



IN LOVING MEMORY OF
— STEVEN KOJO —
ABAKA AYIKU

SUNRISE 1971 SUNSET 2021



HIS JOURNEY'S JUST BEGUN

Don't think of him as gone away
his journey's just begun,
life holds so many facets
this earth is only one.
Just think of him as resting
from the sorrows and the tears
in a place of warmth and comfort
where there are no days and years.
Think how he must be wishing
that we could know today
how nothing but our sadness
can really pass away.
And think of him as living
in the hearts of those he touched...
for nothing loved is ever lost
and he was loved so much.

Ellen Brenneman





PRE-BURIAL, BURIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rev. Charles R.A Tandoh

SOLOIST

Ms. Evelyn Nukpeta

LITURGIST

Mr. Emmanuel Mensah

ORGANIST

Mr. Abraham Adjetye

WORSHIP

Madam Vivian Adomako

ORDER OF SERVICE

PART ONE: PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. Opening Statement & Prayer
2. Hymn
3. Filing Past (with Organist playing)
4. Hymn & Final File Past by Family
5. Closing of Casket

PART TWO: BURIAL SERVICE

1. Purpose of Gathering
2. Hymn
3. Biography
4. Tributes
5. Scripture Reading
6. Hymn
7. Sermon
8. Offering
9. Blessing of Offering
10. Thanksgiving & Commendation
11. Announcements
12. Benediction
13. Recessional Hymn

PART THREE: GRAVESIDE

1. Hymn
2. Prayer & Committal
3. Laying of Wreaths
4. Hymn
5. Benediction

Biography

STEVEN KOJO ABAKA AYIKU



Kojo Abaka Ayiku was born on 3rd May 1970 in Kumasi. He was the first born of Mr. Nathaniel Ayiku and Mrs. Susana Fosua Ayiku (deceased).

He started his primary education at the Ann's Preparatory School in Accra and he later enrolled at Ridge Church School where he took the Common Entrance Examination in Class 7. Kojo Abaka was admitted into Accra High School for his Secondary education. Kojo Abaka was christened Steven Kojo Abaka after he accepted Christ as his Lord and personal Savior.

Steven wrote the GCE Ordinary Level Examination in 1988 and gained admission to Mpraeso Secondary School for his Sixth-form education. Steven was a man of multiple talents. Before his teenage years, he exhibited a high level of proficiency in electronics, often dismantling and reassembling electronic gadgets at home. At a tender age of 8, he built a boat from wood and fitted it with an electrical motor to enable movement on water.



After writing the GCE Advanced Level Examination, he undertook a Certificate Program in Mining Electrical at the School of Mines in Tarkwa and thereafter worked as a Pump Mechanic at Universal Engineering for a few years.

Steven loved music. He was a gifted guitarist who taught himself to play the guitar in his late teens. He saved every penny he got to buy himself an acoustic guitar which he carried everywhere he went. He taught his siblings and several others how to play the guitar and would often strum the strings of his guitar until his fingertips became numb. He was also a composer and he worked hard to try and find a producer for his own compositions.

Steven had been in and out of hospital for the better part of the year. He was however back at home having recovered fully. Early in the morning on Sunday 18th July 2021, Steven complained that he was not feeling too well and was rushed to the hospital for medical attention where he passed on into glory.

Steven Kojo Abaka Ayiku, Rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord!



Tributes

Tribute

BY

SIBLINGS

A Sun beam
 A Sun beam
 Jesus wants me for a sun beam
 A Sun beam
 A Sun beam
 I will be a sun beam for him



FAMILY LIFE

“Grannie nana number 1 ono ne Dada”

“Auntie Irene ba ono ne Dada”

...These were some of the loving words that greeted you when you were born. The entire family was so blessed to receive Sisi Bea’s first grandchild. It took too long for us to come to terms with the weight you carried on your shoulder and what a blessing you have been to us. Your cousins, uncles and aunties all took turns to babysit you. This was the love you were surrounded with at birth.

Settling down to write this tribute was so painful. Gathering our thoughts to put to words the void and emptiness has taken several days. All we can recollect are the songs we sung together at home growing together, at church in children’s meeting and in our individual homes as adults. Your rich baritone voice reverberates in our minds. Shine on us from heaven, big brother Steven.

