocerciasis. Professor Michael David Wilson, StACC Ghana, a generation of children of the Bongo area and other riverine communities shall continue to remember you for putting smiles back on their faces.

Rest In Peace, Professor Michael David Wilson.

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**MIKE TSIAGBEY**

It is with a heavy heart that I make this submission. My friend Micky Moore is gone but surely not forgotten. I do not know who else understands and can shout out our common slogan, "The Good and The Bad". Oh, I have lost a great friend. My great friend, peaceful rest is what I ask our Lord to grant you. Our Lord knows best, we certainly cannot challenge Him. I believe that the Lord has a sovereign purpose and arrangement for all that happens to us, whether positive or negative. The battle is not ours, God is surely supreme, and nobody can challenge Him.

TRIBUTES BY

# INTERNATIONAL COLLEAGUES

A TRIBUTE BY

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## PROFESSOR MICHAEL CAPPELLO, YALE UNIVERSITY

Professor Michael Wilson was a truly remarkable scientist, research collaborator, and mentor. But in addition to his many professional accomplishments, he was most of all, a kind, considerate, thoughtful, and generous friend. I first came to know Mike when I traveled to Ghana in 2006 with my Yale colleague Dr. Elijah Paintsil. On that visit, we met with the leadership of the Noguchi Institute, to find opportunities to collaborate. He quickly saw the potential to create an initiative that would provide mentored research and training for junior scientists in Ghana. Starting in 2007, thanks to Mike's leadership, together we launched the Noguchi-Yale Partnership for Global Health, a bidirectional collaboration that has provided dozens of students, trainees, and junior faculty the opportunity to gain valuable research training at each of our institutions. None of this would have been possible without his firm commitment and dedication to ensuring that the next generation would be given meaningful opportunities to pursue careers in public health research.

While the success of this program can be measured in scientific publications, conference presentations, and grant funding, what Mike was most proud of was the impact it had on so many junior colleagues, many of whom have remained committed to pursuing a similar path to their beloved mentor. Their future achievements and professional success will serve as a lasting legacy of his generous spirit and steadfast consideration of others. As his colleague, it has been a privilege to work with Mike, but especially to see how much his



students and staff respected and admired him. As his friend, I am grateful for his presence in my life over these many years, and for the encouragement he was always willing to offer.

Mike's example will serve as a source of inspiration to all of us who knew and admired him. We will honor his legacy by continuing the partnership that he helped establish, and by remembering his many gifts, talents, and contributions to making the world a better place.

With condolences and warm regards,  
Professor Michael Cappello

## A TRIBUTE BY

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### **PROFESSOR RORY POST, EX. LONDON SCHOOL OF HYGIENE & TROPICAL MEDICINE**

**M**y whole working life has been about river blindness (=onchocerciasis) and how to get rid of it. It seems to me that Mike was always there, as a friend and colleague, but I think that I first met him in the 1980s in Bamako. I consider myself to have been privileged to be able to work with him, and we published 24 scientific articles together. Mike, of course, also published many more with other collaborators, because he was recognized as a careful, reliable, and hard-working expert. People wanted to work with him and respected him.



Biology is not a difficult subject, but to be good at it you have to know many things and have a good memory, and Mike was a treasure-trove of knowledge. He was recognized internationally as a leader in the entomology of river blindness, and frequently called upon for advice and assistance. His role was central to the success of the World Health Organization Onchocerciasis Control Programme which eliminated river blindness from most of West Africa. That programme was a major success, saved countless lives, and enabled millions of people to rise out of poverty. He was a major figure in this field, but that is not all. As I said, he was central to the river blindness programme, but the success of that programme led directly to many similar programmes for other previously neglected tropical diseases, and

hence his success is still sending out ripples, creating further successes in public health systems.

Mike's work saved many people and continues to save many people. I am proud to have been able to work with him. He was a leader in what was a golden age for medical entomology. His name will always be associated with the elimination of river blindness. And what's more - he was one of the most charming, witty, and nicest people I have ever known.

A TRIBUTE BY

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## **ROBERT A. CHEKE, PROFESSOR OF TROPICAL ZOOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF GREENWICH**

I first met Mike when he was studying for his PhD at Liverpool and Salford. Since then, he became a close friend and a much-valued colleague. Mike was an excellent and perceptive scientist who made important contributions to many fields, but it was his fieldwork on onchocerciasis vectors that brought us together. This period was after Mike's tenure with the WHO Onchocerciasis Control Programme ended and he was based at the University of Ghana's Legon campus at the Noguchi Institute for Medical Research.

Mike and I collaborated on numerous projects in Ghana and Bioko, Equatorial Guinea. His help, enthusiasm, and humour were crucial to the success of our work. We endured some memorable escapades when searching for blackfly larvae and pupae from canoes in the Pra River or almost getting lost in forests trying to find rivers, but Mike's irrepressible sense of humour and dedication to our missions always made such trips enjoyable. Back in Accra, Mike was always a source of sound advice and much help organising things, such as equipment, transport, accommodation, and even film-making.



I miss my wonderful friend Mike dearly and extend my deepest condolences to Alfreda and other family members.

Ghana, the global health community, and parasitology have lost a legendary icon. I have lost a mentor, a confidant, and a friend.

