



PROGRAMME

BURIAL & FUNERAL SERVICE FOR THE LATE

William Kobina Afedu

BARTELS-TANDO

AT THE TRANSITION FUNERAL HOME, HAATSO - ACCRA

Thursday, 17th December, 2020

FIFTY-FOUR YEARS OF GOD'S GOODNESS

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OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rev. Dr Louis Adam - Minister in-charge (Harvest Chapel Int.)

Rev. Samuel Sakyi Hyde

Pastor Mark Owusu

In Attendance: Living Praise Choir, Tema

ORDER OF SERVICE

- Congregation pays last respect
- Officiating ministers enter, file past the corpse to take their seats
- Coffin is closed
- Hymn
- Prayer
- Scripture Reading I
- Scripture Reading II
- Hymn
- Biography
- Tributes
- Song Ministration
- Sermon
- Altar Call/Prayer
- Offertory Hymn
- Closing Hymn
- Benediction



PART II - THE GRAVE SIDE

- Procession to the Cemetery
- Coffin is placed wood at the mouth of the Cemetery
- Minister takes his place at head of the grave
- Opening Prayer
- Opening Hymn (Selected Hymn 16)
- Lowering of Coffin
- Scripture reading



FIFTY-FOUR YEARS OF GOD'S GOODNESS

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BIOGRAPHY

*“And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them”
(Rev. 14:13)*

Henry William Kobina Afedu Bartels Tandoh affectionately call Paa Willie was born to George S.K. Tandoh (Nana Kwakuma Tutu 1st) of Elmina Abosanyi and Madam Grace Araba Etruba Ellis of Saltpond (both deceased) in the year 1966 of July 12. He was the third of five children.

Young Paa Willie was nurtured under the watchful eyes of grand aunties, uncles, cousins and siblings as was the practice at the time in his formative years. He started his primary education at Snaps Preparatory School at Asylum Down and proceeded to St. Augustine College in Cape Coast to begin his secondary education. He finally completed his secondary education at St. Thomas Aquinas Secondary School in Cantonments Accra.

Desirous of furthering his education, Paa Willie embarked on many courses that eventually led him to South Africa,



where he gained professional technical training in construction. He had the opportunity of working with some major mining companies in South Africa.

Paa Willie returned to Ghana and decided to establish his own private construction company, CLIENTCARE, specializing in industrial water and dump proofing treatment/designing of



rain gutters. This gained him a good number of clients and contracts.

Paa Willie had so much passion for everything 'ARTS & CRAFTS', be it fashion, décor, photography, painting, knitting and all aspects of designing. He expressed this in a variety of all the businesses he found himself operating. This was conspicuously seen in the way he dressed at every occasion. He designed his own shirts and would wear it with so much pride to the admiration of all who came into contact with him. He really loved beautiful stuff, we cannot talk about Paa Willie without making mention of his good scented perfumes which will stay in your home for days after he visits.

Paa Willie was a gracious and humorous gentleman who saw the positive in every situation, good or bad, and had the welfare of the family at heart. He

was quick to volunteer his services to back any family-oriented activity as well as for friends, and we could always count on his support. He was known to many by different names, at home he was Paa Willie, out there he was Mr. Willie, Mr. Bartels and many others. He was a great dancer who loved to “cut the rug” whenever good music was played. It was his remarkable dancing prowess that earned him the name “SAATWI”. A name which infuriated our late mum, Maa Grace, to such an extent that she will scream at anyone who called him by that name, instead of Paa Willie. He was such a loving person and fun to be with.

Paa Willie was a born he again Christian who believed so much in the Almighty God and was very prayerful, a legacy we all received from our late mum. Brought up by parents with Methodist



inclination, he joined the Winners Church and got baptized.

In the year 2009, Willie was joined together in Holy Matrimony with Mary Akosua Yirenkyi. They lived together in Adenta and were blessed with two beautiful children, Etruba and Paa Kojo.

In the 2017, Paa Willie started showing signs of infirmity, and was in and out of the hospital. He survived so many emergency attacks. Little did we expect that Willie would depart from our midst, when he complained of mild uneasiness on the night of Friday November 20, 2020. We lost him on the way to the hospital.

He is survived by his dear committed wife, Mrs. Mary Akosua Bartels (Nee Mary Yirenkyi), two beautiful children, Maame Ekua Etruba and Paa Kojo.

