



Herman
CHINERY-HESSE

1963 - 2024

A special thank you from Naa on behalf of the family

I have been completely overwhelmed with the support and outpouring of love shown in the testimonials about you from all over the world. I keep asking myself, Is it my brother they are talking about? Because for me you were just my older brother. Always lambasting me for not wanting to engage in your intellectual banter and polemic.

My friends used to laugh about you holed up in Aburi with your OAU friends. But your extraordinary networking skills have benefited us all, and given us a global network of lifelong friends. I feel very proud to have had you as my brother.

Thank you to everyone who wrote a tribute at <https://www.forevermissed.com/hermanch>



Burial, Memorial and Thanksgiving Service

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rt. Rev'd Dr. Daniel S.M Torto
(Anglican Bishop of Accra)
Most Rev'd Dr. Justice O. Akrofi
Rt. Rev'd Dr. George K. Neequaye
Very Rev'd Samuel L. Lamptey
Very Rev'd Samuel Hansen-Addy
Ven. Dr. Joseph L. Lamptey

Ven. John A.T Nelson
Rev'd Canon Andrew Torgbor
(Coordinating Anglican Minister ARC)
Rev'd Fr. Reginald Lawson
Rev'd Dr. Chris Hesse
Rev'd Prof. Adukwei Hesse
Rev'd Fr. Dr. Rocky Hesse

Bishop Dag Heward-Mills
Rev. Dr. Mensa Otabil
Apostle Mrs. Lyane Koffi
Rev'd Stella Bentsi Enchill
Rev'd Fr. Eric Mark Owusu
Rev'd Akua Ofori-Boateng

SONG MINISTRATION
Winneba Youth choir

ORDER OF SERVICE

Part I (Pre-Burial Service)

1. Processional Hymn MHB 900
2. Sentence and Prayer
Hymns A&M 231, 228, 233, 238,
MHB 896, A&M 223
3. Scripture Reading John 6: 38-40
4. Hymns A&M 400, 535, 436, 288, 289,
Supp 2, MHB 608
5. Tributes
6. Hymn (Closing of Coffin)
A&M 477
7. Kumbaya By Herman Suede

Part II (Burial, Memorial and Thanksgiving Service)

1. Opening Hymn A&M 27
2. Sentence and Prayer
3. Psalm 121
4. Scripture Reading John 14: 1-6
5. Hymn MHB 235
6. Biography and Tributes
7. Hymn MHB 511
8. Homily
9. Anthem By the Choir
10. Offertory...Choruses by the choir
11. Blessing of Offertory
12. Hymn A&M 260
13. Thanksgiving Prayers
14. Hymn Supp. 3
15. Absolution of the Dead
16. Dead March in Saul
17. Announcements
18. Recessional Hymn
In the Sweet By and By...and
"I did it my way" by Frank Sinatra

Part III (At the Grave Side)

1. Hymn A&M 609
2. Sentence and Prayer
3. Hymn A&M 401
4. Committal
5. Laying of Wreath
6. Vote of Thanks
7. Hymn A&M 379
8. Benediction



Herman Chinery-Hesse: The Elder Statesman of African Technology and Innovation

Herman Chinery-Hesse was born on November 18, 1963, in Dublin, Republic of Ireland, into a distinguished Ghanaian family with a strong legacy of public service. His father, Lebrecht James Chinery-Hesse, was a prominent legal draftsman, and his mother, Mary Akuokor Chinery-Hesse (née Blay), was a seasoned diplomat and the first woman to attain the rank of Under Secretary General in the history of the United Nations. She was also the first woman chancellor of the University of Ghana. Growing up in such an intellectually enriched environment instilled values of leadership and service which would come to define Herman's legacy as one of Africa's pioneering tech entrepreneurs.

Raised in Ghana, Herman's early years were spent in the care of his extended family in Jamestown, where he developed a deep connection to his heritage. After beginning his education at Ridge Church School, he later attended Mfantsipim School, where he built the foundation for his eventual journey into technology and entrepreneurship.

In 1982, Herman moved to the United States, where he attended Westlake High School in Texas. He subsequently earned a Bachelor of Science degree in Industrial Technology from Texas State University. His time in the US exposed him to new ideas and the potential for technology to transform economies.

He left the US and spent a year in the UK before ultimately making the bold decision to return to Ghana, with a vision to harness technology for African businesses.

He cofounded theSOFTtribe Limited in 1991, one of the earliest software companies in West Africa and was a pioneer in developing "tropically sensitive" software, creating solutions tailored to the specific needs of African businesses.

These included their payroll system, Akatua, and other software products such as Gbefalor (a travel package), Battor (forex management), Nzama (stock management), Eziban (restaurant management), Hei Julor!!! (a low cost, mobile -

phone based, mass-market security-alert system), Efuom (farm management), Bimbilla (a general ledger), and an E-Susu and E-billing software, that were all essential tools for many local companies. Under his leadership, theSOFTtribe became synonymous with innovation in African tech, and its impact stretched across West and East Africa.

Herman's entrepreneurial ventures and thought leadership earned him much international acclaim and positioned him as a sought-after African voice in technology and innovation.

Some of his most notable speaking engagements and media appearances included:

- Harvard Business School, where he spoke about African entrepreneurship, technology, and innovation
- United Nations Conferences, where he was a key figure in discussions about technology-driven development in Africa
- World Economic Forum in 2008, where he was recognized as a Technology Pioneer for his groundbreaking work in African tech
- TED Global, where his talks on Africa's future and the role of self-reliance were widely celebrated
- CNN International, where he was frequently interviewed as an expert on African technology and business
- BBC, where his views on African economic empowerment through technology were prominently featured
- Forbes, which recognized him as one of the leading figures in Africa's burgeoning tech ecosystem.

Herman and his company have created novel and innovative acclaimed products that have uniquely proved their pedigree in the African environment in areas such as national utility billing and the government payroll.

Herman was currently working on his newest innovation, "Afrikan Echoes," which is aimed at delivering raw African stories to Africa and the world via an app.



Herman was a dedicated advocate for African self-reliance, as he was of the firm belief that Africa could rise to meet its own challenges through innovation.

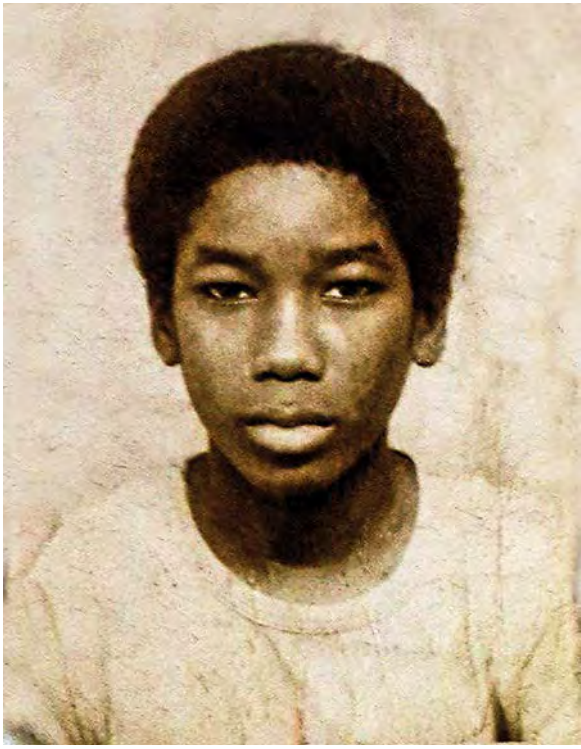


Biography

Over the course of his career, Herman received numerous prestigious awards and appointments in recognition of his work:

1. World Economic Forum Technology Pioneer (2008), recognized for his pioneering work in technology in Africa
2. Microsoft African Partner of the Year, awarded for his leadership in implementing Microsoft technologies across the Continent
3. Ghana Millennium Excellence Award for Information Communication Technology (ICT)
4. Ghana's Best Entrepreneur in ICT, for his outstanding contributions to entrepreneurship and innovation in Ghana's tech landscape
5. Lifetime Achievement Award at the Ghana Entrepreneur and Corporate Executive Awards (GECEA), in recognition of his enduring influence on Ghana's business and technology sectors
6. African Innovation Award for ICT Leadership, awarded for his leadership in driving technology solutions for the African Continent
7. Honorary Chieftaincy Title, bestowed upon him by Ghanaian traditional authorities in recognition of his contributions to national development and technology
8. Ghana Legacy Honours, awarded for his impact in technology
9. Grow, Unite, Build Africa (GUBA), award for exceptional achievement
10. Listed among the annual 15 Black STEM Innovators who have defined the modern world
11. In March 2019, appointed as the Commonwealth Chair for Business and Technology initiatives in Africa
12. Listed as one of the top 100 global thinkers by the US-based publication Foreign Policy Magazine
13. Ghana Club 100 Award for the most innovative company and the "SMS App of the Year" award.
14. The Mobile World Lifetime Achievement Award
15. Appointed an Assessor for the Commercial Courts of Ghana





3rd ITO - Rt. Hon. R. S. Blay Memorial Lecture
70th Anniversary Edition - 2024



Biography

16. Distinguished Alumnus Award from Texas State University, inducted into the Hall of Fame; the first and currently the only African recipient of the Award, alongside personalities such as former United States President Lyndon B. Johnson.
17. 100 most influential Africans of our time
18. 18. Given the key to the City of San Marcos, Texas.

His contributions to the growth of Ghana's tech ecosystem made him a trusted advisor to governments and international organizations on digital transformation in Africa.

He was a mentor to many aspiring African entrepreneurs and took pride in helping to shape the next generation of African tech leaders. Herman was a dedicated advocate for African self-reliance, as he was of the firm belief that Africa could rise to meet its own challenges through innovation.

In addition to his tech ventures, Herman made significant investments in real estate, developing the Lubango Heights project in Aburi, which transformed the area into a premier retreat destination. Even the landmark site where he is being laid to rest, Graceland Memorial Garden, came about thanks to his forward-looking partnership with the operators of Gethsemane Cemetery. His real estate ventures also extended to Freetown, further emphasizing his Pan-African vision for development and growth.

Though his professional achievements were remarkable, Herman's personal life was equally fulfilling. In 1993 he married Sadia Clarke, and together they built a successful marriage while supporting each other in their demanding professional careers. He was a devoted father to their two children, Nii Tetey and Naa Densua, and was absolutely thrilled to become a grandfather in 2024 as the family welcomed Luca and Bria.



All of this was a testament to the values he held dear. His larger-than-life personality, infectious sense of humor, and love of music—he was convinced he had the largest individual collection of Brazilian music in West Africa, plus jazz, reg-gae, 70s and 80s pop, and highlife - endeared him to everyone.

As we say goodbye to Herman Chinery-Hesse, we celebrate a visionary leader whose passion for Africa, innovation, and development will continue to inspire generations.

His legacy as the elder statesman of African technology is secure, and his influence will remain as strong as the bonds he created with family, friends, and colleagues. Owula Kojo, Old Joe, Herman: We miss you already but we know your work lives on.

Cheerio until we meet again.



But like the true comet he was, the luminous light Herman Chinery-Hesse shone for, and in so many people will not be dimmed a long, long, long time to come.



Tribute by mother

Mary Chinery-Hesse

O Herman, my Little Pet, Nnutsor as I affectionately called you, my dear wonderful son who I could count on for protection from anything that would make me feel insecure after the death of your father, Nii Tettey!

I never dreamt I would live to experience such a big slap. A mother should not have to bury her son. But that has been my lot. This test imposed on me, like Job, would not shake my faith in the God I worship and adore. I know you would not have left me if He had not—I am convinced—needed you for higher service in His presence.

Herman, my heart stopped when I received the terrible news, and yet I realized I had to remain strong to give you the send-off you deserve.

Your last words to me a few hours before you left us were that I should not let anything worry me, said with your usual broad smiling face. I take them seriously, and promise I truly will remain calm until we meet again.

The accolades and roses which have been thrown at you since your demise and the many who have stepped forward to freely confess how positively you touched their lives all validate my sense of pride that I was the vessel selected to bring you into this world.

I watched you blossom to be a man, a husband, a father, a provider, a thought leader, and a proud grandfather. You accomplished many things, driven by that curious brain of yours. You were your dad's son with the same passion for creating harmony around yourself.

You followed your own star, and as a family, we gave you the space to exercise your unique creative juices. In the process, you brought great honor and glory to the family, and for that and so many other things you did for us, we remain forever grateful.

Now you have left us, and I sit in sorrow, feeling so abandoned, trying to keep a brave face.

You have left me feeling alone, yet I am grateful, my son, for the time we had together, insufficient as it looks. Farewell, my dear Herman. May the winds of Heaven blow softly on you till we meet again, in the mighty name of Jesus Christ. Now rest in peace, my dear son, and remember your mother in death as you remembered me so lovingly in life.

Yaawor Ojogbaa.
Daabue.
Amen.







Tribute by wife

Sadia Chinery-Hesse

After 3 years of one joyous event after the other, something – SOMETHING – had to happen to burst our bubble and bring us down to earth with one loud bang. Its as if we had exceeded our quota of happiness, so it all had to come to a screeching halt. Nothing could have achieved that better than the phone call I received in the early hours of Tuesday 17 th September. Much of what happened after the call has become a blur in my mind, and I am thankful for that as it was too painful and so unexpected.

Aside from the two beautiful, *absolutely beautiful*, children we produced and raised together, the next best thing about being married to you was the Badge of Honour I wore as you won award after award, received accolade after accolade and enjoyed acknowledgement afteracknowledgment, for your vision, inspiration and achievements in the technological field and beyond. Whenever we thought you'd received the last one, another would pop up. The most recent was the discovery, quite by accident and only a few weeks before your demise, that Google had named one of the meeting rooms in its California headquarters after you. But by far the most enduring of them all was when the BBC described you as the 'Bill Gates of Africa'. I recall that as we celebrated the exciting news, I jokingly said that you could keep the Bill Gates name but you must give me the Bill Gates money!

