

BURIAL SERVICE FOR THE LATE

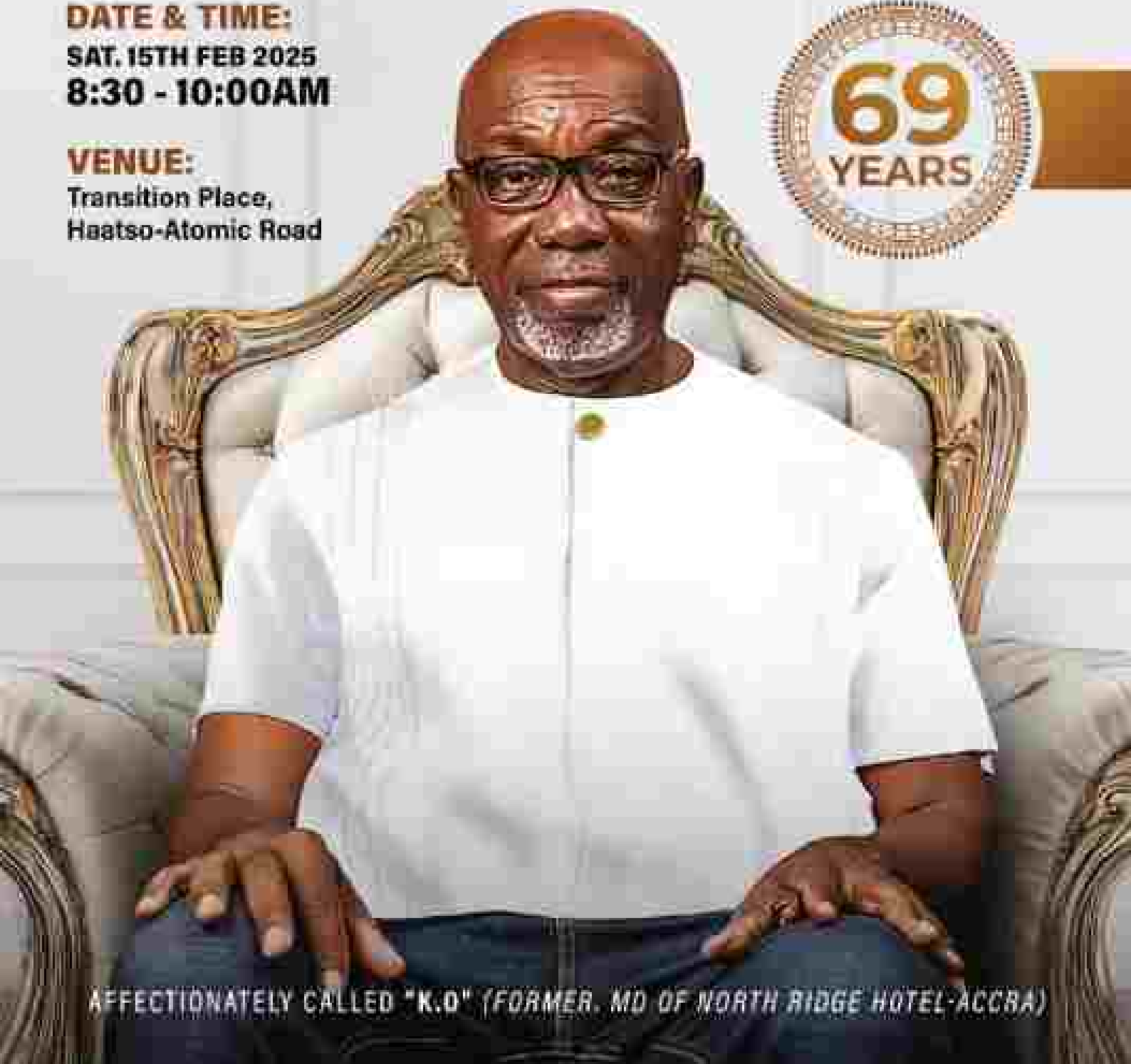
GEORGE
KWAKU OBIRI

DATE & TIME:

**SAT. 15TH FEB 2025
8:30 - 10:00AM**

VENUE:

**Transition Place,
Haatso-Atomic Road**



AFFECTIONATELY CALLED "K.O" (FORMER. MD OF NORTH RIDGE HOTEL-ACCRA)

ORDER OF SERVICE

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

- ▶ Prophet George Dokosi
- ▶ Rev. Lady Mrs. Comfort Dokosi
- ▶ Pastor Benedictus Nuworbor
- ▶ Pastor Daniel Coffie
- ▶ Pastor Sylvester Nti
- ▶ Pastor Nicholas Boakye

