



*In Loving
Memory*

EDEM KOJO
AUGUSTT

(2ND FEBRUARY, 1986 - 6TH JANUARY, 2022)

Order Of Service

Date: 18th February, 2022 at 10:AM

VENUE: Transitions Place, Hatso-Atomic, Accra

OFFICIATING MINISTER

Rev. Sowah Ablorh, (*Reverend Minister, Victory Presbyterian Church, Frafraha*)

Music Director/Organist: Dr. Alfred Patrick Addaquay

Part 1. Burial Service

1. Scripture sentences
2. Hymns - 1
3. Prayer
4. Biography/ Tributes
5. Bible Reading
6. Hymn - 2
7. Sermon
8. Prayer
9. Expression of Christian Charity - Music by
Dr. Alfred Patrick Addaquay
10. Announcements
11. Vote of Thanks - Family Member
12. Closing Hymn - 3
13. Benediction

Part 2. At the Grave side

1. scripture sentence - Minister.
2. Hymn - 4
3. Exhortation -Minister
4. Committal - Minister
5. Prayer
6. Hymn - 5
7. Benediction -Minister



Brief Life History of

EDEM KOJO AUGUSTT

(2ND FEBRUARY, 1986 - 6TH JANUARY, 2022)

“And God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes, and they shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor pain for the former thing shall pass away” Rev.

Edem Kojo Augustt was born in Lome, in the Republic of Togo on 2nd Feb. 1986 to the late lawyer William Hugh August of Keta Dzelukope of blessed memory and Mad Mabel Glover of Peki Blengo. Few months later the parent relocated to Ghana.

His early childhood life was in Accra. He was baptized into Evangelical Presbyterian Church, Ghana at Abeka –Lapaz, whilst staying with his uncle Prosper.

EDUCATION

He had his basic education at Star Avenue Preparatory School, Kokomlemle Accra. At Star Avenue School, Edem featured in many acts of play by the school and became one of the chief actors of the school Drama Troupe. In 2001, he sat for the Basic Education Certificate Examination and passed with distinction.

He gained admission to one of the prestigious secondary schools in Ghana, Mfantsipim School at Cape- coast in the Central Region, where he had his Secondary education. He

excelled at the SSCE and obtained an admission into the university of Ghana, Legon Accra, where he obtained his Bachelor of Arts Degree in English and philosophy, 2008.

In the year 2009, he was posted to Beige Capital a Banking institution for his national service.

WORKING LIFE

By dint of hard work, the management of Beige Capital retained him after completion of his National Service and offered him an appointment as a staff. He worked there till he had an armed robbery attack and suffered a condition which rendered him temporary incapacitated.

SOCIAL LIFE

Edem was an avid sports lover. He played basketball as a hobby at American House, Tudu in Accra and professionally at the University level where he prominently featured in University games. He played basketball after school and won awards at the

National championship levels. The basketball tournament took him across countries in West Africa including Republic of Togo, Benin, and Cote d'ivoir. Edem was very outgoing, an extrovert who loves to give and spend time with people.

He was on top of current affairs and was well abreast with international news and politics.

Perhaps, this is the day for us to grieve, cry and mourn because you have left too early and too sudden without a word.

In spite of that pain, we are comforted knowing you are resting peacefully in the bosom of our Lord.

Mawu nenor Kpli Wo, Hede Nyuie !





Tribute from **Mother - Mabel Glover**

suddenly lost a child.

And when certain events such as this occurs, we struggle to find answers. Even though death is inevitable, I never imagined living a life without my only son will come so soon. It is difficult to even begin to describe my emotions, the loss, the sadness, the emptiness in my heart. All I can say is, God certainly knows what we do not know.

Edem my son, I took good care of you and your sister Emefa through thick and thin enduring all hardship and disappointments until you graduated from university of Ghana, Legon.

*Now the Labourers task is over
Now the battle day is past
Now upon the further shore
Lands the voyager at last
Father in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.*

With heavy heart and excruciating pain in my heart, I write this tribute to the memory of my dear son, Edem Kojo Augustt.