Rest in peace, Prof. Michael David Wilson. Your impact on this world is immeasurable, and your absence will be deeply felt. God bless you.

A TRIBUTE BY

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**STEFANIE MEREDITH, FRANCE**

**T**ime really does pass more quickly as we get older, and it does not seem like a year has passed since I was sitting with Mike in a hotel foyer in Chicago at the ASTMH meeting last October. We shared a coffee, caught up on family updates, and laughed.

We were a small group of young scientists when we met in 1982 - so Mike is an integral part of my past and growing up. We shared the same passion for using science and research – particularly on vector-borne diseases - to improve health. Over the years as our lives took different paths, we would still meet at different meetings as our interests overlapped. Although I was impressed with how Mike’s research interests and work broadened, I think his great legacy will be in what he has done to build a new cadre of young African scientists, providing mentorship, support, and all-important networks for them.

You will be missed, Mike, but never forgotten.

A TRIBUTE BY

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**DR ELIZABETH ELHASSAN, NIGERIA**

A Tribute in Memory of Prof. Mike Wilson

**I**t was with shock that I read of the passing away to glory of Prof. Mike Wilson.

Mike was an amiable person and a seasoned professional. He put in a lot of work, from the Onchocerciasis Programme to the African Programme for Onchocerciasis and as a member of the Ghana Onchocerciasis Expert Committee.

Mike, you departed just as Mali got close to eliminating Onchocerciasis. Your contributions to public health will live on after you.

God rest your soul. Amen!

Adieu Mike

TRIBUTES BY

# COLLEAGUES & MENTEES

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PROFESSOR NANCY DUAH QUASHIE

I CANNOT FORGET AND WILL NEVER FORGET

From Prof. Wilson (Friday, July 29, 2022, 7:56:32 AM GMT)

"My hearty congratulations to you Nancy on your promotion to Asso Prof. You certainly deserve it. I am certain that your next and ultimate step is not far away. More grease to your elbows. Keep it up, fellow Prof. Mike"

My response (Friday, July 29, 2022, 6:02 AM in Spain)

"Dear Prof. Wilson,

Thank you very much. I owe it all to you so I dedicate it to you. I remember when I walked into your lab that day, you smiled at me and accepted my coming to learn. That was the beginning of it all.

God bless you abundantly Nancy"

The beginning of the story of this teacher-student, mentor-mentee, and father-daughter relationship began in June 1997. I had been home for about nine months due to a University shutdown via a UTAG strike. However, due to divine orchestration, Prof. Ampofo sent me to the then Dr. Wilson's lab as an intern and he received me wholeheartedly. It was a molecular biology laboratory so I got to learn good molecular techniques which I have used all these years as a biomedical researcher. I got the title 'Miss PCR' from him when I mastered the techniques and applied them diligently. The journey to becoming a biomedical science researcher began with him as the academic supervisor for my undergraduate thesis on *Onchocerciasis*, followed by my master's degree thesis on *Malaria (antimalarial drug resistance)*.

The data from my master's thesis he supervised as well as clinical and invitro data (Prof. Koram, Prof. Abuaku, and Prof. Quashie) in collaboration with the then National Malaria Control Programme informed the change of malaria treatment policy from the use of chloroquine to artemisinin-based combination therapy in Ghana in 2005. His excellent critiquing got me a recommendation for my master's thesis to be upgraded to a PhD.

He was so meticulous in diverse ways and made sure that if his name or signature was going to appear on a document, the contents must be excellent. This is one of his attributes that I have been practicing over the years. Prof. Wilson does not give up on anybody. He can turn anybody intellectually into a great person both

academically and professionally. He turned undergraduates and postgraduates into Doctors, Professors, and a Vice Chancellor, made a lawyer out of a scientist, an ethicist out of a biomedical scientist, a distinguished faculty member of international repute out of an office secretary and others yet to be seen in tributes to him from both the local and international community.

Prof. Wilson made a good scientist out of me with God's guidance. He always held my hand even when I thought I was now grown to do my own research. He would come and check on me and the greeting was always, "Nancee, abadzi na eri ye?". He just wanted to know what I was up to in order to help where necessary. This is the person who does not turn his back on those he has trained as long as they would listen to him. He took our advancement 'personal' and defended us all the time. One of his favorite statements is 'NO PROBLEM' which he would say no matter how dire the issue was.

Thank you very much, Prof. Wilson. You are missed every day since you left for eternity. Who will write a personal note to me on my next promotion? Which elderly person will be checking on me in my office? You did well in shaping lives for the better and the best. Keep smiling through eternity. Rest in perfect peace. You are so loved and highly appreciated!

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### **DR. IRENE OWUSU DONKOR**

Today as I reflect on the time I was privileged to work with Prof Wilson, I realize that he was one who gave his all in everything he did. His biggest joy was to see his trainees and mentees succeed in their fields of endeavor. Prof. mentored me from the very first day I set foot at Noguchi. In the 10 years plus that I worked with him, Prof. guided my career path and encouraged me to take on new opportunities. Prof was a father figure to me and a grandfather to my children. He loved my children as though they were his own grandchildren and always checked on them. Prof. helped me build my career and always encouraged me to reach for the sky. Prof was my "konkonsa" partner giving me "jist" on everything that was going on at Noguchi. Life is fleeting but I believe Prof. Wilson lived his best life. "Your candle's burned out long before your legend ever will".