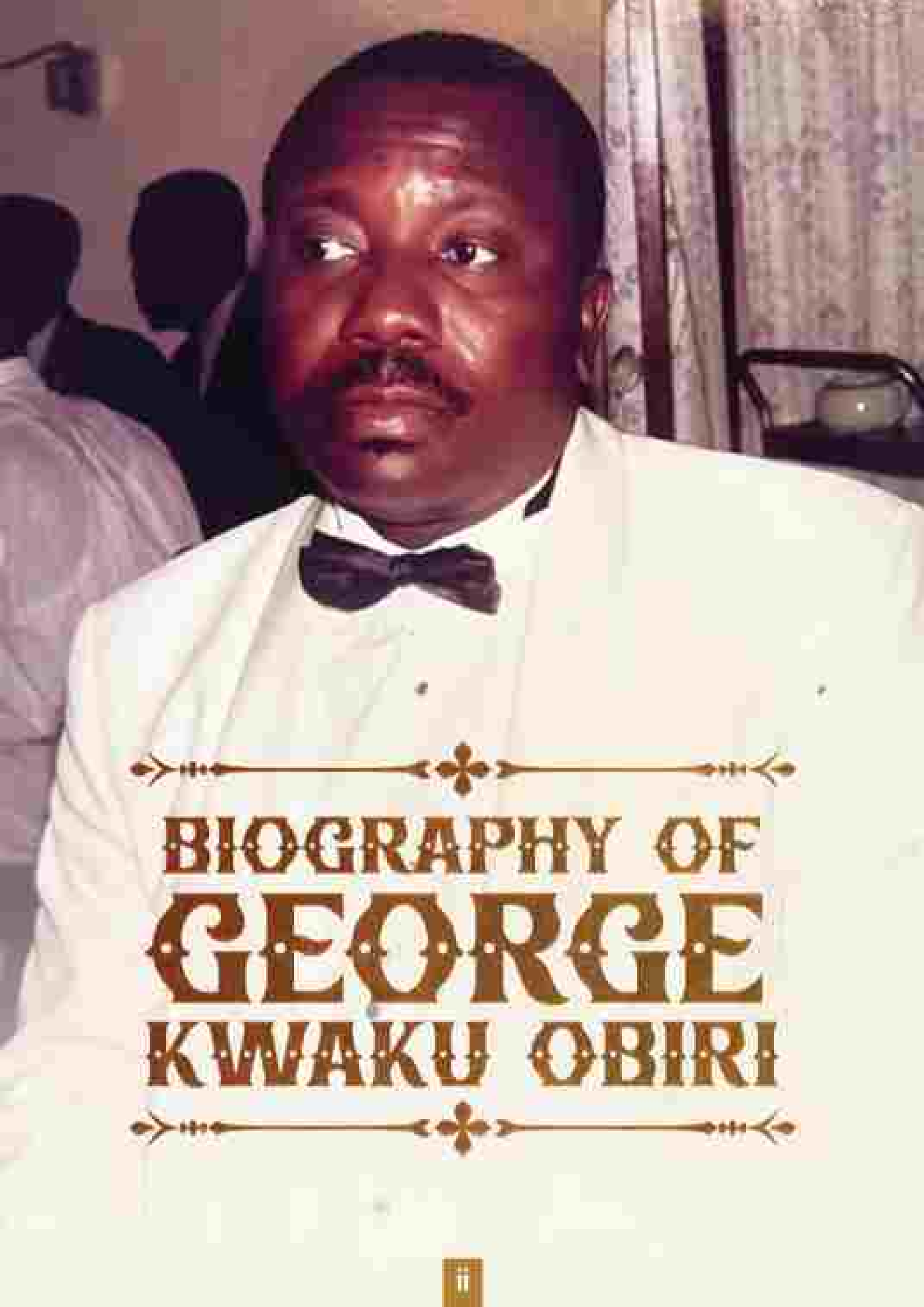
Part One: Burial and Thanksgiving Service

1. Welcome
 2. Opening Prayer: Pastor Nicholas Boakye
 3. Praises and worship: Goshen Choir
 4. Hymn
 5. File past and (Biography & Tributes)
 6. Hymn MH-608
 7. Sermon-
 8. Songs of Praise & Offering: Goshen Choir
 9. Notices & Announcement: Family Member
 10. Closing Prayer:
 11. Closing Hymn: When Peace Like a River
- Moderator:

Part Two: Interment/ Grave -Side

Officiating-

1. Invocation
2. Hymn
3. Committal & Prayers
4. Laying of wreath
5. Benediction
6. Closing Hymn MH- 914



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**BIOGRAPHY OF
GEORGE
KWAKU OBIRI**

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EARLY LIFE

Mr. George Kwaku Obiri, affectionately known as K.G., was born on February 16, 1955, at the Princess Marie Louis Children's Hospital in Accra. He was the first child of Alexander Ahima Attuah of Anum Nanyo and Madam Agnes Ama Frimpomaa of the Ayoko Clan of Atibie, both of blessed memory.

George spent his early childhood in Atibie under the care of his grandmother, Madam Grace Akosua Akyeamta, also of blessed memory. At the age of eight, his granduncle, Samson Asomani Mensah, an astute businessman, brought him to Accra to provide greater opportunities and guidance.



EDUCATION

K.G. began his education at Radiant Way School, a boarding school in Accra, in 1963. He continued his studies with a focus on primary and middle school education.

After passing the Common Entrance Examination, he gained admission to Aggrey Memorial AME Zion School. There, he developed a passion for mathematics and art, excelling in both subjects.

Subsequently, George attended Tema Secondary School for his Sixth Form education. He earned Advanced Level Certificates and served as the school's cartoonist. Although he gained admission to Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology (KNUST) to study architecture, he was unable to attend due to his granduncle's request for him to support the family business in Accra.

WORKING LIFE

Mr. George Kwaku Obiri honed his business acumen under the mentorship of his granduncle, the late S.A. Mensah, a renowned and astute businessman in Accra. S.A. Mensah operated a diverse portfolio of businesses, including importation and sales of hair dye, ammunition, and car spare parts. Working closely with his grand-uncle, George gained invaluable hands-on experience in managing operations and learned the principles of commerce and customer relations.

After several years in trading, the family pivoted into the hospitality industry in the early 1980s. Together, they transformed their residence at North Ridge into a hotel, which became known as the North Ridge Hotel. George played a crucial role in establishing and managing the hotel, ensuring its smooth operations and growth.

Following his granduncle's passing in 1990, Mr. George was named the sole successor and took on the mantle of the Managing Director of the hotel. As MD, he implemented strategic improvements, including expanding the hotel's facilities to feature a swimming pool. Under his leadership, the North Ridge Hotel grew into a prime hospitality destination in Accra during the 1990s. George balanced productivity with a supportive leadership style.