Words are sometimes inadequate to express the inner most feelings of a mother who has

You promised that after your National Service you would like to enlist in the Army of United States of America. You went further by saying; you will invite me to relocate from Ghana to stay with you in America. Your promises could not be fulfilled; your plans have been curtailed as death laid its icy hands on you.

Edem my son, you were kind and very generous and jovial. I quite remembered how you willingly offered your pocket money to an old lady who visited me one day to take transport home.

You were willing to give even when you do not

have. During your National Service period, you often came home with pizza for all the house hold. Who will bring us pizza as you have gone.

My son, your friends are waiting for you to go out and play basketball. Their eyes are full of tears.

Sometime ago when you were critically ill you encouraged me not to cry, that you will not die, you will recover. Indeed, you recovered and we were planning to organize a Thanksgiving party on 2nd February, 2022 which would have been your birth day.

You were fit to swim in the swimming pool and also had fun and merry with the family at an event centre during the Christmas holidays.

Edem, I have still not come into terms with this reality.

With whom did you leave your beloved and cherished sister and nephews?
Words cannot heal the pain of losing you.
Yes, we thank God for your short life on this earth.
We thank God for being part of our lives.
We thank you for your kindness, generosity, jokes and brotherly love.

My handsome Darling boy,
May God grant you the best place in Heaven were eternal peace reigns supreme.
Till we meet again, Edem.

Rest peacefully in the blossom of your Lord.
Mawu nenor kpli wo,
Hede nyuie



Tribute to

MY BROTHER EDEM BY GLORIA AUGUSTT WALLACE

*“Teach us to number our days, that we may gain a heart of wisdom.
” These words can be Psalm 90 verse 12.*

No doubt the writer of this Bible book has in mind the importance of appreciating and celebrating each moment of life, and most importantly time spent with our loved ones.

Life is truly fleeting, and transient, and unforeseen events overcome us all as humans. With true so evident, how much more imperative that love and care for our dear ones as each moment spent together may in reality be our last.

Who would have thought that all too soon I will be standing here before you to pay tribute to my dear younger brother Edem? Young, vibrant and filled with joy of life.

But such is life. In all things, I can only remain resolute with a heart filled with thanksgiving for the joy and privilege to have had a brother like Edem.

Our Childhood

My brother Edem came when I was just about walking as a toddler, and how excited I was to have a 'baby brother', as an only child, his arrival meant the world to me. I had found a 'doll' to play with and dote over.

He brought joy amidst the hardship our parents were going through in a land they barely knew, as they still navigated their way in Togo.

Our childhood was one of a modest home, filled with happiness, great love, strong family bonds and the nurturing of values that have woven the



fabric of our lives till this day.

Growing up was pure fun as we run up and down the compound of the Nanka Bruce's eating freshly baked bread with Planta Margarine from Bus-Stop Restaurant Ring Road; the best till date!

Growing up together was almost a competition as we tried to outperform each other at the dinner table, who got the chores done first, and of course who run the fastest to greet dad when he arrived from work in the evening.

Trips with our father to Dolly's fast foods, and Chicken Licken in Osu for after-school for after school lunch treats were moments of great excitement, as we jumped up and down in the back seat of daddy's car in anticipation of those mouthwatering meals.

For our Mum, providing us the best of upbringing included exposing us to the many historical sights and land marks of Accra, O how mum will take us to Labadi beach, Independence Day parade, Paloma Restaurant, Makola market and Kingsway shopping Arcade, where Edem will stray for a moment and cause us to panic because we thought he was lost.

Our home was so much fun during Christmas because of my birthday, the usual 26th December party for me got us to have our little fights as you didn't understand why I always had a party and you only got to take a special meal to school when it was your birthday.

Our strong bonds grew ever stronger into adulthood after the passing of our dad, I began to see you as the father figure in the home,

suddenly you were no longer my kid brother. Edem grew up to be a fine gentleman imbibing all the fine qualities and values of giving, humility and respect for all as instilled in us by our parents.

