

BURIAL SERVICE

FOR THE LATE

KWAME OYURODU AGADZI

AT TRANSITIONS HAATSO, ACCRA
THURSDAY, 24TH OCTOBER, 2024
10:30A.M

A glowing lantern with a warm, golden light emanating from its glass globe, resting on a dark wooden surface. The background is a soft, out-of-focus landscape with a warm, golden glow, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The lantern has a black metal frame and a handle on top.

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

OFFICIATING CLERGY

1. **The Rev. Bannister Tay**
A.M.E Zion Church, St Paul Society, Madina
2. **Rev. Dr. Adzika Agbemeyi Vincent**
Methodist University Ghana
3. **Rev. George Asare-Wamphey**
Presbyterian Church of Ghana, New Asofo District Minister
4. **Rev. David Nkuumah Komisah**
Presbyterian Church of Ghana, Student Minister
5. **The Most Rev. Dr. Robert G.A Okine**
Anglican Archbishop Emeritus, Accra
6. **Venerable Michael T.K Asiedu**
Anglican Priest Hd.
7. **Venerable Paul Marfo**
Anglican Church of Resurrection, Akosombo.
8. **Venerable Kwadjo Effah-Ankomah**
Anglican Church, Koronivia, Adwessa.

MUSIC DIRECTOR


Mr. Gordon Quaye

IN ATTENDANCE

Vocal Ensemble Chorus

Police Band

PCG Choir, New Asofo



ORDER OF BURIAL SERVICE

PART I - PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. Procession - Canon H D (Pachelbel) - Violin & Piano
2. Opening Hymn - MHS 205 - Captain of Israel's host
3. Opening Prayer-
4. Hymn/ Filing Post - Choir - MHS 99 - How sweet the name of Jesus
5. Tributes - Presed. 1965 Year Group, Sen Society, Presby Church New Airside
6. Hymn/ Filing Post - Choir
7. Song Tribute- Widow & Children
8. Closing of Casket - Family

PART II - BURIAL SERVICE

1. Scripture Sentences -
2. Purpose of gathering-
3. Opening Hymn - MHS 421 - Trough all the changing scenes of life
4. Opening Prayer-
5. Hymn - MHS 610 - Guide me O, Thou great Jehovah
6. Biography - Family
7. Tributes - Widow, Children, Family
8. Scripture Reading -
9. Hymn - MHS 422/475 - Blessed assurance I need thee
10. Sermon-
11. Hymn - MHS 225 - Pass me not O gentle saviour
12. Thanksgiving - MHS 517 - Simply trusting everyday
13. Prayer for family-

14. Offering - Choir

15. Dedication of Offering -
16. Announcement - Family
17. Closing Hymn - MHS 213 - To God be the glory
18. Closing Prayer & Benediction -
19. Recessional Hymn - Dead March (from Saul)

PART III - AT THE GRAVESIDE

1. Scripture Sentences -
2. Hymn - MHS 945 - Abide with me
3. Eshorofan -
4. Committal -
5. Prayer
6. Hymn - MHS 914 - God be with you till we meet again
7. Verse of Thanks - Family Member
8. Benediction

A portrait of Kizano Ojurodu Agadzi, an elderly man with glasses, wearing a blue shirt and a dark suit jacket. The portrait is centered and slightly faded, serving as a background for the text.

REST WELL

Kizano Ojurodu Agadzi

1945 - 2024

BIOGRAPHY

Biography

Of the Late

Kwame Oyurodu Agadzi



Mr. Kwame Oyurodu Agadzi was the second of six children of the late Rev. Christian Winfred Koranteng Agadzi (Jnr.) from Tsatese in the South Dayi District of the Volta Region, and the late Madam Leticia Karle Abena Asare from Apiede Akwapim, in the Akwapim North District in the Eastern Region of Ghana.

He was born in Apiede Akwapim on Saturday, October 20, 1945, where he spent his early years with his maternal grandparents, Rev. & Mrs. Laurence Asare of Abokyaase, Apiede. At the age of five (5), he started his kindergarten at Mampong Akwapim where he lived with his paternal grandfather, Reverend Christian Winfred Koranteng Agadzi (Snr.)

