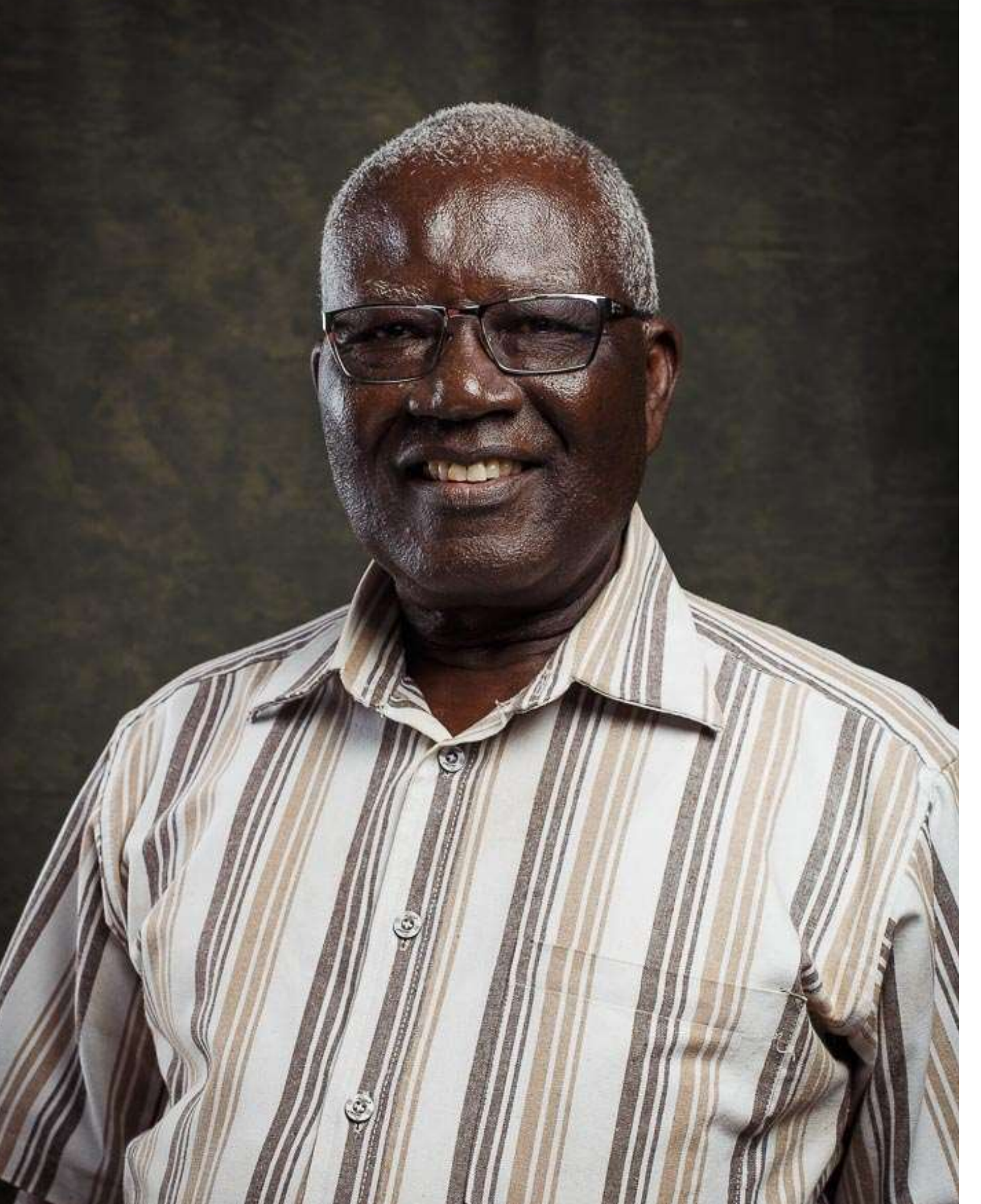


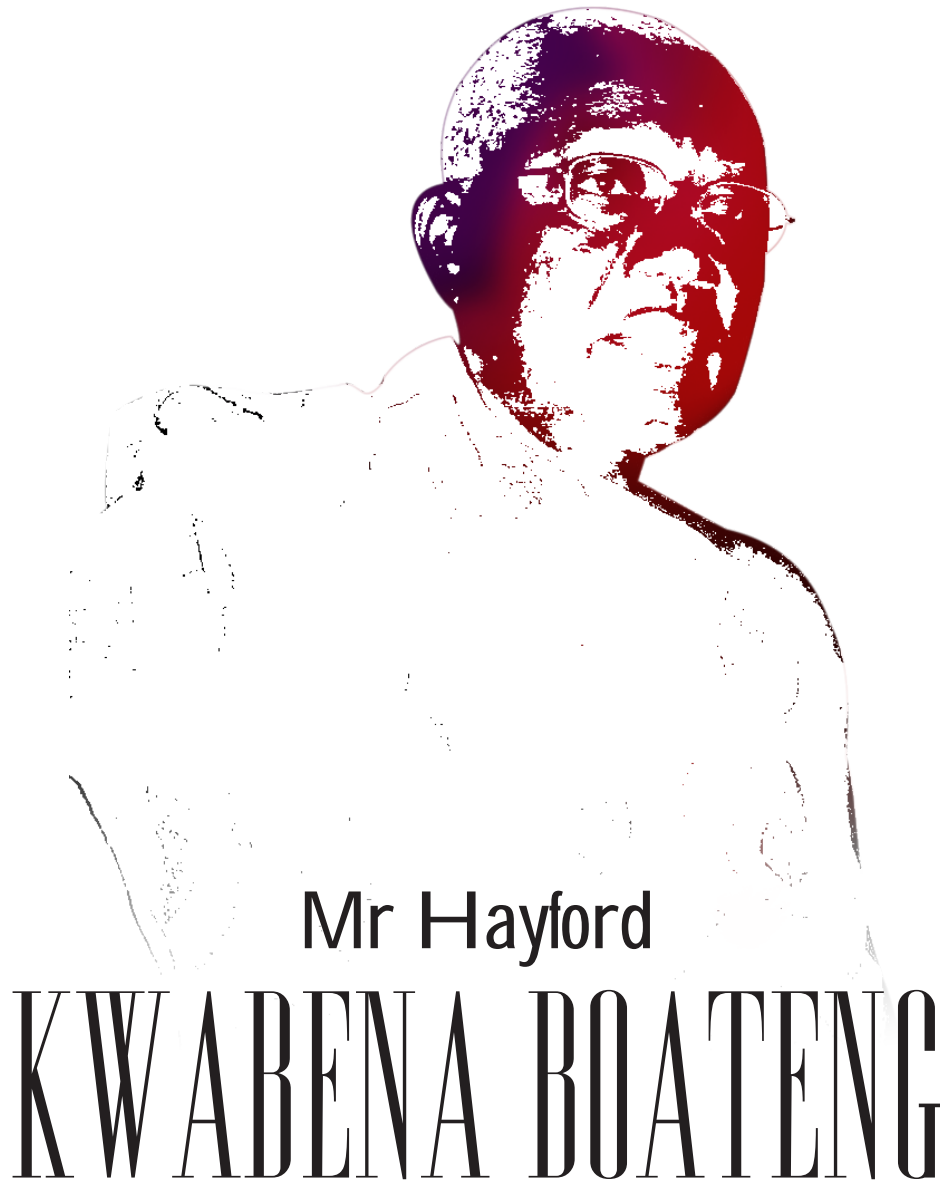
Mr Hayford  
KWABENA  
BOATENG

(1945 – 2020)





BURIAL MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE LATE



Mr Hayford

KWABENA BOATENG

(1945 - 2020)

SATURDAY, 31st OCTOBER, 2020

AT ST. PAUL ANGLICAN CHURCH (ACCRA CHAPELRY), ACHIMOTA

AT 8:00AM



# Officiating MINISTERS

**Ven. Samuel Ankomah Effah** - Parish Priest

**Rev. Canon Dr. George Dawson Ahmoah** - Priest -In Charge - Accra

**Rev. Fr. Samuel Ameyaw Boateng**- Abetifi

**Rev. Paul K.A. Asare** - Obo-Kwahu

**Rev. Canon Joseph K. Ampadu**- Adweso, Koforidua

**Ven. (RTD) Joseph O. Henaku**- Koforidua

**Ven. (RTD) M.T.K Asiedu** - Akyem Abakwase

**Catechist Mrs. Dora Dankyi- Tutu** - Obo- Kwahu

**Evangelist Samuel K. Afari**- Ekyeamanfrom

## IN ATTENDANCE

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Church Choir

Guild of the sanctuary

## CHOIR MASTERS

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Mr E.A. Amponsah

Mr P.K. Essel

## ORGANISTS

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Mr. William Dickson

Mr Abraham Adampsey

## WARDENS

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Madam George Lily Opokua

Canon Samuel Atuobi Twum

Clergy from the diocese and other religious denominations.



# of Order

## SERVICE

1. Processional Hymn - 223
2. Sentences
3. Prayers
4. Tributes
5. Biography
6. Bible lesson – 2 Corinthians 5:1-10
7. Sermon
8. Apostles creed
9. Offertory
10. Christian Charity
11. Announcement – Family
12. Absolution of the dead
13. Song “ Asomdwoe Mu” by the Choir
14. Recessional hymn 537



## AT THE GRAVE SIDE



1. Hymn 290
2. Sentences
3. Committal
4. Hymn 401
5. Laying of Wreaths
6. Sprinkling of Holy Water
7. Vote of thanks – Family
8. Hymn 27
9. Blessing
10. Departure

# BIO

## graphy

of the Late

### MR HAYFORD KWABENA BOATENG

“And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them” (Revelations 14:13).

“And if the spirit of him who raised Jesus from the dead is living in you, he who raised Christ from the dead will also give life to your mortal bodies through his spirit, who lives in you” (Roman 8:11).

Hayford Kwabena Boateng, who was known by friends and family as Wofa Boat and by many as Dada Boat, was born on the 19th of June, 1945 to Opanyin Yaw Kissi Boateng (Alias Yaw Tumtum) and Madam Ama Benewah (Ama Mansah) both of blessed memory. He was the second child of his mother and the third of his father. Kwabena was born into a Christian home, and as such was baptized into the Obo-Kwahu Anglican Church and was enrolled at the church's primary school in 1951. He completed the Obo-Kwahu Anglican Boys Middle School with a Middle School leaving Certificate in 1961.