May God keep you in his bosom. Rest well, Prof.

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## **DR. MRS. SENA ADZOA MATREVI (PHD)**

“There is a great difference between simply living a long life and living a full rewarding life. What’s really important is how much rich texture and colour we can add to our lives during our stay here on earth...however long that stay may be. Quality is the true value, not quantity” (Daisaku Ikeda).

Prof. Wilson was a person who respected everybody and was interested in seeing people grow positively. He did not need to know your family history, educational background, ethnicity, or qualifications. You just have to be a human being to deserve his attention and assistance. He helped everybody without discrimination. Not only was he instrumental in my visit to Yale University in 2008, but he also guided me during my MPhil when I was having difficulties with my experiment. Before he passed on, he proposed that I think of research in kidney diseases. That was Prof. Wilson, he would not stop until he saw you progressing in your profession and life in general.

Prof., I miss your smile and our waves every evening by the close of work. You are gone but will forever remain in our hearts. Rest well but don’t rest too much. Come back and join us and continue with your good works.

Rest in perfect peace, Prof.

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## **VENUS NANA BOAKYEWAA FRIMPONG**

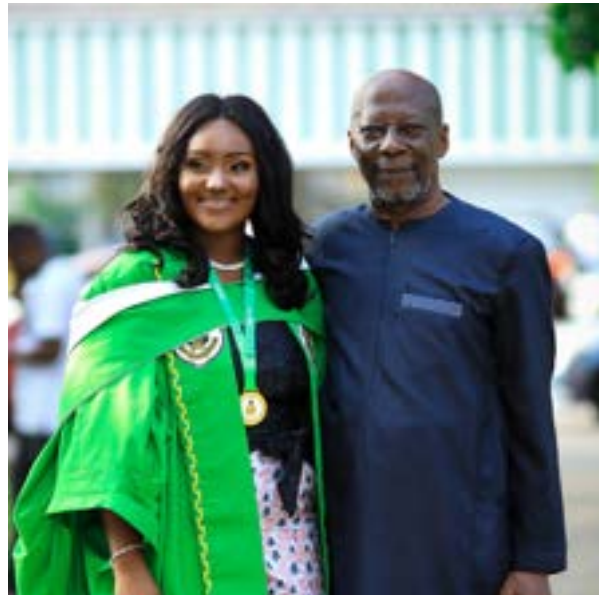
A true father figure isn’t defined by titles or obligations but by the impact he leaves on the lives he touches. He stands as a pillar of strength, guiding with a quiet wisdom that resonates far beyond words. He listens, he understands and he supports. This is who you were and forever will be to me.

Through each chapter of my life and every monumental event, you offered a steady presence, never demanding attention yet profoundly felt in every moment. You showed me that the love of a father and his leadership are not separate but intertwined, that true leadership is often silent, and that love is about showing up, day after day. Your role was never about grand gestures or loud proclamations but rather the subtle, consistent ways you shaped and influenced, instilling values that will stay with me for a lifetime. You were not one to seek recognition; instead, you simply showed up, time and time again, with patience and understanding.

You led without imposing, allowing those you guide learn from their own mistakes while offering unwavering support when needed, I saw that! Growing up under your influence meant learning that kindness is never weakness, that compassion has power, and that integrity is something lived, not just spoken. You have always known what you wanted and held on to them. You showed me what resilience, humility, and integrity looked like in action. You taught, perhaps without knowing it, that real success is found in the quality of relationships and the positive impact you have on others.

You were always kind, kind in thoughts, in gestures and with your words. Your calm demeanour in challenging times and in unpleasant situations, was remarkable and exemplary, an epitome of great poise and composure! ohhh and how you make light of such situations – that sense humour! To know you is to love you daddy!

Your legacy is built in these lessons, seems small but powerful, shaping character and guiding decisions. Your influence is seen in every step forward, every lesson learned, and every value held close. For the time, care, and wisdom you have given, I am deeply grateful.



Your impact may go unspoken, in certain instances yet it is felt in the deepest ways, leaving a lasting imprint on the hearts you have touched and LORD knows mine is one. A father figure offers more than guidance; for me you were my roadmap to becoming better and great. For all these, you are cherished beyond words. All those moments we shared, memories I hold dear, are like plaques commemorated on the tablet of my heart. What more can I say, your absence has created a void that I hope and pray the heavenly father fills.

Your role as a father was not finished. I wish you had stayed a little longer but it pleased the good LORD to call you into HIS rest. Going through the perils of suffering in ill-health was definitely not an option, so although you're absent in the flesh I find and take comfort knowing that you're in a better place.

Rest well Professor Michael David Wilson, my gift of a father!

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**MS LYDIA OTCHERE (NMIMR, UG)**

Prof. Wilson was not only a father figure but also a great mentor to me. He was one of the rare individuals who inspired, challenged, and uplifted everyone he encountered. Prof. saw potential in me and nurtured it with patience and care, offering support in every situation. I feel incredibly blessed to have been his mentee throughout the years he was with us.