Kwame Oyurodu Agadzi began his primary education in 1951 at Kwahu Twenedurase in the Eastern Region, where his father was teaching at the Presbyterian Middle School. He followed his father wherever he was transferred to during his career, and consequently, obtained his primary education at Osho, Suhum, and Asubol, all in the Eastern Region.

In 1960, while in form three (3) at the Presbyterian Middle School, Salem, in Larleh Akwapim, he took and passed the Common Entrance Examination and gained admission in the 1960/61 academic year to start his secondary education at the Presbyterian Boys' Secondary School (PRESEC) in Odumase Krabo in the Eastern Region.



He was born a Presbyterian, trained, and nurtured there all his life, and was confirmed into the Church in 1963 at Odumase Krobo.

He completed his secondary education and pre-university education at PRESEC in 1965 and Government Secondary Technical School (GSTS), Takoradi in 1967, respectively. In June of the same year, he commenced his tertiary education at the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology (KNUST) in Kumasi where he graduated with a honors degree in Bachelor of Science (Mathematics) in June 1971.

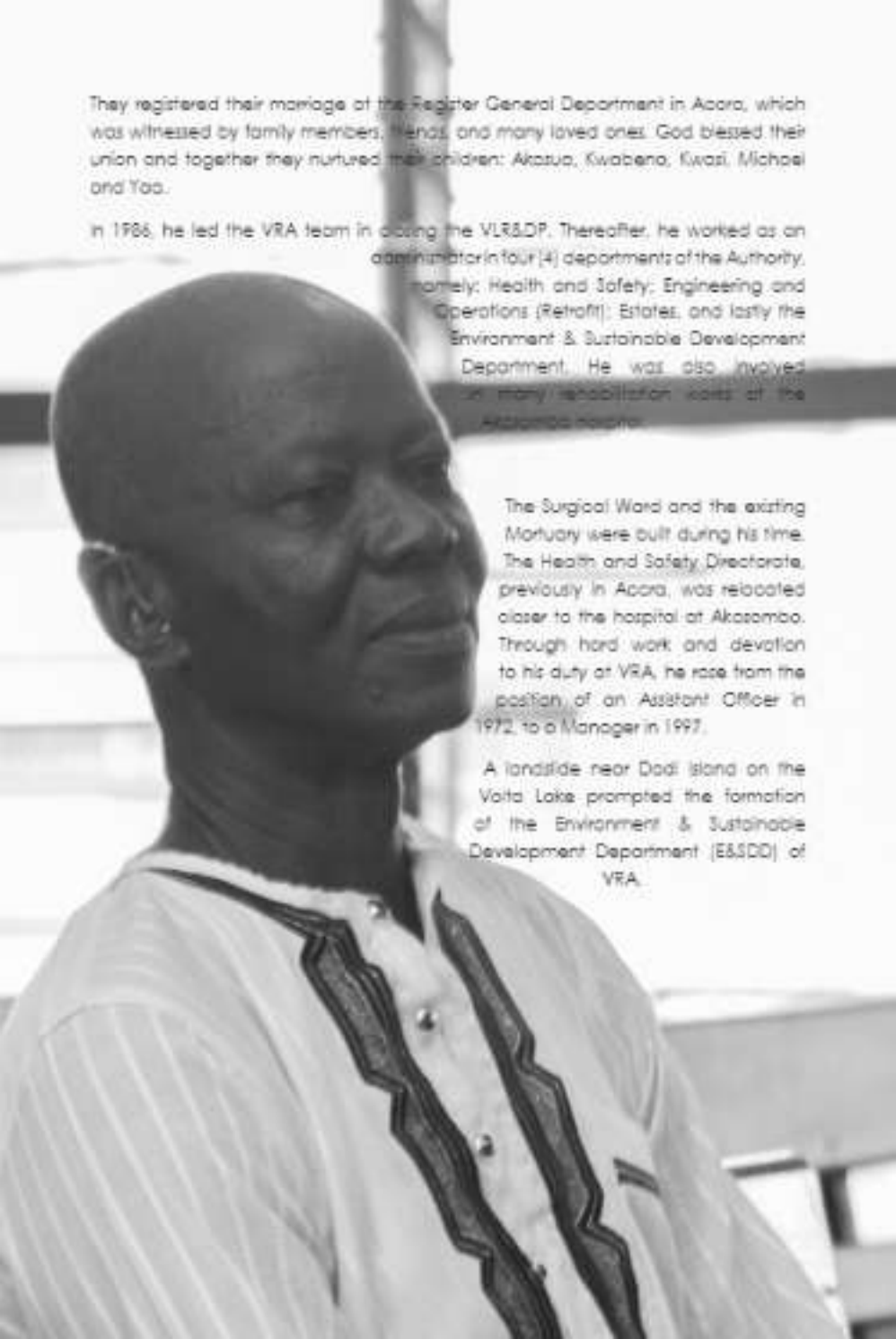
He taught Mathematics at Okuapeman Secondary School until September 1972, when the Volta River Authority (VRA) employed him as an Assistant Statistics Officer.