Kwabena for most part of his early years, lived with his grandmother, Madam Yaa Ntoniwah (also of blessed memory). He moved to Accra after completing his Middle School education to live with his father, Opanyin Yaw Tumtum at Nima and worked as a Fuel Station Attendant at his father's fuel filling station at the time.

On the 6th of June 1964, Kwabena, who was

always determined to have a better life for himself and dependants, was enlisted into the Ghana Armed Forces. He had his basic military training at the Ghana Armed Forces Training Centre in Kumasi in the Ashanti Region, where he trained as a Qualified Registered Nurse.





He was subsequently posted to the 37 Military Hospital as his main unit. However, he worked on several other missions and with different units during his service in the military. He served in the United Nations Peace Keeping Mission in Lebanon, Middle East, from 1978 to 1979. Kwabena worked as a military personnel for a period of about 18 years and won himself medals such as the Ghana Revolutionary Day Medal, Ghana Redemption Day Medal, UNIFIL (Lebanon) Medal and the Ghana UNIFIL Medal. He left the Military on 30th June 1982 as a Staff Sergeant of the 37 Military Hospital.

At the age of 37 and as a young retiree from the Ghana Armed Forces, he immediately gained employment at the Atibie Government Hospital. Due to his resilient and ambitious nature, he established his own clinic known as the "Haifa Clinic" in 1984 at Kwahu-Apradang in the Kwahu West District and thereafter moved the clinic to Obo-Kwahu to the Late Opanyin Kwaku Mehofe's house. In 1986. He again moved the clinic to Nkawkaw, near the Central Market, where he operated the clinic for a number of years.

The struggles of life never deterred him. Thus in

1990, Kwabena decided to relocate to Accra to join his family in in order to be involved in his children's training and development. He then relinquished his medical career and through the support of his dear friend, Harry Baiden, he started a trading business in fabrics at the Okaishie shopping area. He worked at the fabric shop until he was 70, when he retired completely from full time work to enjoy his home and assist to train his grandchildren.

Until his last breath, he was married to Mrs Mary Serwaa Boateng and they were blessed with six children and twelve grandchildren. Kwabena was a disciplinarian, yet a loving husband, a dedicated and caring father, a supportive brother to all and the most courageous friend to have.

Hayford Kwabena Boateng, thank you for the impact you made during your 75 years on earth. Your love for education and support to so many other people's education is one thing you will always be remembered for. Kwabena, you will dearly be missed. May the almighty God give you a perfect rest in his glory until we meet again.