Some of our first memories we have of you were of your helpfulness in all things big and small. You helped Nana Addo to ride a bicycle. You picked Kuukua up from school when she was at Merton Nursery School and also Ridge Church School. You held Ben’s hand as he took his first steps and picked him up from school when he started school.

You had a far better sense of humor than all of us, playing pranks on us until we felt like crying. Then you will ask with a smirk, “so are you going to cry?”. We can’t forget how you teased Gyasiwa and called her mama kitiwaa and how you enjoyed her legendry pancakes. We cannot forget how you insisted your brothers in law should pay more dowry because your sisters were excellent cooks and you would miss out on all their sumptuous meals.



You were such a good story teller. We can't remember all the tales but the laughter it brought and the tears we cried from laughing still linger on. The pranks we played with your school bag when you delayed to come to the car after school hours linger on. Steven loved football and would leave his bag just about anywhere to go and play football. You were such a gentle person; you never quarreled with any of us, you never raised your hand on us, you hardly raised your voice at us.

We played all the games children played together; pilolooo, chaskele, gutter-to-gutter, table-tennis, high jump, gyemu pe, stay, you name it. The front lawn of our home was the playfield for the boys in our area. You were a good striker, often scoring the goals for the team you joined. This was all before you took to the guitar and mastered the strings in three short months. It took just one long vacation to master the basics. We all tried to keep up with your passion for music but we fell short. When we got tired, you just played on and looked for some friends and neighbors to teach. We didn't have much but we had such a good time growing up with you. The memories linger on, the tears flow as we recollect them.

CHURCH LIFE

Steven! You went outside the camp and bore Christ's reproach. You were the first baby nurtured in the Church in Accra; a non-denominational assembly of Christians in a specific locality who Call upon the name of the Lord, read the Scriptures and fellowship together. All the saints showered their love on you. You were the first amongst us to accept Christ and you

went on to be baptized. You infected us with your passion for Christ. You sang in church meetings. You played your guitar in church meetings. You gave testimonies in church meetings. You were such a marvel to behold and all of us in turn followed your example. Thank you Brother Steven for leading us to remember Our Creator in the days of our youth. A lot of difficult experiences through the years made you question the pure Christian love you expected when you needed it most and so the time you spent in fellowship with other believers became less and less.

In spite of your foibles, we know you loved the Lord and never once openly spoke ill of Him. You prayed with us till the very end and even asked Dad to pray with you on your last journey to the hospital on 18th July 2021.

RELATIONSHIPS

You were such a charming lad. You were more charming than all of us. You will often break into a ready smile and win the heart of all you came into contact with. The entire neighborhood and most of our friends testify that you make friends so easily. You had a favorite position in Mum's heart. None of us could begrudge you for that. Understandably, you tugged her heart in ways none of us could. It was easy to tell your favorite sibling was Benjamin. You played many games together and got on so well with Ben. The bond between the first and the last was so unshakeable. Your ability to bond was so evident in some of the calls you got from your cousins and aunties that the rest of us did not get. You were the charming one.

TRAVAILS

While preparing for your GCE O Level you suddenly took ill and since then you have battled illness for over three decades. During these years you were hospitalized more than 10 times. Each trip to the hospital lasted at least 4 weeks. In spite of this painful thorn in your flesh you never complained, or murmured or even wore a frown. You greeted everyone with your sunny white smile and soldiered on through the dark episodes of your life. We salute you Big Brother, for your resilience and your courage. God predestined you as the first to carry a very heavy cross and you did so triumphantly to the very end. In all the years we have been together, you never expressed sorrow except for the fact that you had to leave North Kaneshie but even on that occasion you bounced back to your light-hearted self after a few days.