Prof. Wilson's humility, kindness, and respect for everyone, regardless of their status, stood out in everything he did. His character and knowledge have shaped both my life and career in ways I will always cherish.

Rest in peace, Prof. I will continue to make you proud. Thank you for all that you gave to me and so many others. You will never be forgotten.

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**EPISCOPAL SISTER BRIDGETTE-MARIAN OGOE  
(LIGHTHOUSE CHAPEL INTERNATIONAL)****A TESTIMONY IN HONOUR OF PROFESSOR MIKE WILSON**

"Just call me Mike". That was how the then Dr. Wilson introduced himself to me in January 1996 when I came to work in his Parasitology Laboratory at Noguchi Memorial Institute for Medical Research as a National Service Personnel. Mike was so down to earth and friendly with everyone irrespective of age or position. I was content to be a research assistant, a wife, and a mother, and had no plans of furthering my education, but Mike would have none of it. He found me a project and literally forced me to pursue and acquire an MPhil degree in biochemistry, for which I would be eternally grateful. He even got me to present a paper at a conference in Arusha Tanzania.

Mike was not a typical African leader, he took his team up with him. He wanted everyone around him to do well and he ensured it. He created a family spirit with his working team, and even though I have not been with them for years, the bonds remain.

Still can't believe he is gone. May his soul find rest in death.

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**MRS. NANA OYE AKUFFO (CHS, UG)**

Prof. Wilson has been an invaluable mentor throughout my career, offering unwavering support and guidance at every critical juncture. His wisdom, encouragement, and belief in my potential have fueled my growth both professionally and personally. Whether it was providing insightful feedback on my work, offering career advice, or simply being a pillar of strength during challenging times,

Prof. Wilson has always been there with an open mind and a generous heart. His dedication to fostering my development has not only shaped my career trajectory but has also inspired me to extend the same level of support to others. For all of this, I am deeply grateful. How I wish I could tell you that I have been appointed as a Distinguished Faculty member for the Society for Research Administrators International. We would have enjoyed your favorite cake and coffee to celebrate. I will continue your legacy by excelling in my career and asking myself, “What will Prof. Wilson say?”, anytime I need guidance.

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**PROFESSOR DZIEDZOM KOMI DE SOUZA (NMIMR, UG)**

Some mentors don't just guide you; they shape your life, leaving a lasting imprint on your heart. Mike, you were that mentor to me—a true pillar of support, wisdom, and encouragement. What you liked about me; I do not know. But from the moment I first met you as a young aimless undergraduate student, you set the foundation for the path I have walked. You believed in me even when I doubted myself and gave me many opportunities. You introduced me to your PhD supervisor as “the boy after your own heart” and guided me through my PhD. I will always cherish your heartfelt words upon my promotion to Associate Professor: “Dzi, my hearty congratulations to you on your promotion to Asso Prof. I would say that it was long overdue and that you certainly deserved it then and more so now, and that your patience has paid off. I am also certain that your next and ultimate step is not far away. More grease to your elbows. Keep it up, fellow Prof.”

Those words were not just congratulations; they were a testament to your unwavering confidence in me. You have seen me through every step of this journey, right up until the last month before you fell ill, still offering your support and guidance. You have left a legacy in my heart that will guide me for the rest of my life. Mike, the standards you set are pretty high to beat, but I will carry forward the lessons and values you instilled in me. Your impact will never fade, and your memory will always be a source of strength and inspiration.

Rest well, Mike!!

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**DR. HELENA BAIDOO (UG)**

In memory of a compassionate, selfless, and hardworking Professor Michael David Wilson

Uncle Prof., words failed me when I tried to scribble a few words in your memory. I recall with mixed feelings how my journey at the Parasitology Department of NMIMR began in 2000 when Prof. Daniel Boakye introduced me to you as his first research assistant. We both discovered we are related and hailed from Elmina. Interestingly, my father was your father's student in his school days. When I became your mentee, you showed a keen interest in my academics. You thoroughly reviewed my writings with more red ink than expected.

This was part of the grooming I have come to appreciate because it made me better. My great memory of you is how you never ever gave up on me in my dark days. You taught and mentored, and your optimism was at par with excellence. Your sense of humour was quite noticeable to the extent that you gave me a unique pen name "Mumprabs" coined from "Maame Praba" which I so admired that it became my profile name on Gmail and WhatsApp to date. When things got hard on my PhD journey, you gave me hope. You check in "Wofase, how far with the PhD?" When we last met in December 2023, you were excited to hear that I passed my PhD VIVA and looked forward to attending the graduation in August 2024.

Unfortunately, your health couldn't allow you to attend when you suddenly became ill. Prior to that, I was so optimistic you would make it when we spoke on the phone in July 2024, though you didn't sound like your usual self. If I had known those were your last days on earth, I would have delivered this tribute to you before you left. My mother, siblings, and I greatly appreciate how you checked up on us, following my dad's demise. I shared the same birthday with you on Valentine's Day, which was memorable. And on the 14th of February each year, my sister Elsie is the first to ask me if I have called to wish you a happy birthday. We can't believe you are gone. You are indeed irreplaceable.

