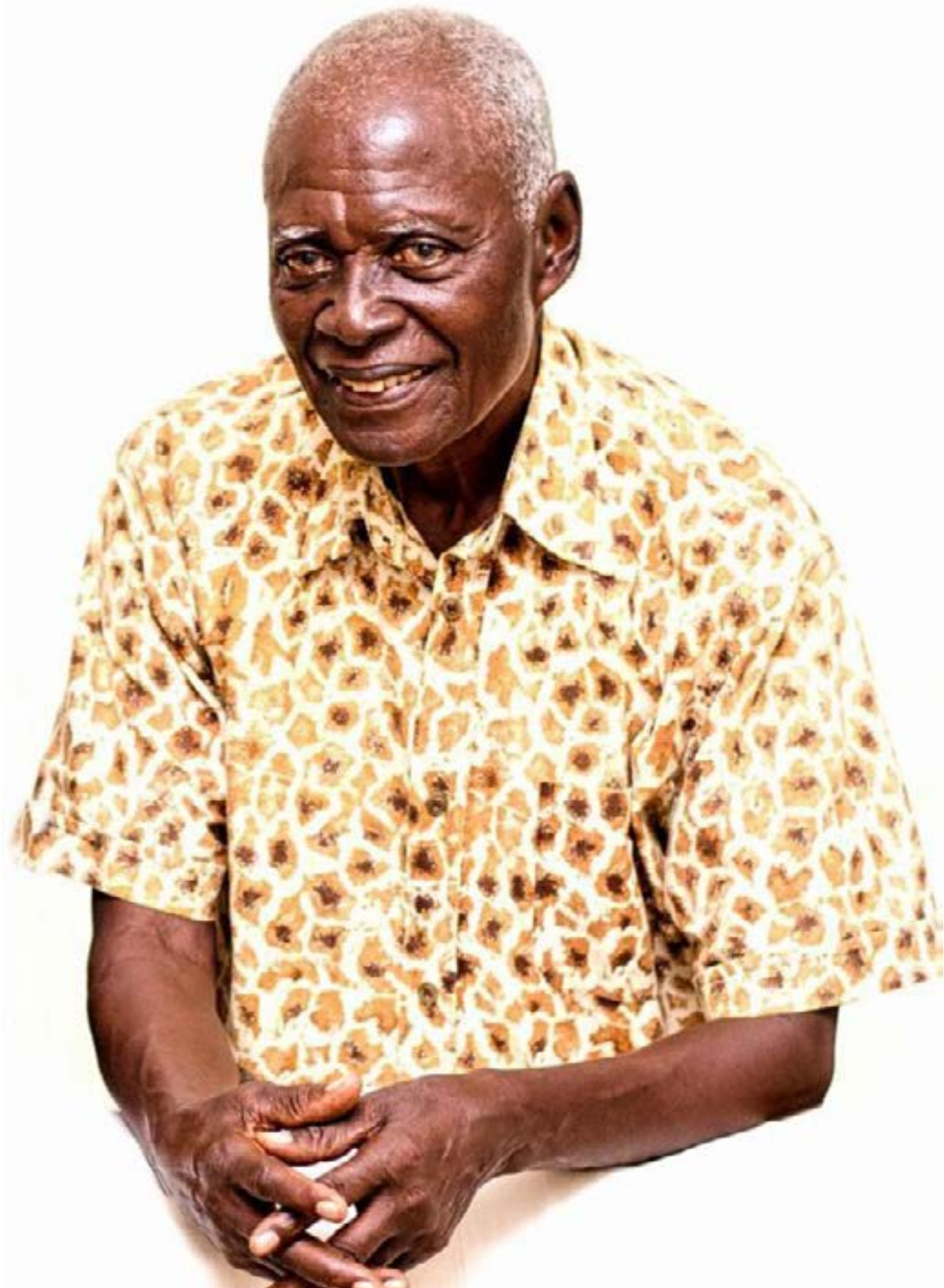


BURIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE

**EMMANUEL
ALEXANDER
KWABENA
ASIEDU**

25TH AUGUST 1937 - 9TH NOVEMBER 2021



Officiating Clergy

Pastor Kingsley Addae

Pastor Eric Mensah

Elder Joseph Mbrokoh-Ewoal

Elder Emmanuel Asante

Very Rev'd Kwesi Sakyi-Appiah

Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Markwei

Rev'd Fitzgerald Odonkor

Rev'd Emmanuel Titi Lartey

Head Pastor, Pentecost International Worship Centre (P.I.W.C)

P.I.W.C

P.I.W.C

P.I.W.C

Christ The King Methodist Church

President, Living Streams International

General Overseer, Harvest Chapel International

Senior Associate Pastor, Harvest Chapel International

Organist - Emmanuel Turkson

In Attendance - Winneba Youth Choir

Conductor - Elder Joseph Mbrokoh-Ewoal

Order of Service

Part 1

Opening Prayer

Choruses

File Past

Tributes

Siblings

In-laws

Josie and Bibo

Gifty and Mercy

Neighborhood

Introductions/Acknowledgements

Song

Scripture Reading (Isaiah 57:1-2)

Song

Thanksgiving Prayer

Biography

Tributes

Children

Grandchildren

PIWC-Kokomlemle

Song

Sermon/Altar Call

Offertory

Prayer for the bereaved family

Vote of thanks

Announcements

Dead March In Saul

Recession

Eld. Philip Addo

Winneba Youth Choir

Conductor

Winneba Youth Choir

I am traveling to heaven/"Now thank we all our God"