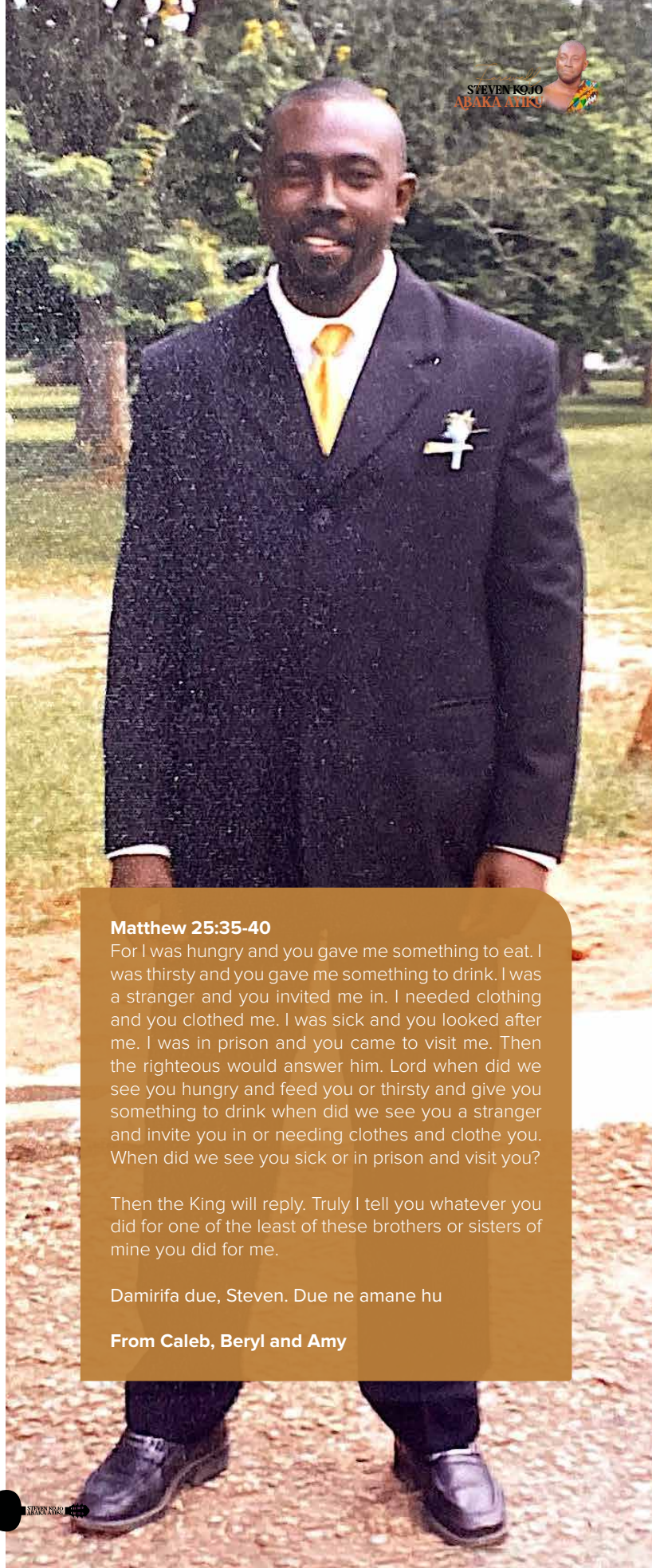
We know you would take a few drinks to ease your pain and discomfort. We know you were sometimes disheartened that things did not always go according to your plan, like when you tried to get a producer for your album. When we chastised your behavior you would remind us that you have never gotten yourself into a drunken stupor. We know about some of your struggles. Jesus also knows.

LEGACY

Brother Steven, you were passionate and gifted in electronics and in music. In both areas, you basically taught yourself the things you knew. Your creativity was simply amazing. This year, you wrote down a few things you want us to do. We will take up the challenge. With God's help we will set up a Centre in your memory to touch the lives of young people who need support to build skills. On this side of eternity we understand that we cannot understand everything. We cannot understand your departure from the land of the living. We cannot understand all the things you had to endure. All we understand are the things you taught us and the lasting impact you have made on our lives. You have taught us how to smile through our pain. You have taught us to soldier on even when crowds are thin. You have taught us how to carry heavy burdens. You have taught us not to shed too many tears. You have taught us to always sing joyfully.

We all wish you had not left us so soon. We discussed going back to work in your last days. We talked about getting a degree. We contemplated finding a place for you to hone your talent in electronics and sale of electrical equipment but the Lord had other plans. We love you Steven but your Savior loves you more. Enter into His rest our dear brother. Rest from all the pain and sorrow.