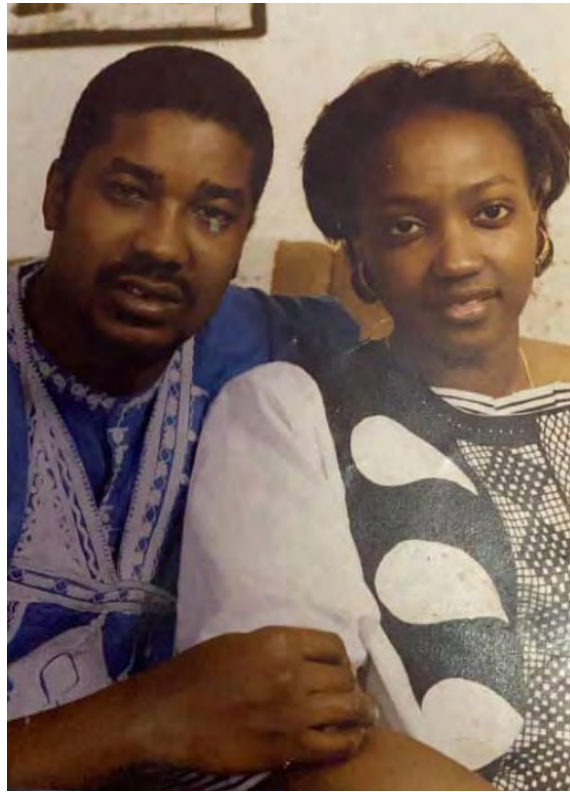
Since this nightmare began, life has continued as normal in certain respects: your briefcase is still where it normally sits, your slippers are peeping out from under our bed, your phone charger is still plugged in (yes, the one you forbade me from using because you claimed I had spoilt your last one, but I used it anyway and I suspect you knew that!), your many African print shirts are waiting to be worn, your colognes are gathering dust on the dresser, the corner of the veranda where you'd lie diagonally for ages, sometimes into the wee hours, dreaming up the next venture is empty. They, like me, are all asking the same question – where are you, Herman? Where are you?



The only answer that makes sense at this point is that you are in the hearts of those of us who knew and loved you.

I have relived our phone conversation on Monday night a million times, when you called to check on me as I was a bit late in coming home. I am comforted that the last time I heard your voice it was to enquire after my wellbeing. How I wish you could continue to check in, especially when it comes to dealing with the plumber, the electrician, the carpenter, the air conditioner and solar power repairers, etc, but I am sure you have trained Nii well so he will step into your shoes.

On the Sunday before your untimely exit, we invited our close family and friends home for dinner. It was to be the first of many such gatherings, particularly with our new in-laws. You were in top form and we all had a wonderful time.





Tribute by wife

By some cruel and bizarre twist of fate, it now transpires that that lovely evening was a 'Last Supper' for you to say farewell to our inner circle. It saddens me so much that Luca, Bria and our other grandbabies yet unborn have been deprived of knowing their quirky, one-of-a-kind Grandpa, and not even our best efforts to tell them about you can compensate for the firsthand experience. My dreams of you teaching them how to swim and taking them for rides in your latest 'toy', the electric car, have been dashed.

Authentic as you were, you did marriage **your** way, parented **your** way and lived life in general **your** way. I couldn't wait to see how you would wear grandparenthood.

Despite the joys in our personal life, the past few years have not been easy for you as you have had to fight so many battles, whether to ward off land encroachers, to defend your intellectual property rights or to secure payment for services rendered by theSOFTtribe. We who are close to you shared your frustrations and looked on helplessly at your energy being sapped by litigation in court and endless meetings to seek intervention from various quarters, none of which yielded anything helpful as the 'false balances' still remain. This made you disillusioned with Ghana and led you to find other pastures from which to do what you did best – dream, innovate and inspire. It is my fervent hope, prayer and belief that justice will come to you posthumously.

So, what do I do now as I contemplate the days ahead without you? I look to the Good Book for guidance and settle on Isaiah 6:1 which says, 'In the year King Uzziah died I saw the Lord high and lifted up'. I know God will understand if I paraphrase this verse to suit my new situation so it reads 'In the year Herman died we saw the Lord high and lifted up'. I am certain that the children and I will get to know God in a new and real way, as the defender of the widow and the father of the fatherless. Since He promises to give His beloved sleep, I trust Him to restore the sleep which has eluded me since you left us.



I count on Him as Jehovah Rapha, the God who heals, to dislodge the big tension knot in the pit of my stomach and to lift the fatigue that has settled in my muscles and bones. I know He will also remove the nausea from the back of my throat and replace it with words that are sweeter than honey. For our (now) fatherless children, I ask Him to please stretch forth His right hand to protect them in every way. On our part, we will work hard to pick ourselves up and get moving again as quickly as we can, because that is what you would have wanted us to do. God, please help us!

Herman, Unconventional with a capital U, Non-Conformist with a big N, Entrepreneur Extraordinaire and Mr. Problem Solver, well done for all you accomplished here on earth. I am heartened that we have been able to live out our marriage vow of 'till death us do part'. I thank God for you and for 31+ years of memories and stories. Most of all, I am grateful for our beloved children and grandchildren. That is the best legacy any wife could wish for.

Rest in peace, Herman. Papa, rest in perfect peace. Amen.





Tributes by children

Nii Tetey Chinery-Hesse

"Yeah Nii, how how how?!" were the words you always said to me when I answered your call. You were more than a father to me—you were my greatest teacher, my guide, and my role model. The world knew you as a visionary, a pioneer, and a leader, but to me, you were simply my papa, whose love and wisdom shaped who I am today.

Your passion for creating change and solving problems with innovation was unmatched, and I will forever be inspired by the way you saw possibilities where others saw obstacles. You taught me the value of hard work, humility, and staying grounded in the values that truly matter.

Though your presence is now silent, your legacy of love, integrity, and brilliance will continue to live on in me and in the countless lives you touched. I will carry your name with pride and strive to honor your memory by walking in the path you paved.

Rest well, Papa. Your light will never fade

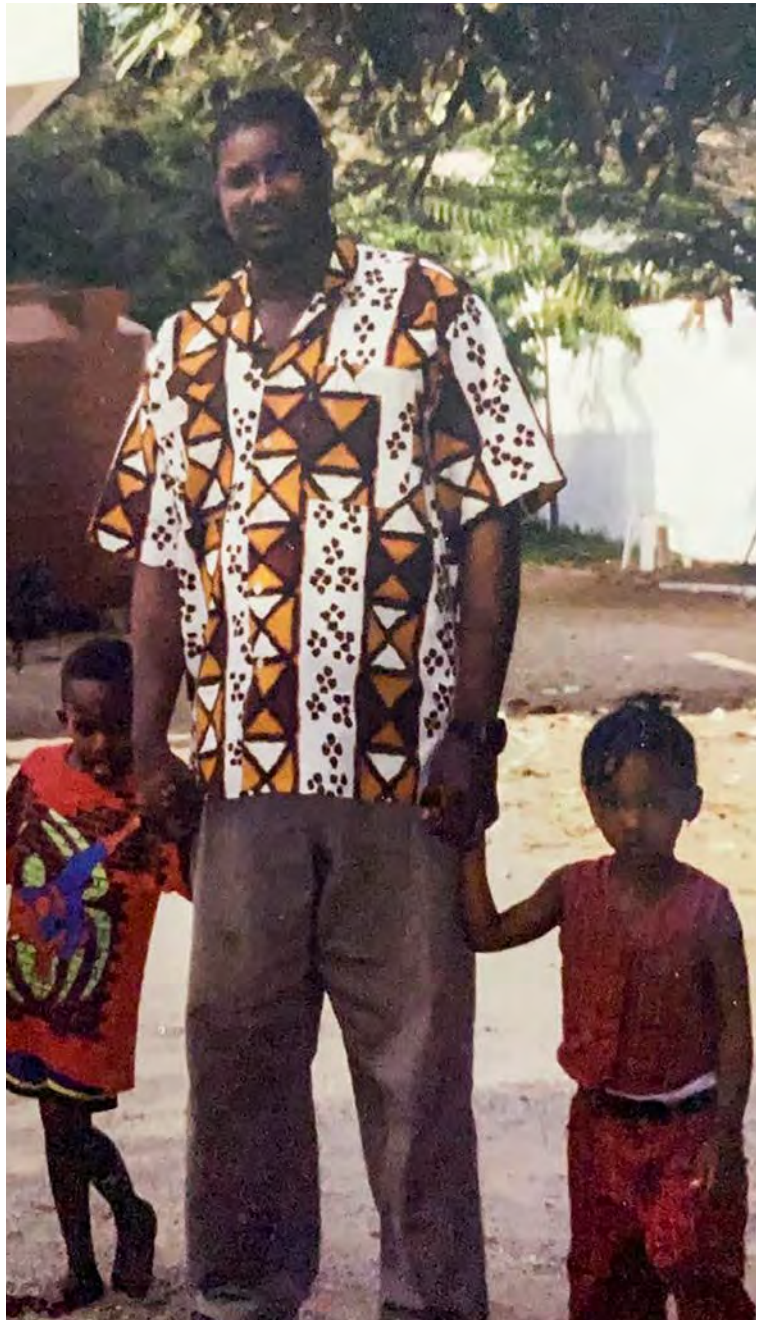


Naa Densua Oddoye (nee Chinery-Hesse)

Where does one begin to say goodbye to a parent?

You were the definition of unique. Everything about you was out of the ordinary. You weren't "Daddy" like most Ghanaian fathers, you were "Papa." You were exceptionally boisterous, exceptionally rambunctious, exceptionally positive and exceptionally principled. Having you as a father meant my childhood was like no other. It was characterized by fantastic music, Sunday trips to Aburi, fascinating stories about your days at Mfantipim that made me at seven years old want to be a kwabotwe boy, documentaries about everything and anything, and a copious number of cheeky jokes.

Frugal was your middle name and you always said you inherited that trait from your father. I remember once when I was in secondary school, Mummy had forgotten to leave me money to get my hair braided, so I asked you for the GHS30 cedis I needed. Your face molded into a deep frown as you were obviously appalled that I was willing to waste such a big amount on something as frivolous as a hairdo. You then (seriously!) offered to take me to a place where I could get another hairstyle done, costing only GHS8. You assured me the hairstyle would look even better—after all it was simple, elegant, and many of my funky aunties had also rocked it in their youth. Curious and almost sold on this idea, I asked what it looked like, and you said it was called 'sakora.' After I realized you weren't kidding, we had a long back-and-forth, and you eventually reluctantly gave me the GHS30 cedis.





Tributes by children

However, for years afterward, you reminded me and everyone else we knew—plus those we didn't know—that you had given me GHS30 to get my hair braided for school. Thank you ever so much, Papa!

You were the dad my friends could talk to. They would ask you things they didn't dare utter in their own homes. You were funny, down to earth, and our doors were always open.

You truly loved people. You spoke to everyone wherever we found ourselves, which made outings with you somewhat long, but quite refreshing. You are the only person I know who had no sense of 'stranger danger.' You could meet someone on a flight home, chat with them for the duration of the flight, and encourage them to cancel their hotel booking so we could host them instead. Through your openness, we gained many, many friends and family members in all corners of the world who we could also call on.

Critical thinking was incredibly important to you and you loved debating any topic under the sun. While other kids were told not to eavesdrop, you were intentional about drawing us into adult conversations and presented different schools of thought so we could develop the ability to critically assess situations or viewpoints independently. When nighttime came, and the debate had reached its natural end, you would still be passionately going on, sometimes to everyone's frustration.

You were admirably, unapologetically Pan-Africanist, and you 'walked the walk' when it came to Pro-Africanism: you wore only African shirts for as long as we can remember and always endeavored to support your own, first and foremost. I remember excitedly telling you the name Jesse and I had chosen for our son, which happens to be of Italian origin. Visibly disappointed, you exclaimed, "Oh how! Have you ever seen an Italian man called Kojo?"

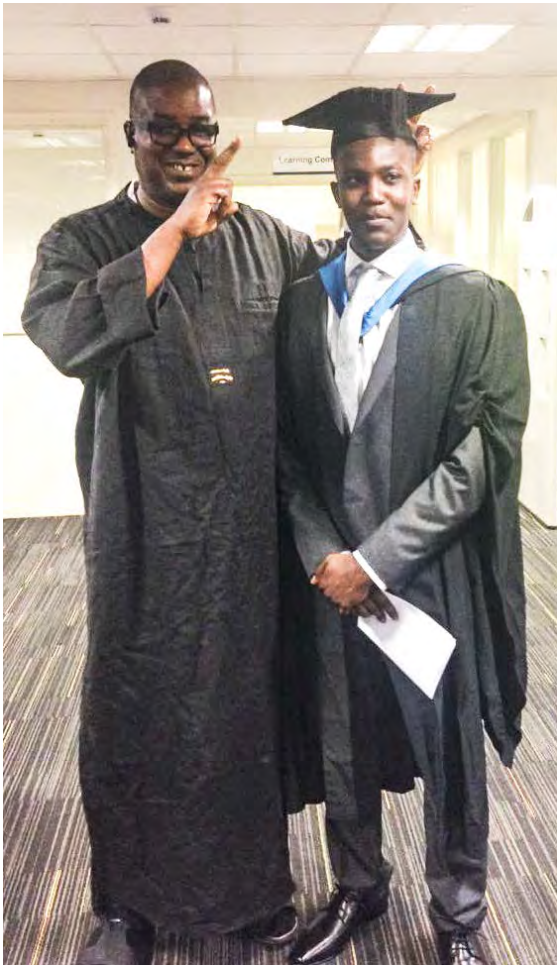
You didn't read me bedtime stories and could never be sure what class I was in, simply because you worked so hard. Those bags under your eyes were a testament to the amount of time and energy you put in working round the clock on various projects.



When you weren't working, you were hosting crowds of people at home because networking was important to maintain business-critical relationships, or so you said. You were so passionate about realizing your dream—making Africa a global competitor in tech, and it was obvious that you genuinely believed this dream could become a reality. You were always so attentive and helpful when people sought advice, even if they were your competitors. I witnessed many occasions when people stole your ideas or did you wrong, and you were content and forgiving, simply because someone out there had accomplished something to better our country and our continent. You always saw the best in people.