Known fondly by his employees and associates as "MD," George was celebrated for his approachable and down-to-earth leadership style. He believed in balancing happiness with productivity, fostering a positive and efficient work environment.

True to his Kwahu entrepreneurial spirit, Mr. George also diversified into other ventures. He owned and managed a hardware and paint shop in Adabraka and partnered with a friend in an agribusiness venture that focused on the sale of grains.

Despite its initial success, the North Ridge Hotel faced increasing competition from foreign hotel chains in the 2000s, which eventually led to its closure and sale in 2008.



FAMILY

In 1987, George Obiri met and married his wife, Patience Maame Frimpong, whom he remained married to for 37 years until his demise.

Mr. Obiri was blessed with five (5) children, namely, Alexander Ahima, Georgia Akyeama, Michael Twerefour, Kezia Frimpong, and Andrew Attuah.

George was deeply committed to the growth and development of his children. He played an active role in their education and ensured he was present for all major milestones in their lives, offering unwavering

support and guidance. Known as "Daddy K.O." by his children, George struck a balance between discipline and friendship. He was a firm yet loving father who upheld strong values, never shying away from using discipline when necessary but always remaining approachable and kindhearted.

A man full of joy and vitality, Mr. Obiri embraced technology in his later years, becoming quite tech-savvy. He actively engaged with social media, using it as a tool to connect with his family, share wisdom, and spread positivity. This openness and adaptability made him not only a father but also a cherished friend to his children. He gave each of them unique nicknames that reflected their personalities, deepening their bond.

George also had a great affection for animals, particularly dogs, which he referred to as his "little friends." He ensured his home was always enriched by the presence of these loyal companions, adding warmth and joy to the family environment.

A devoted family man, George extended his care and fatherly influence beyond his immediate family. He was a pillar of support to his extended relatives, taking an active role in family events and fostering unity. His presence brought peace and strength to his family, and he was often the one who bridged gaps and resolved conflicts, ensuring harmony for all.

George Kwaku Obiri's legacy as a loving husband, dedicated father, and father figure to many continues to resonate deeply with those whose lives he touched.

SPIRITUAL LIFE

Born into a Christian home, Mr. Obiri's faith journey began under the influence of his Apostolic grandmother. Later, while living with his granduncle, he was baptized in the Anglican Church.

As an adult, George became a dedicated member of the International Bible Worship Centre (IBWC), now known as Royal House Chapel International. He actively participated in church activities and played

a key role in its formative years.

After relocating to Kisseaman, George and his family joined Goshen Ministries in Tesano. Although his health limited physical attendance in his final years, he faithfully attended online services and encouraged his family to prioritize their relationship with God.

PASSION AND HEALTH

George Kwaku Obiri was a man who prioritized health and well-being throughout his life. In his young adulthood, he spent weekends and leisure time at the tennis club in Accra, combining physical activity with social engagement. Swimming was another favorite pastime, which he incorporated into his regular fitness routine.

In his later years, George remained committed to staying active. His mornings often began with walks around his home or neighborhood, maintaining his connection to the outdoors and promoting physical wellness. To complement his routine, he acquired dumbbells, which he used regularly to keep fit until his passing.

A passionate football enthusiast, George was an ardent supporter of Accra Great Olympics and Chelsea Football Club. Weekends were often spent watching matches, filled with excitement, laughter, and quality time with family and friends in front of the television.

FINAL DAYS

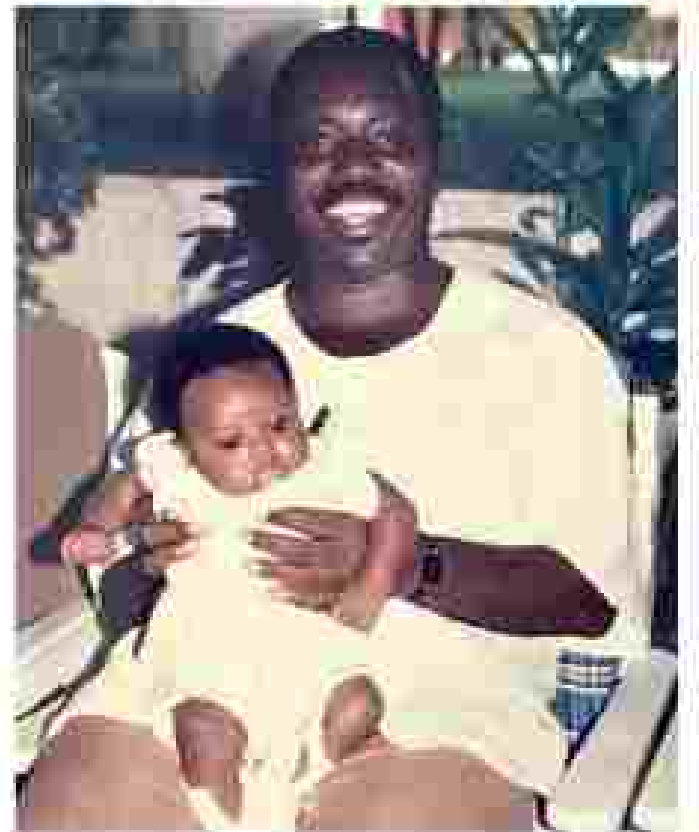
George Kwaku Obiri was a man full of joy, gratitude, and wisdom. As an astute businessman and historian at heart, he often shared captivating stories about Ghana's rich history and the evolution of commerce in Accra.

In his later years, George cultivated a love for reading, immersing himself in novels and biographies of influential figures from around the world. He also embraced technology with enthusiasm, becoming adept at using social media platforms like WhatsApp, Instagram and Facebook. These tools allowed him to connect with loved ones,

share daily nuggets of inspiration, and spread joy. His mornings and evenings were often accompanied by gospel music, which reflected his enduring faith and spirituality.