From 1972 to 1985, he collaborated with a team of research scientists on a multi-disciplinary project, Volta Lake Research and Development Project (VLR&DP) to establish initial facts about the newly created man-made Volta Lake. He had the opportunity to travel many times on the Volta Lake as a Fisheries Statistician to collect data. His work took him to the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) Offices in Rome on two occasions. He was among the initial scientists to publish the behavior of man on fisheries at the newly created Volta Lake.

Kwame met his wife Sovereign Hilda Asante in December of 1973 and had their traditional marriage the following year.

Two in the same boat, Jan 2011, February 2014



They registered their marriage at the Register General Department in Accra, which was witnessed by family members, friends, and many loved ones. God blessed their union and together they nurtured their children: Akosua, Kwabena, Kwasi, Michael and Yaa.

In 1986, he led the VRA team in closing the VLR&DP. Thereafter, he worked as an administrator in four (4) departments of the Authority, namely: Health and Safety; Engineering and Operations (Retrofit); Estates, and lastly the Environment & Sustainable Development Department. He was also involved in many rehabilitation works at the Akosombo reservoir.

The Surgical Ward and the existing Mortuary were built during his time. The Health and Safety Directorate, previously in Accra, was relocated closer to the hospital at Akosombo. Through hard work and devotion to his duty at VRA, he rose from the position of an Assistant Officer in 1972, to a Manager in 1997.

A landslide near Dodi Island on the Volta Lake prompted the formation of the Environment & Sustainable Development Department (E&SD) of VRA.

When that slide occurred in 1998, the department was charged to properly protect the dam and its surroundings. This led to the formation of a national committee chaired by VRA's Deputy Chief of Operations, for which he was the Secretary. His extensive involvement in the development of the first section earned him the nickname "Mr. Environment" by some staff of the Human Resource Department.

Mr. Kwame Oyurodu Agodzi spent almost all his working life (33 years) at VRA until October 2005 when he retired from active service to pursue mango farming, inspired by his grandparents' occupation.

He was a member of the Presbyterian Church of Ghana, New Altrude. Kwame also enjoyed playing and watching tennis, athletic games and scrabble. Kwame Oyurodu Agodzi settled in New Altrude after his retirement, where he lived with his wife and children till his passing on the 5th of August 2024. We bid farewell to a man who touched the lives of many. May he find eternal peace in the loving embrace of the Lord.

May His Soul Rest in Perfect Peace.









Tributes

TO

KWAME OYURODU AGADZI

TRIBUTE BY **WIDOW**

MRS. SOVEREIGN HILDA AGADZI

*He will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain anymore, for the former things have passed away.” -
Revelation 21:4*



I first laid eyes on Kwame at the Akosombo market in December 1973. He was holding a basket and shopping with a lady with such grace that I thought to myself, “What a perfect gentleman.” To my surprise, when I arrived home, I found him sitting in our living room with a friend. They had come to visit my elder sister, Stella, who was their work colleague. I wondered if he had noticed me at the market too. It felt like a twist of fate, and our love story

began almost instantly. After only a few weeks of friendship, he approached my mother with his heartfelt words, “Mama, meakyew s3 wanshu Sovereign wofie a, awo me ho”

We celebrated our traditional marriage in July 1974, and soon after, we welcomed our first daughter. Our family grew with the birth of our two sons in 1977 and 1981. My husband was remarkably humble with a good sense of humour and his



infectious laughter was so genuine and hearty, it could brighten any room and make even the simplest moments memorable.

