

Chris

1962 - 2020





**FUNERAL, BURIAL
& THANKSGIVING
SERVICE**

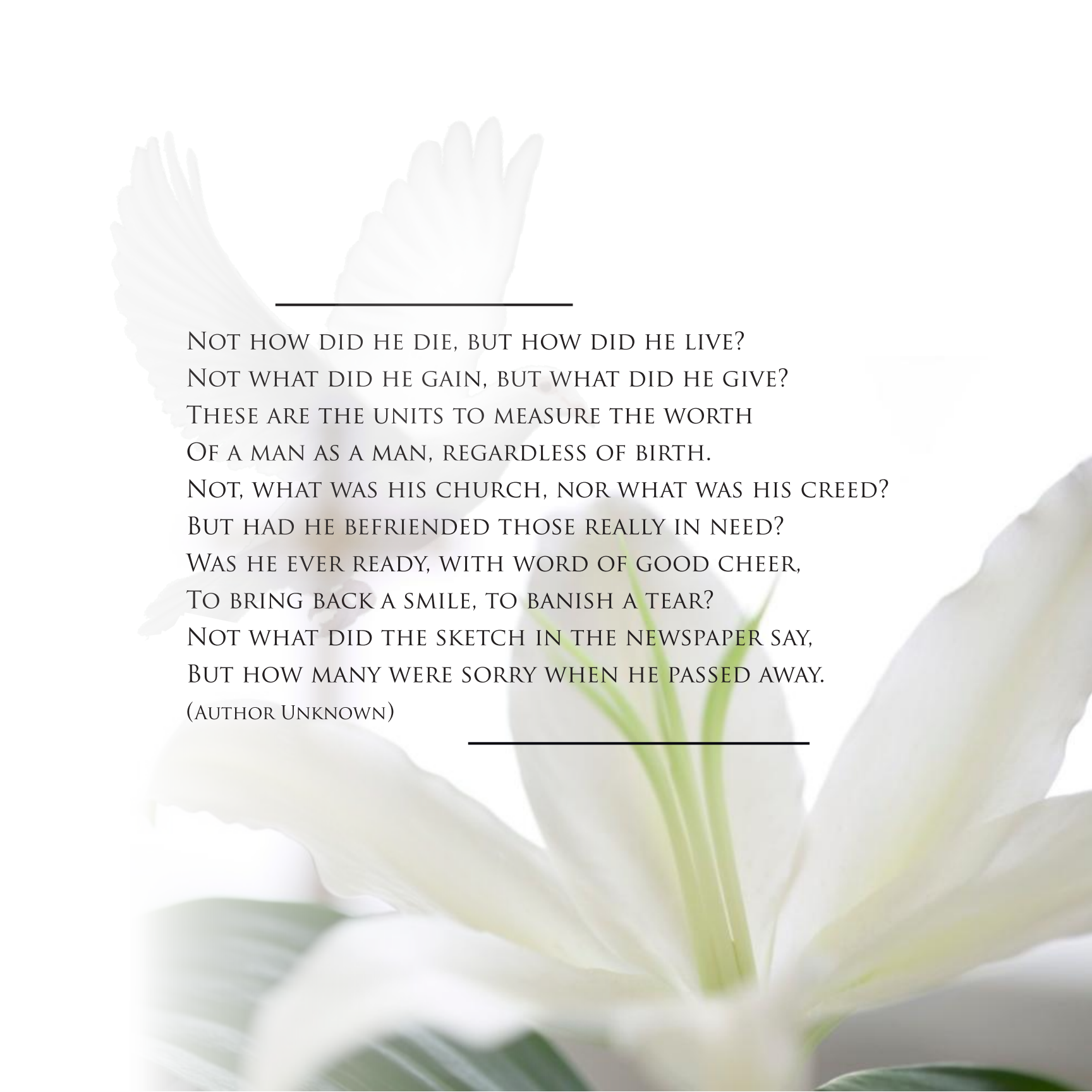
Friday, 11th September, 2020
ETERNITY PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH, APENKWA.
9:00 a.m.

OFFICIANTS

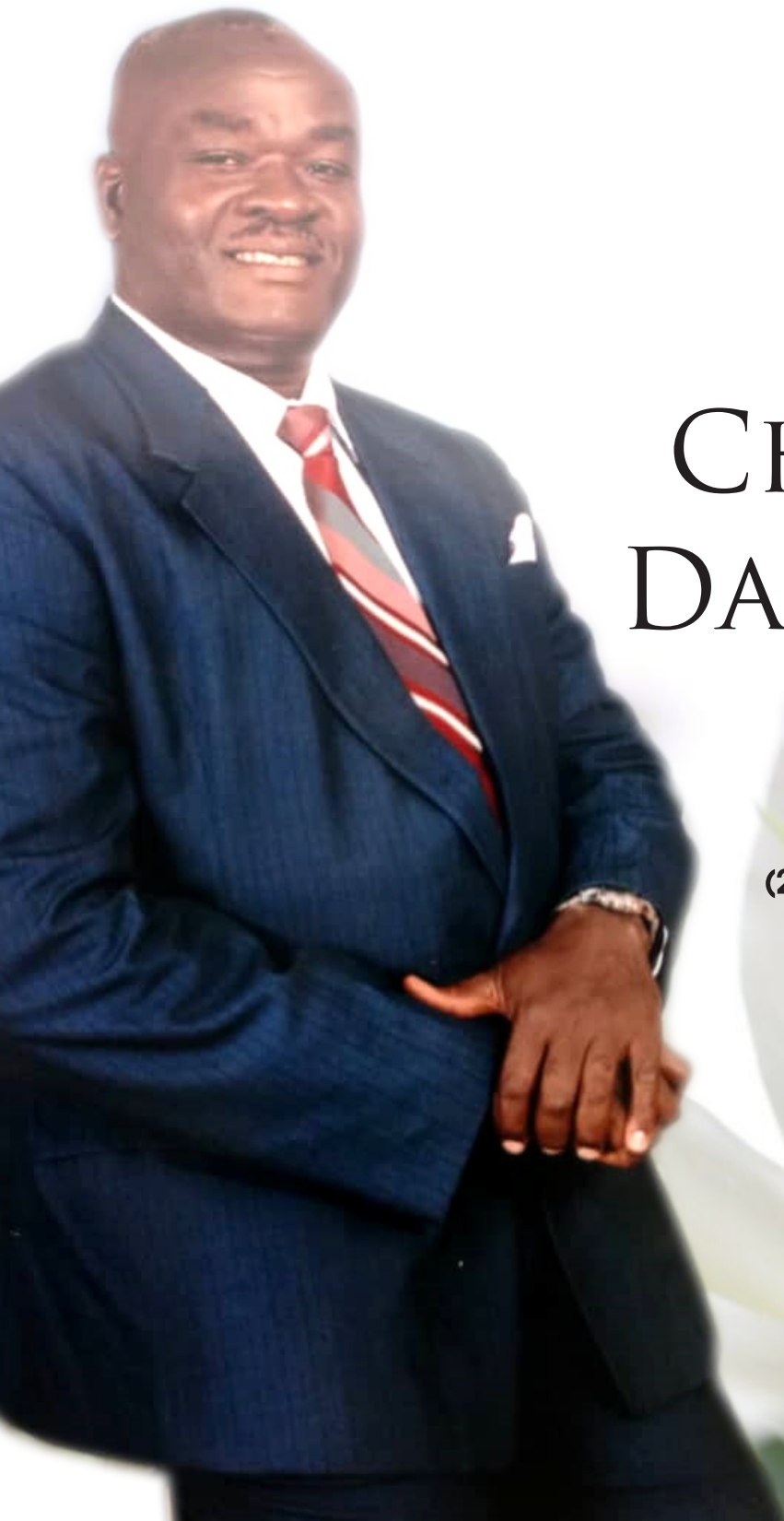
Rev. Samuel Adom Adjah
Catechist Kate Van-Lare