Rest in Abraham's bosom where you would not have to labor anymore.



Matthew 25:35-40

For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat. I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink. I was a stranger and you invited me in. I needed clothing and you clothed me. I was sick and you looked after me. I was in prison and you came to visit me. Then the righteous will answer him. Lord when did we see you hungry and feed you or thirsty and give you something to drink when did we see you a stranger and invite you in or needing clothes and clothe you. When did we see you sick or in prison and visit you?

Then the King will reply. Truly I tell you whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers or sisters of mine you did for me.

Damirifa due, Steven. Due ne amane hu

From Caleb, Beryl and Amy

Tribute

BY
COUSINS

Stevoo!
Few got to see you come alive
amidst strangers.

The passion with which you argued and played, the sincerity in your laughter, the charm in your smile and all the colorful shades of you. Fewer still understood the weight of your burden. It's over now.

We'll miss you and the music you made with your life.

Thrive in eternity brother.

From Jason, Daniel, Brent & Albert.



Tribute

BY
IN-LAWS

**“There is therefore now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus,
who do not walk according to the flesh, but according to the Spirit”
Romans 8:1**

Our first impression of Steven, when we met him, was his love and passion for music, playing the guitar, singing and composing. We came to know him over the years and appreciated his love for anything music, but especially reggae music. Steven always related to us in an open and friendly manner, and we would often catch a glimpse of his sense of humor particularly as he interacted with his nephews and nieces. It was very evident just how much he loved to be in their company! There were a few times when our children were left in his care and it was clear to us that they enjoyed his company and they enjoyed his guitar lessons too!

Steven also had his reflective side. On the odd occasion, our conversations would range on several current issues and topical subjects. His views and outlook always made for interesting discussions, coupled with his great sense of humor. But above all, we admired Steven for his tenacity and positive outlook, in the face of his ill health. He soldiered on bravely through it all, despite the setbacks. He kept his composure for as long as we knew him.

We are saddened by your sudden departure Steven but we know there is no condemnation for you Steven, because you are in Christ Jesus. May you be received in the bosom of our Maker and enjoy a peaceful rest till we meet again.

Nana Benneh, Kweku Amponsah and Nana Pokuaa wish you farewell. May the angels welcome you into the heavenly Jerusalem!

Steven! Steven! Damirifa Due.....Oww Steven, due nna Amanzi hun



Tribute

BY

NEPHEWS & NIECES

**“Lord, make me to know my end, and the measure of my days what it is: that I may know how frail I am”
Psalm 39:4**

Uncle Steven, you were such a cool man. We remember you in song and in music. You effortlessly understood the rhythm of a song and could identify the chords of its composition. You seem to have been born with music inside you. You taught us the rudiments when we were learning to play our musical instruments whether the guitar, the table-top piano or the harmonica. We did not have the luxury of learning music as a subject in school so you were our music teacher. You understood musical keys and talked about them in ways that baffled us.

Differentiating a D minor from a D major was too easy for you. Your fingertips were shielded with calluses because they could glide across the board of a guitar – it was second nature to you. You told us you could play any instrument with just a few lessons and you mesmerized us with your baritone voice that could fill any room no matter its size. You seem to have been born with music inside you.

Who is going to teach us, Uncle Steven? Who will hold our hands and help us place them properly on the strings of our instruments? Who will help us master the harmonica or the flute or the piano? Who will have the patience to guide us perfect the songs we play? We will miss the time we spent together singing and playing our instruments. We wish we had spent more time together. We will miss your radiant smile. We will miss our guitar lessons. We will miss your melodic laughter. We will miss your opinionated mind.

May you rest in peace Uncle Steven and may the tune of your song remain in our hearts until Jesus comes.

From Afua, Keeba, Malaika, Otiwa, Effah, Nana Gyasiwa, Fosu and Afia.

Hymns



MHB 427

1. Through all the changing scenes of life,
in trouble and in joy,
the praises of my God shall still
my heart and tongue employ.