In mid-August 2024, Mr. Obiri's health began to decline after he was diagnosed with malaria. Despite medical care, he passed away peacefully in the early hours of August 17, 2024. His passing was a poignant reminder of life's fragility, as death comes unannounced.

Mr. Obiri spent his final years surrounded by the love of his family, staying deeply connected to his faith, and leaving behind a legacy of love, integrity, and unwavering commitment to those he cherished.

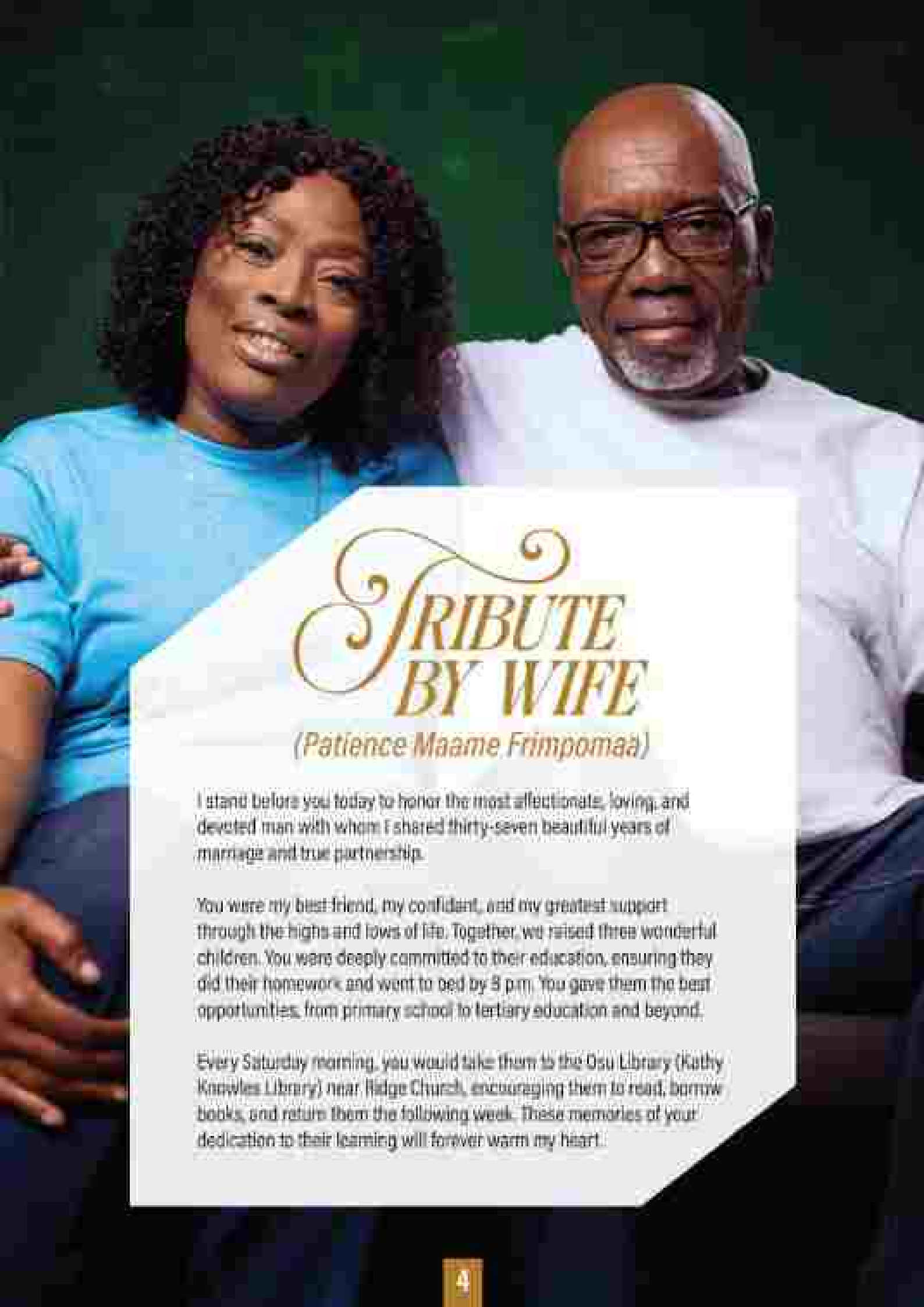


DAMIFRA DUE

DA YIE, K.O.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN,

REST IN PEACE IN THE BOSOM OF THE LORD.



TRIBUTE BY WIFE

(Patience Maame Frimpomaa)

I stand before you today to honor the most affectionate, loving, and devoted man with whom I shared thirty-seven beautiful years of marriage and true partnership.

You were my best friend, my confidant, and my greatest support through the highs and lows of life. Together, we raised three wonderful children. You were deeply committed to their education, ensuring they did their homework and went to bed by 9 p.m. You gave them the best opportunities, from primary school to tertiary education and beyond.

Every Saturday morning, you would take them to the Osu Library (Kathy Knowles Library) near Ridge Church, encouraging them to read, borrow books, and return them the following week. These memories of your dedication to their learning will forever warm my heart.

When we moved into our new home, our early Saturday morning walks became our special time. We would chat, laugh, and even compete, though I always claimed the title of “first winner.” Those moments were priceless.

You had a heart of gold, always welcoming my family members into our home with open arms.

I cannot pass the dining table without memories of you flooding my mind—your signature breakfast of oats, pawpaw, and pear, or your famous “mix mix” (Milo, coffee, and turmeric), which you drank with enthusiasm, always proclaiming its health benefits. Your hearty laugh after finding something funny online still echoes in my mind.