To the Glory of God whose ways are

perfect and does no wrong, we are thankful for the life of his son Henry William Kobina Afedu Bartels Tandoh whom He gave to us for 54 years. As a son, a brother, a husband, a father, an uncle, a neighbor, a friend and an acquaintance, we will always miss him greatly but our loss is Heaven's gain.

It is our prayer that, in God's infinite mercies, He will receive Willie's soul into His bosom and will grant him a peaceful rest until the resurrection of the dead in Christ. AMEN.



Tribute

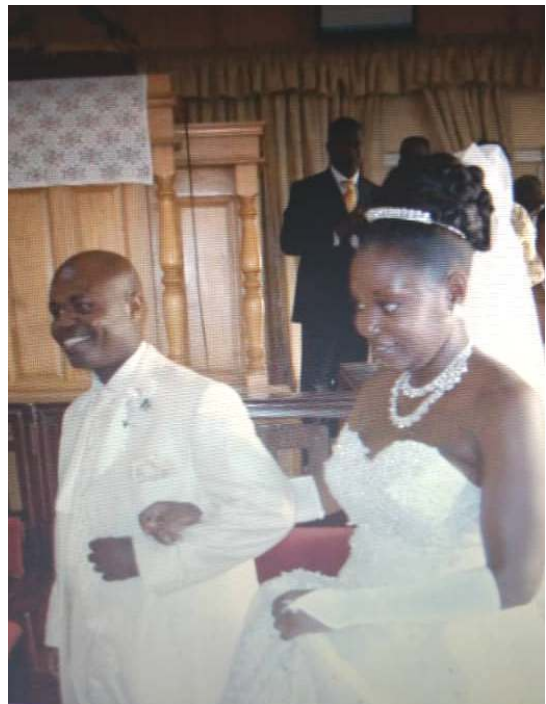
BY THE WIFE

*When we walk with Lord, in the light of His word,
What a glory He sheds on our way,
While we do His good will, He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.
Trust and obey, for there's no other way,
To be happy in Jesus but to trust and obey.*

I remember the first time we met and what you said to me that “I look like someone you know from Dansoman”, and I smiled. Little did I know that you will become my husband in four months' time.

William, for the eleven years of our togetherness, you proved that you really love me. Although we had our rough times and misunderstandings, you were quick enough to make us settle our differences irrespective of who is the cause. I am glad that our union thought us to better our characters from bad to good and I am grateful.

In the latter part of our union, life had been difficult for us. Your ailments with its sudden attacks and days of treatment at home and at the hospitals, yet we survived by the grace of God. Besides your ailments, you did not



relent to offer yourself for God's work, which you desired so much and evangelized, amidst your acts of charity, even when you did not have.

William “my Joseph”, who will interpret my dreams for me and direct my

“When the day of toil is done
When the race of life is run,
Father grant your wearied one
Rest for ever more”

actions in response to them. I won't ask God why He has taken you away from us because He knows better. But I cannot hide the fact that I miss you my love and will always miss you. Etruba and Kojo are already missing your teaching tact and directions for a good moral attitude. Thank you so much for instilling Christian virtues in them. We will forever miss you.

I did not know that your dream, three days before the fateful day, that God said you should recite the apostle's creed and angels will come and take you away was serious until I felt your lifeless body on my lap when we got to the hospital.

You have fought the fight and run the race my dear. I believe you will be

pleasing to Him whom you loved and served, and who loved you more. It's our fervent prayer that He rewards your effort with the crown of glory in Christ Jesus.

**When the day of toil is done,
When the race of `life is run,
Father grant your wearied one
Rest for ever more.**

Thank you for loving me so dearly my love. Forever you shall remain in my heart and in our lives. I will strive to live the legacy you desire for the children by the grace of God. Till we meet again in the eternal glory of God, where there will be neither pain nor sorrow, may the deep mercy of God embrace you and grant you peace in his presence.

Kobina! Big Willy, Rest in the Lord. Amen.