In our retirement, we grew even closer, sharing daily routines and leaning on each other's strengths. I cherish our evenings spent playing scrabble, where we would challenge each other's wit and creativity. Watching lawn tennis together brought us both joy, especially as we cheered for our favorite players, sharing the highs and lows of their games. I will miss the way you tended to the flowers at home, managed our monthly domestic budget with teamwork, and how we discussed our dreams and plans for the future. I really miss our late-night discussions, where we would reflect on the day's aspirations, these moments brought us even closer.

Now that you are no longer with us, the void left behind is immense. Our lives were intertwined in ways that are now painfully evident. I miss your guidance, your presence, and the comfort of knowing you were always there.

I take solace in hope that you are in a better place, free from pain. Though the days are difficult without you, my love for you endures. No one can ever replace you, and I find comfort in the belief that we will one day be reunited.

Fare thee well, my love. Till we meet again.

TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN

AKOSIA EORAHISMA, EWARENA EORANG, EWASI ADISEL, MICHAEL PAA ENSI, TAA ASANFA

Psalm 34:18

"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit."



Today, we come together to remember and celebrate a man who shaped our lives in ways that words can scarcely capture. Our dear father was more than just a parent; he was the guiding light that illuminated our paths, the steady hand that led us through the storms of life, and the loving heart that nurtured us with unyielding devotion.

From the earliest days of our childhood, Dada instilled in us the values of respect and discipline. His teachings were not always easy, but they were always fair. He made sure that we understood the importance of honoring our elders; and his methods of discipline, though stern, were always rooted in love. We recall countless times when we found ourselves on the receiving end of his corrective measures, particularly in moments of mischief or disobedience. If one of us was in trouble and the other was summoned to fetch

the cone, the delay in delivering it often meant both were subject to punishment, a lesson in promptness and responsibility that we have not forgotten.

Kwasi was often the one who received the brunt of Dada's famous phrase, "Give it to Kwasi." Yet, this favoritism was never about injustice; rather, it was a testament to the special bond you shared with him. Each of us, in our own way, felt his love and support, even when it came wrapped in the guise of discipline.

Our shared love for tennis was a cherished part of our family life. Dad introduced us to the sport as he was part of the VRA Tennis Club in Akosombo, and from that moment on, tennis became more than just a game; it was a passion that brought us all together. We spent countless hours in the living room, cheering for the Williams sisters, Federer, Nadal, and Djokovic. Each of us had our favorites. These moments of togetherness, as we watched and celebrated the triumphs and defeats, are some of the most treasured memories we have.

When we left Akroa for Aboya, returning home was always a joyful occasion. Dad's beaming smile and warm embrace greeted us at the gate, making every return feel like a homecoming in the truest sense. His welcoming presence was a constant reminder of his love and the strong bond that tied us all together.

Dada's presence in our lives was a constant source of strength and stability. His lessons, his love, and his guidance have shaped us into the people we are today. Though he may no longer be with us, his spirit lives on in the values he taught us, the memories we hold dear, and the love that binds us as a family.

As we remember him today, we are reminded of his enduring legacy, the lessons he imparted, the joy he brought into our lives, and the unbreakable bond we shared. His memory will forever be etched in our hearts, guiding us through our lives as he did when he was with us.

Rest in peace, dear Dada. You are deeply missed, but your love and teachings will continue to guide us everyday.

TRIBUTE BY DAUGHTER

AKOSUA KORANTEMA AGADZI

I am reminded of the comforting words from Revelation 21:4 (NIV): "He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away."



Losing a parent has been an indescribable pain for me. It feels like a part of me, perhaps inherited from my father, was lost the moment he passed on. Today, I stand before you to honor a remarkable man who was not only a father but also a guiding light, a protector, and an unwavering presence in our lives. Dada,

I wish that you could just wake up, as I often catch myself adding extra years to your age, praying that God might fulfil our wishes.

Dada, everyone says that I need to be strong for Mama and my brothers. I know you would have said the same, but the truth is that this is an incredibly challenging time for me. So, I kindly ask for the space to grieve in my own way, as I try to come to terms with this immense loss.

Dada, your nurturing love and support shaped us into the individuals we are today. Your unconditional love and fairness touched each of us equally. You were the force that bound our family together and extended your love generously to our extended family and anyone who crossed our threshold.