Your love for food was simple yet endearing. Saturday afternoons weren’t complete without your jollof, and Sundays meant your favorite meal: fufu and salmon soup. After fufu, you’d take your 30-minute walk around the house, joking that it was to help digest the food. You encouraged me to join your healthy habits, even sharing dumbbells during your weekday exercises.

In the latter years of your life, you grew even closer to God. We prayed together on Saturday evenings, sometimes attending church as a couple. You were always grateful for our monthly family prayers, often expressing how much they meant to you.



Mornings were sacred for you—hours spent praying and reading your Bible before coming downstairs for breakfast. Your favorite phrase, “Every day is a blessing,” will forever stay with me. And how can I forget how you’d ask me to sing a song that dropped in your spirit so we could sing together?

On Thursday, August 15th, you began to feel unwell. After breakfast, you took a malaria test, which came out positive, and you started treatment. On Friday evening, Michael and I prayed with you, and you sang so loudly and joyfully that we never imagined it would be your final song. Michael even promised to pick you up for the hospital the next morning.

But on that Saturday morning—the last day of your treatment—you gracefully departed this world and returned to your Maker.

I am forever grateful for the joy, love, and unwavering support you brought into my life. I will hold the treasured memories of our life together deep within my heart.

Rest well, K.O. Rest well, Grandpa George. Rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord until we meet again.

TRIBUTE FROM SON

(Alexander)

Today, I pay tribute to my father, my mentor, and my greatest supporter—our beloved Onukpa, K.O. Daddy, you were not just my father, you were my guide, my confidant, and a constant source of inspiration.

The mornings and evenings we spent chatting in front of my room are memories I hold close to my heart. Whether it was a casual exchange or one of your vivid tales of your exploits in the bustling Accra market, those moments were filled with your wisdom, humor, and deep love for life. Through those stories, you showed me the importance of hard work, resilience, and never losing sight of one's values.

You had a remarkable way of staying connected. Your morning messages were more than just words—they were reminders of your love, your care, and the fact that no matter where I was or what I faced, you were always thinking of me.

You called me Chief Alexio, and in that name, I felt your pride in me. You believed in me in ways that made me believe in myself, always pushing me to be better, do better, and dream bigger. You gave me every opportunity to succeed, and your unwavering support made all the difference.

You also had a soft spot for the dogs in the house. Watching you interact with them was a reminder of your gentle heart and the way you found joy in life's simple pleasures.

Daddy, you taught me to cherish family, to lead with kindness, and to embrace life with courage and determination. Even now, in your absence, your

lessons guide me, and your love remains a part of everything I do.

Onukpa, Big George, you were my hero, my teacher, and the father who gave me the best of himself. Thank you for the laughter, the lessons, and the legacy you've left behind. Rest well, Daddy. I promise to honor your name and carry your memory forward with pride and love.



DA YIE ONUKPA
REST WELL IN THE LORDS BOSSOM
CHIEF ALEXIO

TRIBUTE FROM DAUGHTER

(Georgia)

The last words you said to me on my last trip to Ghana was "Ageorgia see you for my 70th birthday party" Unbeknownst to me that was my last time I would physically see you. I keep going back to that day and pondering over this verse in Proverbs 19:21 which states "Many are the plans in the mind of man, but it is the purpose of the Lord will stand" which has been a comfort to me.

As a child Daddy was actively involved in all aspects of our lives education and extracurricular activities. It meant being a PTA Chairman at school, making donations towards a cause or attend after school events to oversee things. Daddy would open heartedly do it. As adults he instilled in us the idea that with hard work, persistence, and a thirst for knowledge, we could accomplish anything.

As a young adult, Daddy always stressed on the importance of confidence, especially for my sister and I, he always let us always know that if we look good, we feel good. And those words, repeated often and with such sincerity, became the foundation upon which we built our own self-belief as women.

Mr. Obiri's love for his family was unwavering; he was a constant source of strength and comfort. His legacy was one generosity not just of material things, but of his time, his wisdom, and most importantly, his heart. You were the first to lend a hand, the first to offer encouragement, and the first to forgive.

At work I am always asked if I am from Georgia and I proudly let them know my dad was named George hence my name. Daddy I will make your daily calls,

encouraging messages to always let me know I am a winner and a lioness.

*Daddy, Rest in Perfect Peace,
Sleep well, until we meet again.
Love, Ageorgia*



A smiling man with a beard and short hair, wearing a dark blue long-sleeved shirt, stands against a dark brown background. He is holding a large white sign with a decorative top edge. The sign contains the title 'TRIBUTE BY SON' in a large, elegant serif font, followed by '(Michael)' in a smaller, simpler font. Below the title are two paragraphs of text.

TRIBUTE BY SON

(Michael)

Hmm... I vividly remember the 1st of August 2024, when I heard the news of the company dissolution of Crown Agents. You were the very first person I texted because I knew how much you revered the institution and how proud you were when I landed a consultancy gig with them. On the 3rd of August, a Saturday, I came home eager to see your reaction to the news. Expecting sadness or disappointment, I was struck instead by the profound words you shared, words that continue to echo in my heart: "Every great or big thing will surely come to an end." Little did I know that just 14 days later, I would be saying goodbye to you, my dear Daddy K.O.

You were always loving and supportive throughout the time we spent together. One of your core values, which you instilled in me, was to always be honest and trust God. These words have become my guiding light and will stay with me forever.

I remember as a child how strict you were with us, yet as I grew older,

you softened and became not just a father but a friend and confidant.

You worked tirelessly to ensure we had the best opportunities, enrolling us in the best schools and pushing us to achieve greatness. I can still recall how you never missed a chance to boast to your friends about my accomplishments—sometimes to my embarrassment! But looking back, those moments are some of the sweetest, filled with your pride and love.