Eld. Emmanuel Asante

Family Representative

There's a land that is fairer than day

Ps. Kingsley Addae

Songs by Winneba Youth Choir

Family Representative

District Secretary

Part 2: At the Cemetery

Prayer

Song

Lowering of Casket

Committal

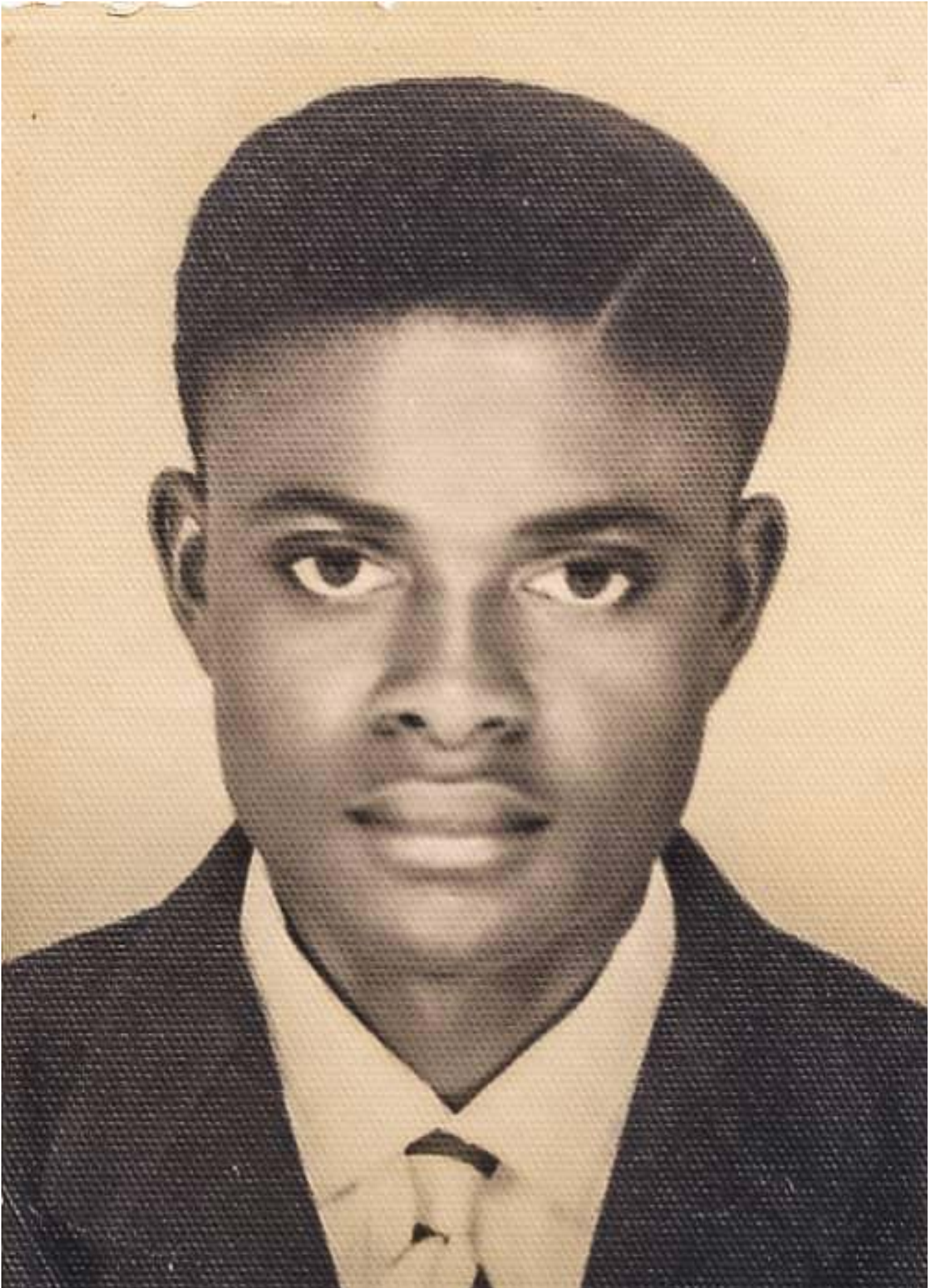
Prayer/Benediction

Eld. Alfred Owusu Ansah

Guide me oh Thy great Jehovah

Ps. Eric Mensah

Ps. Eric Mensah



BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE EMMANUEL ALEXANDER KWABENA ASIEDU

*“What we have once enjoyed we can never lose,
all that we love deeply becomes a part of us.” - Hellen Keller*

Emmanuel Alexander Kwabena Asiedu, affectionately called “Alex” by his late wife and Daa or Poppee by his children, was born on 25th August 1937 in Adukrom-Akwapim to Mr. Martin Asomani Asiedu of Akropong-Akwapim, a public servant, and Madam Alice Donkor of Adukrom, a housewife, both of blessed memory. He had five (5) siblings, Mr. Joseph Kofi Kesse Asiedu, Mrs. Comfort Larbi, Mrs. Mary Osew, Mr. Emmanuel Kwame Dampsey and Mr. Samuel Kwesi Darko.

Alex struggled through his early life and education as he was young when his parents separated. As a result, he moved in to stay with his uncle, Joseph Mintah, where he learnt how to play all sorts of musical instruments. That passion for music never left him. He gave his life to Christ at an early age and that served as a guide for the rest of his life.

His siblings and all who came across him admired his principled nature, humility and kindness.

Alex had his primary education at Amanfrom in Akim, then at New Tafo also in Akim. He moved on to stay with his grandmother, Hagar Donkor and continued his elementary education at Adukrom Methodist School and middle school education at Apirede United. He stayed with a sports master for Accra Academy, Mr. Chinery, during his secondary school education from 1952/53 to 1956 – an arrangement made by the then headmaster of the school. Mr. Chinery was helpful to Alex and exposed him to athletics and in particular long-distance running. He further encouraged Alex to take part in cross-country races between Ghana, Ivory Coast and Nigeria and allowed him to train with the team. Alex didn’t waste his chance. He

got his shot at glory when he was brought on as a substitute at the last minute to replace the one representing Ghana at the time in a race between Ghana and Nigeria. The race was from Nsawam to the



Accra Sports Stadium and Alex won.

His faith carried him through life's challenges. Doctors initially declared him unfit to participate in athletics. He persevered until he was passed fit. He was eventually awarded a three (3) year scholarship to study at the Scottish School of Physical Education in Glasgow, Scotland upon completion of his secondary school education.