We will miss you, Uncle Prof. May the Lord journey with you into eternity and reward you for the many lives you have touched.

Rest-in-Perfect Peace, Prof!

**PROFESSOR LYDIA MOSI (WACCBIP, UG)**

Mike was my first scientific father alongside Prof. Daniel Boakye. His openness and affable nature drew out the best in all who had the privilege of working with him. I will miss the pep talks that always encouraged me whenever I had a tough situation to deal with at work. I still cannot believe you are gone. I will miss you dearly but I am honoured to be a branch of the robust tree you were.

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**DR. JEWELNA E.B. AKORLI (NMIMR, UG)**

If I should say one thing I admired most about Prof Wilson, it is that he loved and lived science, and he ensured that all the young ones around him knew and harnessed the opportunities they had to do great science. I had known him as the Deputy Director during my National Service at the Department of Parasitology, NMIMR. Even during those times, he still found time to go on lab rounds, and that is when he would sometimes catch me playing Scrabble or solitaire on my computer. His look alone was enough to warn me off playing. He would say, "There is always something to do in science." He officially became my mentor some 6 years later during my postdoctoral fellowship in 2013, and he remained one till the end. He always had time for me for any kind of chat. It was always fulfilling speaking to him and sharing crazy, sometimes, overly ambitious ideas. He always made me feel like the most intelligent young scientist.

Prof always believed in me even in moments when I doubted myself. He encouraged me to take up any challenge; "Go for it.", he'd say. Then he'd write the most convincing and compelling recommendation letter which always made me wonder whether all that he'd written was really me. When I got that first big grant, he went all out to organize a cake and a party to celebrate me. He was so proud!! Uncle Prof, as I affectionately called you, you became a colleague and a friend, sharing stories and jokes, birthday cakes, successes, and failures. It was great knowing that you were next door, and you could pop into the office I shared with Irene anytime for a brief history lesson, and sometimes talk about life. I will miss those times. You taught me to write a lot of things; tributes weren't one of them. This is partly why this has been so hard to write. If you were around, I know you would have helped me edit this, but no matter how badly this is written, it is really to let others know how great you've been to me, and how much I appreciate your guidance. Prof, I will help to keep your legacy and ensure that the seeds you sowed will bear fruits in honour of you.

Rest well, Uncle Prof!!

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**DR. KWESI TANDOH (NMIMR, UG)**

Prof. Michael David Wilson wasn't just my supervisor in the 6 years I knew him. He was also my mentor, debate partner, and the technical grounding for my many, many "fluffy" ideas. I will always remember him fondly for his impact and contributions that have endowed and shaped me today. I will cherish the pleasure of making his acquaintance and sharing his company. I will always remember the brilliant mind that pressurised my nascent ideas into valuable crystals and taught me to be deliberate and perseverant in my pursuit of scientific inquiries. He was a truly inspiring teacher, causing my eyes to awaken to the scintillating colours of the biomedical world. I remember the kind eyes under whose gaze I was not afraid to bare my mind and discuss my troubles and weaknesses and errors...as many as they were for a budding scientist. His was a life devoted to the nurturing and lifting up of African scientists to rarefied plains of thought and expression. I will always remember the warm heart that tolerated the latitude I explored in our interactions and encouraged the flames of intellectual deliberations with me. Prof. Wilson was clothed in true humility and calm confidence so infectious it rubbed off his mentees.

I remember his words full of mirth that spilled laughter into the corridors and calmed nervous hands into steady instruments ready to pursue the challenges of academic rigour. He was a mentor extraordinaire!

Rest in peace, Prof. Wilson! Your impact has borne fruits in our lives and your legacy shall live on, thrive, and remain! You will be deeply missed!

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**MRS MARIE THERESE OPITZ (NÉE CISSE) (GERMANY)**

Papa Professor Wilson, you taught me to always study hard, improve myself, and remain humble.

Rest well, Papa.

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**DR. BETHEL KWANSA-BENTUM (DABCS, UG)**

The first day we met when I was doing my national service in the Parasitology Department of NMIMR, you asked me to simply call you Mike. You did not need the title to show your worth. You encouraged us to enroll for further studies while working as your research assistant. Your principle was that students work harder to meet deadlines, and the project stands to benefit by the timely production

of data for funders - students win, and the project also wins. I got a Japanese Government (Monbukagakusho) Scholarship for my PhD studies because of your recommendation letter, written in support of my career development. You supported me while in Japan so I could complete my studies successfully and on time.

Upon my return to Ghana, you supported my application to the Department of Animal Biology and Conservation Science, UG, and you continued to mentor and share ideas with us. Mike, you hated injustice and emptied yourself for humanity. Mike, a mentor like no other. You are sorely missed, Prof.

Rest On, Sir.