In Attendance

El Dunamis Choir



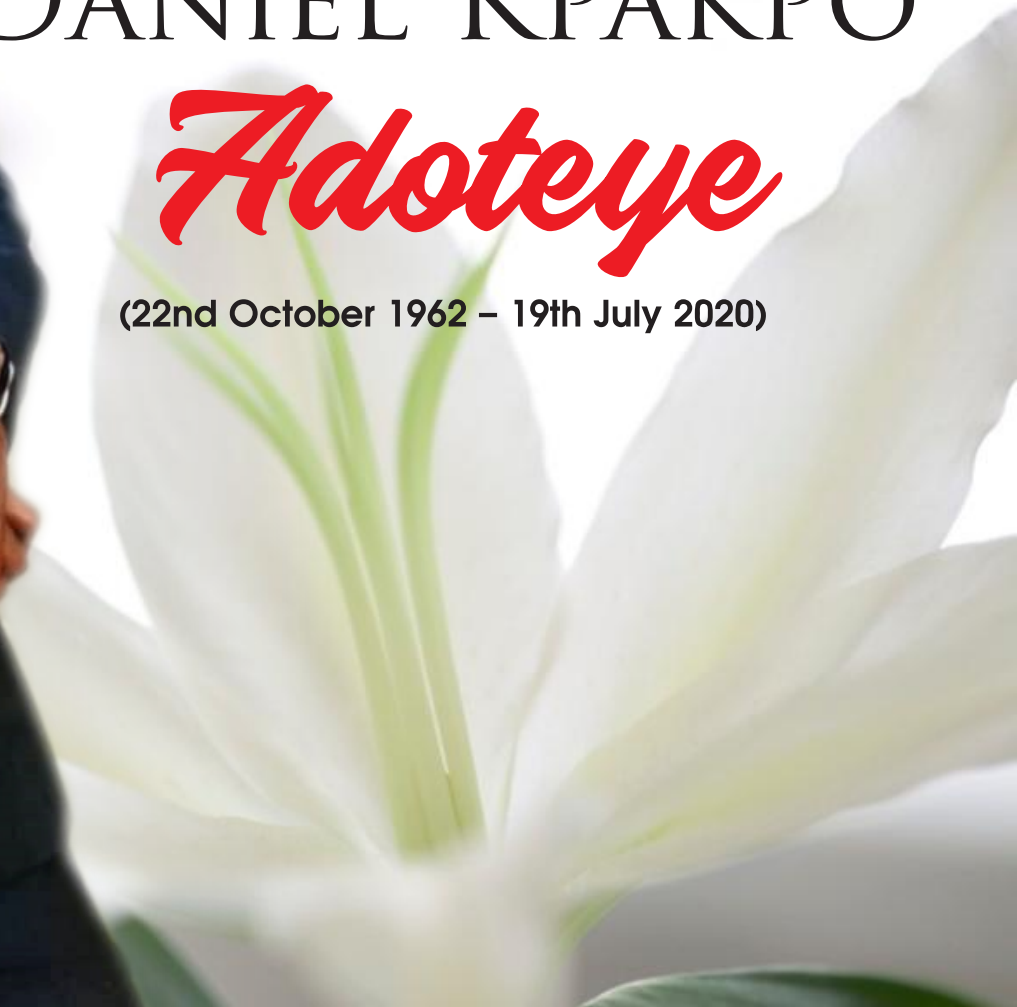
NOT HOW DID HE DIE, BUT HOW DID HE LIVE?
NOT WHAT DID HE GAIN, BUT WHAT DID HE GIVE?
THESE ARE THE UNITS TO MEASURE THE WORTH
OF A MAN AS A MAN, REGARDLESS OF BIRTH.
NOT, WHAT WAS HIS CHURCH, NOR WHAT WAS HIS CREED?
BUT HAD HE BEFRIENDED THOSE REALLY IN NEED?
WAS HE EVER READY, WITH WORD OF GOOD CHEER,
TO BRING BACK A SMILE, TO BANISH A TEAR?
NOT WHAT DID THE SKETCH IN THE NEWSPAPER SAY,
BUT HOW MANY WERE SORRY WHEN HE PASSED AWAY.
(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)



CHRISTOPHER
DANIEL KPAKPO

Adoteye

(22nd October 1962 – 19th July 2020)



ORDER OF SERVICE

Call to Worship

Salutation

Scripture Sentence

Hymn 1- And Can It Be That I Should Gain An Interest in The Lord

Prayers

Biography

Tributes

Hymn 2- Simply Trusting Everyday

Scripture Reading - Psalm 23: 1 – 6

Hymn 3- Begone Unbelief My Saviour is Near

Sermon - Rev. Samuel Adom Adjah

Prayer of Thanksgiving

Christian Charity- El Dunamis

Announcement

Hymn 4 - Christo Asafo Bibioo

Benediction

Song - EBENEZER

Recession Hymn 5- 'Ha Maya'

AT THE GRAVE SIDE

Scripture Sentence

Hymn 6 - 'Kristo 13 dzi mi wala''

Exhortation

Committal

Hymn 7- God Be With You

Till We Meet Again

Vote of Thanks

Benediction



BIOGRAPHY OF MR. CHRISTOPHER DANIEL KPAKPO ADOTEYE

*When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.*

Christopher Daniel Kpakpo Adoteye was born on the 22nd of October, 1962 to Mr Benjamin Adoteye and Mrs. Jemima Hilda Adoteye (nee Hansen), both of blessed memory. He was baptised at the Eben-Ezer Presbyterian Church, Osu in infancy, and confirmed at the Ebenezer Presbyterian Church, Sekondi in 1982.

Chris or Saamoa as he was affectionately called by family and friends, started school at the St. Thomas Primary School at Osu in 1968. He moved with his parents when they were transferred two years later to work in the Volta Region, and for the next four years he attended the Ho Government Experimental School. In 1974, Saamoa returned to Osu where he continued his schooling at the Osu Salem School. On successful completion of the Common Entrance Examination, he gained admission to the Presbyterian Secondary School, Osu in 1976 and completed in 1981.

An adventurous young man, Saamoa travelled to Nigeria where he worked for about two years. He returned to Ghana in 1983 and joined his elder sister who was then living and working in Sekondi. He was employed by the Ministry of Agriculture and was attached to a project sponsored by the Food and Agricultural Organisation (FAO) and the World Food Programme (WFP). He worked as the Shipping and Clearing Officer until the project ended in 1990.

Chris subsequently gained employment with SICOM, an Italian construction company based in Accra as a Procurement Officer from 1990. Looking for better opportunities, he joined COWICONSULT, a Danish engineering company, where he worked as the Logistics Manager from 1993 to 1997 when his contract ended.

He then launched out on his own, setting up ELSAD. Dealing in seafood, he gained contracts supplying fresh seafood to hotels such as Labadi Beach and Golden Tulip. The almighty 'Dumsor' era led to the decline of the seafood business and Chris switched to buying countryside farm produce which he then supplied to some market women for sale in Accra. His produce buying enterprise ran concurrently with his cab business.

Chris's sociable and humorous character earned him lots of friends and admirers, as evidenced by the numerous messages of condolences received from far and wide since he was called to glory. He was kind and generous to a fault, willing to give his last penny to anyone whom he felt needed it.

Chris loved family and was actively involved in all family matters and events. He just needed to be informed and he would provide support and ideas.

Saamoa was full of life until about two years ago when he went through some challenges that sent him in and out of hospital. Close family rallied around him, providing comfort and support. We all thought he was recovering when he suddenly suffered a fatal heart attack on the 19th of July, 2020. He had been hale and hearty that day, and his demise came as a huge shock to us all.

A golden heart stopped beating! Helpful hands to rest!

Chris leaves behind four children, family and friends who mourn him deeply; and a legacy of fun and laughter.

Anyemi Kpapa, Wo Odzoghann.





*Weep not for me though I have gone
Into that gentle night
Grieve if you will, but not for long
Upon my soul's sweet fight
I am at peace, my soul's at rest
There is no need for tears
For with your love I was so blessed
For all those many years
There is no pain, I suffer not
The fear is now all gone
Put now these things out of your thoughts
In your memory I live on
Remember not my fight for breath
Remember not the strife
Please do not dwell upon my death
But celebrate my life*

HE IS GONE

*You can shed tears
that he is gone.*

Or you can smile because he lived.

*You can close your eyes and
pray that he will come back.*

*Or you can open your eyes and
see all that he has left.*

*Your heart can be empty because
you can't see him.*

*Or you can be full of the love
that you shared,*

*You can turn your back on
tomorrow and live for yesterday,*

*Or you can be happy for tomorrow
because of yesterday.*

*You can remember him and
only that he is gone.*

*Or you can cherish his
memory and let it live on,*

*You can cry, close your mind,
be empty, and turn your back.*

*Or you can do what he would
have wanted, smile, open your
eyes, love and move on.*

By David Harkins





Tributes

BY SISTERS

For none of us lives for ourselves alone, and none of us dies for ourselves alone. If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord. For this very reason, Christ died and returned to life so that he might be the Lord of both the dead and the living.

Romans 14: 7-9

It really feels strange as we stand here today to bid adieu to our only brother, Samoa, also known as Chris. The void created by the sudden death of our beloved Chris is still hard to grasp but we know that those we love never truly leave us. There are things that death cannot touch. His memory, we will forever cherish and we know we will meet again.

Chris was the joy of our Mum's life. He was her long-awaited hope and what a joy when he arrived. There was such a loving bond between a mum and son. She fondly called him "Baatieh". Our Mum's eyes would light up when she told the story of how Chris taught her the hymn "And Can It Be..."—a hymn which would become one of our family's favorites.

Phone rings... "how are you"? You would say "I am quite well. The Lord has given us another day." Checking in with you every day became our new-normal because of the emotional difficulties you were going through. You assured us that all was well. We believed it. You were jovial—always armed with a story or two. We would discuss your favorite topic—the day's events—and you would always end the call with your signature line "bye for now". So, Chris, what really happened? Chri-Chri! Christo! Saa! This is so unlike you to exit without a word. Even though we are still reeling from the news of your painful departure, we choose to join the songwriter in saying: "Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come...it is well!"

We miss you so much, Chris. The jokes and the way only you could relate them. Oh, that jovial voice that had us laughing endlessly. Silenced by death? Well, maybe. But there are things that death cannot touch. Your memory lives on in our hearts. We see you in our mind's eye. We see the smiles. Thank you for the wonderful times we shared.

*We see you in
our mind's eye.
We see the smiles.*

Aku says:

Never a dull moment with Chris. He and I were close in age so there were many things we did together. We had great fun in Ho Bankwei! Our Sundays were especially fun... We would skip on our way to church, throwing stones into a stream along the way. We were joined by friends and after church they would accompany us home for lunch. One day we returned from church to find our kitchen ransacked and the pot of jollof rice gone! You never forgot this incident.