He worked for a short while at Ghana Airport as an air traffic controller before his Glasgow programme. When he returned from Scotland in 1961, he worked at the Ministry of Youth and Sports as a Physical Education Organizer. A year later, he was posted to St. Francis Training College in Hohoe where he worked as a Sports Master. It was there that he met his late wife Wilhelmina Naa Korkoi Kwaku. Between 1963/64 and 1967, he worked at the Winneba Specialist Training College (then Winneba College of Education) and in 1967 at the Accra Training College as a physical education instructor/tutor, whilst undergoing a two (2) year degree course at Cape Coast in education and sports.

Alex and Wilhelmina got married in 1967.

Alex also worked as an Administrative Secretary at the Ghana News Agency and the Tema Food Complex Corporation and was a soccer coach for Standfast FC and Accra Great Olympics FC. He served as the Chief Sports Organizer at the National Sports Council and became the Acting Chief Executive in 1979 after serving a number of years as the Chief Administrative Officer. Sadly, he was wrongly accused of misappropriating funds meant for the Ghana/Benin friendly games that year. He was cleared after an exhaustive investigation, reinstated in April 1982, and confirmed as Chief Executive. After a short while, he was again posted to the Winneba Sports College



as its first Director. His final assignment was as the National Coordinator of the National Youth Council.

Alex was well travelled. He also loved sports, with swimming, soccer and lawn tennis as his favorites. He also had a passion for building his own cars.

He was born into the Apostolic Church and later joined the Church of Pentecost. In his later years, he worshipped at the Pentecost International Worship Center (PIWC), Kokomlemlé Assembly. At church, he served as a member of the Church choir, the Royal Vessels, as a keyboardist and was also a member of the Counselling Committee until he was too old to be active.

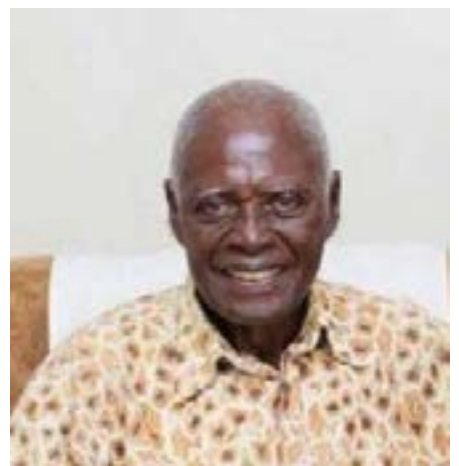
He was never really the same after his beloved wife, Wilhelmina, passed away last year. On Tuesday the 9th of November, 2021 he joined her in Heaven. They left behind 6 children.

Emmanuel Alex Kwabena Asiedu, Nanteyie.
God be with you till we meet again.









TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN

Proverbs 17:6.(NIV)

“Children are the crown of the aged and parents are the pride of their children”

Not many children can say this of their parents but you, together with Momére, were our pride. You led an exemplary life and you were a wonderful father.

Although you exuded calm, you had your tough side. Aferibea, the introvert, bore the biggest brunt of that as the first child, like they almost always do. Siebe too, although she seemed to have thicker skin. Momére would even channel requests through her because she could pester you until she got what she wanted. Your insults, painful but funny on hindsight, did get at her. She still remembers the ‘your face like a railway track’ one.

You loved us deeply. When things were rough after you unfairly lost your job in 1983 you did not give up. We moved from Ridge to the uncompleted building in Dansoman and there we struggled to make ends meet. You vowed to stay and watch your children grow. You became a lot of things; football coach, taxi driver, drink distributor, just to make sure you could keep

that vow. Even when you were no longer working you picked a trotro from Dansoman to Kaneshie and walked the rest of the journey to Achimota just so you could see Oko and Ate. Joe is right when he called you our role model and our mentor.

You could mix carrot and stick in a way no one else could. There was the day Yaw wanted to watch a raunchy film although you had asked him not to. When you went to bed he slipped it into the old video deck and promptly got the cassette stuck in the device. No amount of praying, binding, cursing, and fixing could get it out. In the morning when you found out, you did not say a word. You only asked for the deck to be put in the car to be taken to the repairman. Yaw could have buried himself in shame. Lessons learnt.

Your calm godliness made an ideal match for Momére’s wonderfully carefree spirit. We are still not sure whether you knew what was going on behind your back after you would shower and wear your white tennis shorts and then

settle to watch the evening news. Momére would rally us to the kitchen then ask us to peer, giggling, from that distance at the holes in your shorts. You see, we did not have much but together with Momére, you gave us a happy home.

You were an honest, upright man. When one of us saw you at Lartebiokoshie with a young lady in your car and babbled to Momére her answer was simple. She said 'wo papa nti saa'. She made 'Okromouth' hide in the room by the hall until you came home and asked you loudly where you'd been. You told her you'd had to drop one of your female students before coming home. She called out triumphantly to 'Okromouth' 'se me kakyire wo'. She, who knew you more than most, knew you walked your talk.

We thought though, that you loved your cars too much. They were special but not for reasons we loved. You would mostly buy parts from Kokompe and painstakingly put them together over time, a bonnet here, a fuel tank there. That meant that on

many occasions, getting to your destination without a mechanical fault was a bit of a miracle.

But then you were a bit of a miracle yourself because you loved your God. You never lost your faith in those hard, dark years, you stayed honest and humble and you taught us about faith and hope. Even in our adult years when we had issues about anything you were our go-to person. Your default answer was always for us to get closer to God, seek him in prayer, and never waiver in our faith. Maybe that was the best gift you could have given us, the knowledge that we had and still have an Anchor. God knew it too that you loved Him with everything you had. He must have smiled that day, in your twilight years, your memory slowly fading, when you asked to pray and told Him that even though your words were jumbled you knew He understood you.