Never a day would go by that we didn't engage in long conversations and little gossips about our mother- this we would do in GA just to make sure she would not understand us! O yes, this got us into trouble with grandma when we gossiped about her saying "mama l33 no fiano eba wie", grandma suddenly said in her bad Ga accent "Ma wie".

As fate would have it Edem got attacked by robbers one evening after work, as a result he suddenly suffered several bouts of ill health that changed the course of his life and challenged our strength and faith in many ways.

In all these moments his strength in the face of adversity and the joy and hope that he radiated and remained a source of strength and encouragement to me and mum.

Our late-night trips to various hospital emergencies and pharmacies, the anxious moments when things looked dire and precarious. All these moments taught me valuable lessons that will transcend many generations.

In all these moments Edem remained calm and forever thankful for all the care and attention. His words were always 'Emefa, I am healed, don't worry everything will be ok' Yes, in difficult times and in joyous moments we remained the best of friends, sharing each moment with gratitude and thanksgiving.

To our joy and much relieve he made a strong recovery, his remarkable swimming skills on 28th December gave us the comfort that Edem was completely healed.

Coincidentally these wonderful memories formed the basis of our conversations and good laughter as we relived those precious moments on 2nd January, 2022.

Little did we know those cherished moments were to be our last.

As fate would have it, Edem peacefully said good-bye to us all without much fanfare.

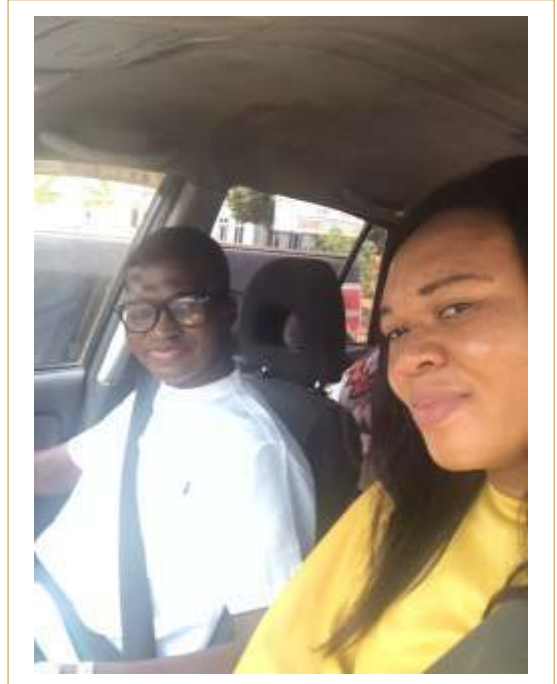
That was my brother Edem - Cool, calm, firm in his faith and convictions and forever grateful.

These are qualities and values that will remain indelibly printed in my heart for the rest of my life. Values of strength, resilience, hope and gratitude that will survive his brief but impactful life on this earth.

To borrow a few words from the well-known poet Kily Dunbar –

“A thousand words won't bring you back
I know because I've tried
Neither will a thousand tears
I know because I've cried.
So, fly away, o and rest in peace
My baby brother so dear to me
For all my love and memories, I will forever hold near”

Edem Yaa Wo Ojogbaa
Dzujor le wuti fafa me!
May you find eternal rest in the bosom of our
God and father.



Tribute by **UNCLES AND AUNTIES**

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore, we will not fear, even though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; Though the mountains shake with its swelling." Psalm 46:1 – 3

"For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from you, nor shall my covenant of peace be removed, says the LORD, whose mercy is on you." Isaiah 54:10

"And do not fear those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul. But rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." Matthew 10:28

Edem as we affectionately called you, your sudden demise came as a shock to us as we had just asked of you from your mum and she said you are doing well and even went out with the family during the Christmas holidays. What then went wrong that you have gone so quickly to the other side of the world?

Only God Almighty knows what he is doing. You left us with warm memories and though we cannot see you physically we know you are here, but in a faster dimension and always at our side. Ooh so much pain. Just the thought of you makes us cry. You were such a wonderful, kind and caring son and a dear friend to some of us. We are grateful to God Almighty for the years

we have had and the closeness that we have shared; for your thoughtfulness and loyalty and the way you always cared.