You were always there at the most significant moments, from being the first to take me to school when I gained admission to Senior High School and later to university, to nurturing my passion for reading. I'll never forget the summer era, when you bought a collection of novels by John Grisham and biographies of notable figures. We would read and discuss them, turning what could have been dull evenings into cherished father-son bonding moments. On my birthdays, while other children expected toys, you would get me books, always reminding me that reading was essential and that every child needed to grow into a professional.

Daddy, there's so much more I could write about you—enough to fill an entire room. But I will pause here and hold the rest of these memories close to my heart.

I'll miss your daily messages and the playful stickers you sent on WhatsApp, Instagram, and Facebook. I'll miss the unique emojis you sprinkled into your texts and the monthly reminders about my internet bundle running low. And of course, I'll miss the double nicknames you fondly gave me: Miko Miko and MikoFrog.

Daddy, K.O. Mr. Obiri, Daddy One—you always called me your "Great Miko"—I bid you farewell.

*Rest well in the bosom of
the Lord until we meet again.*

With all my love,

Your son,

Miko

TRIBUTE BY DAUGHTER

— (Kezia Frimpomaa) —

I never imagined myself writing a tribute to you this soon. Daddy, you were more than just a father to me. You were my best friend, my mentor, and my constant source of love and encouragement. Growing up, you were my world. You had an unshakable belief in the power of education, always pushing me to go further. Instead of toys, you filled my childhood with books, igniting a passion for learning that has stayed with me.

You always made sure I knew how much you loved me. You'd remind me daily that I am fearfully and wonderfully made by God, and that I am beautiful, no matter my size or color. Even though we had disagreements, you were always my biggest cheerleader. You were the first person I saw when I got home, always eager to know how my day went and how I was holding up at work.

Your last words to me were "Thank you," but it is I who should be thanking you. You raised me to be a strong, focused, and ambitious Christian woman. I see so much of you in myself – your hearty laughter, your love for good food and fine places, and your witty, funny personality. I will miss the way you tickled my sides, filling our home with joy and laughter.

You called me Okeziro, a name that will forever remind me of the bond we shared. You were the first person to welcome me into this world, and I had the honor of being by your side as you said goodbye. My heart aches knowing we had more memories to create together. I love you, Daddy, and I will forever carry your spirit with me. I know without a doubt, that we will meet again in a place where there are no more goodbyes.

"For our citizenship is in heaven, from which we also eagerly wait for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who will transform our lowly body that it may be conformed to His glorious body, according to the working by which He is able even to subdue all things to Himself."

AREN



TRIBUTE BY SON

(Andy)

I honour my father today, acknowledging the indelible mark he left on my life. Ours was not a simple relationship, but it was one filled with lessons and layers that shaped me in profound ways. Though there was a distance between us at times, I recognize his role in making me who I am today. His values, his strengths, and even his imperfections have contributed to my journey.

I am grateful for the part of him that lives on in me—etched in my character, my choices, and the memories I hold. I carry his legacy forward with respect, humility, and quiet reflection, knowing his presence remains a part of my story, always.

**REST IN THE BOSSOM
OF THE LORD
YOUR SON, ANDY**



TRIBUTE FROM GRAND-DAUGHTER

(Eloise)

Grandpa, where do I even begin? There are no words that can fully capture the depth of your kindness, the warmth of your presence, or the thoughtfulness you showed every day. As your granddaughter, I had the privilege of knowing a man who embodied love in its purest form.

I will always remember how you were always present, as a toddler till you left us asking you endless questions which you eagerly answered and through your daily calls and encouraging messages on our Obooba grandparents chat group.

Angel Eloise, as you always called me, will be a memory I will forever cherish, as you are now my own angel. Though you're no longer with us physically, your spirit remains in every corner of my heart. I am grateful every day for the gift of being your granddaughter, and I will honor you by living with the same kindness, presence, and thoughtfulness that you always showed.

I miss you every day.



*Love you Grandpa,
May your Soul
Rest in peace.*

TRIBUTE FROM SIBLINGS

A TRIBUTE TO OUR BELOVED BIG BROTHER

"Those who leave the scene of life feel not the pain of parting. The shock and sorrow are borne by those left behind."

As siblings, our hearts have been shattered by the greatest pain imaginable. A part of us departed with you that fateful Saturday morning when we received the devastating news of your sudden passing. We remain dumbfounded, grappling with the reality of your absence.

Big Brother, Wafa K.O, our in-house Abusuapanyin—as we lovingly and interchangeably called you—was the first male among a host of spirited, strong-willed, and affectionate sisters. This role, though demanding, you carried with grace, fairness, and respect. You were always the peacemaker, calming tensions and urging us to ask ourselves, "Does it really matter? Just let it go." You sought peace and tranquility in all things, both within and beyond our family circle. You were a man who deeply loved the Lord and valued education. Without fail, you shared your daily devotionals, nurturing our spirits and

encouraging us to walk in faith. You continually reminded us of the importance of instilling the fear, knowledge, and attributes of God in our children, while emphasizing education as the gateway to a brighter future.

Big Brother, your kindness, respectfulness, humor, and gratitude touched us all. You were a man of peace, a unifier, and an anchor for our family.

Though the loss of your presence, laughter, and shared moments leaves a void in our lives, we take solace in knowing you are resting in the bosom of the Lord, free from life's labour.

*You will forever remain
in our hearts.*

*Big Brother, nan te yie.
Da Yie.*

TRIBUTE BY NEPHEW & NEICES

A TRIBUTE TO OUR BELOVED UNCLE

Dear Uncle RO,

On behalf of all your nieces and nephews, we come together to celebrate your incredible life, so well-lived.