Sunday afternoons were usually spent listening to Ga stories read by our mum—Adote Shelen Kome; Jeyba He Ehia; Odoi Diŋ; Legɔŋ Maŋtɛ; Otswa Tɛ Otswa Ohienaa etc. It was also an occasion to learn new songs. Our Mum ensured that we did not lose grasp of the Ga language while we became fluent in Ewe. Novinye, Chris! Vevewo katã labu. Heyi, heyi ɔɛ dziƒo ke, Ɖutikɔkɔɛƒe la me! Two years ago, Chris and I returned to Ho to reconnect with our roots. Chris, with his ever-sharp memory, was able to take us straight to our former school and our old house. Some of the neighbors were still around and we had a fun time. Thank you for a memorable visit Chris.

When our family moved back to Accra, we spent some time with our grand-mum in Osu Ajumanko. Life in that part of town was always fun! There was always something going on—I remember Chris and I participated in a free-for-all street dance for which we were later thrashed. Later we moved to Osu R.E. where life was much different—quiet and almost uneventful.

Chris, with his gregarious nature, just knew how to make friends and he had many of them. He was generous and had such a kind heart that he would even take the shirt off his back to give to a stranger.

I miss you so much and always will. There are things that death cannot touch! His memory, we will forever cherish and we know we will meet again.

Theresa says:

Chris! Christo!! Your untimely departure continues to overwhelm us with great sadness and profound emptiness in our hearts. In fact words cannot soften the pain caused by your sudden departure.

As the older sister, the 22nd of October 1962, the day Chris was born, was the happiest day in my life, having grown up to the age of 16 as the only child of our mother. My joy that day knew no bounds! As he grew up we became more attached to each other and he spent most of his youthful years with me. Chris never minded doing things for me and could be entrusted with any assignment. I absolutely had no fears leaving my husband and children in his care when I travelled on official duties or attended women fellowship conferences.

Even in his adult life, he was ever ready to assist me whenever I called. Chris, I am so grateful for all your love and support to me and our family over the years. We are really blessed to have had you as a brother.

Chris, I know what you have been through the past couple of years. I did my best to make you happy and you kept on assuring me that you were alright. So what happened? Christo, I can't believe you're gone out of my life. I wait each day for your call but nothing happens; I call but you're not the one who answers the phone. Aw Chris I really miss you. My brother I have a lot to say about you; your wonderful sense of humour, your love and affection towards your family and friends as well as the jokes we shared. Whenever I called to find out where you were during the recent lockdown period and your response was, 'At cell number F444/1', I knew immediately that you were at Kuku hill. Christo, I wish you had lived longer but God knows best and He now has you in His arms. I thank Him for loaning you to us. All I can say now is 'have a peaceful rest'. I love you and you will continue to live in my heart. I join the hymnist to say, "God be with you till we meet again. By His counsels guide uphold you With His sheep securely fold you God be with you till we meet again. Bye for now, my beloved brother!"

Chris, we are filled with loads of love and heartache as we bid you farewell but we are comforted by the hymn by Charles Wesley which you introduced to Mum and are blessed by the assurance that you boldly approached the eternal throne:-

"No condemnation now I dread; Jesus, and all in Him, is mine; Alive in Him, my living Head, and clothed in righteousness divine, Bold I approach th' eternal throne, And claim the crown, through Christ my own."

Chris left us much too soon, but he left us with incredible memories of fun and laughter. We love you, Chris, and we always will. You funny guy! Rest well.

Latterly, Chris was a guest of Charlotte and Paa Kwesi and we want to thank their family for all that they did for him. Many thanks to Janet as well.

We are so thankful that all of you were able to come out and support us in this difficult time. May God bless all of you.

Finally, thank you Lord, for giving us Chris

Ultimately and eternally, we are all your children and may we all celebrate Chris's homecoming to you!

Theresa Kotei & Dora Harris

BY NIECES

*Be still, my soul, The Lord is on thy side
Bear patiently, the cross of grief or pain
Leave to thy God, to order and provide
In every change, He faithful will remain
Be still, my soul, thy best thy heavenly friend
Through thorny ways, leads to a joyful end*

Our 'Wofa Saamoa'

We had a wonderful uncle, his smile was made of sunshine, and his heart was solid gold. We had a wonderful uncle, who always looked for the best in others and gave the best he had.

Our 'Wofa Saamoa', 'Unco Saaa 'or ' Christo' (as we loved to call him) has been a great fixture in our lives. Growing up in Sekondi as little girls, we lived together and we felt proud having a tall, dark, handsome uncle who attracted attention wherever we went.

Unco Saamoa was not only our uncle, he was our big brother. In a household where there was no house help, and with a mother who was very active and was away quite often at one conference or another, Unco Saaa sometimes had to act as our care giver, providing our dad with the very needed support to ensure we were well taken care of anytime mom was away. He was a very good cook and would prepare and pack delicious lunch and sumptuous snacks for us to take to school. He would ensure our hairdos were neat, and was actually very good at making the 'doughnut' bun which became our signature hairstyle anytime mom was away.

Our uncle had a great sense of humour and we loved our conversations with him. He would do a great imitation of one of his former Italian bosses' way of speaking the English language that always had us in stitches. Indeed, *"its daunting to the coming"*. His grasp of the English language was phenomenal probably from all those books he read, and his tonation impeccable maybe also thanks to all those hours he spent listening to BBC.

As we grew, Unco Saaaa accepted and treated us as the young ladies we were becoming and changed the status of our relationship to reflect that. He would chat with us at his own level and never talked down at us. He was very affable and was always welcoming and engaging with all who came into contact with him which included our numerous friends. You only had to meet him once to like him and you never forgot him. The shock and sorrow expressed by our friends on hearing of his sudden demise attest to this. Chris definitely left an indelible impression on people even after just one interaction.

Chris had great taste in music. Very versatile but with a leaning towards country and the classicals. And he could buggie. Drop any of the latest Hiplife song or an 80's pop and you will just love his dance moves as he sings along.

Our Wofa was generous to a fault. He would give his last penny if it provided comfort for another person. Surprisingly, he hated it when we referred to him as 'Father Christmas' because of this nature. We've had numerous occasions where we spoke against his constant giving, but he was what he was. He would smile and just move on. He could not, or was it would not change his nature.

Life has certainly not been a crystal stair for our Wofa Saamoa but through it all he did not lose his joy of life. Or his love for others - friends, extended family, and his close family. He would check on us his nieces regularly, dropping voice notes that would have us in stitches. Unco Saaa never missed our birthdays or that of our spouses and children, and would always call and share goodwill messages. We were always sure to get our Mothers' Day messages from him early in the day. When he had news to share, he would go '*Hm, O le latest development?*', and to catch up with what's going on with us, he would ask "*What's the latest development?*". So "***Latest Development***" became our K-Sisters' term with our dear uncle. Indeed, Christo loved us and demonstrated it clearly, and we also love him tremendously.

The past year had been tough for him, and we tried to be there to support him through it. But Dada Chris yearned for what had been - the company and love of his own children, his pride and joy. The death of Aunty Elsie, proved a big blow to him, and he worried particularly about the well being of his children. Sadly, by his sudden death, we have all been deprived of the opportunity of having his greatest wish of a reconciliation with them become a reality.

Wofa Saamoa, we pray that you have found the peace and joy that you so deserve. As we look back over time we find ourselves wondering

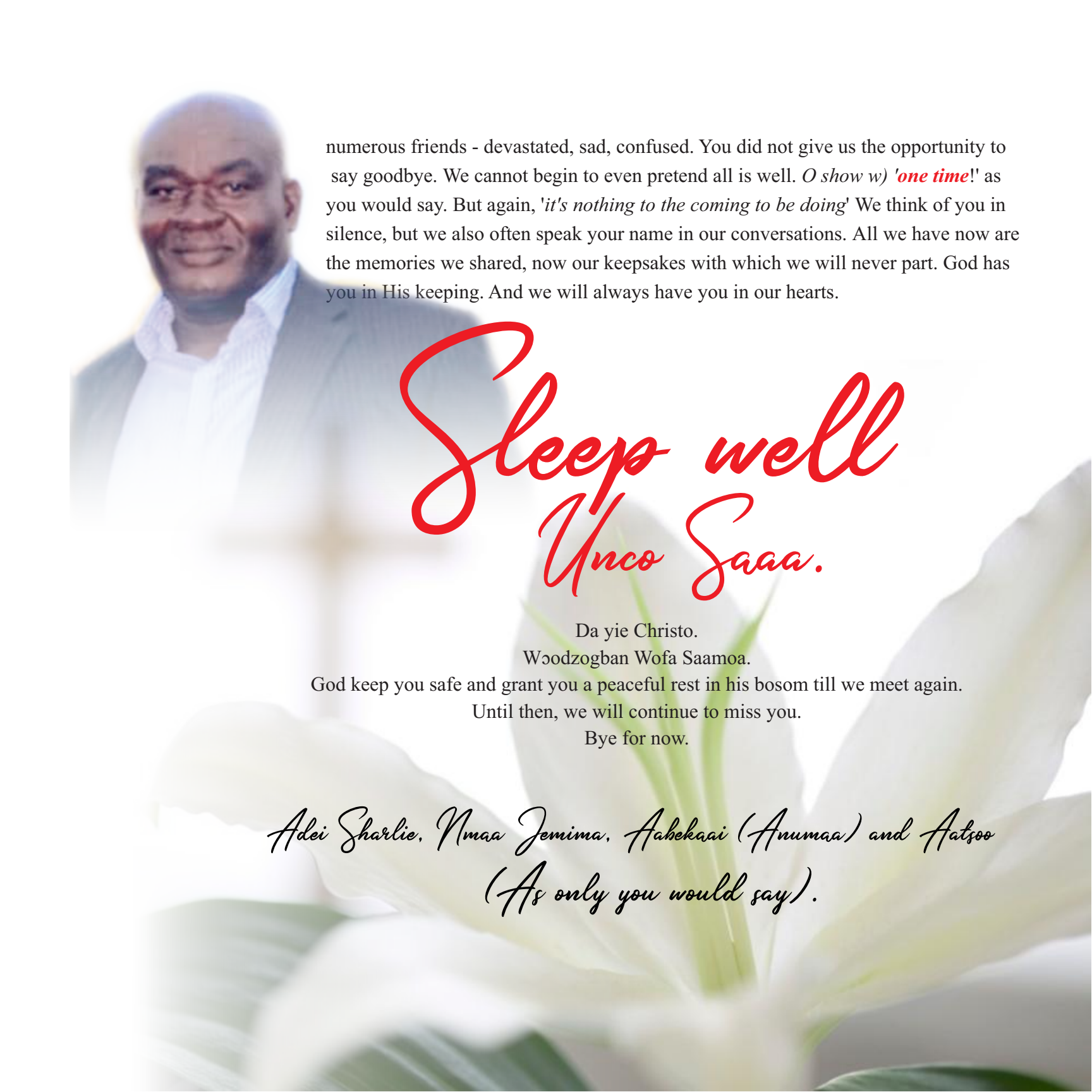
Did we remember to thank you enough for all you have done for us? For all the times you were there to help and support usTo celebrate our successes.... To understand our problems and to encourage us?