Edem, your departure has left us with more questions than answers. We mourn you, dear son, not as Uncles and Aunties who have no hope. We are comforted that you are resting with the saints that had gone and in the bosom of our Lord Jesus Christ free from all the pains and struggles of this life on earth.

Our family chain on this side of eternity is broken and waiting seems the same, but as God Almighty call us one by one when our work on earth is done and for the rupture morning, the chain will link again.

We are saying 'Adios' and not goodbye, for 'Adios' means see you again.

We will miss you dear son. But until we meet again, may your gentle soul rest in the bosom of your maker. Rest on dear Edem, Rest on.

Rest in Peace Edem,
Rest in perfect peace

Tribute by NEPHEWS AND NIECES

UnCLE Edem, I didn't see you in grandma's house when I got in at night on 7th January. Mummy said you were in the hospital; I have waited for many weeks for your return. I miss passing the Tv remote to you when it's time for your favourite program. I always did it reluctantly but you will give me a smile when you collect it. I miss sharing my tablet with you. Come home so we can play and do Accra tour again. I miss you Uncle Edem. When will you return? Mummy said you are now in heaven, is it true? Where is heaven? Can we visit you there? What is your phone number there? I will tell mummy to dial your number.

Shayne Wallace

Uncle Edem, I haven't sat on your lap since you

Tribute **UNCLE FOSTER GLOVER & FAMILY (UK)**

God look round His Garden and found an empty place. He then looked down upon the earth and saw your tired face. He put His arms around you and lifted you to rest. God's garden must be beautiful. He always takes the best. It broke my heart to lose a vibrant son like you.

Oh, that faithful Friday night around 8pm I had dressed up in white clothes on my way to a friend's birthday party. Suddenly, I decided not to drive, I parked the car and handed over the steering to my wife to drive instead. As I walked round to sit in the passenger side I fell straight into a big puddle and drenched in a filthy water. I stood up in silence for a while trying to figure out what is ahead. I went back home and sorted

left home. I miss you cuddling me from behind when I sit on your lap. I like sitting on your lap, can I come to where you are to sit on your lap? Can I bring my tablet so we play a game? Uncle Edem when are you coming back? Call Mummy to come and pick you. I miss you very much.

Jason Wallace

I miss you calling me Maame, my only Uncle Edem. You touch my head and wrap your arm around my neck and smile at me when I cry because you took away my tablet. Uncle Edem will we swim again? Can I borrow the basketball you left behind? I miss you so much please come back.

Lianne Wallace

myself out and returned to the party. At exactly 12 midnight I got a message that read "we have lost Edem" I broke down at the party that night.

Edem, you have left me in tears till date. Edem, I remembers when I used to pick you up from Star Avenue Preparatory School, helped you with homework most evenings, how you used to pronounce PENCIL as PENTOL. The interesting stories you told me from school. My heart is broken. You followed me and guided me to places in Accra when I last visited Ghana.

Thank you, son. By and by we shall surely meet again in that beautiful Garden. RIP.

Tribute from

UNCLE PROSPER GLOVER AND FAMILY

The demise of "POWER" as some of us affectionately called him, was shocking because we had seen him go through precarious situation from which he recovered so miraculously. Indeed, our lives are like rivers which flow into the sea. Such is death, the final sea, the leveler of all human destinies in which we all shall end.

"POWER", now you're in the bosom of the Almighty.

Enjoy!

Sip your Tea, Sip your Fruit drink.

Nice and Slow

No one ever knows when it's time to go. There'll be no Time to enjoy the Glow, so sip your Tea.

Nice and Slow.

Life is too short but feels pretty long.

There is too much to do, so much going wrong,
And most of the Time you struggle to be strong,
Before it's too late and it's time to Go,

Sip your Tea and Fruit Drink, Nice and Slow.

Some friends Stay, Others Go away,

Loved ones are cherished but not all will stay.