In the end, your final hours felt like the way you had lived, quiet and calm, bearing your discomfort with dignity and in faith, surrounded by your

loved ones.

We mourn and yet we celebrate a quiet legend. You were our hero, a true father's father. And you lived as we would want to live, humble and godly, shining your gentle light all around you.

Farewell Daa. Rest, together with Momére, in the arms of our Lord.



BARBARA



HARRIET



ALEX



LAWRENCE



DANIEL



DAVID



TRIBUTE BY BOATEMAA

Grandpa, even as I reflect on your life, I still remember your hearty laughter whenever we came to run around at Dansoman and spend quality time with you. Your stories always reminded me of how mighty God is and how important it is to be resilient and prayerful even in the toughest circumstances. You were a living testimony of God's faithfulness. I always looked forward to hearing you play one hymn or gospel song on the organ, and you were one of my motivations for finally taking my piano lessons seriously even though I am a bit rusty now.

I remember how you always used to take us to the bakery nearby whenever we came to visit. Whenever I think of banana cake you always come to mind, because that was one of the things you always got for us when we came. Another fond memory I have of you is during our driving lessons.

We had so many memorable chats, and you also made it a priority to discipline me when I made a few errors during these lessons, so I don't make any grave mistakes in future. Sometimes I felt you were being hard on me, but I appreciate it even more now because you did it out of love and it has made me such a careful driver. One time you kept insisting whenever I branch left or right, I should roll the window down and wave my hands for others to see me. I felt embarrassed to do this thinking who still does that in this day and age? I tried to dodge, but you caught me in no time and no one had to tell me to better roll that window down and wave!

In the final years of your life, you still held on deeply to your faith in God. At times when I came to visit and heard you listening to gospel songs, tears always came to my eyes and I couldn't help imagining how joyful your reunion with God

will be someday. The few times you remembered me when you asked me who it was and I said your first and oldest granddaughter, the way your face lit up always warmed my heart. "He remembered me"! On those particular days, I'd excitedly tell anyone I met that Grandpa remembered me!

Now that you're gone, it hurts. But at the same time, I'm at peace knowing you lived a good and impactful life. I'm blessed because you got to meet your great granddaughter, and though I wish you were around much longer so she could get to know you more, I know you are in a better place now.

I love you Grandpa. I still hear your laughter. And I know I'm favored because of the many prayers you used to pray over me and us all. Rest well, and please say hi to Grandma for us.

We love you.



TRIBUTE BY ADOMA

When I think about Grandpa, three things come to mind immediately, his faith in God, his hilarious stories & his passion for football. If God were a man walking on earth, then wherever you saw Grandpa, you would see God. His faith was deeply embedded in everything Grandpa sought to do. It was laced in his advice, the bedrock of his stories and the very foundation upon which he built his life.

Many things about Grandpa inspire me - but the zeal with which he clung to his faith, most especially in his latter days on earth - takes the cake. Even in his very last days, he wore his faith like a badge of honour (and maintained his sense of humour too.) The stories Grandpa told us grandkids are countless, but the two I can remember most vividly, are the time he went to our Uncle Lawrence's school looking for his son Lawrence, only to be told there was no such person, only a 'Gege Mulla' much to his shock, & the time he was in Scotland & down to his last penny, & prayed and found some money on the ground, the exact amount he prayed for.

I miss and love you dearly, sweet Olu & though my eyes fill with tears each time I try to relive my memories with you, my heart also sings with joy knowing that you are finally reunited with your best friend (God) & the love of your life (Momère.) To the sweetest, wisest, most humble Grandpa, I love you & I pray that your soul eternally rests in the perfect peace of our Lord.



TRIBUTE BY JASON

Grandpa, I know the latter years were difficult for you but I choose to remember the better times. When you would put me in the passenger seat of your red Benz and take me to Abossey Okai to look for car parts. I remember how excited I would get when you drove without your hands on the steering wheel and how I would always ask you to do so, even on a highway. We used to identify the different car brands together and I remember falling in love with cars because of you. I miss seeing you eat your famous rice and banana but I know you're in a better place.

I'm grateful that I got to know such a wonderful man and spend some of my vacations with you. You were a good man and I know you are singing 'Onyame Kokroko' with the angels. I love you forever.



TRIBUTE BY NASEI

Dear Grandpa, your life was a great example of what comes to mind when I think of the words “a life well-lived”. You taught your children everything they could’ve hoped to learn, and they passed that knowledge to us. You even passed it down directly at times. I will miss you so much, my friend, roommate and walking buddy. I know you’re in a much better place, smiling wide listening to this. You were the only one who could get me out of trouble when I was younger, you would drive all the way just to cool Mummy’s heart when I did something I wasn’t supposed to.

I remember you letting me play games on your phone even when Mummy didn’t want me to. Teaching me how to draw and watching football with you. We can never forget you. May your soul rest in peace, and may you and Grandma continue to be with each other in Heaven. It was an honour to be your grandson and your friend. I still want to go on that Scotland trip with you, but I see you’ve gone ahead to prepare the place for me. I love you.



TRIBUTE BY ADOBEA

God, for years now, I have wished to freeze heart-clenching, joyful moments, in time. I have wished, Jesus, to somehow record all the time you have blessed us with, so that in the future, when it’s time to write our tributes, my mouth won’t go dry because I don’t know which story to start with, or because the stories have run together and I can’t remember them in the clarity I would like.

Unfortunately, I have been unable to capture everything, and so today is a day that I don’t know where to start, nor are the stories crystal-clear in my mind. It’s a sad day, God.

What I will tell people when they ask about Grandpa is that he was the gentlest man I have ever known. What I can also say is that he and Grandma loved us. When the dementia was in the beginning stages, we noticed because he was being repetitive with stories, with our stories. He had pictures and stories of his children and grandchildren that echoed in his mind consistently, alongside his

memories of travelling and playing football. He loved us so much that when he wasn't himself, he loved us past it.