Or for teaching us by your example, the value of good relationships and generosity?

We wonder if we ever thanked you enough for always being there.... at most, just a phone call away. And for the simple things like laughter, smiles and fun times we shared?

If we ever forgot to show our gratitude enough for all the things you did, we're making amends now, thanking you now. And we know that you knew all along, how much you mean to us.

Christo, the latest development is that you threw us a curve. You have left your loved ones - sisters, us, cousins,



numerous friends - devastated, sad, confused. You did not give us the opportunity to say goodbye. We cannot begin to even pretend all is well. *O show w)* '**one time!**' as you would say. But again, '*it's nothing to the coming to be doing*' We think of you in silence, but we also often speak your name in our conversations. All we have now are the memories we shared, now our keepsakes with which we will never part. God has you in His keeping. And we will always have you in our hearts.

*Sleep well
Unco Saaa.*

Da yie Christo.

Woodzogban Wofa Saamoa.

God keep you safe and grant you a peaceful rest in his bosom till we meet again.

Until then, we will continue to miss you.

Bye for now.

*Adei Sharlie, Nmaa Jemima, Abekaai (Anumaa) and Aatsoo
(As only you would say).*

BY COUSINS

Hail, hearty, jolly, smiling, are words that describe our dear departed cousin Samoa, who we also sometimes called CDK, Kpiish!! Kpakpo, Christopher!!!

We were stunned when we heard the very distressing news of the sudden passing of Samoa. How does an energetic, healthy man in his prime suddenly disappear? Exclamations of disbelief followed: “*What?????!!!!!!?*”, “*Are you kidding me?*”, “*Are you sure?*”, “*Oh How?*”, “*But Why!!!!?*”, “*Oh Yehowa!!*”, “*Meniba?*”, “*God have mercy!*” “*Why has he died?*” We desperately hoped it was fake news; alas, it was not. Samoa is no more. He has gone to his Maker.

Uncle George quotes Job 20:25-27 “I know that my Redeemer liveth and that at the last He will stand upon the earth and after my skin has been thus destroyed then from my flesh I shall see God, whom I shall see on my side and my eyes shall behold and not another” and says, “Samoa your life has been comparatively short looking at the family's average days; but we have lovely memories of you which we shall cherish forever. Your humility and respect for your elders - your deep bows, almost to kneeling when you greeted them. May the Good Lord keep you in His bosom till that Great Day”.

Auntie Comfort bids you “Adieu” and says “May the Good Lord keep you in his bosom till the resurrection day when we shall meet again.” She fondly remembers you in your shorts, blazer and bow tie which you wore so elegantly!

We and Samoa shared a grandmother on our paternal side and he on his maternal side. So, visits to Ajumanko in the heart of Osu, where our late grandmother resided, was the rallying ground for many of us cousins and nieces of all ages for several years. Samoa was fun to have around; he loved practical jokes, but behind his mischievous pranks he possessed a sharp brain and an acute intelligence that he used to save the situation on many occasions and also accounts for the great strides he made in his adult life.

Samoa was not only our cousin; he was also a brother and friend. Our fondest memories were in our early childhood days when we got to spend some vacations with Samoa in our home in Cape Coast where we lived for many years. We hardly stayed in Accra in those days, so Samoa was our eyes and ears when it came to stories from Ajumanku and Kuku Hill; he was very detailed in his narrations, and through him, we got to know a lot about the extended family.

An adventurer and social butterfly, Samoa easily made friends with both the old and young and he had a way of attracting people.when we first sojourned to Cape Coast, we only knew our immediate neighbours but by the end of Samoa's first visit, we had come to know all the children and their families in the neighbourhood; our circle of friends expanded. His ability to attract and retain friends was an attribute that remained with him to the very end. Samoa worked hard and played hard- whether it was playing football, building and flying kites, or riding bicycles, Samoa did it all with ease and confidence. With a mischievous twinkle in his eyes he would show off his riding skills and would laugh and tease when anyone fell off in an attempt to copy his dexterous styles; however, in the same breath he was quick to say “eke bo nshwe, hani matsoo bo.” to wit, “I'm just pulling your legs, let me show you the tricks”; he had no malice in him. At mealtimes, Samoa was selective about his food choices.....if a meal included chicken, he would announce ahead of time, “mile maye wuo shuo!!! He settled for nothing less! much to our amusement.

As we grew older, we saw Samoa transition from the rambunctious young boy into a mature, responsible and hardworking man. He quickly settled down and started his own family with a wife and children ahead of some of his older cousins. Throughout his adult life, Samoa maintained a dutiful sense of family and was present at all social gatherings. He showed up very well dressed in his neatly pressed attire. This notwithstanding, he was very serviceable and quick to offer help of any kind at any time; such humility and selflessness; a gentleman at heart. On reflection, it could be said that Samoa lived his life as if to say with Stephen Grellet: *“I shall pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.”*

So CDK has marched on. Indeed, a mighty tree has fallen and those who sought refuge under it have no place to lay their heads. Samoa will be greatly missed. Homowo at Kuku hill will never be the same again. The vacuum he has left will be extremely hard to fill.

It is our prayer that the Lord will comfort and console all who held him dear, especially his sisters Theresa and Dora and his children.

**“FATHER IN THY GRACIOUS KEEPING, LEAVE
WE NOW THY SERVANT SLEEPING.” SAMOA, “YAA WO JOGBANN!”**

Mark, Evelyn, Lizzie & Joan.

IN-LAWS

For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Romans 8:38-39

Saamoia was my brother-in-law. In fact, he was more of a son to me than anything else. He was very respectful, gentle, humble, caring, selfless and helpful. Like any young man full of life, he did give Theresa and I, a few near heart attacks by getting into some scrapes, but we sorted them all out and we picked our lessons. He cared for us and often checked in on us, especially whenever any of us wasn't in good health in our older years. No week went by without us seeing him. We had a close relationship knitted with love and care. We shared so much together as a family and created many beautiful memories. I'm deeply saddened by his sudden demise and will miss him a great deal.

Saamoia, oyiwaladonn kè ha shihilè kpakpa. Wo odjogbann. Rest in the bosom of the Almighty God. Amen.

Bra Sammy (SAM KOTEI)

I met Saamoia some thirty years ago when I was dating his niece Adei. He seemed quite aloof initially, and he limited our interactions to civil greetings whenever we met. However as soon as we got married, he opened up to me, and over the passed almost twenty six years, we have developed a great friendship and mutual respect. Saamoia never ceased to amaze me with his relationship skills. He would interact and make conversation with anyone and everyone making them feel at home in his presence.

Over the years, as I watched him interact with numerous friends and acquaintances I came to understand why Adei sometimes called Saamoia 'Father Christmas'. One just had to ask, or just express a need, and he would dip his hands into his pocket and give whatever he had. On the day he died, he cashed out some money for donation to a young man who had just lost his wife in our area to support him look after his young children. This was not anyone Saamoia knew, but he heard the story and was moved to help. Indeed, Saamoia was very compassionate, a nature that anyone looking at his rather imposing stature and demeanour would never have guessed. Behind the seemingly gruff personality, was actually a very soft and kind heart, and intelligent persona.

When I lost my mom earlier this year, Saamoa would come over to our place on the weekends to play 'okyeame' as friends came to offer their condolences. His knowledge of tradition helped to save the day as I have completely no knowledge in that area.

That Saamoa was held in high esteem in the community in which he lived cannot be doubted; and I often watched in admiration as neighbors came to him or called him on phone to discuss their issues and seek his advice.