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## **MS DORCAS ATIBILA (NMIMR, UG)**

### A Tribute to My Mentor, Teacher, and Friend

With a heavy heart, I write this tribute to a man who was not just my supervisor but so much more: a friend, a teacher, a mentor, and a father figure. Prof. Wilson guided me through my academic journey, from my master's program to my PhD, and even through the trials of life. His wisdom and support shaped not only my research but also my outlook on life. Prof. Wilson was always there, even when he was busy. He would promptly review my work, and if he had to travel, he carried printed copies to review on the plane. His dedication was unwavering, and his commitment to my success felt personal. He celebrated my achievements as if they were his own, especially when I was selected as a L'Oréal awardee. I'll never forget how he proudly shared that news with his close friends, beaming with excitement. He constantly reminded me to be alert and serious in every moment, emphasizing that the world was tough, but only the best would succeed, and that I needed to be counted among them.

His meticulousness taught me the value of preparation. Before meeting in his office, I would review and rehearse everything to ensure I was ready for his insightful feedback and sharp questions. Even when illness struck, he remained true to his nature. On your sickbed, you still made time to respond to my emails, always willing to help until the day came when I realized your responses had stopped. That void struck me deeply, and I already felt the absence of your guidance. After many attempts to reach him, the news finally came of his passing. I had to face the heartbreaking reality that he was gone. It was a blow I could barely comprehend, especially in a strange land, the USA, where I am conducting my lab analysis.

I had sleepless nights, weeping and wishing it was a dream. Prof., my heart is heavy knowing you won't be there to witness my graduation, a milestone you helped me achieve. But I know you want me to press on and make you proud. I will carry the lessons you taught me about life, work, and perseverance into every step of my journey. God had a different plan for you, but your influence will forever remain with me.

Rest well, Prof. I will continue the work we started, and I hope to make you proud.

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### **MR. FRANCIS APPIAH-TWUM (NMIMR, UG)**

Today, I reflect not just on the passing of a remarkable man but on the profound and lasting influence he left behind. Prof Wilson's legacy isn't captured in books or accolades but in the lives of his students, colleagues, and all who had the privilege of knowing him. A philosopher once said, "What you leave behind is not what is engraved in stone monuments but what is woven into the lives of others," and Prof Wilson's influence is woven deeply into the fabric of my life and so many others. Prof was a guiding force in both my personal life and career. He believed in me when I doubted myself, pushed me when I needed it most, and mentored me with wisdom and patience. Despite often joking that he was "an old man in a hurry," he always made time for guidance and encouragement, leaving an indelible mark on those around him. In moments like this, it's easy to feel the weight of grief.

However, as I reflect on the time spent with Prof Wilson and exchange memories with those who knew him, I realize just how successful his life was. He lived fully, laughed often, and loved deeply. He earned the respect of his peers and the admiration of countless people. He filled his role with purpose and dedication and left the world better than he found it. Though his song may have ended, his melody continues to echo in our hearts and minds.

Rest well, dear Professor. Your legacy endures.

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### **MR. CHRISTOPHER DORCOO (NMIMR, UG)**

It is with profound sadness that I pay tribute to Prof. Wilson, a gentle and compassionate man who dedicated his life to science and the well-being of young scientists like myself. Professor Wilson wasn't just a mentor; he was a guiding light who truly cared about nurturing the potential of those around him. I will always remember his kindness and encouragement, particularly during a

moment that left a lasting impression on me. He once invited me to join him and his student, for a discussion on a bioinformatics topic. Out of respect, I declined, saying, “Maybe next time,” not wanting to disrupt the conversation because of my weaker background in the field. Little did I know there wouldn’t be a next time.

While performing fieldwork for him in the North, I received the heartbreaking news of his short illness which quickly led to his transition after our arrival.

It is difficult to put into words the loss I feel, but his memory will always remain with me. Professor Wilson’s generosity, wisdom, and dedication to the growth of young scientists will forever be an inspiration. His impact is immeasurable, and his legacy will live on in all of us whom he guided so thoughtfully.

Rest in peace, Prof. Wilson. You will be deeply missed, but never forgotten.

With heartfelt gratitude, Mr. Christopher Dorcoo (NMIMR, UG)

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#### **MS AMANDA LAMPTEY (NMIMR, UG)**

Prof, I met you during a very crucial moment in my life, as a fresh graduate navigating life’s uncertainty after national service. You extended an opportunity to me that I felt I did not deserve, demonstrating your faith in my potential despite your unfamiliarity with my background. Under your mentorship, I have acquired the foundational knowledge, experience, and skills that define my identity as a young scientist today. Your guidance from 2019 till your demise has profoundly influenced my life, and I will always cherish the love and support you provided as my employer and PI especially when I lost my mother. The news of your demise broke our hearts deeply. Your passing is a significant loss, not only to your family but also to all of us at Noguchi especially members of the team, NIINE/HOTs. Your kindness, empathy, vast knowledge, diplomatic approach, insightful perspectives, and jovial comments will be greatly missed. No more coffee breaks during our meetings.

Fare thee well, Prof. Until we meet again, rest in the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

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#### **MS ANGELICA DAAKYIRE (NMIMR, UG)**

In late 2023, as I finished my national service, I felt anxious and overwhelmed about what was ahead as a fresh graduate. At that critical moment, Dr. Irene Owusu Donkor introduced me to you, and it changed everything. I remember

when you asked if I had any experience in administrative work. I said I didn't, but I was eager to learn. You smiled and gave me a two-month probation. In those early weeks, I made a lot of mistakes, but you were patient, teaching me how to do things the right way. By January 2024, you offered me a contract and encouraged me not to settle but to aim for further education and bigger opportunities. Your leadership wasn't just about giving instructions; it was about helping me grow, both professionally and personally.