**Rest in Perfect Peace!**



*Tribute by*

# WIDOW - MRS MARY SERWAA BOATENG



My husband, Mekunu Papabi, as I affectionately call him is no more. How do I live to accept this? How do I live my life without my warrior, my best friend, my confidant, my brother and the crown on my head who I am and will always be proud of? Kwabena, I still can't believe you are gone. My treasure, my courageous husband who leads the family with firmness, discipline and love. Eiee Kwabena! Who do I talk to when I am in trouble? Who will lead me in difficult times? I have lived my life right from my teenage ages through your directions and guidance. Now, you will no more be there for me.

We never for once lacked anything because you were always the hardworking man who wanted his family well-catered for. Even at your advanced age, I remember how you would still want to take care of us. You would rather go with us to the hospital when one of us was not well just so you would be sure of what was wrong with us. You never go to sleep until we had a full house and every one of the children had returned from work. Ever since you left, I have been wondering how we will be able to adjust to this great loss. For all these years, I never had to worry about where to turn to when I am in need. You made sure everyone around you was fine and very often at the neglect of your own needs.

Kwabena, thank you for the wonderful journey

and the beautiful life we shared. Thank you for the love you showed me throughout our over 40 years in marriage.

9th September, 2020 is a day I can never forget. I remember leaving the hospital on that day with so much hope of you getting better so we can continue to share this great love and bond we had. Throughout the times you were taken ill my love, I prayed, I fasted, I cried. Oh if only tears could bring the dead back to life! Kwabena, the children you so loved and I would have done anything possible to keep you alive but death seemed stronger.

Agyenim, today you are no more but I comfort myself with the strength you instilled in me and our children to continue from where you left off. As they say, God knows best.

Agyenim, my father, my love, I will miss you so much. The jokes, the laughter, the strength and courage you always exhibited. The care and love, oh Agyenim! My life can never be the same again.

Medofo, nanti yie, Agyenim, nyame nfa wo kra nsie yie, Kwabena, I love you and will always do. Your wise words and counsel will forever guide us!

**Mekunu papabi, nyame nka wo ho, till we meet again. Rest well my husband.**







# Tribute by CHILDREN



Papale, as we all called our Dad, was an exemplary father to many who watched in awe how he related to his children. He was a father to all, an enthusiast in education and a believer in raising children with discipline but in love. Today, we have decided to write a letter to our father in the belief that he will hear our last words to him and know how thankful we are to God for giving him to us.

Dear Dada,

Your children are gathered here to bid you farewell with heavy hearts. The 9th of September 2020 is a day we will never forget in our lives. Your bravery yet calm disposition, even as you fought for your life, is one that we will forever be reminded of. Throughout the different phases of life, you always reminded us of the need to be firm, yet calm at all times.

Papale, we fought to keep you alive; we cried in order that you would know you were still needed and we know if you had the strength, you would have stayed so we could continue to take care of you. One thing you did, for which we will forever remain grateful, was raising us up together in love, teaching us the way of God. This, we hold dear to our hearts and we will continue to live the way you taught us to.

Papale, thank you for your words of encouragement whenever they were needed. Thanks for the strength and courage you

exhibited even at difficult times. We grew up and we realised that so many times, you provided for us when you had nothing to give.

Growing up, you always made sure you knew our teachers because our education and development was always your priority. We didn't have the richest of parents, yet we had everything we needed and wanted. You always took us to the hospital even as adults and people wondered why? But to you, we were your babies; as you rightly said "a child does not grow in his/her father's house".

Your smile was always full of hope and assurance, and the kindness in your voice is one we will always treasure in our hearts. Dada, we know how much you fought and wish you had stayed but heaven saw that you were tired, which meant that you needed to rest. Your love for our mother was the embodiment of affection any child would wish for in a home. You left behind trail of tears and precious memories, which we will cherish for as long as we live. We pray to God that we inherit most of your good traits; your gentleness, your kindness, your love for humanity and most of all, your love for our mother and the word of God.

We will always love you Papale because to us, no one else comes close to who you were as a father.

**Nante yie Obrempong Kwabena Boateng.**



*Tribute by*  
**BROTHERS AND SISTERS**



We are gathered here today in the memory of our brother, Kwabena Boateng, so that together, we may acknowledge and share both our joy in the gift that his life was to us, and the pain that his passing brings. In sharing the joy and the pain together today, may we lessen the pain and remember more clearly the joy.

The news about his death was received through a phone call from our beloved wife, on the 9th day of September, 2020 at exactly 8:44pm. Although it is appointed unto man once to die, it is too early for you to leave us in this situation. Kwabena was "just" 75 years old when he passed away, a few months after his birthday. I know many of you will be wondering why we say "just". Yes, "just" 75 years because he was full of energy and in good spirit. We had expected the Lord to give him more years so that we can enjoy him more. But God knows best!

We have lost a family warrior! A big vacuum has been created, making it difficult for us to replace. Today, as we lay you to rest, we remember everything you taught us. There were many wonderful aspects to Kwabena's life as well as many ways in which he touched our lives, including our education. Some of us saw him as very assertive because he expressed his opinion on issues the way it should be said, but without malice. May be his military training made him fear no "adversary". But in all these ways and more, he made our lives richer and

fuller. We saw him as the family man. He loved his family especially his siblings, children and wife profoundly. He was a devoted husband, father, uncle, brother and friend. At funerals, he would make donations for and on behalf of his siblings, without asking for reimbursement from us.

Now that he has passed away, there is emptiness and pain; confusion and even anger at death for coming for a brother such as Kwabena. But in many ways, the gift of Kwabena's life is still here with us. He lives on in our memories and in what all of us have become because of him. So I encourage everyone to share - today, tomorrow and in the years to come - your memories of our dear brother and to share in the pain of our loss as well. In this way we will keep the gift of Kwabena's life alive.

Our great historian is gone! Our resource person is no more available to answer our questions. Thank you for your timely attention given to us from our infancy. Your contribution towards our welfare cannot be over-emphasised.

Brother Kwabena Boateng, if it is really true that we see ourselves after death, then extend our greetings to the departed souls. It is our humble prayer that the good Lord who has called you will grant you a better rest till we meet again.

**Kwabena Boateng! Nyame enfa wo kra nsie yie!**

# TRIBUTE BY SON - KWAKU NTONI (ANTHONY)



My pillar in whom I very much trust; my rock who I know I can always rely on; the father who guards his children with a lion's teeth; our hero and mentor has fallen! Our lives have taken a different turn because the man we so much looked up to is nowhere to be found when we look for him. He no longer responds to our calls. It's difficult to take it in and accept that Papale is no more.