In the last six or so weeks of his life, we were practically joined at the hip, and spent all our time together. He had recovered so well and was back to his very jovial self. There were no more complaints of pain, or sleepless nights. His sudden demise therefore was extremely shocking. Saamoa, you never did do things by halves. I still cannot believe that minutes after helping me sit, you were gone for ever. It seems like a long, never ending dream. The doctor said your prompt action in shifting my dislocation knee back into place and your insistence on the immediate application of a cold compress saved a potentially bad situation. Thanks Saamoa. This incidence which happened just three days before you passed on to glory is just one indication of your broad scope of knowledge.

Saamoa, I miss our debates as we listen to various political pundits on the radio as we drive back home from town. We always agreed to disagree.

I will miss our 'trips' to Duncan's especially at Homowo. I could not bring myself to go to Osu this past Homowo. I remember so well our last day together. The laughs, the singing - Luther Vandross, Teddy Pendergraas, Marvin Gaye, et all; the abortive visit to the barber for your haircut, the trip to get the vegetables for our last meal together. It was a day that started on a high note, and progressed so well but.... ended in heart break for all the family. We all wish you were still here with us, but...

God knows best, so 'Mr. Speaker' rest in perfect peace.

Paa Kwesi (mr. B)

GRANDCHILDREN

Dear Unco Saamo,oa,

I never really got to spend a lot of personal time with you but I know very well that my dad was one of your best friends. When he was down, you made him very happy and I thank you for that. Rest in perfect peace and be our guardian angel.

Naa Adoley Badoe.

Unco Saamo,oa,

You always seemed larger than life. Whenever you were around, there was excitement and laughter. You were such good friends with our dad and a 'big brother' to mom. Mom shares a lot of stories about you from when she was growing up and we thank you for all you did for her, our aunties and grandma. We are sorry you had to leave so early but we know that now you are one of the beautiful flowers adorning God's garden. Rest in peace .

Nana Takyi and Emuradwoa Badoe.

Dear Uncle Saamo,oa,

You were our favourite grandpa. You were kind, hardworking, honest, handsome, funny and had a great sense of humour. On the 19th of July 2020, around 5 o'clock we heard Grandma Sister saying you had passed away. When we asked her "what happened?", she told us that you had passed away. Our whole body started shaking and we were biting our fingers. We began to pray, after we prayed our fears reduced. We did not think of death. Why so soon? Now we shake our heads and cry because we cannot see you again. All we can say now is, rest in perfect peace Uncle Saamo,oa. You will forever be in our hearts. We love you and miss you.

Aoife, Hughie and Ultan

BY NEPHEW

Uncle, I remember when I was small, you played with me and you laughed with me. Growing up with my grandma (your mom), you took me in as a little brother. You encouraged me, helped me and advised me on how to live life. You performed even the duties any father had to do to straighten his child. You were kind yet strong, never stopped at speaking your mind when when you thought I was going wrong. I especially looked forward to your visits to Accra when you lived in Sekondi. That was in the early eighties when times were tough in Ghana, and you always came with goodies that made life easier for us.

You never changed as life moved along. You became my friend and in recent times, I have always looked forward to our Friday night rendezvous. We chatted, shared our stories and jokes and generally had fun the best way we knew. You were very thoughtful, and remained same till the end. You were always helping others, and that never changed either.

You never said goodbye. A million times I have cried. If love alone could have saved you, you never would have died because you are loved by many. It really broke my heart to lose you but God has His own reasons. You've always been there for me and my family, in good times and in bad. You laughed with us in happy times and supported us in sad. You made sure you always recommended my services to your friends to help me achieve financial security. I am forever grateful.

In life I loved you dearly. In death I love you still. In my heart I hold a place that only you can fill. You are a special uncle. More than that, you've been a great friend, a cherished friend to me.

REST IN PEACEFULLY IN GOD'S BOSOM TILL WE MEET AGAIN UNCO SAAMOA.

Joseph Noi (C. Tetley)

BY FRIENDS

*Forever Remembered
Forever Missed*

Saying goodbye to someone we love dearly is heart-breaking but wherever a beautiful soul has been there is always a trail of beautiful memories:

Your demise “wreaked havoc” all over the place. As I think of you and wish you peace and a good rest in the Lord, I will hold tight to the memories we shared together over the years (especially that of Sunday 19 th July 2020 at 2.32pm) for comfort; I will lean on Aku and family for strength and forever remember the depth of our love and friendship.

Chris, I knew what you've gone through and I am praying for you to find an eternal and peaceful rest away from all the worries.

“There are good ships and wood ships, ships that sail the sea, but the best ships are friendships and may they always be”

(Irish proverb)

ANEHO GALI XEDE NUIE

Love you till we meet some day!

ANNA MENSAH

It's hard to write this heartfelt eulogy for my best friend Chris. I had never imagined writing a tribute about him this soon. With a heavy heart I will give honour to not only Chris but to the entire family.

I met Chris shortly after high school at a young age of 19 at the Ridge Bungalows in Sekondi where we had both lived. After a formal introduction to his family we became the best of friends and as young boys we looked out for each other. Chris became known to my nuclear family and extended family members as well. He was so much loved by everyone as he was kind, generous and accommodating. All of my friends who had known him would testify that he was the nicest friend you could have. At that young age Chris was well built, handsome and full of life for the future, hence he was nicknamed “CHRISMAN”

Chris' relationship with me cannot be over emphasized. He spent most evenings with me and a couple of friends enjoying loud good music. Chris loved music. There were times my mom would come into the boys' room and ask all of my friends to leave to their various homes as it was very late at night. He will enforce the compliance of mom's order and will advise we meet again the next day.

Chris joined me to fan the fire for my late grandma who after frying fish would give us our portion which we really enjoyed. I could remember vividly times in Accra where he would take me to a popular food spot and insist on having the bill on him. One time, on our way to a formal dinner party, Chris suddenly reminded me regarding the importance of using cutlery correctly. He always looked out for me. He taught me etiquette.

I visit Ghana every year and on each visit I make sure his T-Shirts and jeans are intact in my luggage. I spent time with Chris September 2019 on my usual visit to Ghana and never knew that was to be our last time together. Chris was a real man and had a heart full of love, he was more of a brother to me than a friend.

On behalf of my family and extended family members who have known him our deepest condolences to the entire family for this great loss.

CHRIS YOU HAVE LEFT TOO SOON, BUT YOUR MEMORIES WOULD ALWAYS REMAIN
IN OUR HEARTS. FAREWELL CHRIS TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

Have a peaceful rest in the Lord.

NANA NKETSIA ARBUAH



Chris, the last time we met we stayed up till 3am in the morning, talking about the good old times, our good friends who had departed this world, the essence of life, how we would make time to see each other and prioritise our friendship among other things. If I was to know that was to be our last meeting, I would have lingered a while longer, just to savour the pleasure that your company has always given me. We spent time together over the years. You were the first person to call when I had things on my mind that I needed to discuss with a true friend. And every time I called, you made time no matter how busy you were. Between us there were no secrets. We could be open, and the trusted bond we shared was a strong anchor in difficult times.

My dear friend and brother, thank you for always being there for me. From the time that we first met at Essikadu, we have been inseparable, but now death has torn you away from me. I promise you will never ever be forgotten and I will miss you so much until we meet again.

I CELEBRATE A MAN WHO BROUGHT PEOPLE TOGETHER AND CREATED FRIENDSHIP EVEN IN DEATH.
AND I CELEBRATE A MAN WHO WILL ALWAYS BE CELEBRATED.

Rest in Perfect Peace, Chris.

BAFFOE (ESSIKADU).

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want; And in God's house forever more my dwelling place shall be"
MHB 50

This is the end of an era in this life for our beloved friend Chris. But it also marks the beginning of an eternal relationship with the Almighty God under whose care Chris has lived. A precious stone has been smashed to pieces. A big vacuum has been created in our family of friends. Indeed we have lost a treasure – a loving friend who was larger than life, who treated you more like family than friend, who cared about you beyond measure, who supported you wholeheartedly through your difficult times and rejoiced with you in your good times.

Chris, the news of your demise was very difficult for myself and my family to receive. Especially since we spoke practically everyday, and there had been no inkling that you were not well during our last conversation. But our memories of joyful times with you will be our comfort in our despair.

May the good Lord receive you into his bosom till we meet again.

Chris, we will remember you always.

Chris, Damirifa Due, Damirifa Due, Damirifa Due,

Ye ma wo da yie!

ABA DICKSON

*He will wipe away all tears from their eyes. There will be no more death. No more grief or crying or pain.
The old things have disappeared. (Rev. 21:4)*

My heart has been filled with sorrow since 19th July 2020 . I sometimes feel I am dreaming but it is indeed true that you are no more with us. Uncle (or Ofa) as I called you, you made me feel welcomed the very first day you met me at Pokuasi. You would come visit for a couple of hours on weekends and sometimes stay overnight. You were always kind to me.

When you came to stay in the first week of June, you were not feeling well and I tried my possible best to take care of you and get you back on your feet. Just like we did the last time you were not well. I took you as my uncle, and I always tried to make you happy. Your memories are always reflecting in my mind day and night. How we would sit and chat mostly in my language Ewe which you spoke very well. Whenever you complained of pains, I would always try to make you feel better. When you stayed too long in your room, I would come and pull you out. I always wanted to see you happy and cracking your jokes that make us all laugh. I miss our conversations. I miss us singing Ewe hymns and chorals together. I miss our small small quarrels when you refuse to strictly take your medication because you feel you are better.

Hmm Ofa, this is not what I was expecting. Not at all. But who am I to question God? His ways are not ours. I believe your were called by your heavenly father to rest and have peace.

Uncle, may your sweet soul rest in perfect peace till we meet again.