And now, the end is near
And so I face the final curtain
My friends, I'll say it clear
I'll state my case of which I'm certain
I've lived a life that's full
I traveled each and every highway
But more, much more than this
I did it my way
Regrets, I've had a few
But then again, too few to mention
I did what I had to do
And saw it through without exemption
I planned each chartered course
Each careful step along the byway
But more, much more than this
I did it my way
Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew
When I bit off more than I could chew
But through it all, when there was doubt
I ate it up and spit it out
I faced it all and I stood tall
And did it my way
I've loved, laughed and cried
I've had my fill, my share of losing
And now, as tears subside
I find it all so amusing
To think I did all that
And may I say, not in a shy way
Oh no, no, not me
I did it my way
For what is a man, what has he got
If not himself then he has not
To say all the things he truly feels
And not the words of one who kneels
The record shows, I took the blows
But I did it my way

(Frank Sinatra)

Tribute

BY THE CHILDREN

Daddy was a kind, caring, giving and loving father. He always helped me and my brother with our homework and bought us many things.

He always advised me and Kojo to be respectful to the elderly and the young.

At times when he didn't have money, he would promise to give us what we wanted later. He took care of our family very well and always made us laugh

He was so kind, he loved to dash out his clothes and shoes to people, he taught us a lot of bible stories and went to church with us. He made us recite PSALM 91 every morning.

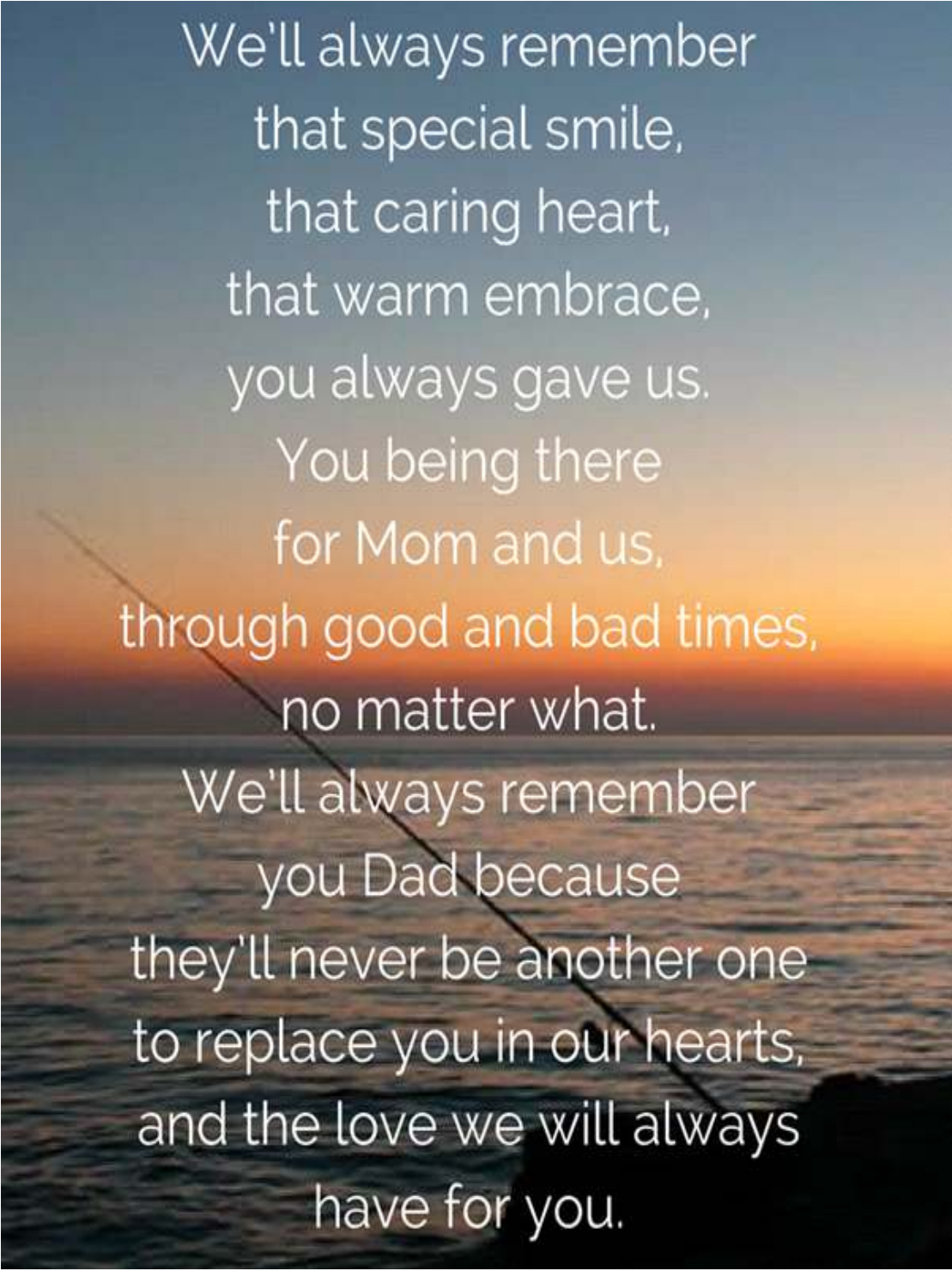
He taught me to read and learn all the time, he made me write 10 new words and their meanings every time.