It wasn't just us he loved like that. It was Jesus. It will always be a wonder to me, God, how his first responses were laced with Your words of encouragement when he wasn't the Grandpa we used to know. It was evidence of years of searching after Your heart and trying to be like You. In his pursuit of You, he built a legacy. I grew up in an incredibly close-knit family, an incredibly loving family, an incredibly Godly family. Generations have called us blessed, favour has surrounded us continually. Our foundation is Grandpa and Grandma. Thank You for looking upon Him for His faithfulness, God. I can only hope we have the same heart for You and we can carry it on.

I write because of Grandpa. I love to travel because of him. I have had the greatest opportunity to experience unconditional love because of him. I never understood the phrase "it's better to have loved and lost than to never have loved at all", but from these losses, I do. I am grateful, Jesus, for the opportunity that You gave to us to know and love them. How can we ever thank You? When You speak to them, Jesus, tell them, for me, that we will not fail. That their name will stand, and as a result Yours will prevail. Thank them for us too. Most importantly, God, please mention that we love them, and will love them, forever.



TRIBUTE BY JOETTE

Having you as a Grandpa was a blessing, spending time with you a privilege. The memories with you are endless, coming over to sleep at your house in Dansoman every now and then, teaching us your odd eating habits. When we came back home after a sleepover we learnt new food combinations, rice and banana, and coke mixed with kalyppe. Admittedly the latter combination was not bad at all, but it was still an odd combination. Your love for cars was a thing you passed on to us, teaching us the names of cars whenever we passed them as we drove somewhere. Being in a car with you was always entertaining, you used to drive and laugh as you left the steering wheel as the car moved on the road.

Your love for music carried on till you passed on, now in the children and grandchildren you left behind. Your love for God was admirable, teaching us to believe in God even when it was hard to. Looking at what you were going through and still singing songs and having faith was the best thing to witness and it gave us the encouragement to keep serving God even when things are not going so well.

Thinking about the fact that we are writing a tribute after your passing is unbearable. You loved us even before we could

reciprocate that love. Even though we knew you were sick and at a point telling us you were ready to go we prayed that you wouldn't. Even though we knew the love of your life had gone ahead of you to see God we didn't want you to go. We are grateful for the time God gave us with you. The time we had with you feels short, but we know you could have left us at an earlier time. I love you and I always will, beyond words.

Your granddaughter,
Joette



LOWELL



LONELL



TYRA





Tribute By
Elias Alex Asiedu and Israel Ethan Asiedu

Dear Grandpa,
I miss you a lot.
I know you
are in heaven.
Please say Hello
to Jesus and
Grandma for me.
Love Elias Alex Asiedu
and Love Israel Ethan
Asiedu.

TRIBUTE BY JOSIE & BIBO



**We may shed tears,
tears we know cannot be
compared to the joy we will
have when we see you again
In the bosom of the Father.
So when we say Goodbye,
what we really mean is
see you in a while.**

**Roses are red, Violets are blue
Such a great man you were
And the best Grandpa too.**

“Young lady, are you from the village?” I sat across Grandpa in shock as Gifty (his nurse) doubled over in laughter beside me. I did not know whether to laugh or cry at Grandpa’s brutal honesty regarding one of my many experimental hairdos. All I did was ask him if he was enjoying his food. This is one of my last memories with Grandpa.

As I write this tribute, gratitude is the emotion I feel the most. Even before my sister and I moved in with Aunty Irene and Uncle Alex, our many sleepovers at their residence would sometimes have us participating in the annual Asiedu Christmas get-together. Grandpa observing happily but quietly, his small league of children and grandchildren and Grandma running around. They both made us feel welcome, like we were family before we even were.

Uncle Alex recently asked me if I thought Grandpa was a good man. I replied, “Yes”. Because I know his children. I know his grandchildren. Grandpa inspired his family. And because of this, there are so many people who have, and will be inspired by his children as well.

Uncle Alex has always said Grandpa is his role model. His occasional lectures and “Daddy Bonding Time” (DBT) always included a story about something or other he had learnt from Grandpa.

I am grateful for Grandpa because, without him, there would be no Asiedu family, a family that has over the years become my own. Thank you, Grandpa, for loving your children and teaching them to love others freely without measure. For teaching them to make God their all in all, despite the circumstances.

Peter Strople once said, “Legacy is not leaving something for people. It’s leaving something in people.” You have left something in us all, and for that, we are grateful.

Rest well, Grandpa.

TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS

“And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, write “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yes Saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them.” HEBREWS 14 :13

It is with deep sorrow, a heavy heart and eyes flowing with tears that we pay tribute to our Dear Loving Departed BROTHER EMMANUEL ALEXANDER KWABENA ASIEDU this day.

BROTHER ASIEDU, we are yet to come to terms with what has befallen us. Really a Great Brother is lost and a big vacuum created, and we pray that the Almighty God will fill the vacuum created in the family, whilst believing that you are resting in His Bosom.

Brother you were so loving, caring, gentle, God fearing and our mentor.

You helped us a lot during our school days and after.

We mourn with sadness the death of a prominent member of the KWESI MINTAH family. Brother we really appreciate your love, care and sacrifices to us. You were such a calm and peaceful person.

Thank you so much for always being there for us.

Brother ALEX ASIEDU, rest in perfect peace in the bosom of your Maker.

We say: “ONUAPA NANTE YI YE”
Rest in peace, perfect peace in the Lord.

AMEN.

SIBLINGS
MR. JOSEPH KESSE
ASIEDU
MRS. COMFORT LARBI
MRS. MARY OSEW
MR. EMMANUEL KWAMI
DAMPTEY
MR. SAMUEL KWESI
DARKO



TRIBUTE BY O.B. AMOAH

SON-IN-LAW

To a great blessing...a legacy that can never be forgotten.

*“For he was a good man, full of the Holy Spirit and of faith.”
Acts 11:24a NKJV*

It has been so difficult putting together these words to say goodbye, not because I don't have much to say but I still believe you are here with us. It has been a blessing knowing you and being your son for almost thirty years of my life.