JANET FIAMAPLE

I am having difficulty putting my thoughts together to write this tribute. It is not because I have nothing to say about Chris but it's just the sadness I feel that I was not able to see him one more time. The little I can say is that from the very first day I met Chris through my younger brother in my dad's house in Sekondi around 1980, we all became friends and that friendship lasted until I left for Legon in 1982. I then had to relocate to Accra but the ties we had carried on every time I came home on vacation. I eventually left Ghana in 1986 for the UK which led to our losing contact for several years until our good friend Nana Nketsia aka Kalato gave me his contact details 2 years ago.

I did not hesitate at all in making contact with Chris when I arrived in Ghana. I visited him in his house at Amasaman and we spent a wonderful afternoon catching up on all the years we had not seen each other and what's been happening in our respective lives. Since then, we have kept touch and it was as if the years of not having contact never happened. It was a huge shock of hear of his sudden death.

One thing remarkable about Chris was his generosity, his humour and his compassion for all his friends. He will be greatly missed and will forever be in our thoughts for the rest of our lives.

May Chris rest in perfect peace.

FELIX AGYEMANG

To my "Twin Brother" Buzuru (Billy Goat) .

Chris and I met in Sekondi in early 1980. In fact we lived opposite each other at the Ridge Bungalows. Being about the same age, we became close friends. When our parents were transferred, we lost touch until we met again in Accra.

Chris, I recall so vividly meeting you on Friday 17th July 2020 on your stretch at Kuku Hill with your 'gallies'. I shouted saying '*As for you when you see girls then you import some azaa walkings*'. We both laughed cheerfully as was usual with us. You jumped into my car and we drove down the road to Papaye. We spent time together talking about numerous things including the recent demise of your wife. Little did I know you would leave us just a couple of days later. Indeed, I never dreamt you would leave this early. Honestly, Chris, 'Buzuru', 'Atokui', (names that were given us when we were growing beards in the late 1980s. Buzuru, oh Atokui, 'the like of Billy goat', if you have been called by the Lord, who are we to question that?

Chris, my entire family, your second household, with pain bid you '**Xede nyie**'.

Rest in Perfect Peace, my brother!!.

PETER AHLIJAH

TRIBUTE TO CHRISTOPHER ADOTEYE BY THE 1980/81 YEAR-GROUP OF THE PRESBYTERIAN SECONDARY SCHOOL, OSU (SENDOPHOBIANS)



Fate brought us; our dear departed Chris inclusive; from the north, south, east and west to converge at Presec, Osu on 4th October 1976. Chris started together with others at form 1A. Whilst most of us were puny and small, Chris was thick and tall even at that tender age. He had that kind of awe-inspiring appearance which seemed a little intimidating. But lurking behind that hard-core appearance was a rather soft-natured disposition. He had an infectious smile, which likened to the sun bursting out from behind a cloud, exposing a perfect row of front-gapped teeth!

Chris was seen most of the time as the quiet type who seemed to be in his own world. Perhaps what made him come alive was the Russian Centre at Kuku Hill, near his home where with a few close friends he patronized the library, watched films and collected souvenirs relating to the Russian revolution. He earned himself the nickname "*Russian Tanker*" a play on words, for both his size as well as his inordinate love for the Russian Centre and all its attractions. After our five-year stint we all dispersed into the wide world, each seeking to carve a niche for him or herself through higher education, work, travel etc.

Many years later, the laudable idea of a year-group reunion brought us back together thanks to the magic of social media. It was at the funeral of another classmate John Coleman that Chris disclosed that he was having some health challenges. Little did we know he would leave us this soon, for we have all been overjoyed to be seeing one another after so many years, and to have him as a member of the year-group.

Indeed we have lost a brother and a good friend but as the saying goes, "those we love never die" for we will always have them in our memories and in our hearts.

We the Sendophobians say "adieu" to brother Chris. May his soul find perfect peace with His Maker and may

We All Find Comfort In The Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

NIECES CONT.

“The death of a loved one, is something no one can ever imagine until it happens to you. It feels like you are on a roller coaster, with all the emotions coming to play: shock, disbelief, profound sadness, pain, anguish, fear, doubt, insecurity, helplessness and emptiness all the emotions you can imagine”

MRS. MATILDA AMISSAH-ARTHUR, “STRENGTH IN THE STORM”

Indeed, I have been buffeted by all these emotions in the past few weeks since we lost my dear uncle. Unco Saaaa, you pulled a fast one on me. You said I was your rock, but you have left me shaken. Did you know you would leave us that fateful Sunday when you rushed me out of the house? Your last words to me was to 'keep safe'. It seems so unreal. I keep expecting you to walk into the kitchen when you hear me filling the kettle for our early morning tea. And so often I turn around as I stand at the sink, expecting to see you seated at the table. But It's all been wishful thinking.

I thank God for the fun time we have had together, especially that 19th July morning. You joined me early in the kitchen as has become our practice with your greeting 'How na body?' "Body dey cloth'. We chatted and laughed and sang some hymns. We reminisced about morning devotion at Kuku Hill with Grandpa at the organ and Grandma leading the session. Paa Kwesi joined us later and our breakfast dragged as the two of you chatted some more about music, mentioning your favourite old time stars / songs, finding them on YouTube, playing them and singing along. When I eventually left the house, you were listening to country music and smiling. I never dreamt I would come back just a couple of hours later to find that your eyes will not smile anymore, your lips shut forever, never to speak or crack jokes again.

So many thoughts have run through my mind over the past few weeks. So many questions to which I have received no answers. I console myself with the many memories of the times we have shared over the past years and these give me some joy.

Do you remember when what were supposed to be quick trips to the Sekondi Market with you to get something for Sister would always extend to another quick trip to Essikado to see your friends? You would always then have to buy beans from Aunty Martha and use that as the excuse for us having kept long.

Do you remember that you were the one who gave me my first cinema experience (at the Russian Cultural Centre then at Osu Kuku Hill)? Later in Sekondi, you would take me to watch especially James Bond movies.

We shared a common love for movies, books and country music. You were never able to hook me on to the Classical. I always got a ready supply of crime fiction books from you. Unco Saaa, the Frederick Forsyth novel you were reading is still on the bedside locker. I haven't had the heart to put it away.

Do you remember I got to go with you on your fun events at the Takoradi Sports Club beach with your friends - I recollect the Arbuaahs, Commodors, Agyeman, and of course the Ahlijahs - because that was the only condition on which dad would willingly release his car for an extended period? I had such fun though I was much younger than all of you. Indeed I felt great!

Do you remember our Sunday return trips to visit Grandma and Grandpa in Accra? Do you remember how you would make me pretend to wipe the windscreen and then drop the duster on the speedometer so mom would not see how fast you were driving? And you would keep reassuring her you were doing only 60kmph while in actual fact you would be way above that?

Do you remember that you would signal me not to worry as dad cancelled out items off my shopping list for school? After a couple of times, I did not worry anymore when he did that because I knew my "*Wofa pa ye*" would top up - to even more than was on my original list.

And more recently, do you remember all our conversations of fun times and sad times? With me urging you to relax and stop stressing? And you assuring me that all is well? Unco what happened?

I remember so clearly that at Fathers' Day dinner, when I had finished praying thanking God for the fathers in our family, you prayed asking for grace, protection and blessings for the children in our family. And you mentioned especially your dear children. Oww, that my cousins knew the magnitude of your love for them, to the extent that you had no care about yourself, just fretting and worrying ceaselessly about their well being. Homowo would never be the same without you. You appointed yourself the one to always declare the soup well done, tasty and ready to be served. Even in years when mom was not around, you organised us to ensure we duly marked the celebration.

It hurts that you moved on at a time that you were dealing with a lot of hurtful issues, but even in those times, as was typical of you, you continued to place the needs of others above yours. I trust you are in a better place now.

Death leaves a heartache no one can heal, but LOVE leaves a memory no one can steal.

I miss you Unco, but God has you and it is well.

I love you.

ADEI

The uncle I love remains with me.

For love itself lives on and cherished memories never fade because a loved one is gone.

Unco Saaa, it's still so difficult to accept that you are actually gone. You were so full of life. Our gentle giant. I keep expecting a call from you, or for you to walk through the gates or drop one of your humourous voice messages. I keep hoping I will wake up and it would have been one very long bad dream. But alas, that is not to be and here we are, saying our goodbyes. You left without a word. Sharlie says you were in good form that Sunday morning so what happened Unco Samoa? Indeed the most painful goodbyes are the ones that are never said or explained. When you said 'Stay Safe' that morning as Sharlie left home; was that your way of saying 'goodbye'? Aww Unco Saa, my heart literally shatters at the thought of never seeing you again! When Sister rushed out to inform me as I returned home that afternoon, that she had just been told you had passed out, I was so sure you would be fine as I calmed her down. Death? Oh no! It didn't even cross my mind. Your absence hurts everyday. Losing you feels like the sun going down on me. I miss you so.

I often sit and think about you. Of all the years that have passed by and of the love, happiness, joy and laughter you brought into our lives, and before I know it, the tears start all over again. Homowo and sundays will never be the same without you.

Growing up in Sekondi, I actually thought you were so much older. Being only girls we were so proud of you and felt protected by your 'macho' presence. It's only now that we've become adults that I realised that you were so young then. You must laugh at this!