In the End it's really all about understanding

Love.

Appreciate and value who truly cares, Smile and
Breath

And let your Worries go.

So just sip your Tea and your Fruit Drink, Nice
and slow.

When I'm dead, your tears will flow, But I won't
know, cry with me now instead.

You'll send flowers, But I won't see. Send them
now instead.

You'll say words of praise, But I won't hear,
Praise me now instead.

You'll forget my faults, But I won't know. Forget
them now instead.

You'll miss me then, But I won't feel. Miss me
now, instead.

You'll wish you could have spent more time with
me. Spend it now instead.

When you hear I'm dead, you'll find your way to
my house to pay condolence but we haven't even
spoken in years. Look for me now.

Edem "POWER" And God shall wipe away all
tears from your eyes.

You will not weep again; neither would you
experience sorrow nor pain.

You will rest peacefully in the bosom of your
Maker.

Edem, POWER, Hede nyuie.

A Tribute:

EDEM KOJO AUGUSTT, THE “CANDLE IN THE WIND” FROM ERNEST MALLET AND CHILDREN

“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our affliction, so that we may be able to comfort those who are in any affliction, with the comfort with which we ourselves are comforted by God.”

2 Corinthians 1:3-4

I had a call from your mum, and she was devastated and crying: “Edem is dying!” Taken aback but understanding this as the desperate calls a mother in distress would put out, I said a prayer asking God to please save you and bring you to life. The next call was: “Edem is dead!!”

Edem! Mr. Augustt!! I remember vividly the day you graduated from the University of Ghana, Legon full of life and hope for the future. You told me how you wanted to make your mother proud for her care and support for you and your sister Emefa. You wanted to join the military basketball team but these did not happen and only God knows why. It hurts badly and tests our very faith in God, but we give thanks for everything.

We cherish the video clip of you in a swimming pool just a few days earlier and the excitement in your mum's voice that Edem is well. She even indicated her desire to do a thanksgiving donation in the church. She started planning a birthday party and a celebration for your recovery from the protracted ill health you endured for the past many years.

You were gentle and thoughtful, always making it a point to ask of everyone in our lives and how they were doing even when you fell ill. You

trusted in God concerning your recovery and when things were obviously difficult for you, you would smile through the discomfort. You were keen on documenting your journey because you believed you were on your way to recovery.

We have since been reflecting about how fleeting life is and why we should take each day at a time. Oh God, teach us how to count our days and blessings and be thankful for the many beautiful and happy moments in our life.

I would like to borrow the tune and paraphrase the lyrics of Elton John in “Candle in the Wind” by saying that:

Goodbye Edem Kojo Augustt

Loveliness we've lost

These empty days without your smile

A torch we'll always carry for you

Even though we try, the truth brings us to tears

Now you belong to heaven

And the stars spell your name.

And it seems to me you lived your life

Like a candle in the wind

Never fading with the sunset.

Goodbye Edem.

May your gentle soul Rest Peacefully in the bosom of the Lord.

Tribute from **MOBA 2004 ARTS 4 (A4) CLASS**

“Night is long when our eyes have been unsleeping. For three nights long my eyes have been unsleeping...”
*“Strange fits of passion have I known, And I will dare to tell, But in the lovers ear alone,
What once to me befell...”*
“There's a lovely road that runs from Ixopo into the hills....”

Geomello, the above are lines we know you won't forget. Ms. Aggrey drilled us too well to remember the first lines of the books and poems in our Literature class. In like manner we remember your days with us on the hills of Mfantshipim School. You were a key figure in the Arts 4 class when The School finally allocated us classes in 2001. You were nicknamed Geomello and became our Class Prefect for a year. Later your nickname became O Six, and was very popular among the guys you moved with.

Edem, we guess you can see the POV (Point of View) we are writing from. Wait, let's ask you, is it first-person, second-person or third-person? Should we call Ms. Aggrey to come remind you? Or do we call Mr. Akunnor to come give you the historical tales on how we came by the POV? Or do we call Mr. Tse to bore you to sleep with his slow expression of maths?