The day you left us is never to be forgotten. I had been told that your situation had gotten worse but so many times have I heard these words and somehow you were able to pull through. I was hopeful and was believing in a miracle. But this time, your body failed you.

Dada, you were the strongest and courageous man I've ever known. Through all the various procedures and treatments, you always came out triumphantly. I believe this last time, perhaps it was overwhelming for you or perhaps your maker needed you more.

Time and time again, I've asked myself how you did it so courageously, always with a smile, so full of love and assurance. I live with the encouragement that you fought until your last breath. You never gave up in life and nothing whatsoever discouraged you.

You always said: "A man born into a poor family is not to be blamed. But a man who refuses to make an impact in his life and on generations to come has failed terribly". Today, I say goodbye to you with a heavy heart; yet so proud of the man who brought me into this world. I am thankful for the discipline you instilled in me and grateful for the love you continuously showed to us all. I cherish the times God blessed us with to spend with such an impeccable man.

Your grandchildren are grateful for your sacrifices. Your children are grateful to God for the man that you were and for your selfless nature. Papale, your shoes are too big to step in but we hope to make you a proud father at the other side of the world. Your wisdom will live on; your legacy and teachings will be passed on to generations.

**Today your suffering on the journey on this earth has ended. Have a peaceful rest Papale.**



# TRIBUTE BY DAUGHTER - ABENA FORIWAA (ARITON)



Papale was loving, caring, kind and the most supportive father I could have ever asked for. The love for his children cannot be measured. Growing up as a child, I never lacked anything whatsoever. Our school fees were always paid in full, and he would always ensure books and all other essentials needed for our education were duly provided for.

To ensure I excelled in my education, Papale went the extra mile to provide me with additional tuition. His dedication did not end there; he visited my school regularly to meet with my teachers to assure himself that I was receiving the best tuition. Due to his frequent visits to the school, Papale was known by most of my friends and teachers. Education was his passion and his desire was to see all his children succeed in life.

Christmas was always one of the best times in our childhood. I always looked forward to Christmas. He always had gifts for each of us even until the last Christmas we had with him.

He always bought our Christmas dresses himself from the best shops around or would sometimes have them imported for us. He wasn't a rich man but we always had the best of everything. We never missed any Trade Fair Exhibition show.

On the 8th of September, 2020, I couldn't sleep



the whole night and even during the early hours of Wednesday, 9th September (the day that changed my world), I cried so much on my way to work, not knowing the love of my life had passed away.

Papale, I miss you so much! My eyes haven't been dry ever since you left us. How will I cope without you? Who will call to check up on me? Who will I have long conversations with? Who will encourage your grandchildren to do their best in school?

**I pray the Almighty God keeps you safe until we meet again. Rest well my beloved Father.**

# TRIBUTE BY DAUGHTER - ABENA ASIEDUA (JULIANA)



Dada was neither an anchor to hold us back nor a sail to take us there; he was simply a guiding light whose love showed us the way. He was obviously a unique dad by all standards! Dada, as I called him, provided for his children and all those around him and made sure that we had the guidance we needed.

Dada, today I am remembering you and the great memories we shared together. You were my best friend and there was no single day that I will close from work and wouldn't come to see you. There were times that when you see me you will laugh and say "Abena Asiedua, stay in your house". You will call me when the month ends and all you ask me is "Abena, what's today's date? Are you not bringing me my money for the month?"

Meanwhile, Dada would give me money each time it is my birthday. You bought each one of us a turkey at Christmas and yes, even as grown-ups, you always gave us Danish Butter Cookies at every Christmas! Now that you are no more who will do all these memorable things for us? We miss you greatly, Dada.

You were my biggest inspiration. Anytime I am troubled about something and I talk to you, all you say is "Abena, this is small trouble". Your words of encouragement and your sense of humor is one of a kind that always kept me going. Your soft-spoken voice and the advice you always gave us made us feel we don't have to disappoint you.

Dada, I love you for an infinite number of reasons. I feel so blessed to have had you as my father and I'm thankful for the wonderful life you have given me. Thank you for teaching me the importance of humility, and knowing God.

**Thank you for being our guiding star and our strength. I will forever love you Dada.**



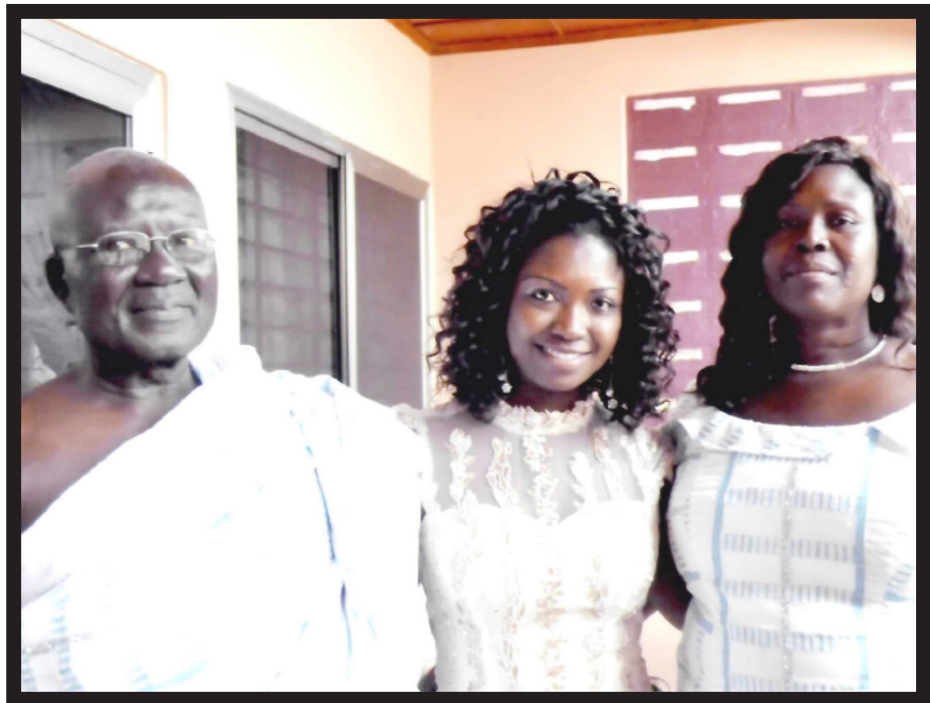


# TRIBUTE BY DAUGHTER - AMA KISSIWAA (SANDRA)



Papale as we all called him was a father to all. He loved to see people progress and would pick a fight with anyone who he saw was not doing the needful to make a headway. He would always ask how my business was doing and was always interested in knowing about our wellbeing.