One thing I'm certain of and comforted by is the fact that you knew we loved you dearly as you did us. You often said to me that you were thankful to God for the family He chose to place you in. We're also thankful to God for blessing us with your life. Those we love can never be more than a thought away. For as long as there is memory, Christo, you will live on in my heart. Rest well...sleep peacefully in the bosom of the Almighty God. Wo ojogbann Wofa Samoa.

I love you and always will.

KK (NMAA JEMIMA, YOUR DEAREST 'MUM' AND NIECE)



My uncle was a man who had smiles to brighten my days.
My uncle was a man who always made me feel good with his warm words of praise.
And what's more, he knew what to do to make me feel special. He was my beloved uncle.
My uncle was someone who always had good stories to tell,
but just as importantly he knew how to be a good listener as well.
And he knew just what to say to reassure and to restore faith.
He was patient and kind and the very best friend one could ever hope to find, no matter the circumstances.

In fact, to me, my uncle was no ordinary man.
And I'm proud that Christopher Daniel Kpakpo Adoteye, 'Unco Saaa' nwas my uncle. And devastated to
have lost him so early.

Christo, I think of all our yesterdays - the good ones and the bad: I think of all the love we shared and all the fun we had; and I wish you could have stayed for just a little while longer. So I could have seen you one more time at least.
and also so our children, your grandchildren could grow up to know and enjoy you as we have.

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
May the rains fall soft upon fields
And until we meet again, may God hold you in the palm of his hand.
Rest in perfect peace Unco Saaa. Sleep well in heaven with the angels.

I love you
BKAI



Of all the many blessings I have had in my life, having you as my uncle was one of the best. I try to hold back the tears as I remember anew the precious and wonderful times we spent together. You were my uncle, and at the same time my big brother and friend. Tall and strong and gentle, loving, full of fun.

My heart stopped when they said you had gone that fateful 19th July. The room spun but the world didn't. My blood ran cold, I froze. How could this be? I refused to accept the news as the adrenaline kicked in, and I stayed on the phone with the medical personnel by your side having them confirm over and over again that the list of everything possible to save you had been done. Getting them to try over and over again to resuscitate you.

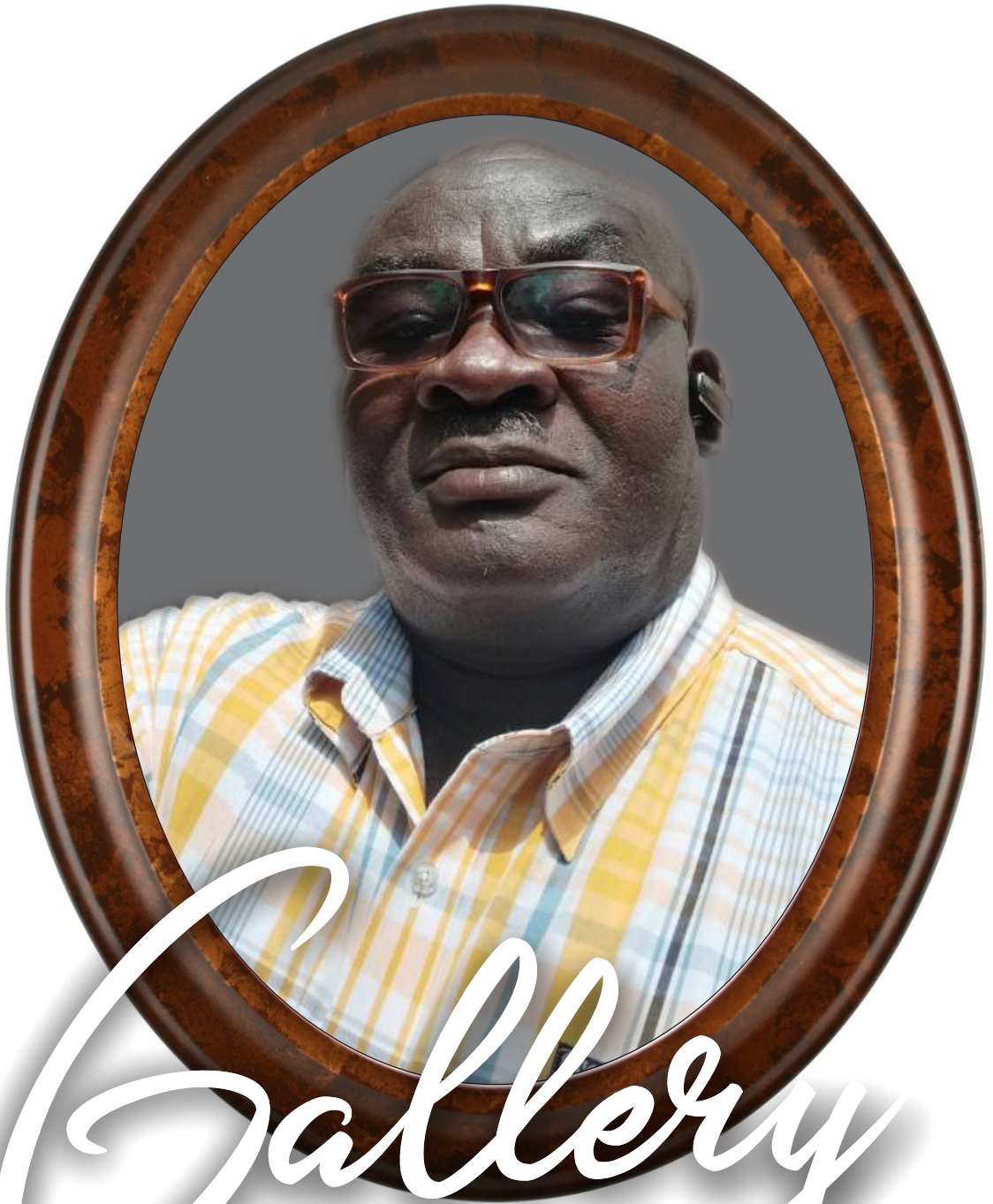
You weren't meant to go. Not now. Not without a proper goodbye.

Gone is that smile you have that makes everyone feel special. That twinkle in your eye. I will no longer hear my Unco Saamo'a's cheery laugh. Only an echo in past memories. My siblings and I will always be grateful for your role in our lives. You were a blessing to us.

Rest in perfect peace Unco Saaa.
You are loved beyond words and missed beyond measure.

I love you.
TSOO



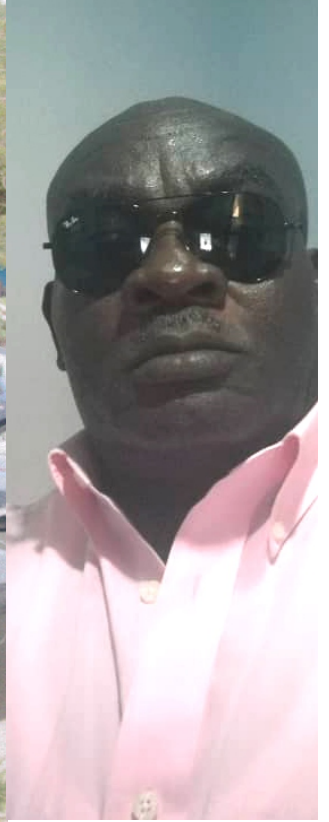
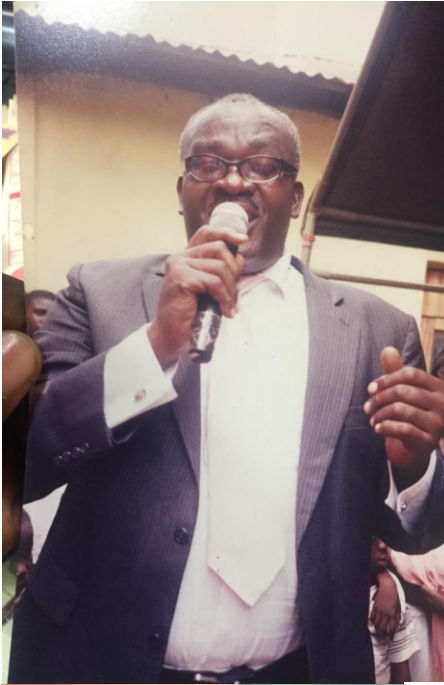


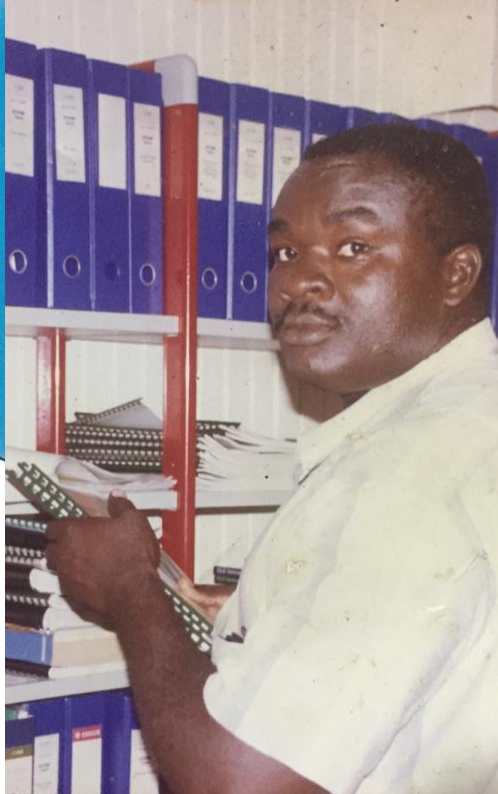
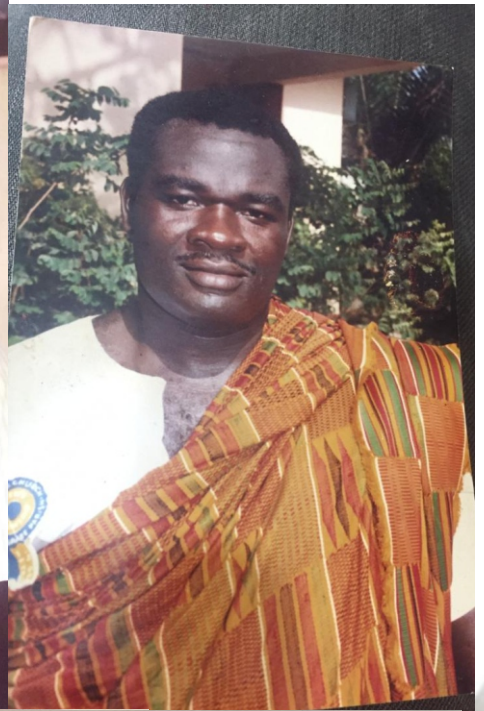
Gallery