He was someone's brother, nephew, cousin, in-law, but most importantly he was my FATHER.

REST IN PEACE DADDY

ETRUBA AND PAA KOJO



A sunset over the ocean with a silhouette of a person in the foreground. The sky transitions from a deep blue at the top to a bright orange and yellow near the horizon. The water is dark with some whitecaps. A thin, dark silhouette of a person is visible in the lower right foreground, looking out at the sea.

We'll always remember
that special smile,
that caring heart,
that warm embrace,
you always gave us.
You being there
for Mom and us,
through good and bad times,
no matter what.
We'll always remember
you Dad because
they'll never be another one
to replace you in our hearts,
and the love we will always
have for you.

Tribute

BY SISTER EMMA

PAA Willie, as I affectionately called him, was my younger brother, but in all aspect of life he was like a senior brother to me. Paa Willie as was known was a person you have to take time to know, understand and to enjoy. And I believe our dear Mom of blessed memory, even though was the mom, did not understand him, until her last days on earth, she personally thanked him for who he was being her son.

I lived with him for a while and was blessed since by him. I called him Uncle Willie because he was full of wisdom, respect and ideas. He was gentle in all aspects but firm in his beliefs. He knew his Creator and loved everything about God and service, he was a very generous and selfless human being. I called him uncle because I found solace in him as found in uncles, he always encouraged and with his words, he would tell me "Sister everything will be alright, God will make a way". He stood with me in prayers to intercede for all our siblings, we came together most often than not in fasting and prayers for

our families. He was a very genuine person who cared about everyone. He loved each of his siblings, nephews and nieces in very special ways, not to talk of our family at large. Never in any of our conversations, would he complain or say anything negative about anyone. He always looked ahead in life.

He was very simple, easy to approach, but full of genuine Love. He loved life itself. He was a good human being. And I now understand the adage that says "A good person does not live long". Uncle, yes you were every good thing that is needed in every human being. And my family and I will greatly miss you. I also believe your presence will forever be with us.

May the Good Lord who you have always trusted and loved, grant you a peaceful rest on his side until that day. We will forever love you and I will miss your beautiful smile.

Tribute

BY THE SIBLINGS

You gave no one a last farewell, nor ever said goodbye, you were gone before we knew it, and only God knows why. A million times we will miss you, A million times we will cry. If love alone could have saved you, you never would have died. In life we love you dearly, in death we love you still. In our hearts you hold a place no one else can fill. It broke our hearts to lose you, but you didn't go alone, for part of us went with you the day God took you home. We will meet again someday. Our family chain is broken and nothing seems the same, we know you are in a better place. We thank God He made you our brother while you were here on earth.

It is said that no one can forecast the hour of our death. When we think about that statement, we often imagine that hour to be in a distant future. Today, we mourn our brother Willie, the "UNIFIER" who filled our lives with such joy. He had special and different relationships with each of us and we all love him dearly, of course it wasn't devoid of petty quarrels.