The presence of all our friends here today is a testament to your impact. They are here not just for us, but also to honor the genuine fatherly love you extended to everyone. Although the curtains have closed on your time with us, rest peacefully and find solace with our Lord.

Dada Da yeyie!!

TRIBUTE BY SON

KWABENA KORANG AGADZI

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.”



Reflecting on the remarkable man my father was fills me with deep gratitude for the wisdom he passed on and the affection he showed. I affectionately referred to him as Dada, and he was not only a father but also my mentor, my advisor, and my ethical guide.

From a young age, he instilled in me a deep respect for education. I remember those long evenings spent at the dining table, textbooks sprawled out before us, as he patiently walked me through the

intricacies of mathematics. His ability to break down complex problems into manageable steps not only helped me excel in my O'Level exams but also taught me the value of perseverance. With every equation solved and every essay drafted, he showed me that hard work and determination yield results.

Writing too became a canvas for my thoughts and emotions, thanks to Dada's unwavering support. He taught me the skill of essay writing, encouraging me to articulate my ideas clearly and with

confidence. I vividly recall him editing my essay 15 times for a competition held by Volta River Authority after I finished my O-level exams, always finding something to tweak in each subsequent submission. Those many hours of revision were often challenging, but they were always fair. He demanded my best, not out of harshness, but out of love and a desire to see me succeed. Each red mark on my paper was a lesson in improvement, a step closer to becoming the person I am today.

Dada believed in discipline, and though his methods could be stern, I always knew they were rooted in love. He taught me that respect isn't just a word; it's an action that we carry with us in every interaction. He emphasized the importance of honoring my elders, sharing stories from his own life that illustrated the impact of respect and integrity. Through his example, I learned that strength lies in kindness and that true respect fosters a bond that transcends generations.

Even when I stumbled or resisted his teachings, he remained steadfast. He understood that growth often comes through challenge, and he never wavered in his belief that I could achieve my goals. His discipline was a guiding force, steering me away from pitfalls while encouraging me to rise to my potential.

As I move forward in life, I carry with me the lessons he taught: lessons of respect, discipline, and the relentless pursuit of knowledge. I will forever cherish the memories of our time together, knowing that his influence shapes not only my academic journey but also the man I strive to be.

Dada, your love and teachings have left an indelible mark on my heart. Thank you for believing in me, for pushing me to be my best, and for showing me the true meaning of respect. I miss you deeply, but your legacy will live on through me, and I will honor it every day.

Dada Da Yie

TRIBUTE BY SON

KWASI ADUSEI AGADZI



2 Corinthians 1:3-4

“ Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles so that we can comfort those in any trouble, with the comfort we ourselves receive from God.”

Today, as we gather to honor and remember my father, I am overwhelmed with both gratitude and sorrow.

Gratitude for the countless ways he enriched our lives and sorrow for the void his absence leaves in our hearts.

Dad, your life was a testament to unwavering love and dedication. You taught me what it truly means to be a man, not just through words, but through your actions. You guided me with a steady hand and a compassionate

heart, showing me the value of hard work, integrity, and kindness. Every lesson you imparted was a gift that shaped who I am today.

I think back fondly to our time on the tennis courts. Those lessons were about more than just perfecting a backhand or mastering a serve; they were moments of bonding, of learning patience and perseverance. You showed me that success is not just about winning, but about the effort we put into the game, and the joy we find in it.

Your support went beyond the tennis court and the classroom. Your encouragement was a constant source of strength as I pursued my education and dreams. You believed in me even when I doubted myself, and that belief was a beacon guiding me through my challenges.

The love you showered upon your grandchildren, Keona and Zane, was nothing short of remarkable. They adored you, and your infectious laughter brought joy to their lives. Your presence was a cherished gift, one that made every moment with them a precious memory.

In your laughter, we found solace and joy. Your sense of humor and ability to find light even in the darkest of times was a gift to all who knew you. It was a reminder that life, even in its trials, could be met with grace and joy.

As we say our final goodbyes, know that your legacy lives on in the values you instilled in us, the lessons you taught, and the love you gave so freely. Thank you for being an extraordinary father and grandfather. Your spirit will forever be a guiding light in our lives.

Rest in peace, Dada. You have earned your rest, and we are left with the beautiful memories and lessons that will continue to guide us.

Dada Da yeile!