Even as we grew older, he never forgot to call us at every Christmas to come for our gifts. Indeed, there is never any easy way to deal with the loss of a loved one, especially someone as close and sweet as you, Papale.



I would give so much for one more of our fight, one more time to tell you I love you, one more sight of your SMILE.

God has you in his arms and I would forever have you in my heart.

**Rest in perfect peace, Papale.**

# TRIBUTE BY DAUGHTER - ADWOA ADUANUA (HARRIET)



I remember when I got the call on the 9th September about the demise of my father. I tried to control myself and asked myself what he would have wanted me to do. I prayed to God to give me the strength, courage and fortitude I needed for this loss. Growing up, one thing I was always afraid of, was to lose my

father. I knew he wouldn't live on earth forever, but within me, I didn't want it to ever happen. Today we realise we have lost the greatest role-model in our lives.

Papale always had a story to share. He always had a way to encourage you and to make you think and act like a responsible adult. I remember all the sacrifices you made for us and I now even understand them better. Seeing all the pain your illness made you endure is heart-breaking and still fresh in my memory. I have asked God a lot of questions, but God knows best.

I remember our conversations, the jokes and your early morning calls for your tea and fruits. Papale, if I had the chance one more time, I would have just loved to tease you again, push you in your wheel chair again, feed you and get you all the biscuits, cake and ice cream. I would have never hidden your beer again and would always turn off the light in your bedroom when you ask me to. You weren't just a father to us, but an adviser, a friend, a confidant (who never for once complained about his children) and our number one supporter.

**I thank God for giving us the privilege of a father as selfless as you. It will be difficult but I know God will be our comfort. If another world exists, I ask God to make you my father again. Rest in perfect peace Papale.**



# TRIBUTE BY AFUA BOATEMAA (BETTINA)



I never thought I would have to write your tribute this early in life because I always envisioned my children standing next to me as I read your tribute but unfortunately that could not happen.

I know it has only been a few weeks, but I miss you so much already, Dada. Being your last girl, you hardly made me walk after picking me up from school. You would always hold my hand or carry me in your arms when I was not as heavy to cross the street. Interestingly till date, I still find it difficult to cross any street without my hand being held. I remember how you would visit almost every weekend in secondary school because I would call and tell you how lonely I am and needed you around. You would sit with me and we would chat the day away while asking me questions about subjects I found difficult, after which you would surprisingly get me private tutors for each difficult subject. Everyone would tease me that you were my boyfriend because I told you about anything and everything. There was never a birthday celebrated without your gifts and prayers and I just wonder how birthdays are going be like now that you are no more.

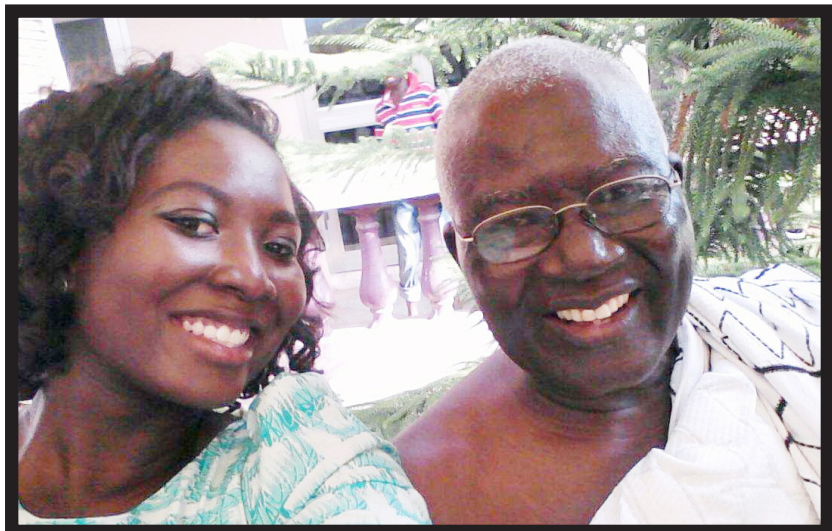
You loved me for who I was and accepted me for who I was striving to become. You were strong and your strength gave me a sense of protection. Dada, you taught me that even my profound losses are survivable and my ability to transform them into positive events is all

that matters. Your bravery and courage made me feel safe because you were the most potent moral force in my life. If love alone could have saved you, you never would have died. I loved you dearly and in death I love you still. In my heart you hold a place no one can fill. I can no longer see you with my eyes or touch you with my hands but I will feel you in my heart forever.

Dada, you did not tell me how to live; you lived and let me watch you do it so perfectly. Thank you for being my dad and it was a pleasure being your daughter, most especially the one you named after yourself. I promise to make you proud and carry on your legacy to generations to come.

It broke my heart to lose you, but you did not go alone; part of me went with you the day God took you home. I love you so much Papale.

**Until we meet again, you will remain the love of my life.**





# Tribute by GRANDCHILDREN



## TRACY

My grandad was an amazing man. He always wanted the best for his grandchildren; especially education wise. We all loved him so much. Whenever he calls us, he would always speak in Twi for us to learn the language. I write this as I sit in my university accommodation and I am saddened that my grandpa never got to see me go through university to the end; that he will never see me graduate and become the midwife I always told him I was going to be. I wish I could hear what my grandpa would say to me about going to university. I wish I could hear him saying to me that I should learn.

I am happy that my grandpa is not suffering anymore, and I know that he is with me in spirit. I also know he is watching me and will guide me throughout my journey in the university. Everything I do academic wise, will be in honour of my grandpa. I want him to be proud of me

and what I achieve. Thank you grandpa for being the best dad to my mum and teaching her to be the best mum to my siblings and I.

I remember when my brother Joel, said to my grandpa that he can speak Twi and he said "me p3 ice-cream". My grandpa was bedside himself with laughter because that was all Joel could say. I will always cherish these memories that we shared with my grandpa. He influenced both me and my mother to go into the medical field as he loved it so much. He took so much pride in telling us about his time as an army nurse and I was always so proud and amazed by what my grandpa had achieved.

I love and miss my grandpa so much and I speak for my whole family when I say he has left a hole in our hearts. Rest in peace grandpa. I will try to make you proud.