We find it particularly sad, however, that in the final years your enthusiasm became diluted, as you felt the environment you had strived to contribute to was instead working against you. As a result, many of the previously passionate optimistic business-related conversations you had were shrouded with underwhelming practical advice on how to just get by instead of how to thrive. Nonetheless, you have touched so many people in a plethora of ways and your legacy will live on. Nii and I will make sure of that.

You were our friend, you were our sounding board, you were our rock, you were our Papa. You gave big, tight hugs and had many warm nicknames for us. You teased us endlessly and protected us fiercely. You loved us deeply. The thought of you not being a WhatsApp away is unbearable to fathom. Not having you around for the rest of my life will be my most difficult challenge yet. You've left us too soon, Papa, too suddenly. We had so much more of life to go through together.





Tributes by children

While I am crushed, I am left with no choice but to be grateful. Grateful that you raised me and made me the woman I am today. Grateful that you were an ever-present provider throughout my childhood and saw me through two university degrees. Grate-ful that I had the chance to make you proud. Grateful that you saw me get married and have a baby, your first grandchild. Grateful that God chose you to be my papa. People lose loved ones under much worse circumstances, so we give thanks. God indeed knows best.

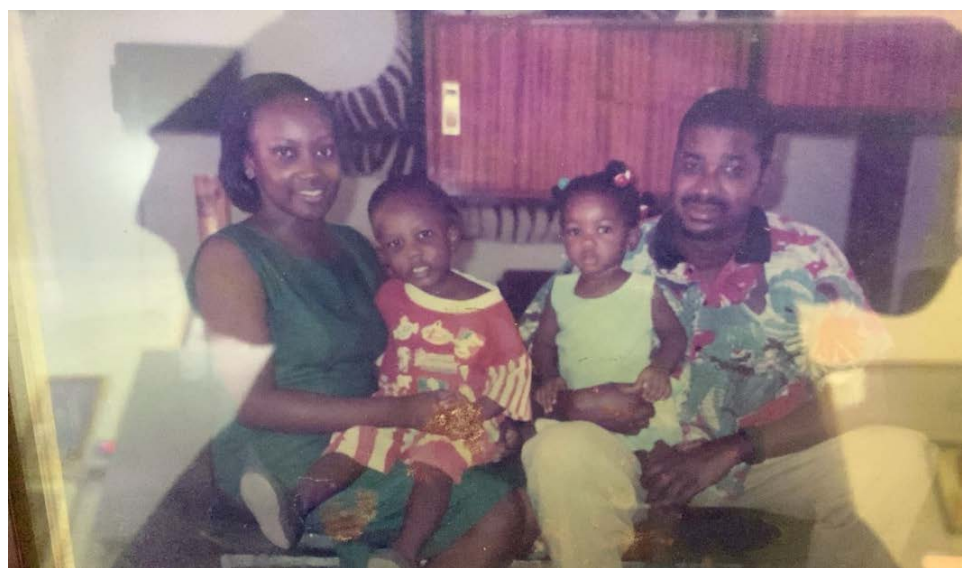
What then can we all take away from this situation? A bit of food for thought: an ambulance was called to attend to you during your crisis and it arrived forty long minutes later. Let's all endeavor to have a solid set of emergency numbers on speed dial.

These are the years that shape us. Let's try to build good lifestyle habits: eat healthy, stay active, sleep well, don't ignore health symptoms, and maintain a good rhythm of health checks. Any bad habits? Try to deal with them sooner rather than later, because prevention is always better than cure. Romans 8:37: "We are more than conquerors through Christ."

Leaving loved ones someday is a painful reality we must all come to terms with, and we must ensure we leave things neat and tidy for those who will grieve our departure.

Most of all, live life to the fullest and put God first, because none of us knows the day we will be called.

Rest in power, Papa. I am eternally proud of you.



Tributes by siblings

Naa-Odarley Bortei-Doku (née Chinery-Hesse)

Herman, my brother, my best friend, my confidant, my protector, my everything. To have had you as my older brother for fifty-nine years was nothing other than a gift from God. You always had my back. We had no secrets, and you would tell me just like it is even in my most vulnerable moments. You were always so practical and rational, and you operated that way from a place of love with no judgment. You were a big brother not only to me, but a brother to Annabelle and all our close cousins who lived nearby and attended Ridge Church. You had this talent to connect with people, building a solid network of international friends that I benefited from. If I needed anything, all you had to do was tap into your epic Rolodex and I was sorted.

Growing up together on 5th Avenue in Ridge was such an amazing experience. The neighborhood belonged to us, and we knew every street like the palm of our hand. Whether it was visiting our gaggle—the Abeka Woods, the Hayfrons, the Abensars, the De-Graft Johnsons, the Wilmots, the Quists at the GNTC flats, the fancy North Ridge crew (the Mortons, Attas, “Red Kofi” Okudzeto), and so many other dear friends—or just playing soccer on 9th street, we roamed the area and rode our bikes like lords. Raised alongside our cousins, we ping-ponged among our place at Ridge, Ringway, with the Blankson-Mills, and Burma Camp with the Bruce-Konuahs.

You treated my children—Michael, Brandon, and Jason—like your own, providing them with emotional support whenever they had any issues. They always knew that no matter what, Uncle Herman was always there for them, whether it was to read them the riot act or to provide them with direction whenever they were at a crossroads in their lives. You never judged. You were the ultimate cool uncle. I still smile when I think about the many times you playfully teased Jason, “Herman Suede,” that he stole your name and you wanted it back. It never occurred to me that you could leave us like this and leave us all so devastated and lost. I have so many questions that will remain unanswered. Clearly,



I missed the signs. Although you were preoccupied with making sure you held the family together after Daddy's death, and were so concerned about Mummy's health, I wish you had been a little more selfish and made time for yourself.

I miss you so much already. You have left a huge void in my heart. We had so many unfinished conversations. I will miss our phone calls to just check how the boys are doing, and our many calls and hangouts in Aburi just to reminisce and do a sing along to some Yellow Man, Steel Pulse or Bee Gees over some hot kenkey and fish accompanied by Akabanga pepper. I will hold on to the fun times to keep me going. I cannot imagine how life is going to be without you. I wish we had spent more time together. I never got to visit you in Freetown. Now you are gone and I have to deal with it. I promise to do all I can to keep your legacy alive. Till we meet again in glory, my dear!



Tributes by siblings

Annabelle Hesse-Busia

Oh, oh Herman, you have left us too soon. Your brilliant mind, your jokes and your kindness lives on in my memory. From when we left Cape Coast to GIS, to Freetown and on to Westlake High in Austin, Texas, we were always together. We shared an apartment until you left for university in San Marcus and I to Philadelphia. I have so many memories, as tears well up in my eyes. I remember taking turns driving to Virginia to visit Auntie T and her family in your small yellow Honda Civic. I remember how intrigued we were when we saw Maasais for the first time in Dar es Salaam. I remember I almost fell out of a bus in London and you had to catch me. Your passing has broken my heart. This was not in the plan. You leave an enormous void, a chasm that no one else will be able to fill. We will meet again someday. Rest In Perfect Peace.







Tributes by son & daughter in law

Dr. Daniella Chinery-Hesse (nee Heward-Mills)

Life Lessons from Uncle Herman: A Tribute

1. If in Doubt, Choose Happiness (Even over Anxiety)

Uncle Herman had a simple mantra for life—happiness. He was the ultimate reminder that, no matter what life throws your way, choosing happiness should always be the priority. He used to joke that every morning we both sat down in front of an exam paper: me with anxiety, him with happiness. "It's time to stop choosing doubt and join me in choosing happiness," he'd say with that knowing smile. Lesson learned, Uncle Hermano, but it's still a work in progress!

2. The Secret to a Close Relationship? Bond Over Food, and Spicy Food at That Uncle Herman and I bonded over our mutual love for spicy African food. We'd constantly tease Nii about his weak tolerance for heat. "It's the Krio in him," Uncle Herman would laugh. Whether we were discovering the latest spicy dish or just sharing a good meal, food was always at the heart of our conversations. I'm pretty sure if Uncle Herman had his way, we'd have held family meetings in a hot pep-per-domedo-filled factory.

3. Be the Cheerleader Everyone Needs

Uncle Herman was the biggest cheerleader in my corner, always encouraging me, pushing me to be my best, even when I didn't believe in myself. And somehow, in return, I became his most honest critic—especially when it came to his obsession with all things Chinese. Chinese food, Chinese gadgets, Chinese clothes—you name it, he loved it. "Hermano, you've out-Chinese-ed yourself this time," I'd tease. He'd laugh, but he never stopped, not once. The man loved his guangzhou, and so I named him Wuloo.

4. Grief Is Easier When You're Not Alone

When I lost my brother, Uncle Herman sat with me, sharing his wisdom and his own grief experiences. He was my rock when I was sinking. We talked about loss, life, and how to keep moving forward.

And of course, he'd slip in, "So, what are we going to do today?" to which I'd respond, as always, "Be happy." Even in sadness, that was his message—happiness. It didn't make the grief go away, but it sure made it more bearable.

5. Debate Like You Care, Even When You Don't

We debated everything—health, religion, politics—you name it, we covered it. Recently, we'd tear apart American presidential debates only to conclude, "Why are we even arguing? We're not American!" But Uncle Herman knew the joy of debate, even when the subject didn't matter. He always made sure to call me with the most random requests, too. "Daniella Gonzales, my friend here has a headache. Speak to him!" I'd laugh, responding, "You know medical consultations aren't free, right?" Those moments are where humor and heart blended perfectly. He loved to challenge me, and I loved to challenge him right back.

6. Sierra Leone Is Paradise

(Even if You Think It Looks Like Adabraka)

When I visited Sierra Leone, Uncle Herman proudly asked me what I thought of his beloved country. I, in true form, couldn't resist teasing him: "It looks like one large Adabraka!" He burst into laughter but remained unfazed. He was determined to convert me into a Sierra Leone enthusiast, and by the end of the trip, I was hooked. He gave me personal tours filled with rich history and stories only he could tell. His love for Sierra Leone was infectious, and now, a piece of it stays with me.

7. Plans for the Future Are Never Set in Stone

Just in August, we were in London, dreaming about the future. We talked about spending Easter vacations in Sierra Leone and Christmas in Ghana. He even had grand ideas of growing old on a farm near the beach, where we could all enjoy life together. We made plans as if we had all the time in the world. Life doesn't always give you the luxury of time. Still, I'll cherish those dreams and keep them close. I promise to take my daughter Bria to Salone and share the love you had for that country.





Tributes by son & daughter in law

8. **It's Possible to Get Along with Your Father-in-Law (and Have Him Pick You Up for Lunch Daily While Your Husband Works)**
Uncle Herman and I had a unique relationship, one that often blurred the traditional father-in-law and daughter-in-law roles. He made it clear that he wasn't just a family member—he was a friend. He would pick me up for lunch or to visit his mum or one friend or another—we didn't need a reason. It was our way of spending time together, debating, laughing, and, of course, enjoying some good food. It's proof that it's entirely possible to get along with your father-in-law and cherish that relationship.
9. **Even Without Heaven, the Bond Remains**
Uncle Herman didn't admit to believing me when I told him about heaven, but I'll see him again. That was our final debate—the only one I didn't win outright. But even if we didn't see eye to eye on everything, our bond went deeper than any title or debate could define. It was friendship, love, and mentorship all wrapped into one.
10. **Never Take "No" for an Answer (Especially When Bread Is Involved)**
One evening when I was pregnant, Uncle Herman and I went out to buy bread for me, only to find the shop closed. For most people, that would've been the end of the story, but not for Uncle Herman. We quickly came up with a plan to have them open the shop just for us. "We don't take no for an answer," he said with a wink. Sure enough, the shop opened, and we walked out with our bread, laughing the whole way home. He taught me that with a little creativity and determination, you can make almost anything happen.

Trying to capture our relationship in one tribute feels impossible. It was complex, layered—like a hamburger, each layer different from the last. I brought everybody to see you, I spoke about you endlessly to my cousins, family, and friends, and I was even preparing my brother Joshua to debate you on your favorite topic, religion. I thought we had more time.

I never imagined I would be writing this so soon, Hermano. I'm shaken, heartbroken by the suddenness of it all. But as I write this, I'm also reminded of the joy you brought into my life—the laughter, the lessons, and the love. You lived fully, you loved deeply, and you made an unforgettable impact on everyone fortunate enough to know you.

I will miss you more than words can express. I will do my best to stand by Nii's side through it all. I will remember our conversations and cherish the guidance you gave me about navigating the various relationships that marriage comes with. As mentioned earlier, you didn't believe in a heaven, but I will see you again. I'm forever grateful for the cross that gives us eternal life. Rest in power, my father. Wuloo, you were so good to me, I love you and I am forever indebted to you.

With all my love, "Daniella Gonzales"

Luca and Bria



We will miss you grandpa.





Tributes by son & daughter in law

Jesse Adams Oddoye

In the summer of 2014, there was this gorgeous girl I set my eyes on, and I asked my friend Baboa to help me along the way. She suggested we go to her house, and I was so nervous once we'd gotten there. I was stumbling over my words and sweating profusely. To make matters worse, we heard a car pull up and she said, "Oh, my dad is home." I thought to myself, "Oh great. I've barely gotten past impressing her and now I need to impress her dad." I was expecting you to show up with a gun or ten rottweilers or to give me a stern talking-to about my intentions at your house at that time of night. But instead, you bounced in and immediately started enthusiastically chatting to me as though we'd known each other for years. When I told you my name was Jesse, you immediately gave me the nickname "Jesse James." Even though Naa and I hadn't yet decided that we'd someday be happily married, you had the foresight to end our brief chat with, "You know you guys are related, right? So, you better find some alternatives." Fortunately, we didn't take your advice.

Over the past decade, I had the privilege of spending countless days staying up into the early hours of the morning having deep conversations with you, trips to buy food, and meeting so many of your friends. We bonded over our love for cars, and we always bored Naa with hours spent in front of the TV watching rally races. I always admired your charisma and ability to make us laugh regardless of the situation we were in. You were so innovative; you always had the best ideas and advice. I will always cherish that you constantly encouraged me to pursue my interests and were always willing to call on someone in your vast network to help if ever I needed it. You were always rooting for me. I remember we once had the idea to turn half of your Aburi estate into a dirt bike track, that would have been great!