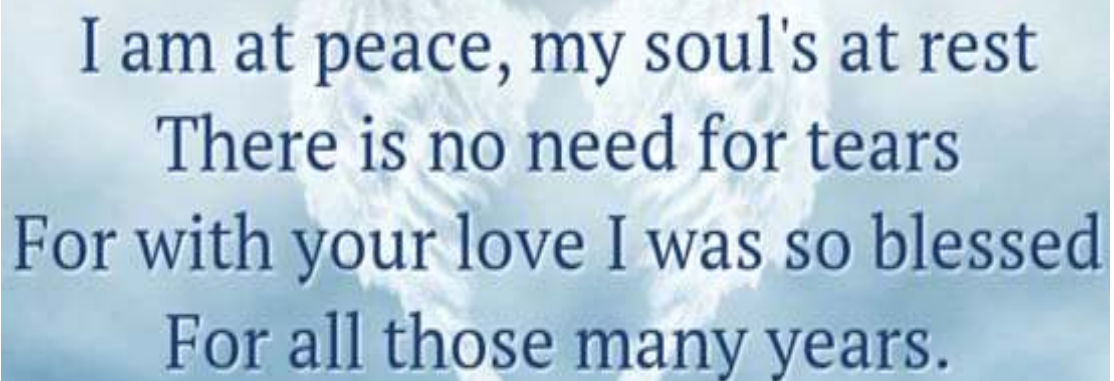
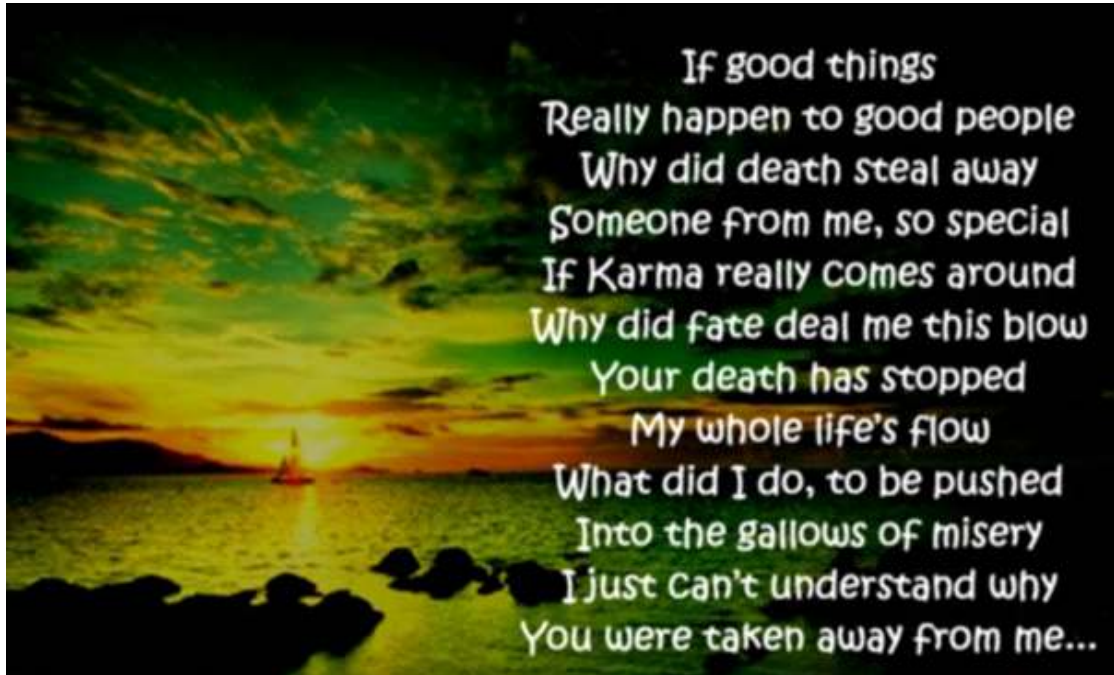
There is darkness in our family now but

God makes no mistakes, for in due course we will understand, so we will not cry because you are gone, but we will smile because of the beautiful memories we have of you.

Rest Well our handsome brother. Nyame nfa wo kra nsie yie.



Rest Well Our Brother

A pair of white angel wings is centered against a light blue, cloudy sky background. The wings are spread out, and the text is overlaid on top of them.

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.