## STEPHANIE & JOEL

### FROM STEPHANIE

I loved grandpa so much and I miss him more and more every day. Grandpa was a smart and kind person who wanted the best for us by encouraging us to learn so that we could all live good lives. Grandpa will forever be in my heart

and I know that he will be watching over us in heaven. There will not be a day that I won't think about him. May he rest in peace like the good man he was.

### FROM JOEL

It is sad to know grandpa is no more. I will miss his smile and how he wanted me to learn how to speak Twi. He made me learn to request ice

cream in Twi. Grandpa I love you and will miss you sorely. Sleep well.



## GIDEON

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To be honest, I do not know where to begin from. I always saw my grand-dad as my father. From making sure I learnt at school, to running my school errands and always taking care of me, I always felt he was my Dad. I am very much grateful for all the things my grand-dad taught me all these years. Today, I have become what I

am because of his guidance and training.

Thank you very much Dada for everything. Without you, I probably wouldn't have made it this far in life. This is very difficult for all of us but I know your soul is in a better place. May you rest in perfect peace.



## JOYCELINE

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I am so happy I got to live with my dada. I wouldn't have changed that experience for anything in this world. My grandfather was the best person in the world. At school, I was always teased for living with my grandparents instead of my parents but it never really bothered me because my grandparents and aunties were the best people to live with. I remember vomiting at school in class 2; he had to leave his work and pick me up from school. I didn't really vomit though. I choked myself because I knew if I vomited, he would have to pick me up. I did this on purpose so that I could leave school early and spend the day at the store with my grandparents.

I am so sad I could not be there when I was supposed to. I would have so much loved to spend his last days with him and take care of him every day. He was such a strong man inside and on the outside with such a good heart. Growing up, I was quite a handful but he did his best to set me on the right path and indeed, he succeeded.

So many times, he would chase me around the house. Never have I seen an old man run that fast, but he did. He inspired me to take school seriously and today, I am studying to be a nurse. I love my grandfather so much and I will miss him but I know he is with us in spirit.



## AKWASI BOATENG

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My grandpa and I were very close. Well, perhaps because I was named after him and also because I was a little over a year when I started living with him. He was the one who always took me to school. He knew every one of my teachers at school and was the one who always assisted us with our homework.

Papale, now you don't have to hide the TV remote

and your phone from us anymore because you are resting peacefully in Heaven.

We will not see you anymore but your memories will live in our hearts forever. We will miss our regular video calls with him. Visiting Ghana will never be the same again. Rest in perfect peace grandpa.

## NAANA, OHENEBA & BOATEMAA

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In our relatively short life, we have never met anyone with a more positive outlook on life than you Grandpa, affectionately called PAPALE. You always seemed more hopeful for the future than anyone else. We remember you telling us that you were only going to get better and achieve more in future and that the best was yet to come!

When mummy and daddy announced some years ago that we were going to relocate to abroad, you and grandma seemed so concerned about how we would cope. When Papa finally said we were going to stay, you were so happy about the decision. Our time here in Ghana as you said, turned out to be very happy and productive and we made very good and lasting friendships.

We will never forget the day we showed you our terminal results from school. The sparkle in your eyes with which you said "Kumasi Buokrom Guys, you have done very well" is something we will remember in our heart always. God Bless you abundantly. You were happier than we were and Grandma as always was beaming with

smiles. We felt extra special on that day.

You were always interested in our progress. You seemed to be filled with so much useful information at any given time. We remember how you would insist on picking us from school, and we loved staying with you anytime our parents travelled. Time spent with you was always our best and we would always resist going back home.

We had many pictures with you in the sitting room whenever our parents travel abroad. Many stories were told at that time, mostly on the dining table after a meal, about funny situations that had occurred many years ago. It was always interesting. We will deeply miss your usual birthday presents and the prayers you say on such occasions.

It is going to be strange not having you around. We will miss all your interesting stories, amazing advice and especially your presence during birthday celebrations and at Christmas. You were more than just a Grandpa to us. You will forever have a place in our hearts, Papale.

**Farewell Our Ever-loving Grandpa!**



## KUUKU, EWURABENA & JOOJO

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On the evening of 9th of September, 2020, we saw everyone in our home crying. We asked questions and we were told Papale, our grandpa had gone to Heaven. We questioned why everyone would cry if grandpa was in heaven; because we have been told in our bible lessons that heaven is a beautiful place and all the good people on earth will one day go to Heaven. Then our mother said to us that we will not see Papale

again and at that point, we understood the tears everyone was shedding. Our grandpa, who always gave us gifts, will not be seen anymore and it saddens our heart but he is in a beautiful place and we are happy about that.

We will miss grandpa very much, especially at Christmas. We love you grandpa. We will meet again in Heaven one day.



# Tribute by IN-LAWS

## DR. PAAPA KOFI BEMPAH

"Hello Papa Kofi! Papa are you there, Papa!" That is the voice of my father-in-law Papale anytime he calls me on the phone. It's been a while now Papale; the voice has ceased.

They say to everything there is a reason, and that time heals but neither time nor reason will change the way I feel about your absence. No one knows the heartache and the lies behind those smiles I put on. You are wonderful to think of but so hard to be without.

I came into your family extremely nervous and naïve, not knowing how to relate to my in-laws, but you gently eased the tension. You made me feel right at home from the very first day we met. You welcomed me with opened arms, which paved the way for me to know you even better and eventually became your exceptionally good friend.



As intelligent as Papale was, he was down to earth, loving, caring, cheerful and one of the most extremely respected people I have ever known. It hurts to know you have left us this early. A light from our lives has gone. The voice we loved is still. You have left a vacuum in our hearts which can never be filled.

Why have you gone so soon Papale? We will forever hold you close in our hearts until we meet again. So rest in peace Papale and thanks for all you've done for me, the entire family and all the people out there who you extended your generosity to. Papale, I owe you more; I could not have done better by naming my last born Yaa Boatemaa after you. You deserved it because you are indeed a Friend and will forever be my very good friend.

You were one of a kind. I wish I'd know you for many more years. Your grandchildren keep calling your name. How do I explain to them to understand that you have left us?

Papale my very good friend. I pray for God to give you the crown you have truly won. No one can fill your place in my heart. I am happy and proud to have known you.