I was lucky enough to visit you occasionally in Freetown, and those memories are so precious to me. There was not a day that went by where you didn't have something exciting up your sleeve, you would take us around to show us the town, eat at your favorite restaurants, go to the beach, and you would

introduce us to many of your friends from all walks of life. Your vibrance was plain to see—wherever we went, everyone knew you and everyone loved you. You single-handedly turned Sierra Leone into a country I was constantly itching to visit, but it will never be the same without you.

When I called you to ask for your blessing to propose to Naa, you said, "Of course. You're already a part of the family. Naa is a gangster but just make sure you're there for her." Your words always had a way of making me feel like a mountain had been lifted off my shoulders. At that moment I knew I had a second father in you.

When I think about you, Uncle Herman, you were so full of life that I still haven't come to terms with what has happened. It feels like just yesterday, you were sprawled out on our couch discussing how we would start a car podcast together. I am honored to have been able to call you my father-in-law. I wish you had more time with our son, but I'm still glad he had the privilege of meeting his grandpa. Things will never be the same without you.

We will always miss you,
your son-in-law, "Jesse James"



Tributes by In laws & family

The Chinery-Hesse Family

Herman, we received the news of your passing with profound disbelief and sorrow. And when reality later sank in it left us with an irreparable emotional trauma. As a matter of fact we continue to pray to the good Lord to give us the strength and sustenance to bear our loss.

We recall when you arrived back home from Texas, USA, in the early 90s, with great enthusiasm and passionate zeal to use technology to make an impact to development both locally and internationally. Soon together with your friend, Joe Jackson, you entered the IT Industry with a bang. The software created by your Company SoftTribe Ltd became the toast of the industry. And in no time at all you had many companies on your list of clients both locally and internationally.

Then came in your IT based security network – Hei Juloh, an innovation which took Ghanaians by storm. We noted with appreciation how Hei Juloh went on to be oversubscribed within a short period.

Although you were not always in Ghana, your immense drive and sheer appetite for success drove you unto the international market that recognized and appreciated your works and accordingly mentioned you variously on the international media. For us, although you may seem to have left us at a seemingly young age, we consider that you have lived your life fully and achieved and implemented most of your business dreams.

We consider you a big success and the whole family would continue to be proud of you forever. Congratulations to you. As a quintessential Chinery-Hesse with a vivacious nature your ability to easily strike acquaintances and make friends, not to mention your hilarious intriguing stories that you never stop telling are qualities that we would remember you with and cherish dearly.

Rest well Herman in the bosom of the Lord. Amen.

The Chinery Family 4th Generation

"Now praise we great and famous men,
The fathers, named in story;
And praise the Lord who now as then
Reveals in man His glory"
MHB 896 vrs 1

With heavy hearts, we, members of the 4th Generation of the Chinery and allied Families pay this tribute and bid farewell to our beloved brother Herman Owula Kojo Chinery-Hesse

Herman had a passion for scouting for historical materials relating to our family's history and he shared the materials that he had unearthed on our WhatsApp platform. In the last few months, he was resolute in his efforts to complete this project which culminated in a visit to Norfolk where he met a descendant of the original Chinery Family. On reflection it seems almost surreal that he seemed to be working with an end in mind.

Herman was a very good conversationalist with a breadth of knowledge. It is impossible to describe him without referring to his sense of humour and repertoire of jokes. He seemed to have a nickname for everyone person. The family is very proud of his numerous achievements and accolades.

Our last interaction with Herman was at the family Homowo Get-Together on Saturday, 7th September 2024 at Fairfield House, Adendeinkpo. We had a wonderful time with the usual banter synonymous with Herman. He later toured the family photo gallery and took photographs of our ancestors. At the event, we acknowledged the recent honour bestowed on him by Google and we gave him a standing ovation.

Herman, sleep and take your rest in the arms of the Lord. We loved you, but God loves you more.

Your candle burnt out long before your legend ever will.

Tributes by In laws & family

The Clarke Family

Herman entered our lives in 1990 and introduced his unique form of diversity into our family! When he and Sadia first got together in the UK in 1990, although his vision for the future had not yet fully crystallized, it was very clear even in those early days that he saw himself as someone who wanted to make a difference in Ghana and wider Africa, but he did not see himself doing so effectively in the UK or US!

So it was no urprise that a 'short' Christmas trip to Accra from London in 1990 ended up lasting quite a few months! It meant he missed Victor and Jacqueline's wedding, but he was easily forgiven when he returned with a beautiful Ashanti Stool as a wedding present, together with great plans for his newly-formed business, SOFT, which later became theSOFTtribe!

After Herman and Sadia got married in 1993, they moved to Ghana, and our family was pleased to add Ghana to the list of countries we could boast of having a family branch. Our mother became 'Mum' to him from day one, and he adopted all the aunties, uncles, cousins, nieces, and nephews. In time, their Accra home was a haven to several of us during the dark days of civil unrest. We remain so grateful to Herman for his "but of course" attitude whenever another family member needed shelter, and his interest in their welfare and future prospects were obvious and sincere. We said then and say again publicly now: Thank you, Herman.

At least every few months we would receive a picture from Herman with someone he had met who knew us. His excitement to be the one rekindling a family or old school relationship was touching. There was however another unknown side to the selfie taking. Dear Herman had a penchant for forgetfulness and on more occasions than he would admit, he was forced to pretend he remembered someone and would suggest they take a selfie so he could send it to us asking, "Who is this person and where do I know them from?"

'Uncle Herman' to the next generation was someone you had unconventional conversations with. Visiting family members quickly had to understand a few things: First and foremost, discussions with him typically went on for long, often into the wee hours. They involved challenges to tradition or cultural norms and required scientific evidence to justify the status quo! If one expressed an interest or skill in an area, Herman would quickly jump on it and encourage you to develop it into a business or career path. The joy was, he would offer his support where he could. That same spirit caused him to see multiple potential opportunities in post-war Sierra Leone. He simply refused to let drawbacks deter him, and his fast pace from idea conception to results or solutions sometimes made one's head spin!

I know I speak for many when I say he leaves this legacy with the family and his vast international networks.

We miss you already, Herman. You've gone too soon but will never be forgotten!

Tributes by In laws & family

The Mould Family

To whom much is given much is required...

Dear Herman,
You have left us far too soon. You created an unarguable impact on the technology field in Ghana and beyond, a fact evident by the outpouring of love that has come from all parts. Our message to you, however, is that you made the family proud. Your grandmother, Auntie Lady, of blessed memory, would have been in awe to realize all you accomplished. You received much from your parents, your education, your lineage, your upbringing, and as a result we expected much from you. You delivered, above and beyond. More importantly, our family was important to you and you honored our traditions, coming to Jamestown for homowo, as one example. You were a proud Ga. We say, Yaawor Ojogbaa!
Till we meet again.

The Blay Family

Our dear Herman:
You cannot imagine how grieved we are. We are only consoled by the passage in Romans that assures us that all things work out for the glory of God. The first thing we must confess is that only in reading the outpouring of tributes have we realized that we stood in the midst of greatness. Having said this, apart from all your professional accomplishments, we knew you for your generous spirit. You always lifted us up, flattered us, introducing us by listing and even exaggerating any qualifications you could think of. More importantly you were a proud Blay, and you made us proud to call you a Blay. A special thank you for being the keynote speaker at this year's annual Robert S Blay Memorial Lecture. We have so many memories with you and they are all jovial and fun. Rest well, our dear son, because you ran your race with aplomb. Rest well, our dear son, because you made the world a better place. Till we meet again.

Michael Bortei-Doku Sr (brother-in-law)

I met Herman through my wife, Naa Odarley (his sister), upon my arrival in Ghana in 1994 after several years stay in the UK, and we immediately hit it off. We had many things in common: music, sense of humor, and investment-oriented architectural projects.

Herman was fantastic both as a friend and a brother-in-law. Herman had two great traits amongst many that I noticed right away: connecting with his vast network of local and international friends both young and old and also finding better and cleverer ways of doing things (in general).

Over the years, I watched Herman weave these two traits into a complex tapestry that worked brilliantly for him in both his business and social dealings. With his casual attitude, big smile, and witty sense of humor, Herman made everyone feel at home and important.

Perhaps the only thing I bequeathed Herman with was the expression "100 watts." I had used it in our conversation to describe the level of my frustration in dealing with challenges in the building industry, Herman was so amused that he adopted the expression and frequently used it.

Herman, your passing was so abrupt, it was as if some force took you away from us in an instant. Dinner at your house the night before you passed was just normal, not a twitch out of place, not a clue. It's hard to understand, but like they say, "God knows best." Thank you for your warm friendship, your kindness and generosity, and all the 'next generation' ideas we shared. You've left a void in the family that cannot be filled; I'll really miss you.

Rest in Peace Herman, in the arms of the Lord, till we meet again.





Tributes

Major Blankson-Mills

Oh, Herman,

It is hard to believe that you have left us so suddenly. I never imagined that barely after seeing you at Nii's wedding, you would be gone. I am grateful for the opportunity to know you, grow up with you, and all the great times we had.

Rest in perfect peace.

Mary Quaye (née Blankson-Mills)

Herman, my dear cousin, left an indelible mark on my life.

With our mothers being twin sisters, our families were inseparable. I cherish memories of living with them in Ridge at nine years old and spending summers in Sierra Leone and Tanzania.

Herman was the embodiment of fun and trouble! His infectious energy and extroverted nature made him the life of every party. I recall his unwavering enthusiasm and ability to turn any gathering into an unforgettable adventure.

One such instance was during my recent visit to Ghana. What started as a brief outing with Herman evolved into an all-day escapade, culminating in dinner at one in the morning.

Classic Herman!

I don't recall Herman ever calling me by my name. He affectionately dubbed me "Mako Theater" at an early age.

Herman's sudden departure leaves me shocked and saddened. Your memory will be deeply missed, but your spirit will live on through the countless lives you touched.

Rest well, dear cousin. Your legacy of joy, laughter, and love remains.

Jacqueline Bruce Chinery (née Bruce-Konuah)

Dear Herman,

I simply have no words. So I will share a few of many cherished times with you: You teaching me how to ride a bike. I think I was four. We practiced up and down the side yard until after dark. We got in trouble for staying out so late—but I did learn to ride a bike that day.



You taking apart and rebuilding radios and electronic devices and building various contraptions that we would ride in. You were going to build cars when you grew up. I remember some of the models were to be named "Banku" and "Kenkey" or "Komi." But you pivoted to software.

Roughhousing with you as I tore around the house to get away from being tickled. When you finally caught me, I was laughing really hard, screaming and kicking and generally causing a racket. You pointed to a towel lying nearby, told me it had been dipped in the toilet and that you would stuff it in my mouth if I didn't quiet down. Immediate muffled screams and laughter with my lips tightly sealed.

You keeping me company while I did my Christmas shopping one holiday season. Your phone kept ringing and the WhatsApp connection would be lost. But you called back every time—we must have chatted for at least three hours!



Tributes

You picking me and Darku (Thomas) up one morning in March 2020 to have waakye. When we found out our flight back home may be canceled and borders closed because of Covid, you taking us to the Air France office and staying with us until our flight and seats were confirmed.

Just earlier this year, you sending me a recording of "Skippin" by Ramsey Lewis because you remembered that I liked it back in the day. I miss you dearly. Rest in peace.

Love, Jackie

Catherine Vane Faddis, (née Bruce-Konuah)

Know ye a man diligent in his work? He will stand before kings.—Proverbs

Herman had a heart bigger than most. He loved everyone with no exceptions. His generosity of spirit was boundless, and it showed in how he treated people—whether they were old friends or complete strangers.

Intellectually, Herman was a force of nature. His curiosity was insatiable. He had this incredible thirst for knowledge, constantly seeking to understand the world around him. He wanted to learn about everything, and that open-mindedness was one of his greatest gifts. What stood out even more was his humility—he never thought he had all the answers. He was always willing to learn from others, no matter who they were, and he respected people for their intelligence, their experiences, and their hearts.

As his cousin—really his sister—he always had my back and was always there to cheer me on. He was incredibly proud of me, just as I was proud of him.

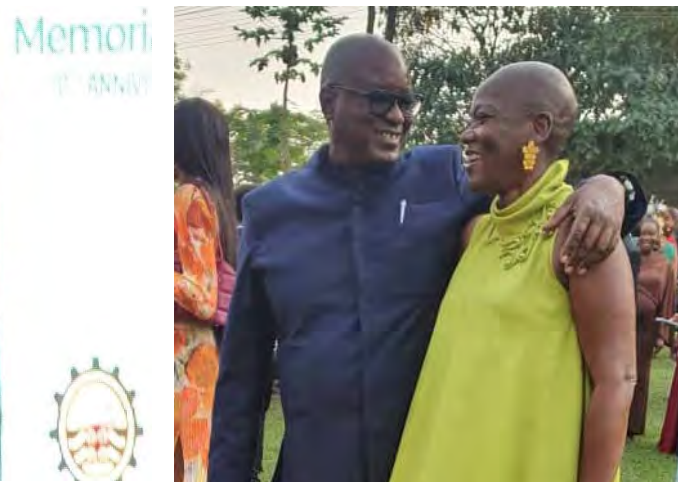
He was also, without a doubt, a feminist. He had as many female friends as male. He loved hard working, ambitious women, probably because they reminded him of his mother.



His politics were liberal, progressive, and anti-racist, although he was without doubt an Africanist.

One of the things I will miss most is our stupid, heated arguments and debates. Herman loved to debate—about anything and everything. He was quick-witted, sharp, and always had a counterpoint. He learned through debate. By the way: No, Herman, the dollar won't lose its position as the world's reserve currency. Anytime I needed something, anything at all, Herman was there. He was my go-to man, the person I could rely on without question. Even the day before he passed, he helped me with one of my many requests.

I will forever cherish the memories we made, the lessons he taught me, and the unwavering love and support he gave. Back to the passage in proverbs, Herman was diligent in his work, and he stood before kings. He became one himself. Rest in peace, Herman. You will always be in my heart.