TRIBUTE BY SON

MICHAEL NYARKO



In every journey, there are guiding stars that light the way, and for me, Dada, was my guiding light. From the moment he welcomed me into his family, he became more than just a father figure; he became my anchor, my mentor, and my greatest supporter.

As I reflect on my years growing up under his roof, I am filled with gratitude for the countless lessons he taught me. From my earliest days in primary school to the day I graduated from tertiary education, he was there, steadfast and firm. His belief in the importance of education was not just a lesson in words; it was a principle he lived by. He invested time in my studies,

celebrating my successes and guiding me through challenges with a gentle but firm hand.

What distinguished him was his steadfast commitment to fairness. He treated us not just as children but as individuals deserving of respect and understanding. He instilled in me the importance of hard work and integrity.

Even when discipline was necessary, he approached it with a balance of firmness and compassion. He taught us those consequences were a natural part of life, and each lesson was delivered with the intent to help us grow. His ability to be both a protector and a teacher created an environment where we felt safe to explore, to fail, and to rise again.

His influence shaped my character, encouraging me to approach life with the same fairness and integrity he embodied.

Dada, thank you for being my guiding star, for your unwavering support, and for the love that surrounded our home. You took me in and treated me as one of your own, providing not just a roof over my head but also a foundation of strength and wisdom.

Thank you for believing in me and for being the extraordinary man that you are.

Rest well in the bosom of the Lord.

TRIBUTE BY DAUGHTER

YAA ASABEA AGADZI



Today, I stand before you to honor a man whose presence shaped my life in profound ways. My father was not just a parent; he was a guiding light, a pillar of respect and integrity in everything he did.

Dada had a unique way of navigating the complexities of life. He believed deeply in justice, always striving to uncover the truth, no matter how difficult it was. In his eyes, there was no greater virtue than honesty, and he taught me that seeking

truth is a noble pursuit. His commitment to fairness inspired those around him, instilling in me a sense of responsibility to do the same.

What I admired most was his respect for others. He treated everyone he met with kindness, regardless of their background or beliefs. This respect wasn't just about being polite; it was a core part of who he was. He taught me that everyone has a story worth hearing and that understanding can bridge even the widest divides.

As I reflect on his legacy, I am filled with gratitude for the values he instilled in me. Dada was a respected man, not for his accolades or titles, but for the way he lived his life with honor and humility. He leaves behind not just memories, but a powerful example of how to lead with integrity and love.

I miss him deeply, but I carry his spirit with me, in every pursuit of truth, in every act of kindness, and in every effort to seek peace. I feel his presence guiding me. Thank you, Dada, for being the remarkable man you were. Your legacy of respect, justice, and peace will forever be my guiding light.

Find peace in the embrace of our Lord.

MRS. DEBORAH AMAMBA AGADI



Dada, we will forever miss you. From the very first moment we met, your warm smile and welcoming high five put me at ease. You and Mama embraced me with love, showing me the true meaning of family that it left a mark on my heart.

Your devotion to Mama and the entire family was inspiring and admirable.

You were always there, eager to spend time with us and the grandchildren, making every gathering special with your presence and gifts. It was clear that family was your world.

It's heartbreaking that our time together was cut short. There were so many more moments I wish we could have shared, so much more laughter we could have enjoyed. But even in the brief time we had, you left an indelible mark on my heart. I'm grateful that I had the chance to tell you how much you and Mama meant to me, how much I love and appreciate you both. That memory brings me comfort now.

I will forever miss your big smile, your usual high fives, and the love that you so freely gave. Your spirit, warmth, and kindness will live on in our hearts. I will hold onto every memory of you dearly, keeping them close as a reminder of the incredible person you were.

Rest in peace, Dada. Your beautiful soul has left a legacy of love that will continue to inspire and guide us.

TRIBUTE BY DAUGHTER IN-LAW

MRS. NANA SYIA AGADI

Proverbs 14:26: *Whoever fears the Lord has a secure fortress, and for their children it would be a refuge.*



Today, we gather to celebrate a life that touched ours in ways that words can scarcely capture. To my dear father-in-law, you were much more than just a father to my husband, you were a guiding light, a wellspring of wisdom, and, above all, a beloved grandfather to our children.