**Damirifa Due! Damirifa Due! Damirifa Due!**

**Papale, Madamfo papapaaa Da yie!**

## KOJO APPIAH

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Mr. Hayford Kwabena Boateng was my father-in-law. He accepted me into his family from day one and he had since treated me like his own son. I am honoured to have had the privilege to call him "Dad". For me, he was the only dad I've known and the only grandfather my children know. They call him "Papale" and he will refer to them as "Fante Koryor".

Over the few years I got to know him, I saw how caring and loving he was to his family. We shared a lot of interesting moments together and he always had a word of advice to share, which I am forever grateful for. He was so generous and I will not forget that special Christmas gifts he always gave us.

When I remember you Dad, I will remember all you did for my family and I. Thanks for giving me the privilege to call you 'Dad' and for giving my children: Kuuku, Ewurabena and Joojo the one to call 'Grandpa'.

**Rest in Peace 'Papale'**





*Tribute by*  
ST. PAUL ANGLICAN CHURCH, OBO - KWAFU



*“Seventy years is all we have; Eighty years, if we are strong; yet all they bring us is trouble and sorrow; Life is soon over, and we are gone.”*

**Psalm 90:10**

It is very painful for us to gather here today and bid farewell to a very hardworking and supporting member of the church, MR. HAYFORD KWABENA BOATENG (a.k.a Dada Boat), whose body lies motionless before us.

Mr. Boateng was born in the year 1945 and was baptized as an Anglican on 10th April, 1955. Thirty (30) years later, on 13th January, 1985, he was confirmed and became a communicant.

Mr. Boateng, after his retirement from the Ghana Armed Forces, settled at his hometown (Obo), where he worked very hard for the church and rose to become a member of the governing body of the church, the Parochial Church Council (P. C. C).

When he relocated to Accra, he joined the Chapelry in Accra and continued from where He left off and again due to his hard work, was elected as a member of the P. C. C. He was also

a member of the church's Men's Fellowship.

Due to his love for music and having the Church Choir at heart, he was made a Patron of the Choir. He did so many things to support the choir which we cannot itemize, but one could recollect the donation of an Electronic Water Cooler and Cups to be used in making tea for the choristers during their choir practices.

Mr. Boateng, we love and cherish you but there is an Akan adage which says “OWUO KURA ADE A, NKWA NTUMI NGYE”. You fought very hard for your life but your Heavenly Father says, come home to rest.

At the last hour, we were by your bedside to pray with you but what God has destined, no man can change. You left us in tears on the 9th of September, 2020 to the glory of God.

Mr. Hayford Kwabena Boateng, fare thee well. Rest in perfect peace and rise in glory. Amen.

*Tribute by the*

# ST. PAUL CHAPTER (OBO) OF THE ANGLICAN MEN'S FELLOWSHIP



*"And the 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**



"In God we trust, in God we trust. Faithful men stand up, stand up. We'll work together in thy sight. We'll live together in thy love. Guide thou our faltering steps aright. We humbly pray thee, grant us peace"

We, members of the Anglican Men's Fellowship, St Paul Chapter, Obo pay our deepest tribute to the memory of our late brother, Hayford Boateng; and indeed our hearts are impaled by anguish.

It is great to see so many people here to honour our good brother, father and friend. Even though we are of many different ages and have all kinds of jobs and interests, it is certain that we all have one thing in common; our admiration of a man who is selfless. That man, of course, is BRO.

**HAYFORD BOATENG.**

Bro. Hayford Boateng joined the fellowship during the re-organization and re-structuring days of the guild and his presence and contributions at that time helped in many ways to-move the guild forward.

He was very calm but always contribute to discussions during meetings. He pays his dues and other contributions on time when the need arises. He occasionally gives pieces of advice to the President and other executive members for the growth of the Fellowship. Bro. Hayford Boateng was very humble, affable and respecter of all persons. He was always ready to assist the Fellowship and on two occasions allowed his house to be used by the Guild to organize end of year party.

Bro. Boateng, your peculiarity as a colleague was so endearing, your friendship so warm, such that your example of integrity and humanity will continue to inspire us. So, Brother the fellowship would like to say thank you for being a man of action and not just words.