You made me feel valued and motivated, and you showed me what true mentorship looks like. You were more than just a boss—you were a role model and a source of inspiration. Your passing still feels unreal, like a bad dream. I will miss your advice, your kindness, and our conversations. I am going to miss you dearly Prof especially your advice, stories, kindness, inspirations, and especially the fufu on Fridays. The office feels empty without you. We still have the desk you mostly sit on anytime you come to the office to talk to us still in its position right opposite my desk. Anytime I raise my head and catch a glimpse of it, I sometimes feel like you are seated there smiling at us as we go about our usual duties. I always look forward to you popping your head through the door to tell me "It's coffee time". We know the road ahead will be harder without you, but we'll hold on to the memories and your guidance. We will work hard to make you proud, wherever you may be.

Thank you, Professor Michael David Wilson. May the angels welcome you into the arms of your Creator.

## A TRIBUTE BY

**THE WEST AFRICAN CENTRE FOR CELL BIOLOGY  
OF INFECTIOUS PATHOGENS (WACCBIP)**

It is with profound honour and respect that we collectively pay tribute to Prof. Mike Wilson, whose life and work have left an indelible mark on many of us here at WACCBIP, who have been fortunate to know him personally and professionally. Mike, as he preferred to be called, was an excellent scientist and mentor who inspired all who encountered him. He was always ready to give young scientists an opportunity to grow and be innovative. Indeed Mike's demise came as a huge shock to all of us and we are still processing the fact that we will not see him in his office in the LF Support Centre when we go to Noguchi.

Mike had a long-standing history and camaraderie with faculty in the then Department of Biochemistry. He supported several faculty members including Dr. Yaa Difie Osei and Rev. Dr. W.S.K. Gbewonyo with reagents and consumables to undertake research work and assist in the training of graduate students. When WACCBIP was established in 2014, Mike was one of the pioneering faculty who took up the mantle of supervising students and he also served as an internal examiner for Master's and PhD theses. He also introduced several of his collaborators to the centre and some have remained long-standing partners to this day. He demonstrated an unwavering commitment to the centre and spoke highly of the centre's achievements in setting new standards of excellence in training and research into infectious diseases. He had a great sense of humor and had a personal nickname for the WACCBIP Director, calling him 'Homecoming', a cheeky reference to a newsletter article that was written about him.

More personally, Mike worked closely with Prof. Gordon Awandare when he was a Master's student conducting his research work at the Noguchi Memorial Institute of Medical Research. Mike along with Prof. Daniel Boakye, also co-supervised the undergraduate thesis of Prof. Lydia Mosi and Prof. Dziejzom DeSouza. In more recent times, Dr. Peter Quashie also interacted with Mike as a member of the Noguchi Scientific and Technical Committee.

Prof. Wilson distinguished himself as a pioneer in the field of Neglected Tropical Diseases and through his activities, he provided unparalleled mentorship and guidance to countless students and colleagues with admirable patience. His affable and down-to-earth nature, despite his successes and stature in the International scientific community, is something we must all learn from and emulate. He made everyone around him better, not by what he did but by who he was. Mike leaves behind a legacy as a true scientist who deeply cared about the professional growth of all those around him. WACCBIP celebrates his outstanding life and contribution to the success of the Centre.

Mike, you are indeed an inspiration to all and you will forever be remembered with deep gratitude.

Rest well, Mike!

A TRIBUTE BY

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## **THE ROBERT PATRICK BAFFOUR FOUNDATION FOR SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY**

“When Prof Michael Wilson was unanimously appointed Chairman of the RP Baffour Foundation, he hit the ground running. He held several meetings to assist underprivileged youth in our society.

He together with members of the board paid a visit to the RP Baffour Memorial Anglican JHS in Elmina which had been built by Dr. R. P. Baffour several decades ago to cater to children of fisherfolk and others from deprived communities in Elmina.

When he saw the deplorable condition of the school – gaping holes in the asbestos roofing sheets, overpopulated classes, teachers and members of staff marking books under trees due to lack of a teachers’ room to name a few, he went on a drive to source funding to rectify these heartbreaking conditions.

His persistence resulted in sourcing funds to construct a new two-classroom block, replace the asbestos sheets with quality roofing sheets, build and fully equip an ICT lab, organize ICT-oriented boot camps on weekends, paint the whole school block, support the children during sporting activities, excursions, and provide educational materials, to name a few. He would pay unannounced visits to the school to encourage the students in their studies.

He also started sourcing funds to build the staff common room, a kitchen, additional toilet facilities, a canteen, and a fence around the school. He had also planned to organize a medical outreach for the staff and students of the school.

The last board meeting was a few weeks before he fell ill, where he had planned, along with the board members, to visit the school.

His passing away has created a big void in the activities of the Foundation.

Rest in Peace, Prof. You will be sorely missed.