You were not just our uncle; you were our second father, our greatest supporter, and the light in our lives. You were our pillar—the one who lifted us when we were down and celebrated with us like no one else could.

Every morning, you sent us the “morning dew,” a simple yet powerful reminder that each day was a gift. Those words were more than just a message; they were your way of staying close to us, even from afar. They gave us strength, comfort, and hope.

On social media, you were our loudest cheerleader. Each time we shared a picture or achievement, you hyped us with so much love and pride. “Dnàapó!” you’d exclaim. “Adom ooh!” and “Obuoba!” were your favorite slogans, and they became the soundtrack of your endless encouragement. You made us feel seen, valued, and cherished with every message, comment, and reaction. You didn’t just love us—you showed it in every possible way.

But none of us knew that the last “morning dew” you sent would be your final message to us. Two days later, you were gone, and our world shattered. How do we say goodbye to someone who gave us so much love, joy, and inspiration? Uncle, you were the glue that held us together—the heart of our family. We miss you more than words can express. Your laughter, your wisdom, your unwavering love; these are the treasures we’ll carry with us forever.

Rest peacefully, Uncle. Though you are no longer here with us, your spirit lives on in every sunrise, in every “morning dew,” and in every memory we hold dear.

*Rest peacefully,
dear Uncle. More grace,
Adom ooh! Obuoba!*

You will always be loved and never forgotten.
With love,
Your nieces and nephews

TRIBUTE BY DR. EMMANUEL NII SACKY, (AMOSA '74)

We are gathered here today to celebrate the life of a remarkable person; our dear friend, brother, father, uncle and friend, George Obiri (affectionately called KO). While my heart is heavy with sadness, I am also filled with gratitude for the privilege of knowing and calling KO my friend and brother.

KO and I shared a friendship that spanned decades, one that began when we met in-form one at Aggrey Memorial Secondary School in Cape Coast, in 1969. Even though we were not in the same house, we shared ideas, supported each other and always remembered to take our studies seriously. After "O" Level exams, our paths diverged when he went to Tema Secondary School for his "A" Levels.

In 1994, we reunited after I returned from Europe. From that point on, we met frequently, particularly at his office at the North Ridge Hotel, which became a place of warmth and camaraderie. Many Aggrey Memorial events were also organized at North Ridge Hotel

courtesy of KO. He was not only kind, but generous and incredibly dependable. In every sense, he was a true friend and brother whose departure has left a void in our lives that can never be filled.

George Obiri, your absence will be deeply felt, but your legacy and the love you shared with all of us will forever live on in our hearts. Thank you for the gift of your friendship, your kindness and your unwavering support.

*Rest in eternal peace,
my dear friend.*

TRIBUTE FROM THE OSEI FAMILY

(U.K.)

Isaiah 57:1 "Good people pass away; the godly often die before their time. But no one seems to care or wonder why. No one seems to understand that God is protecting them from the evil to come."

When I first met you as my sister's husband, your warm and kind-hearted reception left a lasting impression. That warmth never wavered throughout all my encounters with you and those of my family.

Your genuine kindness, love, and affection grew beyond measure. You were always there for me. During my years at Nursing Training College and even after my qualification, your home became my home—a place of comfort, free from discrimination. I'll never forget how, upon your return from abroad, you brought me the most beautiful and expensive matching bag and shoes. I carried them with pride every time, grateful for your thoughtful gesture.

Before my marriage, I stayed with you and felt so special and comfortable as part of your family. Our relationship was so warm and joyful

that you even agreed to follow me to the 'corner side church' I attended. I was immensely proud when you eventually became a member, along with your family!

You had a deep love for the Lord—a Great Man of God! I will always remember how you woke me up for morning devotion, and we walked together, proudly and confidently, to pray. During my wedding, you celebrated with me in grand style, even blowing the horn of your car behind us at Market Circle. You went further to spice up my honeymoon by arranging suitable hotel accommodation for us.

Even after my marriage, you continued to support and protect me while I prepared to join my husband in Takoradi. For this and so much more, I remain forever grateful.

When I was pursuing my Midwifery course, you stood firmly by my side, especially when I faced challenges like being dismissed for becoming pregnant. You lightened my burden with humor, even jokingly naming my child after the perpetrator. How could I ever forget you, my big husband?

You amazed me once again during my time at the University of Ghana, where I pursued a Nursing degree. From my matriculation to my daily journeys between Kokomlemle and Legon, often with a newborn and a toddler, you ensured I had everything I needed to succeed. Because of your unwavering support, I proudly graduated with a first-class degree. Oh K.O., you were truly a Godsend for me and my family.

I will always cherish the memory of the day I flew to the UK. You lovingly prepared a massive club sandwich for me, drove me to the airport, and handed me over with such care—all while my husband rested for the long drive back to Kumasi.

Your continuous birthday wishes, and jovial social media comments brought joy and inspiration to my life.

You always treated my husband and children with love, dignity, and respect. We have always reciprocated that love wholeheartedly. Your dear friend, Kobby, would have cherished the chance to see you one more time before your passing.

K.O., I thank you from the depths of my heart for all you have done for the Osei family.

The angels must have rushed to carry you away. Surely, the heavens have gained another angel. I know you are resting in the bosom of our Lord, and we will meet again one day, life's labour.

*Rest well, Wofa K.O.,
a great and mighty giant.*

TRIBUTE BY GOSHEN MINISTRIES

*Romans 6:8: "Now if we died with Christ,
we believe that we shall also live with Him."*

Partings are never easy, and hearts ache as loved ones depart, often with words left unsaid. Yet, our comfort lies in the assurance that our dear Brother George Obiri has passed on in the Lord.