Tributes from cousins and loved ones

Naa-Adaawa Yirenkyi (née Bruce-Konuah)

Perpetually six years of age . . . or maybe twelve, is how he would always tell me he saw me. The chant of NaaDaawa, NaaDaawa, NaaDaawa, NaaDaawa followed each time he saw me, whether it was a day or a year since he last saw me. We laughed, we joked, we debated all topics and sides of topics and sometimes—only sometimes—came to the same conclusions.

“Come, let’s go to Aburi,” or come meet a friend from this or that university or this or that place. “You will love them and find them really interesting,” he would say. “Let’s go get some waakye or domedo,” at any random time of the day or night, and generally he knew I would be happy to do so.

I can’t imagine not having these experiences anymore and will miss the easy-going nature mixed with the intellectual curiosity and the spontaneity of the times we spent together. My dear cousin, I love you and will miss you dearly.

Wallace Bruce-Konuah (Junior)

My fun-loving cousin Herman. I remember times of childhood when you visited us in Fairfax and would take the time to chase me and my friends around playing tag at Yorkville, always the big brother who made sure to play with his younger brother. The first summer I stayed with you in Ghana, your favorite phrase of “1000 watts” made me laugh each time. When something was great, you would say, “Yes, it’s 1000 watts.” When something was brilliant, you would say, “Well, that’s 1000 watts.” There are so many more fond memories I will keep. You will forever be in our hearts, our cousin and role model. You, my great cousin and friend are simply 1000 watts and will continue to burn brilliant-ly forever in our hearts. Rest in perfect Peace.

“Herman Suede” (Jason Bortei-Doku)

Dear Uncle Herman,

You were an inspiration to me in more ways than you probably realized. Your entrepreneurial spirit and undeniable charisma were qualities I deeply admired. The time we spent together, especially through our shared love of music, made a lasting impact on me. I’ll always remember how you introduced me to your favorite classics by bands like Osibisa, or the countless voice notes you’d flood my WhatsApp with—each one filled with your amazing creative ideas. They never failed to bring a smile to my face.

Your ideas will live on through the music I create, a tribute to the passion you always encouraged in me.

Thank you for teaching me to stay curious, open-minded, and bold in everything I do. You will be deeply missed, but your legacy and spirit live on.

With great love,

Herman Junior “HERMAN SUEDE”

Ronald Auber

Our journey began when we both met at a tennis tournament at hill station in Freetown in the early 80s. In those days, amongst other places, it was where you would hang out to meet, greet, and find out what was the latest in town. Wearing khaki shorts and sandals with a cheerful smile was Herman Chinery-Hesse, as he introduced himself. His charismatic qualities caught the attention of many of us who attended the tournament. We then went on to exchange contacts and bang! I then got to discover what a true brother and friend I had met. As he had just completed his O-levels in Ghana and was visiting his mother who had recent-ly taken up an appointment in Sierra Leone, he was keen to be part of the socialite in Sierra Leone.





Tributes by the cousins & loved ones

During his time in Freetown, it was life is for the living, so many fond memories. We both left for greener pastures, him leaving for Texas and I for the UK. As many would attest, Herman was very good at networking so we stayed in touch. Since he left Freetown he has always repeatedly shown so much appreciation for linking him up with so many Sierra Leoneans. He accomplished this in no time as his pragmatic and vibrant personality captured the hearts of so many people.

During his time in Freetown, it was life is for the living, so many fond memories. We both left for greener pastures, him leaving for Texas and I for the UK. As many would attest, Herman was very good at networking so we stayed in touch. Since he left Freetown he has always repeatedly shown so much appreciation for linking him up with so many Sierra Leoneans.

My friends always say when they met Herman for the first time, he would ask, Do you know Ronald Auber? They would in return reply, Yes, we know him!! They were all so taken aback by the many slang words and phrases he used when expressing himself: "1000 watts," "you no try kraaa," "rider," "Charlie." After returning from Texas, he stayed with me in London for a few months weighing his options. During this time, I discovered another side to Herman. His love for Africa and his strong views on Pan-Africanism. He also had a huge appetite for arguments, and at the end he would say, "Charlie how I survived that argument, eh."

He once wore a suit for an interview. Halfway down the stairs he turned round to me and said, "Ronnie, I can't take a job looking like this. I feel like Christopher Columbus." Since then he was convinced and destined to return back home to make his mark.

Indeed, many of the tributes we have read on social media can confirm that he indeed achieved this. Since his return, we have always kept in touch but as we got shaped by life's journey, it was not always possible to meet when I visited Freetown or when he visited London.



You have fought the fight and run the race, sleep well and take your rest.

Adios amigo.

My thoughts and prayers are with all: Aunty Mary, Sadia, Ni, Naa, Anabelle, and Naa-Odarley. May you find comfort in the cherished memories you shared with him and strength in the love and support of those around you.



Tributes by the cousins & loved ones

Deji Adejobi

To my friend Herman; my brother man

I cannot write this epitaph without mentioning Carl Hotobah During who introduced Herman and I. "Deji" he said, you need to meet a guy called Herman; you guys are kindred spirits and I see you guys doing things together. Like the perfect match maker, Carl introduced us and literally stepped aside disappearing into the background. What generosity of spirit.

Writing this for me is a painful admission and acceptance:

That I won't hear his voice again; his laughter; feel his energy; see his openness, his bigness, his charm. His palpable intelligence, his wit and his grace. Gone? How??

Here lies a man who was diligent in his work and stood before kings. He moved with equally good grace before the rich and the poor.

On behalf of all of us, I thank you for coming and I thank you for your time. I am grateful for the privilege of knowing you. You are a blessing to this generation. Like the person you called "that Israeli dude", you touched and inspired so many. You inspired me too. Like Jesus, everywhere you went, you did good things. That you are true Africa Giant is beyond question. You ran your race and you completed it.

I will forever cherish our times together. My wife and my children too. You were divine in your humanity. You did it all with good grace and class.

I now pray for and thank your wife Sadia and two children Nii and Naa who shared you with us all. I pray for your sisters, nephews and family. May the good Lord give us all the strength and fortitude to bear this great loss and carry on your good works here on earth. Be comforted by this verse in Deuteronomy 31:8 - and know that the Lord Himself will go before us and be with us. He will never leave us nor forsake us. We should not be afraid and not be discouraged.

Goodbye for now my friend, and brother. Until we meet again, know that you are always with me.



Charles Zwennes

Herman - brother, mentor, guide, helper, friend. Words for this totally fail me. For me, nothing said or written seems enough to describe you, and the loss of your presence. Acceptance. Indeed, your presence is no more, but your memory will never be forgotten. Thanks for everything that you did for me and for every single one of us over on this side. Maximum effect, bro. We give thanks to God for lending you to us. Rest in perfect peace, dear bro.





Tributes by loved ones

Kofi Anku

Herman called me Kofi Banku. I was his best friend - one of Herm's 732 best friends. We stretch across five continents. He wove us all together like a big kente.

When Herman was holding court, anything could happen. You didn't leave Herman's house or office without a meal, a phone number, a ridiculous story, a sales lead, some deeper understanding of yourself, a Sierra Leonean historical fact, or new interpretation of a previously known fact. You were guaranteed a belly laugh, an encounter with grammy award winner, a refugee, a Kennedy, a trusted mechanic, or a perhaps billionaire.

I met Maame, my wife of 18 years through Herman. Through Herm I was introduced to my partners at Ayi Mensah Park, a \$30M development. When my wife went to study at Oxford and the nanny quit. I was looking after with a 12 week old baby and two boys under 7. I called Herm. He called Adiza, who many years earlier had looked after his kids. Herm made arrangements for Adiza to live with us for a month and help me mind the children.

I owe Herman so much. I have so much to be grateful for: so many interesting conversations, introductions, and so many stories. Herman, at heart, was a storyteller. He told stories with drama, intrigue, and suspense.

Herman was my big brother, cheerleader, and coach. He accepted responsibility to see those around him rise. Your success was his success. Your wins were a win for the team. And everyone was on the team.

He believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself and was always looking for reasons to trust and to include more people. Herman was wild and fun, brilliant and naughty, inclusive, and a Pan African unifier. His toothy smile made us feel like the whole world was in our favour. Herman had a readiness for life's great adventure.



He had purposed in his heart to squeeze 230 years into 61. And he did it.

I remember having a chat with Herm. He was exasperated with our friend, Kwesi, who committed the sin of sleeping with his phone off. "But how can you sleep with your phone off? Herman bellowed. What your friend desperately needs you in the middle of the night?" For Herm, friendship was a 24/7 calling that required religious devotion.

I never thought the party ended with Herman. And now I'm beside myself. My world in Accra has been drained of some of its most brilliant colour.

Herman, we will continue to say your name from the hilltops and set a plate for you long after you are gone.

Wherever you are, Herm, I hope you've found something commensurate with your extraordinary capacity for wonder.



Tributes by loved ones

Trudy Morgan

Herman - "Morgan Morgan Morgan!!"

Me - "Yes H!"

I can hear his voice - the usual call - "Ehhhh.....Morgan!" And when he was ready to tease me - Morgan Morgan Morgan, whilst waving the two finger salute in my face!! Oh and the "Oh Chalai - you too Trudy!" when he thought I really should know better! What I will definitely miss is the question I thought I hated! "Why is it paining you!" when our discussions got frankly too heated and I tried to escape with some flimsy excuse!

Being the eldest of four daughters, I am perhaps too quick to collect brothers wherever I go...but since 1982, when Herman stepped into my life, he became a brother. His first brotherly act was to snitch on my then boyfriend who had another girlfriend! Then he promptly introduced me to my next boyfriend (another Ghanaian!) I met Herman in Freetown in the late summer of 1982. School was over, it was the rainy season and we had a lot of free time in Freetown! I can really say that we were young and free and life's opportunities seemed ripe for the taking. Herman loved music and one of our favourite past times was turning the music high as we sang to Simon and Garfunkel or the BeeGees on the way to one of the peninsular beaches! In those days, Hill Station had a club called TT and we once stopped the car jumped out in the middle of the road and started singing "I can't stand the rain..." - under the rain! Teenagers!

For a long time I only knew Herman as a funny, happy go lucky guy. I remember he once invited Corrine and I went to meet him at work (Dad's Garage). There he was in his overalls and these two "aristo" girls were asking outside for him. I remember how greeted us with exaggerated hugs to the shock and surprise of his mechanic mates threatening to get engine oil all over us! It was wonderful to see his relationship with his mechanic pals who really did not know who this Ghana boy was!!



We met again in London as two engineers. He used to give me pop quizzes on engineering theories (many of which I had forgotten) and then quote some long explanation and the history of the theory until I found another interesting subject! Whilst in Texas, Herman met Jerry and delved deeply into Krio history and culture. He educated me on so many things about the Krios and Sierra Leone I was not even aware of. In those days, Herman used to say I spent too much money on clothes and traveling and unless I had land in Africa and \$200,000 in my bank account, I would end up in an old people's home in England with someone wiping my beh...d!! Because of his continuous invitations and push to get me home, Accra became a regular stop to Freetown for many years and because of Herman, I now have land in Aburi, of which I am so proud. The bank account, however, remains a work in progress!

Herman was proud of me and my achievements....he made me (like everyone else) feel special as though everything we did was important and made a real difference. Being a woman of colour in the UK, in construction was not easy in the 90s. In those days, Herman would guide me on how to ensure they did not "break me"! He constantly told me stories of his many female friends doing amazing things which were so inspiring and allowed me to escape my self-imposed UK prison.



Tributes by loved ones

Herman also came to complete one of his goals of becoming a Sierra Leonean citizen! He wanted to leave a legacy for his children in Sierra Leone! And that he did. Not only did he open and run several businesses in Sierra Leone, he became what I call "Sierra Leone's best Ambassador and Tourism & Business Minister"! Herman's love for Sierra Leone was unparalleled. I often hoped that more Sierra Leoneans had the vision and love for Sierra Leone he did. I have lost count of the number of people from several countries and continents Herman has single-handedly brought to Sierra Leone, opening up opportunities for business and fun (you must have both otherwise life would be boring!)

My Presidency of Sierra Leone Institution of Engineers has Herman all over it.....advisor, coach, cheerleader....he supported every aspect of everything I did before, during and after. Herman was a guest panelist at my last conference as President. As usual, he had everyone enthralled with his interpretation, in stitches with his stories; he inspired many, especially our young engineers and continued to spread the gospel of pan-Africanism! He had something to share with each of our international guests....

Herman loved people; he had the most forgiving heart and was kind and generous! Ever so generous! He made room for everyone - even those who may have one time hurt him. His heart was large and there was enough space for his 1001 best friends from every country and continent.....

My brother of over 40 years...you are now at peace. We are the ones struggling - those you have left behind.

Sadia, Nii, Naa, Aunty Mary, Naa Odale, Annabelle, Ray and the rest of the family, ours is not to ask why, but to look to our Maker for peace and solace to move forward.

Rest in Peace H - I will forever miss you

Abdoulie Janneh

I have over the past couple of weeks been mourning the loss of my friend and dear nephew, HCH. I find it difficult to believe that we have lost this near genius. Herman has opened the complicated tech world to Africa and his loss is a setback to various initiatives he's been promoting. I pray that the youth of Africa and in particular the youths of Ghana will pick up his mantle and continue on his laudable and forward thinking initiatives. I want to salute this great son of Africa, Herman Chinery-Hesse, as a person for his ingenuity, openness, friendship, tolerance and above all love for family that I have never seen an equal in my lifetime. We will miss him dearly and continue to pray for him and his beloved family, friends and tech world at large. We pray that he rests in perfect and eternal peace Ameen.



Amos Asante

I had the honor of knowing Mr. Herman Chinery-Hesse for close to three decades. I started as his personal driver and later elevated to occupy a managerial role as a hospitality officer in Freetown, Sierra Leone.

There are many moments I will never forget: You entrusted me with greater responsibilities and encouraged me to work hard, which I did with dedication. You were genuinely excited to have me on your team, and that sincerity showed in every interaction.

You always explained your expectations clearly and patiently answered my questions. You were approachable and available whenever I needed help. What stood out most was how you valued my ideas—you listened, encouraged me to pursue them, and guided me to see if they would work out.