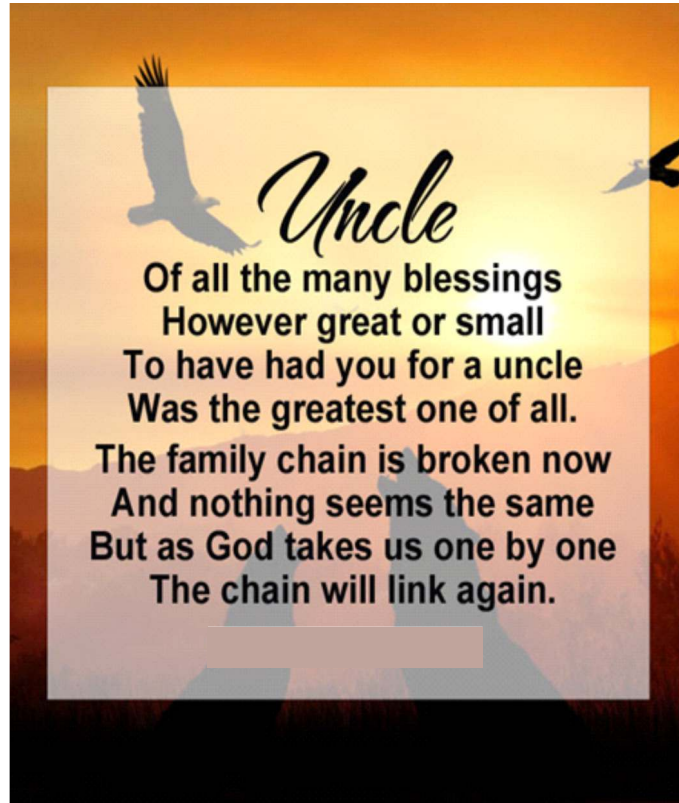
Tribute

BY NEPHEWS & NIECES

Our earliest memory of Uncle Willie was when we would go and visit Ma Grace (**Grandma**) in Adenta. We'd always remember him being on the move trying to get something done every day. Everywhere he went, someone knew him. It felt like he was "the guy in town". People would always wave or smile and would hail him from across the street, it was very cool to see. He did his best to make us comfortable while on visit and would always step in when Ma Grace would be a little tough on us.

I hadn't seen him since we last visited Ghana in 2005 and even though it was a much more brief visit, he was still the Uncle Willie I remember, always on the move. In recent years, me and him would interact via WhatsApp. We spoke earlier this year.

Just this past May, I guess he had heard that I was single and he had started making efforts trying to help me find someone to marry. Lol. I was hoping I would get to see him again some day soon, but unfortunately that won't be the case.



On behalf of myself and brothers, may you rest in eternal peace Uncle Willie. We may have not spent a great deal of time with you, but the time we did spend was good.

were a wonderful uncle. We'll meet again one day.

Rest Well Uncle

Tribute

BY THE IN-LAWS

An inevitable truth of life that mortals so dearly wish to avoid has come to us in a manner that has caused us, anguish and sorrow. Indeed, it has been recorded in the Bible that "it is appointed unto man once to die" but, we say that the sudden death of William Kobina Bartels which sad event occurred on 20th November 2020 came to us as a shock.

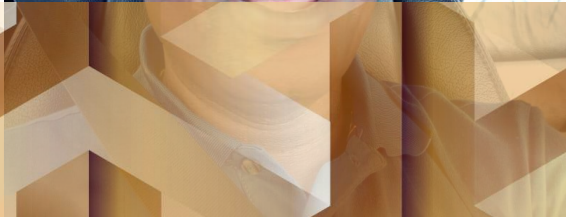
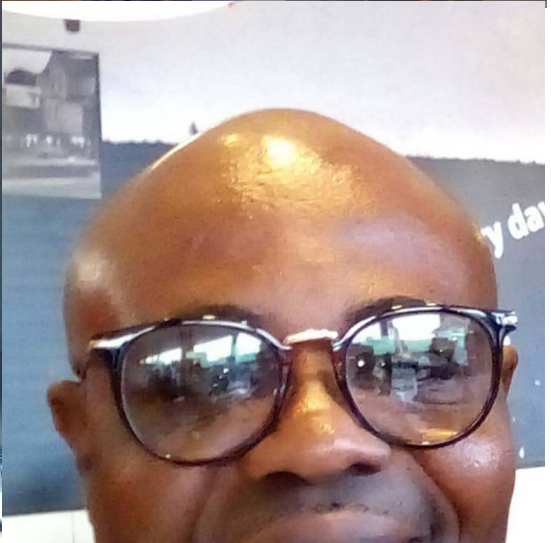
When Willie as he was affectionately called, got married to our sister Mary Akosua Acheamponmaa, we knew we had welcomed and embraced into our family a well-mannered, cultured and educated person who was full of life and exhibited traits of business acumen ready to compete. We immediately felt your warmth and affection which culminated in a relationship stronger than one could have imagined. You also proved as a worthy brother-in-law who's presence was always required. When you were admitted at the SSNIT hospital we did not hesitate to visit you as our expression of love for you. You had lots of great attributes but the most endearing was to get people to open up. Willie was affable and made

you feel comfortable around him at each point in time.