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**THE DR.R.P. BAFFOUR ANGLICAN JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL, ELMINA**

*“Oh Lord, don’t let that cold wind blow till I’m too old to die young  
Let me watch my children grow to see what they become  
Now I have had some dear sweet friends I thought would never die  
Now the only thing that’s left of us is the teardrops in our eyes  
If I could have one wish today and know it would be done  
Well, I would say everyone could stay till they’re too old to die young”  
~ Excerpts from “Till I’m Too Old To Die Young” a song by Moe Bandy,  
Country Singer*

Today, we gather here to honour Professor Michael David Wilson, a remarkable individual whose selfless contributions have transformed our school into an enviable learning center in the Komenda Edina Eguafo Abrem Municipality. A lasting legacy of generosity and care.

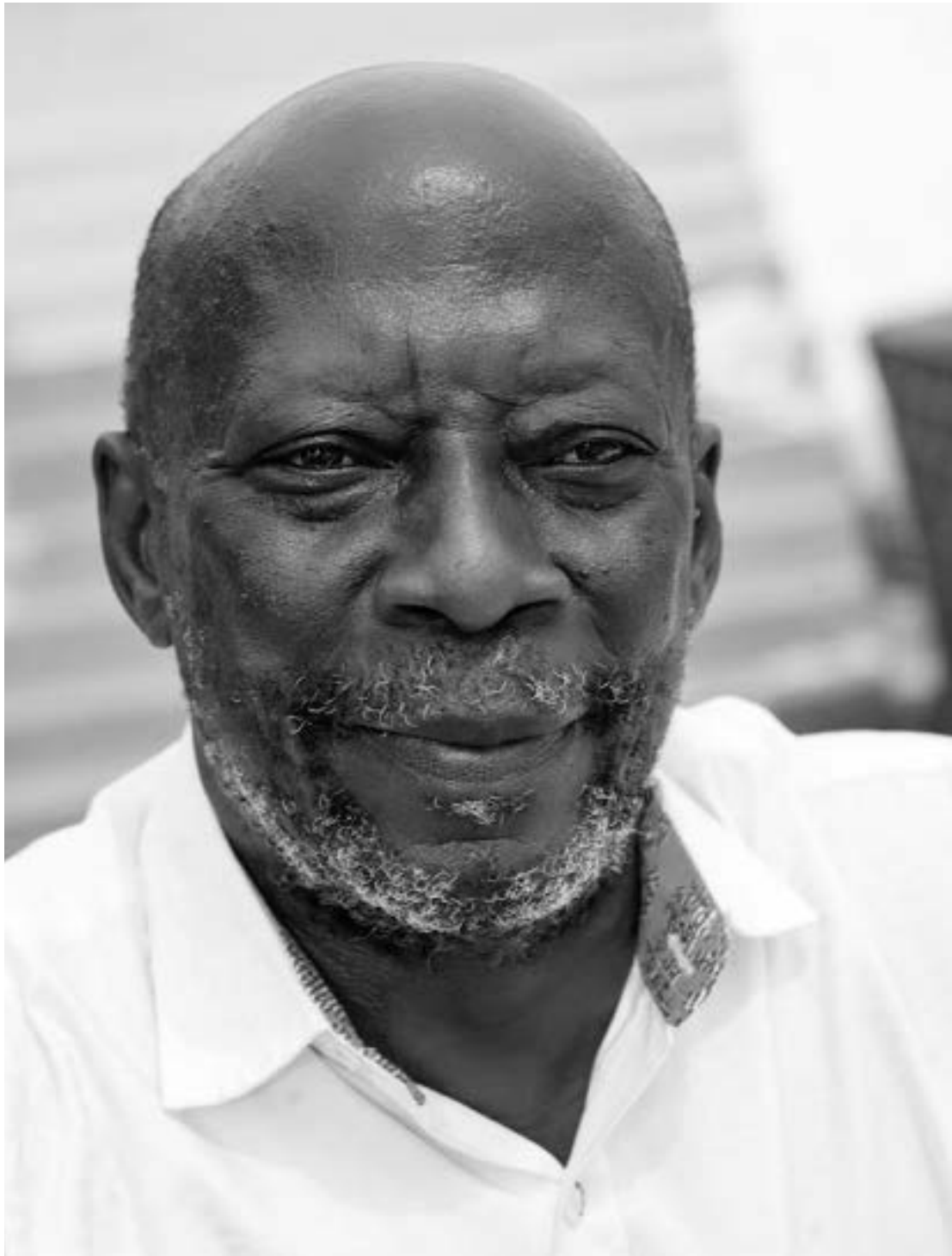
Prof. has demonstrated an unwavering commitment to education, recognizing its power to shape the future of young people. His philanthropic efforts have enhanced our educational resources and the facilities of our school. Through Prof., the school has benefited from the state-of-the-art ICT laboratory. You supported students with extra tuition in coding and gave financial and material assistance to the school and students anytime the need arose. You were a shining example of humility, and your dedication inspires us all.

We extend our deepest gratitude and recognition to Prof. Wilson and his family for their support and dedication to our school. Thank you, Professor Wilson, for your generosity and vision. May your legacy continue to inspire us.

We believe that our father and grandfather now rest in the bosom of the Lord.

Fare thee well, Professor Wilson.

Da yie.



Forever in our hearts, fare thee well  
**PROF. MICHAEL DAVID WILSON**