After my first ten years of service, you helped me to build a house, and today, I live in that very house in Spintex. You funded the purchase of my car and said, "Amos, I don't want you to struggle to get to work." On top of that, you made sure my two sons had access to tertiary education, supporting them from their first year all the way through to graduation.

When you later asked me to manage your Airbnb in Freetown, I gladly accepted. Through it all, you were not just a boss but a friend and mentor. My family and I will always cherish your kindness and generosity.

Herman, rest well. You will forever be in our hearts.



Adiza Lamptey

Dear Papa, the only man who represented a father, uncle, cousin and big brother figure in my life.

I want to take this moment to honor you for the profound impact you had on me. You have been a guiding light and a well of wisdom to draw from whenever I needed advice or the situation called for it. The care you showed me from the early days of my life has shaped me into the person I am today. As I reflect on all the moments we have shared, the laughter and the lessons, I am filled with gratitude that I met an incredible soul like you at a point in my life who made an indelible mark on my heart.

Sleep Well Papa. Yaawor ye hedzorle mlin.

Nii Odenkey Abbey (ODK)

"I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in me will live even though he dies" John 11: 25

Uncle Herman, your departure from this earth is something I cannot fully come to grips with. It is with great sadness that I undertake this unimaginable task of writing this tribute. If I would want to write about our lives together as a family, I would need the whole year and more. So many fond memories seem to flood my mind as I go back in time to when I first came to stay with you at your house at the Airport residential area. I am forever grateful to the Almighty God for the opportunity to have known you as an uncle. In fact, you were more than an uncle to me. You were a father to me and you treated me as your son and even considered me as your first born.

Uncle Herman, you were such a kind and loving soul inside and out. You took care of me and sponsored my education. I am who I am today because of you. You will be sorely missed. Uncle Herman, rest peacefully in the arms of God till we meet again.

Uncle Herman, yaa wo ojogbaan ye Nyomo mli.



Tributes by theSOFTtribe

The Team at theSOFTtribe

A Tribute to our Beloved Cofounder & Chairman,
Herman Chinery-Hesse

Today we gather to honor not just a leader, but a visionary, a mentor, a guiding light in our journey—our beloved chairman, Herman. For years Herman stood at the helm of theSOFTtribe steering us with a steady hand, a keen mind, and an unwavering commitment to our collective success.

Under Herman's leadership, the company grew and thrived in ways many could have only dreamed of. His clarity of purpose and strategic foresight laid the foundation for the strength and resilience we enjoy today. But beyond the impressive achievements and milestones, it is Herman's integrity, humility, and dedication to people that will forever define his legacy.

What set Herman apart was not just his remarkable ability to navigate the complexities of business, but his profound understanding of the human element. He believed in the power of people, in nurturing talent, and in creating a culture where everyone felt valued, respected, and empowered to contribute their best.

TheSOFTtribe was not just a workplace—it was a community, and that sense of belonging came directly from Herman's leadership.

Herman, you led us not only with your intellect but with your heart. You believed in leading by example, showing us the importance of ethical business practices, compassion, and responsibility to the communities we serve.

Your dedication to excellence pushed us all to strive for more, to reach higher, and to dream bigger. You inspired us to not only be better professionals but better people.

In times of triumph, you reminded us to stay humble. In moments of challenge, you showed us the strength of perseverance.

Through every step of the journey, you were there—a constant source of wisdom, guidance, and encouragement.

We are incredibly fortunate to have had you as our chairman. Your impact will be felt for generations to come, not just in the walls of theSOFTtribe, but in the lives of everyone who had the privilege of working with you.



As we look to the future, we carry forward the values and principles you instilled in us.

Thank you, Herman, for your unparalleled leadership, for your vision, and for believing in all of us. We will forever be grateful for the time, energy, and heart you invested in making theSOFTtribe what it is today.

With the deepest respect and admiration,
theSOFTtribe team

David Bolton

I met Herman in 1991, just after I turned eighteen years old. I had recently moved to Ghana from the UK and was running a software company. I had just commenced a project to computerize the entire operations of the Kotoka International Airport, and Herman had been selected by the GCAA to be the quality-assurance consultant.

We immediately hit it off. Herman, being ten years older than me, took on the role of big brother and was extremely protective, advising me on all the aspects of how to navigate life in Ghana.

Herman had just started SOFT out of the front room of his family home, now known as Herman Lodge, and I would spend many an hour with him and his initial team of developers. Herman was extremely hands-on, designing and coding all of the first versions of software himself.

But one of Herman's greatest strengths was that he was a team player, always collaborating with the best talent he could find.

Our relationship quickly became far more than just work related. We would hang out virtually every weekend, going into the bush with our very quirky 4x4 vehicles, exploring places we



never knew existed. We would then spend entire days at our mechanic, fixing all the damage we had caused! Herman had a mesmerizing personality and could easily single-handedly keep an entire room enthralled for hours on end with his humorous stories of childhood exploits or a myriad of misadventures of youth. He was a debater who was hard to beat, especially when discussing issues of politics or religion. I found it almost impossible to keep up with his energy, and he would often keep us awake into the early hours of the morning, whether it be work or play.

Eventually after many years of Herman's persuasion, I officially joined theSOFTtribe in 2002, and I can honestly say it was one of the best decisions I made in my life. Herman was always extremely supportive, whether times were good or bad. His generosity seemingly had no limits and he would do his utmost to ensure you were taken care of both physically and mentally.

I will forever be grateful to you Herman, a solid pillar in my life, and I promise to do my best to see that your legacy at the-SOFTtribe thrives and achieves your huge dreams. Rest in perfect peace, Herman.





tributes by theSOFTtribe

Tetteh Antonio

A Tribute to My Very Dear Business Partner & Friend.

Herman Chinery-Hesse

Partnerships are built on trust, respect, and shared vision, and in Herman, I found someone who embodied all these values and more. Over the years, we didn't just build a business; we built a bond that transcended the confines of our professional roles.

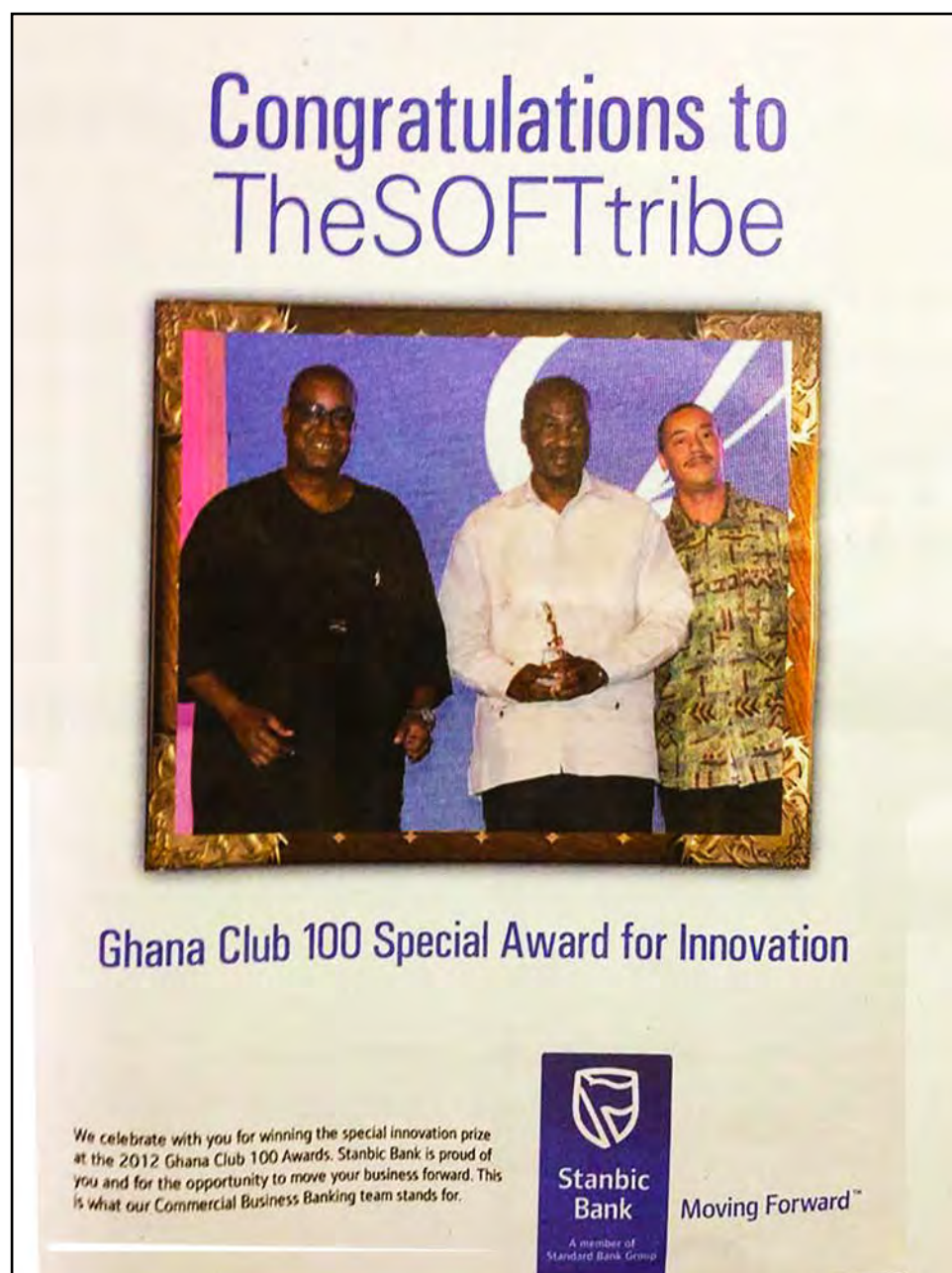
Herman, working alongside you has been one of the greatest privileges of my career. Your unwavering dedication, innovative thinking, and exceptional leadership have been cornerstones of our success. You brought more than expertise to the table; you brought a sense of integrity, wisdom, and heart that touched everyone around you.

It's rare to find someone who has not only a sharp business mind to steer through challenges but also kindness and empathy to lead with compassion. You showed me that it is possible to achieve greatness while staying true to our values, and that is a lesson I will carry with me always.

Together we celebrated victories and learned from setbacks. You turned obstacles into opportunities, and your optimism and drive were contagious. The impact you made on our business and on me personally cannot be overstated.

More than a partner, you've been a friend. Someone I could count on, both in and out of the boardroom. You made the journey meaningful, filling it with moments of laughter, wisdom, and shared dreams. For that, I am eternally grateful.

As I reflect on our time together, I am filled with pride for all that we accomplished. Our partnership was rooted in respect, and it thrived because of the care and commitment we both poured into it. Thank you, Herman, for being not only an exceptional business partner but also a remarkable person. You have left an indelible mark, and I look forward to what the future holds, knowing that the foundation we built is strong. With gratitude and admiration.



tribute by MOBA '81

MOBA 81 (Centenary Greenhorns)

The entire Mfantsipim, MOBA '81 (Centenary Green Horns, CGH), and Wesley Girls' High School community was struck with profound sadness on September 17, 2024, upon learning of Herman Chinery-Hesse's passing.

His death was particularly shocking given the recent news of his international award in recognition of his exceptional work in Information Technology, where he earned the title, "Bill Gates of Africa."

Herman, an alumnus of Mfantsipim School, was part of the celebrated cohort that enrolled on August 28, 1976, during the school's centenary year and who later came to be referred to as the Centenary Greenhorns (CGH).

His family was deeply rooted in Ghana's educational traditions, with his father, James Chinery-Hesse, a noted lawyer, and his mother, Mary Chinery-Hesse, one of the few Mfantsipim Old Girls, an international civil servant and Presidential advisor.

At Mfantsipim, Herman was known for his vibrant and sociable nature. He left midstream to continue his education in the United States but maintained strong ties with his Mfantsipim mates.

At Mfantsipim, Herman was in Freeman-Aggrey House with many other friends and relatives including his late cousin Joseph Blankson-Mills. Herman had a very radiant personality and was ebullient, vivacious and easygoing. He exhibited great camaraderie with his mates and other students.

Upon returning to Ghana, he partnered with his fellow CGH mate Joe Jackson to establish SOFT – later to be known as SOFTtribe, in 1991, a pioneering IT company. He was quick to also bring on board fellow CGH including Kojo Graham, Kweku Benefo and Kofi Asante. His leadership firmly planted SOFTtribe in the IT field, garnering numerous awards.

An eventful occasion for which some credit must go to Herman occurred at our Speech Day in 2011, when the entire Mfantsipim fraternity was elated to witness that CNN, the American news broadcaster was streaming live the whole speech day ceremony!!

We were later to find out that Herman had exploited his links with CNN to make this possible. This gesture undoubtedly catapulted Ghana into the limelight once again as the beacon of Africa and Mfantsipim particularly as the trailblazer in all that is quintessential in high/secondary school education in Ghana. It also helped temporarily erase the usual sordid and pathetic scenes which depicted Africa as the backwater of development and a blot on the conscience of the developed world.

Since Herman lived abroad much of the time, his attendance at our meetings were few and far between; nevertheless, Herman always recognised his bounden duty to attend memorable events of the CGH group whenever he was in Ghana. As usual, he lit up such occasions with his cheerful smiles and recounted funny events which were associated with some of us in school, including recalling some funny nicknames which he gave to most of his mates and teasing of some students for past deviant behaviour. . He also discharged all his financial obligations to the CGH group and was always on hand to make a handsome contribution to any cause of the CGH whenever the need arose.

Recently, at the inauguration of the book published and edited by the year group titled Memoirs of the Centenary Greenhorns on 8th November 2023 at the Ecobank Conference Hall in Accra, Herman made time to honour the occasion, taking a break from his busy schedule outside the country. He also made a contribution to defray the expenses which were associated with the book launch as all CGH were enjoined to do.

Herman's influence extended beyond Mfantsipim. He was a constant speaker at many national international fora and a mentor to many across Africa and beyond. His legacy includes a conference hall named after him at Google's headquarters, a unique honour.

tribute by MOBA 81

We, the Mfantsipim fraternity and MOBA 81 – CGH in particular, mourn the loss of Herman, who was a beacon of excellence and inspiration. We extend our deepest sympathies to his family.