Mr. George Obiri became a cherished member of the Goshen family over 12 years ago. He was a devoted and faithful believer, showing unwavering commitment to the service of the faith. He was consistently present at church meetings and events. Mr. Obiri did not come to Christ alone, but together with his wife and children, all of whom continue to serve within the Goshen Ministries, Tesano Branch in various capacities.

As we grieve the loss of our beloved Brother, we lift up in prayer his wife, children, and the entire family, asking that the Lord grant them strength and unity during this challenging time. We hold onto the hope that those who pass away in Christ will be raised with Him when He returns. Therefore, our mourning is not as those who have no hope.

Brother George, the Lord has called you home in His perfect timing, for He knows what is best. While we miss you, we find comfort in knowing that you are now with the Lord, and you will never be forgotten. Though society mourns your departure, we who know the Lord rejoice in the assurance that you have died in Him. Your passing is a reminder to all of us to be prepared, for none of us knows the hour or the time of our own departure. For it is appointed for man to die once, and after that, the judgment.

We are grateful to God for allowing us to share in your life, and we pray that He keeps you in His eternal care until we are reunited again.

***Farewell, Mr. George Obiri.
George, Da yie! Da yie!
Da yie! Nyamemfawonsie.***

TRIBUTE FROM AMOSA 1974

AGGREY MEMORIAL OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION,
1974 YEAR GROUP

George Obiri was more than a classmate! For all the years, as very young students at our beloved Alma Mater, (1969 - 1974), the great Aggrey Memorial Zion Secondary School, and also as adults in our separate lives as professionals in diverse fields, we had individually and collectively grown to regard each other, not only as classmates but also as a closely-knit group of lifetime friends and comrades!

K.O., as he was fondly called, or Obiri, or "Billy Bunter," was the biggest and the most affable youngster. He was probably generous to a fault, one of the most talented artists of our group, and an overall, excellent student in every subject!

One of Obiri's classic paintings is currently owned by a group member to this day; titled "The bicycle Repairer"

His generosity was legendary! For decades, he actively supported numerous functions organized by any year group at the North Ridge Hotel at very affordable rates!

The anecdotes of this 'gentle giant' of ours are too numerous to recount, but a few would suffice in this tribute.

He favored Ghanaian cuisines, and his

descriptions of some particular dishes were so vivid as to stir ones' palate just by his creatively woven words about any chosen dish. Most of his postings on our WhatsApp platform were invariably characterized by sumptuous images of one Ghanaian dish or the other! We loved it!

The 1974 group prided itself as the most impactful of all year groups past and present! All the members of the then popular school band - The Vox International musical band, emerged solely from the '74-year group, with George as one of the most ardent supporters! He was our Big-Boned-Billy Bunter in whose presence one was inclined to somehow feel 'safe', either from bullying or any 'other dangers' of that era!

We shall miss him greatly and will do everything we can to keep George's memory in our hearts forever, until we all meet again in the heavenly places to part no more! Rest in peace, big bro!

Damerifa due!
1974 Year Group.

TRIBUTE FROM JKOR GEORGE KWAKU OBIRI

AMOSA 74

Revelation 14:13 "Then I heard a voice from heaven write Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from now on Yes says the spirit, they will rest from their labor for their deeds will follow them.

It is with heavy heart and great pain that we pay this tribute to the memory of our departed school mate.

Jkor George Kwaku Obiri was a key member of AMOSA and in the 1990s he was not only regular at meetings but a gracious host to our great association.

Jkor George Obiri opened the doors of his North Ridge Hotel to AMOSA where we held our annual get-togethers, Caucus meetings amongst many other activities.

A humble giant who got along with both the young and old. With a calm disposition he was an inspiration to many and worthy of emulation about the art of sacrifice and commitment to a cause one believed in.

Even at a good ripe age Sr Obiri as some of us called him would not leave the social media space for the gen z's and was one of the active members always promoting AMOSA activities.

on Facebook with his popular tag line "Great AMOSA King/Queen."

Jkor George Kwaku Obiri, you have left an indelible mark on our lives. AMOSA appreciates your dedication, sacrifice & support and pray the good Lord grant you eternal rest.

We have lost a great Amosa King (in your own words) but we are encouraged because our loss is Heaven's gain.

You played your part to your alma mater and the great AMOSA and with a somber heart we say Thank you God for giving us a brother, a school mate and a great supporter of our great Zion school.

AMOSA misses you but we comfort ourselves that you are in a better place, an eternal one which cannot be corrupted by sickness nor pain.

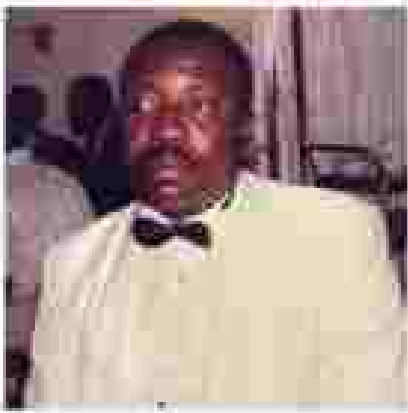
*Jkor George Kwaku Obiri,
damiri la due, Nyame mfa wo
kra nsie, till we meet again.*



PHOTO GALLERY









HYMNS

MH- 608

Captain of Israel's host and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy Word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

By thine 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 from fear,
While Love, almighty Love, is near.

MH- 314

1. God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsel's guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold 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.
2. God be with you till we me again

'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divided 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.

3. God be with you till we meet again
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfeeling round 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.

4. God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before 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.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The family of


**GEORGE
KWAKU OBIRI**


wishes to thank you for your love and support
during this sorrowful time in our lives.

We offer our sincere gratitude for all acts of
kindness rendered during the passing of **K.O.**

May God continue to bless each of you.