I keenly followed your public life because of my attachment to sports and politics. You had become a household name for your dedication to your work and your image as a principled and disciplined person.

It was easy to get to know Harriet before we married because of your reputation and the name you gave her, my late mother being Harriet as well.

The investment you made in educating your children in spite of your modest background, their training and grooming,

spiritual upbringing and diligence have been of immense benefit to me as a husband, father and fresh grandfather. Indeed, “The righteous man walks in his integrity; His children are blessed after him.” Proverbs 20:7 NKJV. Becoming part of the family and getting to know you personally confirmed my perception of you as a man of character, fortitude and wisdom. Your love, guidance and support have brought us this far, with all the peace and blessings bestowed on us by the good Lord.

Your special attention and care for our children all these years have been exceptional and invaluable. Our relationship as father and son, so natural, cordial and respectful, arising out of your kind, gentle, patient and matured disposition has been exceptional. I wish we could have more time to share valuable ideas and to chronicle your experience and great work for posterity.

The affection, advice and guidance you offered to Nana Boatemaa, Adoma and Osei have been so useful and precious. Their words and deeds attest to the strong foundation you built for them as a grandfather. You have played your part and left a great legacy for all of us. We will continue to rely on your wisdom, guidance and blessings from above, knowing you will continue to watch over us every time.

Farewell my father and friend. You are dearly missed every day. The good Lord keep you in His bosom till we meet again.



TRIBUTE BY
**REV. EMMANUEL
AGBOBLI**

SON-IN-LAW

Cherish and love your father while he is still alive because one day, you will no more hear him sing that favourite song of his that made you happy, amused or upset. In the case of Daa or Grandpa as we affectionately called him, that favorite song was “Onyame Kokroko ben ni”.

Daa was a man of few words but full of wisdom. He once said when advising me on what size of house to build, “At a point in my life, I thought I needed all these rooms in the house, but now most of them are empty and none of our children seem interested”. Daa was a man of integrity who would rather suffer the consequence than bend the rules.

I will forever cherish our discussions on our faith, the family, football and politics.

Rest well in glory Daa, till we meet again.



TRIBUTE BY IRENE

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

Psalm 37:23 - "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and He delights in his way."

Daa, the best word to describe you is 'good' – not in a casual sense, but in a way that encapsulates everything positive – godly, calm, simple, gentle, loving, exemplary – I could go on and on; you were a good man!

When Momere passed away, her instructions stated among others, 'no tributes'. Initially I thought to myself, how then can we let the world know how special she was? Thinking through it, I realized that it is not what the world would know or think that mattered but what she knew and thought. It is no use writing nice things, sometimes even inaccurate, just to create some kind of impression to people, when we did not let the deceased feel and experience these in their lifetime. A book I read recently "TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE" by MITCH ALBOM reinforced this thought.

I learned that it is our DOING of tributes that matters most. When she lived, did she know how much we loved her, how much we cared, how much we appreciated her and how special

she was to us? In my heart, I knew that I "did" my tribute to her and that gave me peace.

Then I thought about you, Daa – would I be able to say the same, that I had "done" my tribute to you? At that time, I was not so sure...and that is why today, I thank God for the opportunity He gave for me to build a closer relationship with you, to serve you and show you how much I loved and appreciated you, to 'do' my tribute to you. What makes me doubly grateful for this opportunity is the fact that I didn't get to do it for my own father who passed away twenty years ago. Therefore, in you God gave me a second chance.

So today, I do not have much to say or write because I "did" it. Today, I just want to tell the world what a perfect gentleman you were right to the very end – something not even old age or ill health could change. I want to tell the world that you made me feel special because you always told me how beautiful I looked when I dressed up to go out and also how much you enjoyed the meals I prepared for you. Several times, you said how much you appreciated us and spoke many blessings on us. What more does a child need from a parent?

You've been such a central part of our lives especially in the past year and now there is a void. We are grateful to God for giving you a full life and more. We have no doubt that you have achieved His purpose for your life. We thank Him for all the time we spent with you. We will not forget the values you taught us and pray for grace to pass them on to our children and their children, in honour of you.

"Father, in thy gracious keeping, leave we now thy servant sleeping."

Rest in peace, Daa till we meet in the arms of JESUS.



TRIBUTE BY ELIZABETH KUUKUA ADJEI ASIEDU

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

“The value of a loving father has no price.”
Unknown.

It's 7 a.m. on Saturday and we hear a knock at our front door and are puzzled because we are not expecting anyone that early. Okoh reaches for the door and I hear a loud “Popee! Eiii! Daa, you came to visit”. He smiles and responds “Eeh, s3 ma fi mo.”

Daa, as I affectionately called him, had driven from Dansoman to visit us at Agbogba/Abokobi. That was him. He and Maa were always my first visitors after the birth of both boys and literally at each event of ours, no matter how small it was. He was never bored of the many questions from the boys and our questions about life and what it had taught him. He was always ready to share knowledge or an experience just to encourage or cheer us on.

Daa was a man of faith. Something I loved about him. There was never a time we spent without him offering a word of prayer on our behalf and encouraging us to always trust God and pray because all his life he had trusted God and He had never failed him. He told stories of his past about his school days and work-life that I enjoyed. When Okoh and I had challenges in our marriage, I went over one day to visit him and, on that day, he held my hand and said to me, “Kuukua, let everything go, both of you, and see the Lord bless you for your acts of forgiveness of each other.”

We have indeed lost a great man, a true father, and Elias' (our firstborn) best friend. I take pride in the fact that we were your children. I will keep the memories we made and the words of wisdom you shared and forever cherish them.

Thank you, Daa, for the hugs, for your love and kindness and everything else you offered so freely and willingly.

Rest well, till we meet again.



TRIBUTE BY GIFTY AND MERCY

On the 15th of October 2020, we became Grandpa's personal nurses. Grandpa was a God fearing and a kindhearted man. He was a man of PEACE! Grandpa as we call you, you were a great man, a blessed man and a friend to all.