Herman, may you rest in eternal peace in the Lord's bosom until we meet again.

Barzini (Gyekye Tanoh)

Man in the Mirror: A Tribute to Herman

The sudden passing of Herman on 17th September stirred an outpouring of tributes, each reflecting on his unique energy, humour, and boundless warmth. Everyone who knew him agrees he was a rare, transformative presence, deeply committed to his family, friends, and his lifelong mission of connecting with and uplifting others. As we remember him, it's clear that one of his greatest achievements was the self-transformation he underwent, evolving into the remarkable person we all cherished.

Herman and I were close friends from primary school, a friendship that saw us through every stage of life. His personality was evident early on: curious, witty, and a little unconventional. He was fascinated by mechanics, had a sharp sense of humour, and always had a fresh, quirky view of life. Despite the rigid educational system of the time, which did not fully appreciate his dyslexic mind, he stood out to us as someone captivating and full of life. Herman thrived on social connection, and his knack for drawing people in would only grow as he matured.

Two pivotal moments defined Herman's path: the tragic loss of his cousin Tishi, and the period of change that came with his parents' careers across Africa. Tishi was his closest companion, and the loss was shattering. Shortly afterward, his parents' careers took him to Sierra Leone, a major turning point that marked his first significant experience of independence. Away from the familiar, he embraced new

environments and people, absorbing fresh perspectives that would shape his character and guide his future.

While in Sierra Leone, Herman explored his love for mechanics, working in a mechanic's yard, which not only honed his technical skills but also exposed him to people from diverse walks of life. He embraced the local culture wholeheartedly, learning Krio and forging connections that transcended social boundaries. This period allowed him to transform a sense of dislocation into a broad, Pan-African vision, grounding him in the values of connection and adaptability that would serve him throughout his life.

When he moved to America for university, Herman stepped further into his purpose, becoming active in the Black Liberation movements on campus. He served as president of the Steve Biko Solidarity Committee, advocating for anti-apartheid efforts and discovering an unexpected talent for public speaking.

His university years cemented his commitment to Africa's progress, equipping him with the skills and discipline he would carry into his career. This chapter was transformative, melding his personal growth with a dedication to generating communities and technologies that could more concretely serve social progress. Well aware from his youth of life's fragility, he became dedicated to innovations of enduring value. These were the ingredients that would define his fertile professional path.

Our paths converged again in London, and Herman had evolved into a confident, cosmopolitan man with a renewed sense of self. Yet, he was still the same old Herman—humorous, loyal, and forever committed to those he cared about. His relationship with Sadia blossomed, grounded in shared respect and independence, and together, they built a loving life full of mutual support.

Herman was incredibly proud of Sadia, and their home became a place where friends, family, and colleagues were always welcome, embodying Herman's belief in the power of human connection.



tribute by others

Professionally, Herman's biggest achievement was co-founding SoftTRIBE in Ghana, a pioneering software company that became a beacon of innovation in the region. SoftTRIBE was more than just a company; it was a creative hub that drew together young African talent, a testament to Herman's vision and leadership. His passion for mentoring shone through, as he dedicated significant time to guiding and empowering younger generations, believing firmly in their potential to reshape Africa's future.

Herman's home with Sadia reflected his commitment to community. It was a welcoming space where people could gather, exchange ideas, and feel connected.

His dedication to others extended far beyond friends and family. He encouraged everyone around him, often distributing responsibilities to his friends, including me, with the expectation that we would invest time in supporting the next generation. He pushed us to give generously of our time, often with the reminder that true change required concrete action.



One of his most notable projects was Lubango Heights, a community outside Accra that he almost single-handedly brought into being. It stands today as a testament to his vision of collective responsibility, embodying his belief in community-building. Lubango Heights symbolises Herman's dedication to unity, underscoring his mission to turn individual connections into thriving, supportive networks. A pet project in the last years of this uninhibited dyslexic was a platform technology bringing African creative writers and audiences together.

In his multifaceted life, Herman achieved a rare integration of his ideals with his actions. His values, friendships, work, and social life all reinforced each other, drawing people in and made them feel valued. He was a humanist in the truest sense, recognising the potential in everyone and inspiring them to achieve it. Herman was a man in the mirror—a reflection of interconnectedness and wholeness. He lived with an alignment few attain, bringing coherence and authenticity to everything he did.

On 17th September, his family and friends gathered in grief, but amid the sorrow, there was a sense of resilience. Together, we shared stories, laughter, and tears, remembering the light Herman had brought into our lives. Even in the depths of loss, the love and memories he left began to comfort us.

Herman's legacy endures like a comet's bright trail, continuing to shine in the lives he touched. His story reminds us of the power of authentic connection, of living with purpose, and of the considerable difference one life can make. He remains a beacon of kindness, ambition, and joy—a true friend who reflected the best in each of us.

Yes, our man is gone. But like the true comet he was, the luminous light Herman Chinery-Hesse shone for, and in so many people will not be dimmed a long, long, long time to come.

You did so well, Dear Friend. Go well, Man in the Mirror.

Nana Agyeman Prempeh (a.k.a. Ashim Morton)

To the world, you were the best friend, to me you were my "brother" from another mother, but to your family, you are the world. Brotherhood is priceless. Herman, mbraa, you broke my heart. If I start to recount our deep friendship and things we did growing up in the sixty's till a couple of months ago, many would think we were truly "biological brothers". As I read through the many tributes and the beautiful thoughts and words said about you, Herman, I believe now that you were an angel. Your unwavering faith, kindness and generosity touched many lives. Just about everyone you met throughout your life, enjoyed a "Special Touch".



That early morning when Naa Odarley confirmed your passing, I was shattered. A feeling that I have never felt before. My grief was lessened as Auntie Mary comforted me and said, "it is well, Nana, and to know you're still here with us, in spirit. Your legacy of love and care for one another is evidenced by the thousands of condolence messages from all over the world. We should be rather inspired to build on your legacy as a humanitarian and kind service to many, as a lasting tribute to you, Herman.



Though words cannot convey fully the depth of loss to you Auntie Mary and the entire Chinery-Hesse Family, please know that my thoughts and prayers are with you during this incredibly difficult time. I stand with you in this moment of grief, and hope you find strength and comfort in the lasting impact Herman made on so many lives. On Behalf of the Prempeh and Morton Families, please accept our deepest sympathies for your irreparable loss.

Herman, may your soul find eternal rest in God's Kingdom. Amen Yaa wor ojuginn. Damirefe Due Due. 1000 watts forever, Herman, smile !!!!

Brother Ashim





FINANCIAL TIMES

Herman Chinery-Hesse, tech entrepreneur, 1963-2024

He was an innovator who sought to tailor software to African realities



Herman Chinery-Hesse talks on the phone from Accra in 2008. The entrepreneur, who built up a network of fellow pioneers, saw Africa's economic constraints as opportunities

© Anders Pettersson/Getty Images

Herman Chinery-Hesse inspired generations of Africans with his enthusiasm for technology's disruptive promise and laid the ground for younger tech entrepreneurs from the continent to thrive.

The Ghanaian tech guru, who has died at the age of 61, was a radical innovator with a devilish sense of humour and a generosity of spirit that won him friends and allies across Ghana, the continent and beyond

Early in his career as a software programmer he was dubbed the "Bill Gates of Africa". It was always something of a misnomer. He never converted his brilliance into monetary billions. But he left Africa much richer for his ideas.

Chinery-Hesse believed in the power of technology to upend the legacy of colonialism, reshape corrupt bureaucracies and connect African producers more equitably with global markets. But for much of his life, cut short by a cardiac arrest last month, he was way ahead of his time, expounding an African way of doing things that peers have yet to catch up with.

He pioneered what he called "tropical tolerance" — an ethos that underpinned the software company, theSOFTtribe, he launched when he returned to Ghana from the US in 1991, armed with an industrial technology degree from Texas State University and an Amstrad XT.

Tropical tolerance was about tailoring software to African realities, to withstand power cuts and network outages, and making it easy to use at a time when digital literacy was at its infancy.

Until recently you could still find the original MS-DOS powered payroll and purchase ledgers that he created in the early 1990s operating at petrol stations around Ghana.

"Herman was all about developing software for Africa and Africans, that was light, appropriate and resilient," said David Kwamena Bolton, another digital prodigy in his day and co-director of theSOFTtribe. Kwamena Bolton said millions had been wasted over the years dumping US and EU technology that didn't suit the African market.

Chinery-Hesse was also a mentor to younger Ghanaians. One of his greatest legacies, according to friends, is the network of fellow pioneers he built up, who could often be found meeting at his weekend retreat in the Aburi hills overlooking Accra, germinating ideas.

"If you look at Ghana's tech space today, most people who occupy positions that matter have either passed through theSOFTtribe or were personally mentored by Herman," said Tetteh Antonio, a friend and theSOFTtribe chief executive. He was great at nurturing creative talent in part because of his own unorthodox and non-judgmental ways, Antonio said.

Chinery-Hesse, who was married to Sadia with whom he had two children, was born in Dublin to Ghanaian parents in 1963.

He had no money to build a manufacturing business when he returned to Accra aged 28. But he decided his PC was factory enough; he taught himself to program and set about building a company that within a decade had become the gold standard for software development in Ghana and parts of west Africa.

His business was bootstrap. "We didn't have the infusion of Silicon Valley-type money. Most of us had to really scrape the bottom of the barrel and drive our adventures with revenue capital," said Bright Simons, another fellow traveller in Ghana's emerging tech scene.

During years of toil and hustle, "Herman made the case that there was a distinct African entrepreneurial culture", one that was self-generating and lean, Simons said.

His model worked in part because of Africa's economic constraints. Chinery-Hesse saw these as opportunities.

Ghanaian manufacturing might not be able to compete on the global stage, but Ghanaians could compete with ideas and in code, he believed.

"Every feature of underdevelopment represented a business opportunity. I still believe that," Chinery-Hesse explained many years later of the promise he saw on his return to Ghana when the country was recovering from coups and military juntas

Although his software was tailored to African realities, his personality often rubbed up against them. Together with Kwame-na Bolton, he computerised Ghana's civil aviation networks, digitalised much of the private sector, electronically formatted utility bills and later cleaned out thousands of ghost workers from the public payroll—a challenge that donor millions had failed to fix.

But they were reluctant contractors for the state and were often at odds with it. Their efforts at digitalising the civil service met stiff resistance from vested interests.

A legal row with the state water company remains stuck in the courts. He got little if any state backing when he sought to expand his business abroad.

While the huge African tech companies that followed in his wake—Flutterwave, Jumia and Konga—have raised millions from Wall Street, Chinery-Hesse hesitated to call on foreign capital, or replicate Silicon Valley models.

He wanted Africa to build its own. Yet some of his boldest ventures, into payment systems and ecommerce, struggled to get off the ground for want of cash.

EDITORIAL
Gov't's 96M Solar Farm Project Is Laudable

WOMEN VOICES
The Voice of Women in Africa

Women are no longer meant to sit still and look petty - they are meant to lead empires.

Vol. 13 NO. 089 MONDAY, OCTOBER 14, 2024 LD 40.00

MEET OUR HONOREES

Madam Ellen Johnson Sirleaf
Former President of Liberia

Chief Dr. Jewel Howard Taylor
First Vice President, Republic of Liberia

M.E. Kwarishia K. Sports
Minister of Sports

Min. Sara Bashaw Nyanteh
Minister of Health

Mdm. Julia Duncan Cassell
Acting Vice-Chair

Mdm. Chanyi Buncho Kwabena Banks
D.C. - West and Director of Administration

Mrs. Kwool Y. Shorman
D.C. - East

Ms. Florence Beina Amann
D.C. - West and Director of Administration

Morality vs. Rights

- Same-sex marriage debate rocks the Methodist Church in chaos



CONT'D ON PAGE 11

Liberian Women Sympathize With Hon. Mary Chinery-Hesse

- Following the Passing of Her Son



On September 17th, the African continent mourned the loss of Herman Kwojo Chinery-Hesse, a brilliant young IT innovator widely recognized as Africa's Bill Gates. Herman was the beloved son of Honorable Mary Chinery-Hesse, a distinguished figure known for her groundbreaking contributions as the first female Deputy Director-General of the UN International Labour Organization (ILO), the first female Chancellor of the University of Ghana, and a Special Advisor to former President John Kufuor.

The news of Herman's passing has deeply affected the Eminent Women of Liberia and their counterparts from sister African nations, including Uganda, Kenya, Nigeria, and Tesorbo.

CONT'D ON PAGE 11

"I felt we could not compete against the global giants," said Joe Jackson, a co-founder of theSOFTtribe who ultimately went his own way. "I felt that we should find a way of putting ourselves in the value chain rather than creating a new chain. Herman thought that was a cop out," he said. "Every society needs its dreamers. The people who are really thinking and dreaming of a future that maybe some of us like myself are too real about."



tribute by the media



Google Ghana Limited

31 Ringway Estates, Asafoanye O. Broni Crescent Osu, Accra Ghana

Tribute to Herman Chinery-Hesse

We at Google were deeply saddened to learn of the passing of Herman Chinery-Hesse. He was a true pioneer in the African tech world, a visionary whose impact extended far beyond Ghana's borders. His dedication to innovation and his belief in technology's power to transform lives inspired generations of entrepreneurs and engineers. We remember with gratitude his contributions to the global tech community which were recognized by naming a meeting room in his honor at our headquarters in Mountain View, our small way to acknowledge his extraordinary legacy.

Herman's spirit of innovation and his commitment to building a brighter future for Africa will continue to inspire us all. We extend our heartfelt condolences to you, his family and friends, and to the countless individuals whose lives he touched by his work.