We are glad and proud to have had the opportunity to spend quality time with you during your last days. A case in point was when we had paid you a visit in your home during which we had Kenkey and Fish for lunch in an atmosphere of joy and laughter. I remember our last conversation after the meal and the goodbye, little did we know it was forever. You were all we could ask for in a brother-in-law. Although the bitter truth is that you are physically gone forever but the honest truth however is, you will forever remain in our hearts.

Demirifa due Willie!!!! Rest in the bosom of God.





FIFTY-FOUR YEARS OF GOD'S GOODNESS
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1. None other Lamb, none other name,
none other hope in heav'n or earth or sea,
none other hiding place from guilt and shame,
none beside thee!
2. My faith burns low, my hope burns low;
only my heart's desire cries out in me
by the deep thunder of its want and woe,
cries out to thee.
3. Lord, thou art Life, though I be dead;
love's fire thou art, however cold I be:
nor heav'n have I, nor place to lay my head,
nor home, but thee.

MHB 443

1. With broken heart and contrite sigh
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free
O God, be merciful to me.
- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscience guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

MHB 451

- 1 Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
forgive our foolish ways;
re clothe us in our rightful mind,
in purer lives thy service find,
in deeper reverence, praise.
- 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard
beside the Syrian sea
the gracious calling of the Lord,
let us, like them, without a word
rise up and follow thee.
- 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee,

O calm of hills above,
where Jesus knelt to share with thee
the silence of eternity,
interpreted by love!

- 4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease;
take from our souls the strain and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess
the beauty of thy peace.
- 5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
thy coolness and thy balm;
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm!

MHB 446

- 1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
however dark it be;
lead me by thine own hand,
choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
it will be still the best;
winding or straight, it leads
right onward to thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
choose thou for me, my God,
so shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek
is thine, so let the way
that leads to it be thine,
else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take thou my cup, and it
with joy or sorrow fill,
as best to thee may seem;
choose thou my good and ill.
- 6 Choose thou for me my friends,
my sickness or my health;
choose thou my cares for me,
my poverty or wealth.
- 7 Not mine, not mine, the choice
in things or great or small;
be thou my guide, my strength,
my wisdom, and my all.

MHB 509

- 1 In heavenly love abiding,
no change my heart shall fear;
and safe is such confiding,
or nothing changes here:
the storm may roar without me,
my heart may low be laid;
but God is round about me,
and can I be dismayed?
- 2 Wherever he may guide me,
no want shall turn me back;
my Shepherd is beside me,
and nothing can I lack:
his wisdom ever waketh,
his sight is never dim,
he knows the way he taketh,
and I will walk with him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
which yet I have not seen;
bright skies will soon be o'er me,
where darkest clouds have been;
my hope I cannot measure,
my path to life is free;
my Saviour has my treasure,
and he will walk with me.

MHB 511

- 1 Begone unbelief,
My Savior 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.
- 2 Tho' dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide:
To' cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken
Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink'

Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.

- 4 Why should I complain
Of want or distress
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation,
I knew from his word,
Through much tribulation,
Must follow their Lord.
- 5 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!
- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
all because we do not carry
everything to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful
who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
take it to the Lord in prayer!
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge--
take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do your friends despise, forsake you?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In his arms he'll take and shield you;
you will find a solace there.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
in a believer's ear!
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
and drives away our fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary, rest.
- 3 O Jesus, shepherd, guardian, friend,
my Prophet, Priest, and King,
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
accept the praise I bring.
- 4 How weak the effort of my heart,
how cold my warmest thought;
but when I see you as you are,
I'll praise you as I ought.
- 5 Till then I would your love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of your name
refresh my soul in death.

- 1 Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of Thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings,
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in His wings,
- 3 Still let Him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till He renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;
Fly back to Christ; for sin is near."
- 5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide;
Till all the hardness He remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

- 6 Jesus, I fain would walk in Thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out Thy gracious hand!
Only on Thee for help I call,
Only by faith in Thee I stand.



*Rest
In
Peace*



Don't grieve for me,
for now I'm free.
I'm following the path,
God has laid you see.
I took His hand,
when I heard him call,
I turned my back,
and left it all.

I could not stay another day,
To laugh, to love, to work, to play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I found that peace at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Oh yes, these things I too will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full, I savored much,
Good friends, good times,
a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your hearts and peace to thee,
God wanted me now; He set me free.