**We pray the good Lord who knew your end from your mother's womb to grant you eternal rest.**











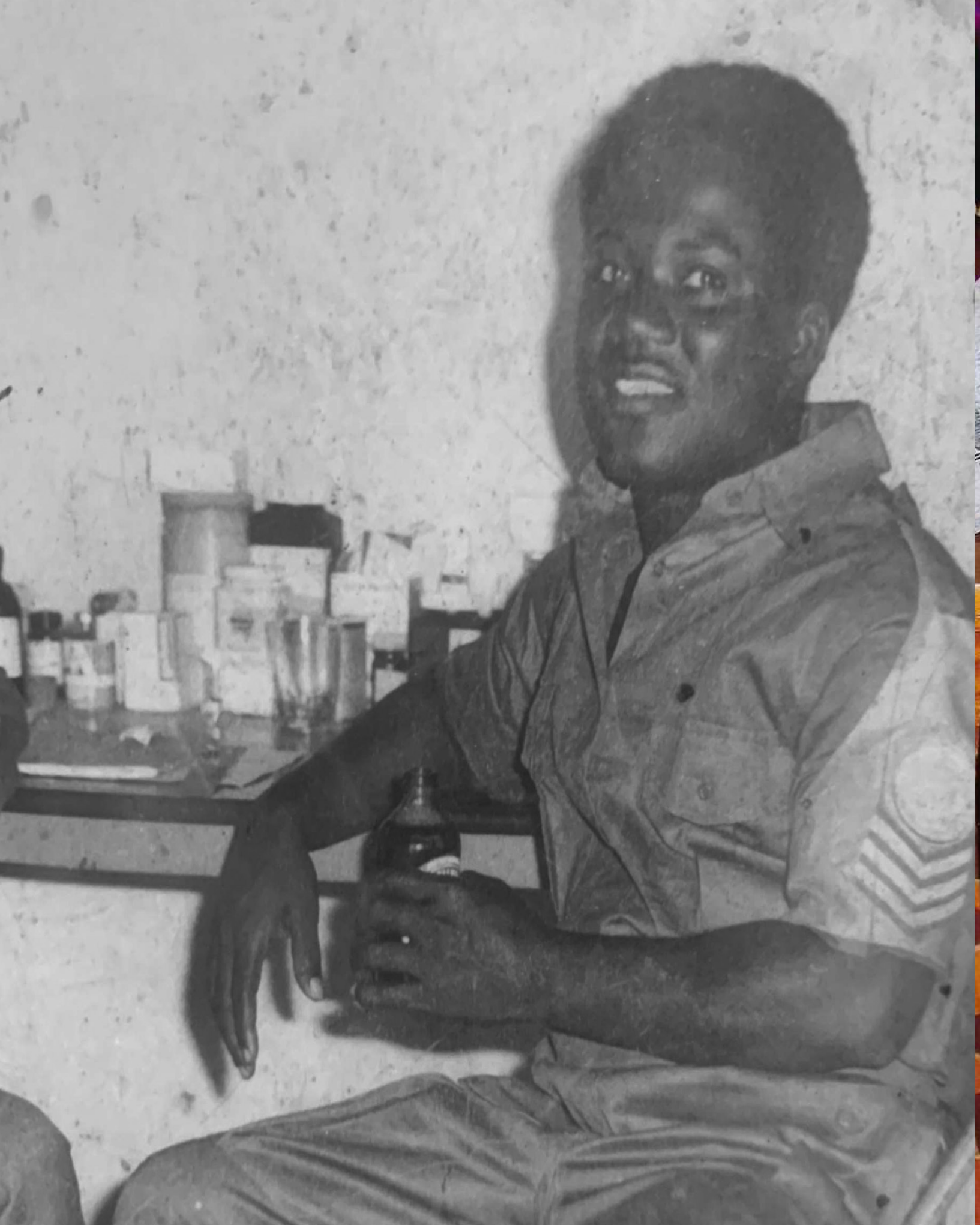




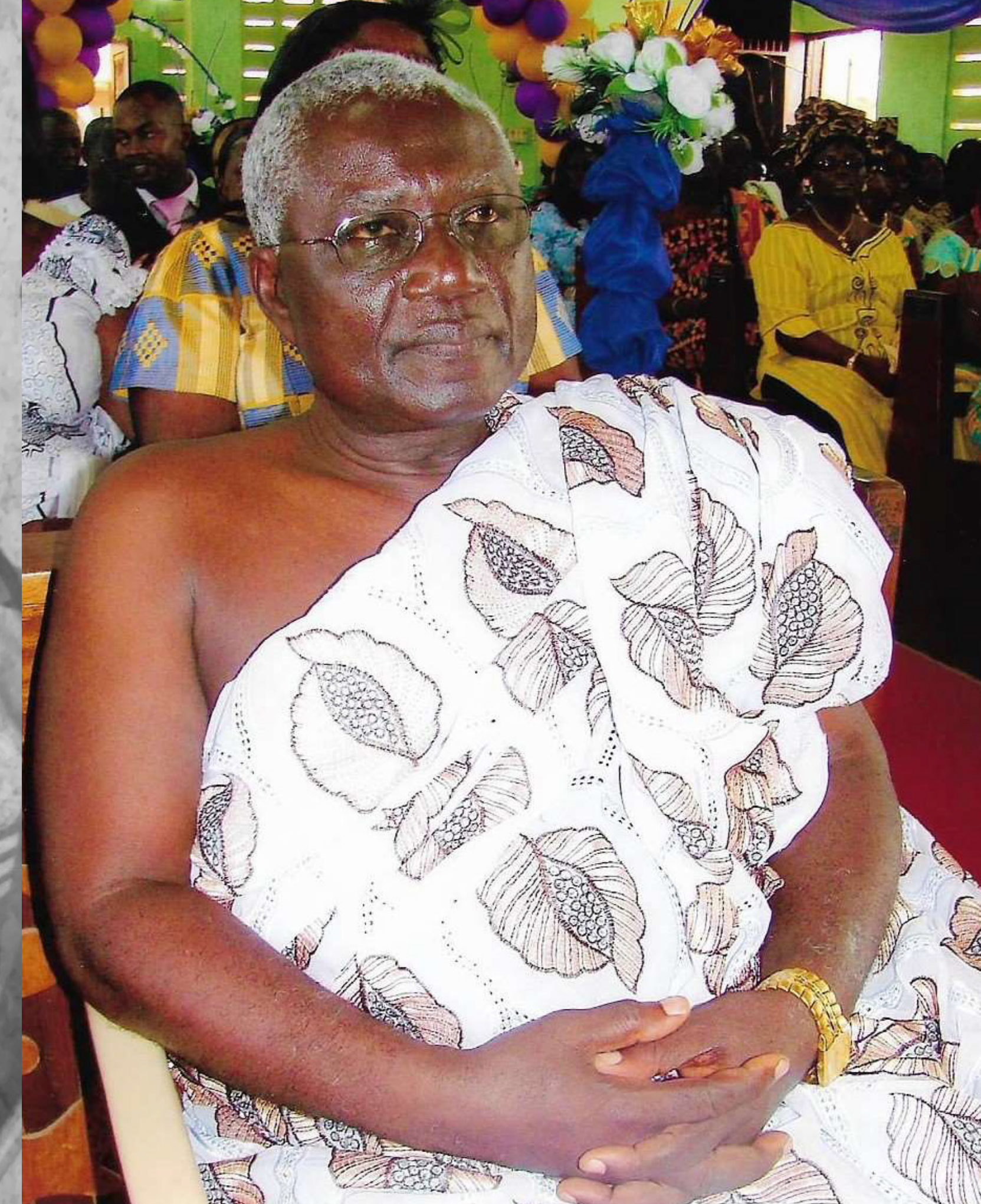


















# Hymns

## Hymn 223

Hark! Hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave beat  
shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are  
telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,

Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,

And laden souls, by Thousands meekly stealing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,

Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Rest comes at length; though life be long and  
dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome night be  
past;

Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,

And heav'n, the heart's true home will come at  
last,

Angels of Jesus, Angels of Light,

Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Angels! Sing on, your faithful watches keeping,

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;

Till morning's joy shall end in night! Of weeping,

And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light

Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!



## Hymn 537

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?

The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?

To do the will of Jesus—this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?

On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?

In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?

Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

## Hymn 290

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

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

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore

## Hymn 401

Now the laborer's task is o'er;

Now the battle day is past;

Now upon the farther shore

Lands the voyager at last.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping

Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"

Calmly now the words we say;

Left behind, we wait in trust

For the resurrection day.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping

Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

## Hymn 27

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

I need Thy presence every passing hour:

What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with  
me.





## *Acknowledgement*

The entire family, the widow and the children of the Late

**MR. HAYFORD KWABENA BOATENG**

wish to express our profound gratitude to all sympathisers, well-wishers and friends for your kind support, generosity, prayers and presence during our time of mourning.

We ask the Lord to bless and replenish you always.

May the good Lord bless us all.