2. O magnify the Lord with me,
with me exalt his name;
when in distress, to him I called
he to my rescue came.

3. The hosts of God encamp around
the dwellings of the just;
his saving help he gives to all
who in his mercy trust.

4. O taste his goodness, prove his love;
experience will decide
how blessed they are, and only they,
who in his truth confide.

5. Fear him, you saints, and you will then
have nothing else to fear;
his service shall be your delight,
your needs shall be his care.

6. To Father, Son and Spirit, praise!
To God whom we adore
be worship, glory, power and love,
both now and evermore!

MHB 498

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All could never sin erase,
Thou must save, and save by grace.

3. Nothing in my hands I bring
Simply to thy cross I cling
Naked, come to thee for dress
Helpless, look to thee for grace
Foul, I to the fountain fly
Wash me, Savior, or I die

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee

MHB 34

1. Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the
Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we
praise.

2. Unresting, unhasting, and silent as
light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in
might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring
above
Thy clouds which are fountains of
goodness and love.

3. To all life Thou givest, to both great
and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on
the tree,
And wither and perish, but nought
changeth Thee.

4. Great Father of Glory, pure Father of
Light
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling
their sight;
All laud we would render, O help us to
see:
'Tis only the splendor of light hideth
Thee.

5. Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the
Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we
praise.

MHB 634

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of
life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of
strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the
cables strain,
Will your anchor drift or firm remain?

Chorus

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Stedfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot
move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's
love.

2. It is safely moored, 'twill the storm
withstand,
For 'tis well secured by the Savior's
hand;
And the cables passed from His heart
to mine,
Can defy the blast, through strength
divine.

3. It will firmly hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers have told the reef
is near;
Though the tempest rave and the wild
winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark
o'erflow

4. It will surely hold in the floods of
death,
When the waters cold chill our latest
breath;
On the rising tide it can never fail,
While our hopes abide within the veil.



MHB 840

1. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2. Within the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure.
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guide while life shall last
And our eternal home.

MHB 377

1. When peace like a river attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well with my soul
It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come
Let this blest assurance control
That Christ (yes, He has) has regarded my helpless estate
And has shed His own blood for my soul

3. My sin, oh the bliss of this glorious thought (a thought)
My sin, not in part, but the whole (every bit, every bit, all of it)
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more (yes!)
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4. And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend
Even so, it is well with my soul!

MHB 98

1. Captain of Israel's host and guide
Of all who seek the land above
Beneath thy shadow we abide
The clouds of thy protecting love.
Our strength, thy grace
Our rule, thy word
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2. By thy unerring Spirit led
We shall not in the desert stray
We shall not full direction need
Nor miss our providential way.
As far from danger as fear
While love Almighty love is near.

MHB 914

1. 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.

Chorus

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.

2. 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.

3. God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you.
God be with you till we meet again.

MHB 784

1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

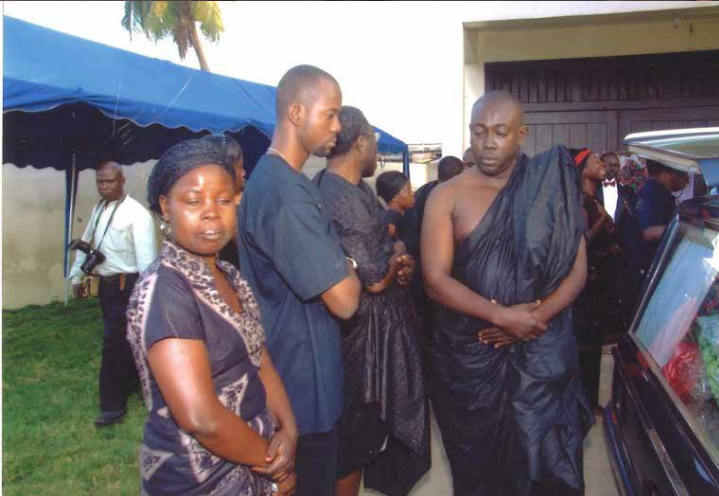
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see—
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3. I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.







The entire family of the late **Steven Kojo Abaka Ayiku** expresses sincere gratitude to all sympathizers and friends for your prayers and support. May the Lord Almighty bless you abundantly!