Hymns

HYMN 1-MHB 371

*And can it be that I should gain
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be?
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
Amazing love! How can it be?
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?*

*Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.*

*No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness Divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.*

HYMN 2-MHB 517

*Simply trusting every day
Trusting through a stormy way
Even when my faith is small
Trusting Jesus, that is all
Trusting as the moments fly
Trusting as the days go by
Trusting Him whate'er befall
Trusting Jesus, that is all*

*Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine
While He leads I cannot fall
Trusting Jesus, that is all
Trusting as the moments fly
Trusting as the days go by
Trusting Him whate'er befall
Trusting Jesus, that is all*

*Singing if my way is clear
Praying if the path be drear
If in danger for Him call
Trusting Jesus, that is all
Trusting as the moments fly
Trusting as the days go by
Trusting Him whate'er befall
Trusting Jesus, that is all*

HYMN 3-MHB 511

*Be gone unbelief, My Saviour is near,
And for my relief, Will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, And he will perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.*

*Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'Tis his to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken, Shall surely prevail.*

*His love in time pastforbids me to think
He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink
While each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.*

*Since all that I meet, Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 'Twill cease before long,
And then, oh how pleasant, the conqueror's song!*

HYMN 7-MHB 517

*God be with you till we meet again;
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep in love enfold you;
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.*

*God be with you till we meet again!
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!*

*God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again!*

HYMN 4-PH 270

1.

Kristo asafo bibioo,
kaahā otsui m'fa
tuutu ko,
kε nyelɔ mlifu
aahu.

Kεji eehe o emi po
kε ohe aaakpokpo
aahu;
na tsui shi etsεj
tuutu.

2.

Omii ashε! Osane
lε
Nyɔŋmɔ nɔj; lε
kεkε okwε;
shi ebaatɔ owele.
Lε lε ele bɔ ni
eeefee
etee eɔGideon lε
shi,
kεhere oyiwala.

3.

Gbii abɔ kε ni
Nyɔŋmɔ yɔɔ
ni ewiemɔ lε fi shi
nεε;
naa, abonsam kε je
lε
hiε aaagbo:
Nyɔŋmɔ kε wɔ yε,
ni wɔkε wɔɔNyɔŋmɔ
lε yε;
hewɔ lε wɔɔye
kunim!

1.

Ye little flock of
Jesus Christ,
Let not your hearts
be troubled much,
When Satan's wrath
on you descend.
By threats to destroy
flesh and soul.
When in distress and
frightened much,
The Lord's help, not
far away.

2.

Be joyful in what God
allows,
Your confidence in
God, repose,
For vengeance is His
only.
He'll act according to
His will
A Gideon He will
raise for you,
To save your life from
evil.

3.

So long as God shall
always be,
And His sure Word
abideth still,
Satan and his world
evil.
Are shamed for God
is with us still,
And we shall be with
God always,
We shall victorious,
be now.

HYMN 5-PH 792

1.

Ha maya :,
ni miŋYesu lē
mana!
Kēji na mana lē
lēlēŋ,
bō ni manya ehe
mahā!
Enyam sēi lē he
mahi!

2.

La ni ŋō :,
bo ji la ni gbeo
duŋ!
Te be ni mana
oŋōmō,
nō ni ji ohie kē
suōmō
kē heyelōi lē hu
fēē!

3.

Eyē fēo :,
bō ni bōfoi jie eyi!
Ha mi fiji, ha mi
fiji!
Mafliki yē jō kē
gōji
anō kēya Zion gōŋ:

4.

Oo te tēŋŋ :/
kēji mayabote maŋ
Salem kē shika
blohui lē!
Nuntsō, minyēŋ fēē
masusu
nō tsuijuro ni yō
jēi!

5.

Eden trom :/
oyibii kē ŋōmō
fēē!
owalatsei ashishi
lē
wōtamō mēi ni laa
lamōi!
ŋō wō, Nuntsō, oto
jēi!

1.

I must go, I must go,
I must go to be with
Jesus.
When I see my
Savior Jesus,
I shall praise Him
and adore Him,
I shall stay close to
His Throne.

2.

Glorious Light,
glorious Light,
Light that overcomes
the darkness.
When shall I
experience this
Light,
Glorious Light that
shines from Jesus,
All the Saints, shall
see Your Love.

5.

Eden's garden, Eden's garden,
Tree of life bears fruit in Heaven.
This tree yields twelve kinds of fruits there,
with its precious leaves for healing,
Keep us Lord with you in Heav'n

3.

Glorious Jesus,
glorious Jesus,
See the angels all
adore Him.
Give me wings that I
might fly there,
Fly to see this
splendid beauty
Zion City, such great
beauty.

4.

Can I bear, can I
bear,
Can I bear the sight
in Heaven?
When I see the
golden bright
streets,
Salem's splendor
and its beauty,
All I see is Christ's
own love.

HYMN 6-PH 777

1.

Kristo, læ ji
miwala,
ni gbele sæenaməŋ;
læ nəŋŋ mike mihe
ha,
hejələ mikedom.

2.

Kæ nyaməŋ mije
biə,
mibaya Kristo ŋə;
minyemi ŋə miyaa
næ
ni daa mahi eŋə.

3.

Enæ miye amane,
fimə kæ jramə nə;
esəŋmətso læ sane
ha mike Nyəŋmə
bə.

4.

Kæ mihewalə
gbəŋə,
ni mumə læ he
jram',
minyəŋ mawie
wiemə;
Oo Nuntsə, wiemə
â€˜ham'!

5.

Kæ tsui kæ jwəŋmə
laaje
mihie, tamə la
ni mu ko bæ hewə
læ,
odonti hu etā.?

6.

No læ, miŋNuntsə
Yesu,
ha ni mawə adæ;
osuəmə kæ omusu
mlitsə afata he.

7.

Matamə waitso
nine
makpətə ohe waa,
ni ŋwəi hejələ mli
læ
mana ohie daa!

1.

For me to live is
Jesus,
To die is gain in Him.
To Him my life
belongs now,
In peace, I shall
depart.

2.

In joy I leave you all
here,
With Jesus I shall be.
I shall be with my
dear Friend,
Forever be with Him.

3.

For this, I've suffered
much here,
Great pain and
shame endured.
The Cross of Jesus
only,
Gives hope with God
on High.

7.

Make me to be a
branch Lord,
Branch in You, Lord the Vine.
And in the peace of Heaven,
Your face I shall see then

4.

When I am weak and
weary,
The soul is so
distressed.
When I am dumb
and speechless,
Christ Jesus, speak
for me.

5.

If mind and heart
shall perish,
And nothing here
remains.
If remedy fades
away,
And there's no hope
for me.

6.

I'll sleep in you Lord
Jesus,
Grant me to sleep in
peace.
Be with me in your
love, Lord,
Compassion for me,
have.



OFFERTORY SONG
I'LL FLY AWAY
BY ALAN JACKSON

*Some glad morning; when this life is over
I'll fly away
To a home on God's celestial shore
I'll fly away*

*Refrain:
I'll fly away, oh, glory; I'll fly away
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by, I'll fly away*

*Just a few more weary days and then
I'll fly away
To a land where joy shall never end
I'll fly away*



A Letter from Heaven

*When tomorrow starts without me
And am not here to see
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
Filled with tears for me*

*I wish so much you would not cry
The way you did today
While thinking of the many things
We did not get to say*

*I know how much you love me
As much as I love you
And each time you think of me
I know you will miss me too*

*When tomorrow starts without me
Don't think we are far apart
For every time you think of me
Am right there in your heart*

I'LL Be There

*There was no time to say goodbye
But this I ask – please do not cry
Remember me as you think best
The happy times – forget the rest.*

*Look for me and I'll be there
And you will find me everywhere
In the gentle touch of breeze
That cools the skin or swirls the leaves.*

*In the scent and colour of flowers
That gave me such happy hours
On sunny days under sunny skies of blue
Just think of me, I'll be with you.*



With Sincere Gratitude

We thank God for the blessing of having had Chris as part of our family and lives.

The families of **CHRISTOPHER DANIEL KPAKPO ADOTEYE** extend their heartfelt thanks for the expressions of sympathy, words of encouragement, and the various acts of love and support shown to us during this time of loss.

There aren't enough words to express how truly grateful we are.

GOD BLESS YOU.

NO WAYE BI