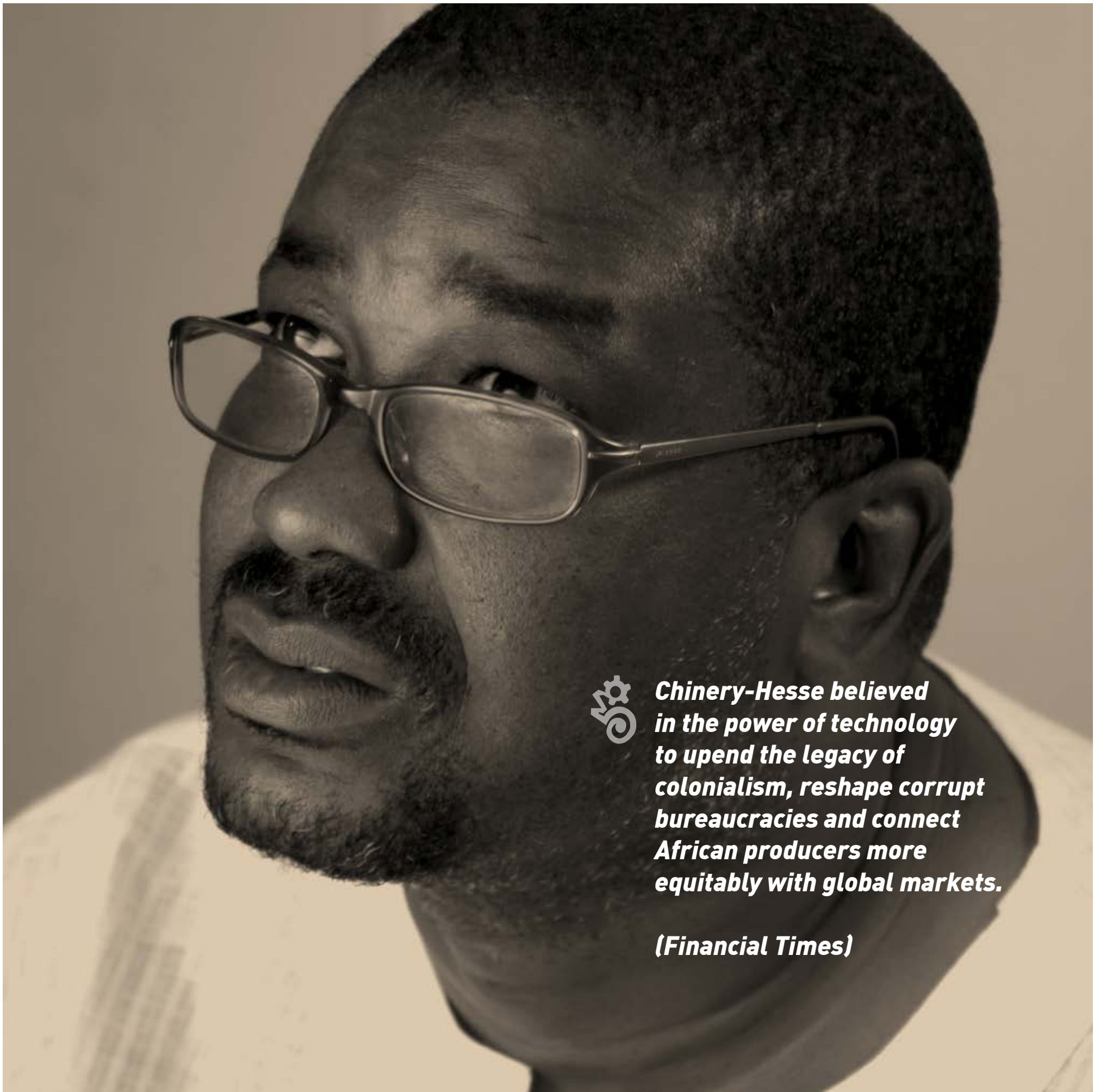
May his memory be a blessing.

Sincerely

Perry Nelson







Chinery-Hesse believed in the power of technology to upend the legacy of colonialism, reshape corrupt bureaucracies and connect African producers more equitably with global markets.

(Financial Times)



The Dash Between

by Linda Ellis © 2024

There are two important dates around the life that we live that reflect the time we're given to laugh, to love, to live.

And between the date when we arrive and the date we go away, there exists a horizontal line that captures every single day.

1963-2024

Because these days we're living seem to vanish in a flash, we need to make the most of that special little dash.

We are blessed with opportunities as we tread the grounds of earth to build the loving legacy our own dash will be worth.

To focus on what matters, not on possessions owned or bought, and smile every chance we get, and love with all we've got.

To appreciate the here and now as each moment will unfold because we're never told beforehand how much time our dash will hold

So, if you need to make some changes, let this be the day you start to make a difference with your life, show the love that's in your heart.

For how you spend this life will someday be defined by everything that is remembered in the dash you leave behind.





messages from condolence book

Name	Memories
Sat 21st Spt 2024	<p>On behalf of the entire United Nations Development System (UNDS) in Ghana, I offer our sincere and heartfelt condolences to the entire family on the sad occasion of the sudden and shocking passage of Herman.</p> <p>Herman was a dear friend and confidant whose inspiring and insightful approach endeared him to me and many of my colleagues. We shall sorely miss him - and as we pray for the repose of his soul in the Lord's bosom, we offer our condolences to the entire family and pray that God grant you all the fortitude to bear this loss. It is God's will.</p> <p>Warmest regards CHARLES ABANI UN RESIDENT COORDINATOR, GHANA</p>

Name	Memories
Alan Kyereatem	<p>Dear Herman, your sudden demise has come as a great shock to me and my family. He was were a great man, intelligent, affable, kind and competent in your field of inquiry. As part of the family in several respects I will say that your death is also a loss to our family. Herman you forget a good fighter and distinguished yourself as a great African. May the good Lord give you eternal rest in your bosom.</p> <p>Alan Chief Kyereatem</p>

Floral Tributes	Received From	Thank
	<p>NANA S.K.S. NANTIE, PARLIAMENTARY CHIEF OF HOUSE</p> <p>Herman was an icon in the IT field, most renowned throughout the world. He was also a generous and near constant person. I recall sitting next to him during his funeral. He prompted me to read my tribute to Mr. Pelly who was a colleague in the AG's Department. He paid me a flattering compliment after this and was deeply touched by his gesture. I also recall his offer to do a project for my traditional area and amazing gesture from a world renowned group in IT.</p> <p>May his gentle soul rest in perfect peace.</p>	

Floral Tributes	Received From	Thank
29/9/2024	<p>RAY SNOWDEN MDA 81 YEAR GROUP President AKA "CGH"</p> <p>My dearest brother Herman, we will sorely miss you. I still can't come to terms of your sudden demise. Why did you have to go leave us so soon. But we are comforted you are in a better place in the Good Lord's bosom. Our prayers are with your whole family and loved ones at this difficult time. My brother R.I.P.</p>	

Name	Memories
	<p>Dear Herman, Your smile, your kindness... Never forgotten Ambassador DR CONGO</p>

Cards Letters	Received From
CDD Ghana Board & Management	<p>Dear Sada, Dear Mum, Dear Family, Please have our deepest condolences on this profound and irreplaceable loss. We have no words as this is a loss that is difficult for you all. But may Herman rest in peace and may God comfort you.</p>

messages from condolence book

Herman - less than 1 week
 turns when you Mum and
 I were talking about you,
 when the shocking sad
 news came to me. I could
 not hold my tears. Herman
 to talk about you means to
 write a book. May the Good
 Lord grant you a peaceful
 Rest. Till we meet again.
 Some Doris Adadeboh Ablo.

29/09/24: Oh Herman! Why should the quick exit
 will continue to ask why for many years though
 I know there will not be a satisfactory
 answer I will just continue to pray for your
 soul and hope you will have an eternal
 rest in the bosom of your Maker.
 Damirifa Duro! Duro na onwude kudu!
 Nkele Kea (Dr. Kenneth ANSOH)
 as/for OKOFO AMOAKO BORDAM III
 Onawhen, ENYAN-MAIM TRADITIONAL
 AREA!

Name	Memories
HON DR OWUSO FRITIE AKOTO	HERMAN, THE SHOOTING STAR WHICH EXPLODED IN THE FERMA- MENT. REST IN PEACE.

IMPRAC

Dear Honorable Chair,
 We at IMPRAC are deeply saddened by your loss.
 Our heart goes out to you during this difficult time.
 May cherished memories bring you comfort, and may
 Herman Chinery-Hesse's legacy inspire you.
 With sincerest condolences,
 IMPRAC Team.

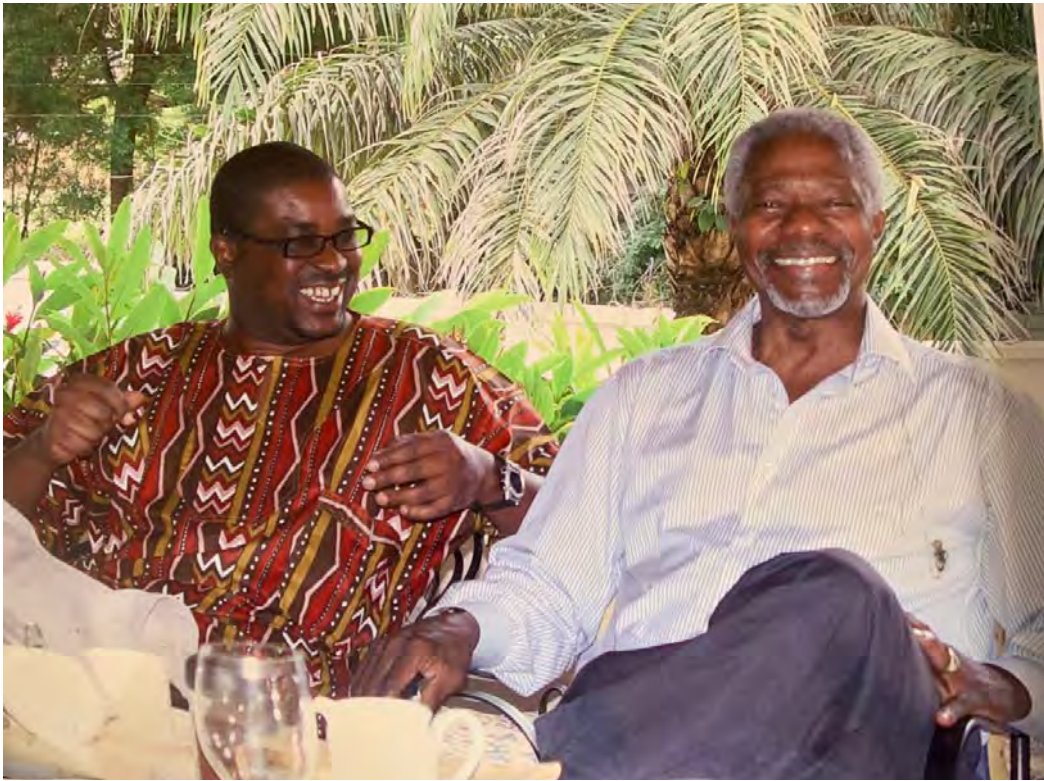


Texas 1987



FT 2017









 ***Africa is it.
It's the next big wave.
It's ready for development;
every place else is so
saturated, and people
are finally spotting it.
And they're coming to us***

-Herman Chinery-Hesse

HERMAN CHINERY-HESSE

2C4

HERMAN CHINERY-HESSE IS A GHANAIAAN SOFTWARE ENTREPRENEUR AND THE FOUNDER OF SOFTTRIBE, THE LARGEST SOFTWARE COMPANY IN GHANA. HE IS POPULARLY KNOWN AS THE BILL GATES OF GHANA. CHINERY-HESSE ALSO MADE THE LIST OF 15 BLACK STEM INNOVATORS. WIKIPEDIA

Herman Chinery-Hesse is a Ghanaian software entrepreneur and the founder of SOFTtribe, the largest software company in Ghana. He is popularly known as the Bill Gates of Ghana. Chinery-Hesse also made the list of 15 Black STEM Innovators. [Wikipedia](#)

Alma mater: [Texas State University](#)

Citizenship: Ghana

Education: Texas University, San Marcos

Awards: Only African recipient of the "Distinguished Alumnus Award" from the Texas State Alumni Association and Texas State University-San Marcos, USA



Music Playlists & Interviews

1. Sir Victor Uwaifo - Guitar Boy
2. Mighty Sparrow - Jook For Jook
3. I Never Thought I'd Leave You - Earl Klugh
4. Mighty Sparrow - Saltfish
5. Mighty Sparrow: Ah Fraid Pussy Bite Me
6. The World Is a Ghetto
7. Nature Boy
8. Rod Temperton: All Songs - the definitive playlist
9. Osibisa The Coffee Song 1976
10. Alhaji K Frimpong - Kyenkyen Bi Adi Mawu
11. White Man Wife -Lord Superior · R. Lewis
12. Dreadlock Holiday
13. Van McCoy - The Hustle And Best Of - The Hustle
14. Girl from Ipanema -Astrud Gilberto, João Gilberto and Stan Getz
15. Kool and the Gang
16. Made in Coracao
17. Love you inside out-Bee Gees
18. Islands In the Stream - Dolly Parton, Kenny Rogers
19. CHIC - I Want Your Love
20. Fanny (Be Tender with My Love) - Bee Gees
21. Bee Gees - Stayin' Alive
22. Congo Man - The Mighty Sparrow

1. Powering the African marketplace: Herman Chinery-Hesse at TEDxEuston
2. What will change Africa? Herman Chinery-Hesse
3. Citi Showcase: Herman Chinery-Hesse
4. Africa's Bill Gates - How I built an IT business from my bedroom
5. Herman Chinery-Hesse, TEDGlobal Conference, Arusha, Tanzania June 2007
6. Digital technology in Africa: Herman Chinery Hesse, theSOFTtribe
7. Innovation and technology in Africa - Herman Chinery-Hesse Tech4Africa 2011
8. Godfred Akoto Boafo, Bernard Avle celebrate legacy of tech pioneer Herman Chinery-Hesse
9. Herman Chinery-Hesse, CEO, the Soft tribe on creating Africa's eBay and payment systems
10. Herman Chinery-Hesse, Founder of theSOFTtribe
11. Tech Legend, Herman Chinery-Hesse, Endorses Tedia Mini-MBA for African Youth
12. From Aid to Enterprise - 01 December 2011 - Mr. Herman Chinery-Hesse
13. Chinery-Hesse speaks on SoftTribe-GWCL brouhaha

Watch live Stream here

https://bit.ly/Burial_HermanChinery-Hesse