We had our petty quarrels when we tried to force you to eat against your will or tried to keep you engaged when all you wanted to do was sleep. You were not just our client but more of family to us. Thank you for the blessing that you were to us.

Grandpa, we love you and will always be grateful for having you. You will be greatly missed. We take comfort in knowing that you are finally in heaven, enjoying perfect joy in God's presence after dedicating your life to

Him. May the Good Lord keep you in His bosom. Farewell Grandpa... you will forever remain in our hearts.



TRIBUTE BY THE RESIDENTS ASSOCIATION - ADOTEI OTSWI ROAD DANSOMAN

(FORMERLY 19TH CLOSE, DANSOMAN)

“In our minds we always knew this time will come to pass. But knowing it and living it has come and gone so fast.

Goodbyes are often hard to say, they hurt very much. Though you’re gone, you still remain in the minds, hearts, and lives you’ve touched.

The happy hours we once enjoyed, how sweet their memories still, but death has a left a vacant place, this world can never fill.”

- Angela Williams

Members of the Residential Association learnt with shock the passing of our Chairman and one of the founders of the Association. Mr. Alex Asiedu was the first chairman of the Association and one of the pioneers who saw to the birth of the Association.

Mr. Alex Asiedu led the Association to champion a number of projects on our road. One of the prime projects under his tenure was the provision of street lights on our road which brought great relief to us since we were always at the mercy of armed robbers when you stepped out in the evening.

He also saw to the engagement of waste collectors at an affordable rate.

He was always punctual at meetings and helped to implement decisions taken at meetings without the usual brawls that characterised such meetings. Under his leadership he ensured that we had our annual get together and ensured that we all lived peacefully as neighbours in one residential area. He was a man of peace and had a calm way of resolving disputes that occasionally came up between residents.

We are grateful for the opportunity to have lived with Mr. Alex Asiedu on the Adotei Otswi Road (formerly 19th Close) and for the many lives he touched with his early morning walk down the road and for seeing to the continuity of the Association through all the difficulties we encountered. We thank the Lord for giving us such a wonderful neighbour to assist us in keeping our community and the Association prosperous and active.

We will always cherish the moments we spent with you and for you.

May the Lord grant you eternal rest.



TRIBUTE BY THE PENTECOST INTERNATIONAL WORSHIP CENTRE (PIWC), ACCRA, KOKOMLEMLE

(A Ministry of The Church of Pentecost)

And I heard a voice from heaven saying, "Write this down: Blessed are those who die in the Lord from now on. Yes, says the spirit, they are blessed indeed, for they will rest from their hard work; for their good deeds will follow them" (Rev. 14:13)!

We have assembled here to pay tribute to our beloved brother, uncle, father and friend, Mr. Alex Emmanuel Asiedu. He was so dear to us, but if at such a God-given full ripe age, it has pleased the Lord to grant him eternal rest from his hard work on this earth. To Him be all the glory. Mr. Asiedu's life was undoubtedly well lived and we mourn such a gallant soldier with heavy hearts, because we hoped to have had him still with us. However, we are gladdened that he has gone to be with his Maker.

The late Mr. Asiedu, as affectionately called by all, joined PIWC Accra after three English Assemblies (Dansoman, Kokomlemle & Cantonments) were merged in 1993.

He was a pioneer member of the then Accra International Worship Centre in 1993, which later became Pentecost International Worship Centre, Accra. He was active and instrumental in all activities of the church in spite of his busy schedule as the Director of Sports at the National Sports Council. In his active days, he was a committed member of the church's resident choir (the Royal Vessels), where he served as the choir's keyboardist. Our late daddy was so devoted to the Lord that he would bring his personal keyboard to church for use at choir rehearsals and also for church services.

Together with his wife of blessed memory, Mr. Asiedu was a marriage counsellor and counselled many would-be couples of the Centre. His relationship with the couples he counselled went beyond just pre-marital counselling. He welcomed them into his big family and recognised the children from those marriages as his own grandchildren.

For many years, his residence at Dansoman served as the meeting place for the Dansoman Goil Home Cell of the Church. His dedication and commitment to the work of God and his desire to see tangible progress in the lives of the people who crossed his path has borne many fruits and the church is deeply grateful.

He was an active communicant. He was a man who exhibited humility, warmth, affability and love to those who drew closer to him. He was a giver and contributed to many church projects. All can testify that he served his God wholeheartedly and faithfully until his home call. We have lost a jewel. Even as we mourn, we are also grateful for the work the Lord used him to perform creditably in the body of Christ.

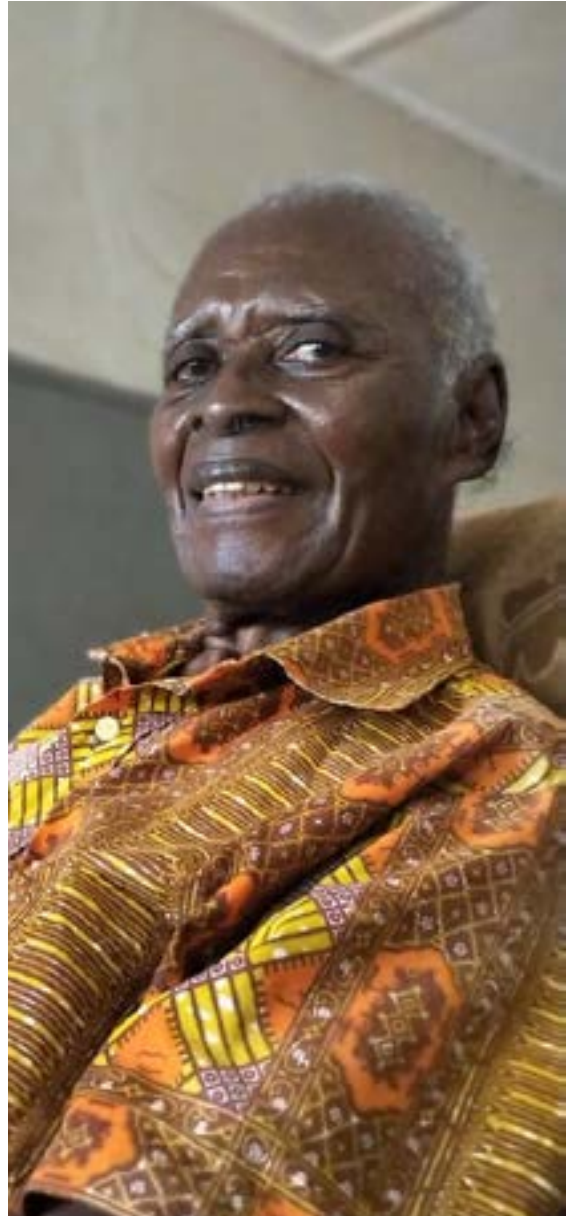
Now, as his mortal remains lies before us today, he is obviously no more, but his rich qualities, contributions and deeds live on continually and fresh in our memories.