Bigger and taller than some of us, you were a vivacious guy, partaking in all class activities and discussions. Our activities ranged from debates to all manner of mischief, and our discussions revolved around local and international politics to religion to football. Do you remember how we were sent to weed Mr. Tse's farm at Masters Flat, and your “special” operation which got Mr. Tse to sack us from

that farm? Surely you do remember our dreams of becoming lawyers, and how we thought coming to University of Ghana was a first step towards achieving that dream. No wonder most of us in that class came to Legon.

We transitioned into adulthood after Secondary School, and the once closely-knit group scattered. We got to see each other occasionally, but we assumed each other was doing fine. Thus, your demise came as a shock to the mates.

Geomello, this is from all the guys in A4 with whom you argued, laughed, laboured and loved. We are saddened that you've left us, yet we wish you well on your eternal journey. Know that this earthly brotherhood loves you well but God loves you best.

Adios our friend. Say we well to Prince and El Kay. Sleep well Geomello, until we meet in Eternity.



Tribute from STAR AVENUE SCHOOL (2001-year group)

John 16:22

“So, with you: Now is your time of grief, but I will see you again and you will rejoice, and no one will take away your joy.”

Edem, it is still pretty hard to accept that you are no longer here with us.

Although we are still reeling from the sudden and unexpected death of our dear brother and friend, Edem, we are touched and thoroughly humbled by his time here with us. We remember all the laughs you provided and jokes you cracked during our school years. You were adored by all. Your positivity and intelligence were definitely an inspiration to everyone.

Adult friendships are hard, but your passing has drawn our attention to the need to do better at nurturing relationships.

In one moment, you went from being a person to becoming a memory. You are a memory we will treasure forever.

It is very hurtful as the question still remains, why Edem, just why? Today we are honouring, celebrating, and remembering our brother Edem. “Akpalu” as some of us called him is a man of such grace and courage. We know you are resting in God's Glory Edem and the pain you endured is no more. We are all truly devastated.

Edem, King Akpalu till we meet again.



Tribute by
BROTHER-IN-LAW (STANLEY WALLACE)

*But I do not want you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning those who have fallen asleep, lest you sorrow as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so God will bring with Him those who sleep in Jesus.
1 Thessalonians 4:13-14 (NKJV)*

Each and every passing day I think of you. The voice that once spoke is now silenced.

Seeing your calm lifeless body has caused unimaginable pain to me. Emotionally, our lives have never been the same since God called you home.

Edem, your death shook me that night when mummy called that you were not responding. I remained calm and prayed against the unthinkable since I couldn't bring myself to that realization of losing another loved one within a spate of 15 days. But that was not to be.

Your passing does not seem real to me and things just haven't been the same since you left us, but who am I to question your Creator?

You left us when we least expected and all we have now are memories of your past. Your

actions were always kind. A caring brother-in-law and a loving uncle you've been to me and the children.

Edem, you had great qualities. You always made me feel comfortable when I first met you. You were unintrusive and we had our own special way of getting along unknowing to our families but sickness took a better part of that relationship.

I miss you, Edem. My wife (your sister) misses you so much. You always asked me to thank Gloria for you. You had a heart full of gratitude. We always had hopes for a better life but God has a higher purpose for your life.

Journey On, Edem
Till We Meet Again
Rest in Perfect Peace.

Tribute from Cousins

"I shall pass through this world, but once. Any good that I can do to any man, let me do it now, let me not defer it, for I shall not pass this way again."

The death of our cousin Edem has shocked all of us. Indeed, the grief is heavy to bear.

We know our cousin very well because his mother who is our junior auntie offered her home to some of us to stay and pursue our various activities. Their home served as a resting point anytime we came to the city centre of Accra with our parents to shop.

Our cousin Edem was a handsome and perfect gentleman, humble and caring, a philanthropist who freely shared his substance where necessary.

And God shall wipe all tears from your eyes. You will not weep again.

Neither will you experience sorrow nor pain. You will rest peacefully in the bosom of your Maker.

Bro Hedenynie!

As cousins, it's still unbelievable and with a heavy sorrowful heart having heard of the demise of our adorable, affable, easy to go, active cousin whom I grew up together with at Tudu.

I affectionately call him 'Hong Kong Phoey' after a cartoon series we all watched together, he was a punctual and active basketball player at Lebanon house and often my auntie Mabel often send us to fetch him from the Basketball Court to come and eat as he sometimes comes home very late from the games.

DELA KANFRA



Edem, you shall remain in our hearts as one of our very own. You would be my first and "biggest" cousin when I was very little.

Playing hide and seek, going out to buy ice-cream (Fanice & Fan pop) at night, how to fly toy helicopters, doing "arm pressing" and dancing to tunes on cartoon network are some of the fond and unforgettable memories I'll have of you. These and many more keep on playing in my mind a million times as if a movie without an ending.

My rehearsals for my first ever poem in kindergarten was totally mastered through you. I used to run to you even when you're busy to repeat those difficult words... "intermittent premonition". And you showed me how to pronounce without a hitch.

You were a marvelous, funny and kindhearted person. My childhood was filled with so much fun, joy and laughter because of you and I'll never forget that. You were more than a brother to me and it breaks my heart to the core that you'll say goodbye suddenly.

Rip Edem.

May the Lord preserve your soul till we meet again.

MAKAFUI KANFRA

You may have passed on, but your memories would always live on within us. You have been the closest I have to a biological brother and you made me feel loved and belonging anytime am with you. "Are you okay?" is what you would say to me anything am with you and you make sure you provide whatever I need of you. Thanks, you for all your love and kindness brother.

Wherever you are, I know you are in a much better place. I will be forever be grateful and thankful that you are my 'My bother'.

ERIC TAKYI AND SISTERS









Hymn 1, Guide me O, thou Jehovah

Verse 1

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
 Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more,
 Feed me till I want no more.

Verse 2

Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing stream doth flow;
 Let the fire and cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

Verse 3

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises, songs of praises,
 I will ever give to Thee,
 I will ever give to Thee.

Hymn 2, I Need Thee Every Hour

Verse 1

I need Thee every hour
 Most gracious Lord
 No tender voice like Thine
 Can peace afford

I need Thee, O I need Thee
 Every hour I need Thee
 O bless me now, my Savior
 I come to Thee

Verse 2

I need Thee every hour
 Stay Thou nearby
 Temptations lose their power
 When Thou art night

I need Thee, O I need Thee
 Every hour I need Thee
 O bless me now, my Savior
 I come to Thee

Hymn 3, It Is Well With My Soul

Verse 1

When peace, like a river,
 Attendeth my way,
 When sorrows like sea billows roll;
 Whatever my lot,
 Thou has taught me to say,
 It is well, with my soul.
 It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Verse 2

Though Satan should buffet,
 Though trials should come,
 Let this blest assurance control,
 That Christ has regarded
 My helpless estate,
 And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
 It is well, with my soul,
 It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Verse 3

My sin, oh, the bliss
Of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross,
And I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Hymn 4, Lead Kindly Light

Verse 1

Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom;
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

Verse 2

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

Verse 3

So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Hymn 5, Now Thank We All Our God

Verse 1

Now thank we all our God
with heart and hands and voices,
who wondrous things has done,
in whom his world rejoices;
who from our mothers' arms
has blessed us on our way
with countless gifts of love,
and still is ours today.

Verse 2

O may this bounteous God
through all our life be near us,
with ever joyful hearts
and blessed peace to cheer us,
to keep us in his grace,
and guide us when perplexed,
and free us from all ills
of this world in the next.

Verse 3

All praise and thanks to God
the Father now be given,
the Son and Spirit blest,
who reign in highest heaven
the one eternal God,
whom heaven and earth adore;
for thus it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

APPRECIATION



The entire family will like to thank all friends and sympathizers who have expressed support through various ways,- through prayers, contributions, and visits - during this period of grief.

Every prayer, gift and call has been greatly appreciated. May the grace of God be with each and every one of you. Amen.