The late Mr. Alex Emmanuel Asiedu will forever be missed by the Pastorate, Presbytery and the entire congregation of the Pentecost International Worship Centre, Accra. He fought a good fight and we trust that the One who called him will surely keep him till we meet again.

HE WILL BE MISSED AND FONDLY REMEMBERED BY ALL AS HE RESTS IN THE LORD.

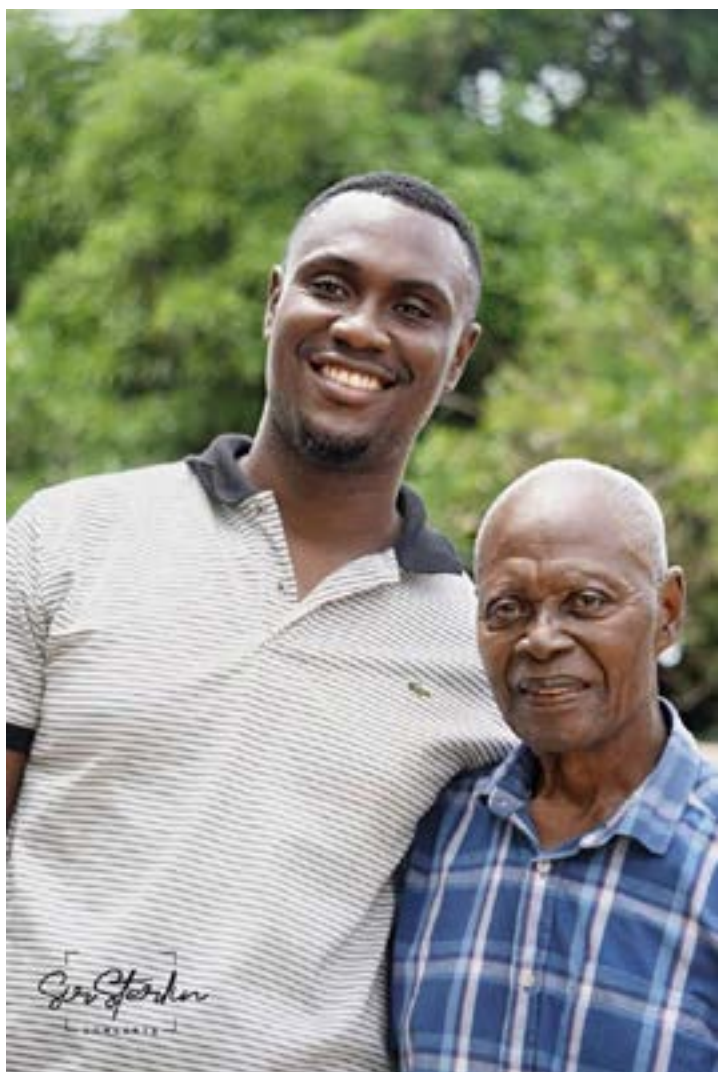
FARE THEE WELL, FELLOW BROTHER AND SOLDIER OF THE CROSS!!!































HYMNS

1

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD

1. Now thank we all our God,
With hearts, and hands and voices
Who wondrous things hath done.
In whom his world rejoices
Who from our mothers' arms
Has blessed us on our ways
With countless gifts of love
And still is ours today

2. O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us,

And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3. All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven

The One, eternal God
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now
And shall be evermore

2

I AM TRAVELLING TO HEAVEN

I am traveling to heaven
Heaven is my home
There are storms on the way
But with Jesus in my heart
I have my salvation
I am working my way through
I shall be in heaven
Heaven is my home

Opoku Onyinah

3

THERE'S A LAND THAT IS FAIRER THAN DAY

1. There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there

CHORUS

In the sweet, by and by
We shall meet on the beautiful shore,
In the sweet, by and by
We shall meet on the beautiful shore.

2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sign for the blessing of rest

3. To our bountiful Father above
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gifts of His love,
And blessings that hallow our days

5. Wob3hwim y3n afa mununkum yi mu
Ak) y3n agyanky3n w) soroh) nom
Y3 akoma b3 t) y3n yam,
)b3 ma y3n akwaaba.
Y3 akoma b3 t) y3n yam,
)b3 ma y3n akwaaba.

4

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

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 now and evermore.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer! Strong Deliver!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
If I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling torrent
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises! Songs of praises!
I will ever give to Thee.

Saviour, come! We long to see Thee,
Long to dwell with thee above;
And to know in full communion,
All the sweetness of Thy love,
Come, Lord Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus!
Take Thy waiting people home.

I AM FREE

- AMANDA OAKS

Don't grieve for me for now I'm free,
I'm following the path God laid for me.
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 or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way;
I found my place at the close of day.

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

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

Perhaps my life seemed all too brief:
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me;
God wanted me now, He set me free.

Thank You

The family of the late Emmanuel Alexander Kwabena Asiedu wishes to express its sincere gratitude for your prayers, support and presence.
May the Lord bless you All.



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