From the very beginning, I was welcomed into the family with open arms and an open heart. I will never forget how you shared both thoughtful insights and playful jabs when we discussed Trump, always eager to engage in conversations with a smile. Your humor, though often playful, never failed to reflect your deep commitment to our shared values and the betterment of our society.

Equally unforgettable was your joy and pride in our children. The way your eyes would light up at their achievements, and the way you cheered them on in every small and grand endeavor, these memories will forever be etched in our hearts. Your presence was a constant source of comfort and encouragement for them, and your love shaped their lives in profound ways.

As we remember you today, we also celebrate the incredible legacy you've left behind. Your love, your laughter, and your unwavering support will continue to guide us. Though our hearts ache with your absence, we find solace in knowing that your spirit lives on in the stories we share, the lessons we've learned, and the love we carry forward.

Thank you for everything you were to us, father-in-law, grandfather, and friend. We will cherish your memory always, and your influence will be felt in every smile, every thoughtful conversation, and every step our family takes into the future.

**With deepest gratitude and love, I say,
rest in perfect peace in the bosom of our
Lord.**

Dada, da yiel

TRIBUTE BY

DAUGHTER IN-LAW

MRS. KAKRA DUFFON-NYABKO

Forever to me, but not forever. To all my fondest thoughts of thee
With my heart may I share my pain, And may I share cheer and comfort
To me.

O, beautiful and full of grace, if thou couldst never meet mine eye,
I had not dreamed a living face, Could fancy charm me so for aye,
If I may never behold again, that form and face so dear to me,
Nor hear thy voice, still would I fan Poesie, for aye, that memory,
That voice, the magic of whose tone, Can wake an actor in my
dream.

Dear old feelings that, alone, can make my tormented spirit ease,
That loving eye, whose sunny beam, My memory would not cherish less,
And oh, that smile whose joyous gleam

Nor present nor the past can ease, I know that I must say forever but I
shall still remember thee: A thoughtful heart, a cloudless brow, Were
my companions from my boy.

"Forever" by Anna Grant



Dada Agodzi, you never needed the spotlight's glow, but steady, like the rising sun, your quiet presence and strength was definitely felt by everyone. In simple, thoughtful, loving ways my M & Mr (Michael, Marcel, Mikayla) and I always felt your love and warmth. You didn't need a lot of words, your actions spoke; they were always heard.

Though you've left our sight for good now, you will forever live on in our hearts as we feel your presence, understood.

In every step, in all we do, we will continue to miss you but most importantly we will continue to make you proud and will always carry a part of you.

Our holiday trips to Akrode and Akosombo will never be the same but we will treasure those precious moments always.

Rest in perfect peace Dada.

TRIBUTE BY
**GRAND
 CHILDREN**



We still can't believe you're not here with us today. We miss your warm smile, your huge hugs, and the special way you always made us feel loved and cherished. Whether in Abode or during your visits to Aoba, every moment with you was a treasured memory we hold dear.

Grandpa, Nathen is really going to miss the wild and chaotic FaceTime calls with you, where he would be running around, and you'd be trying to keep up with him on the screen, laughing and cheering him on. Those moments were so special, and even when he didn't sit still, he could feel your love for being a part of his world. He has a beautiful picture of you holding him when he was just a week old; even then, he could see the joy in your eyes.

You had this amazing ability to make us feel like we could achieve anything just by believing in ourselves. Your kindness and encouragement taught us to follow our dreams and never give up, even when things were tough. You made us feel like the most special kids in the world, and that belief shaped who we are today.

Thank you for every hug, every laugh, and every lesson you taught us. You instilled in us values of kindness and perseverance, and we strive to honor your memory by embodying the warmth you always showed us. Your legacy will always live on in our hearts.

Though you are not here, we know you are watching over us from Heaven, cheering us on and keeping us safe. Thank you for being one of the best grandpas ever. We love you so much, and we always will.

With all our love, - Marcel, Mikayla, Keona, Zane, Nathen & Derrick

TRIBUTE BY BROTHER

KWASI ASARE AGADZI

Today, we gather to celebrate the life of a remarkable man, Kwame Oyurodu Agadzi, whose journey on this earth touched the hearts of many. Kwame was more than a brother; he was a beacon of strength, wisdom, and kindness, lighting the way for those fortunate enough to know him.

Born on October 20, 1945, Kwame entered this world on a day that marked the beginning of a life filled with love and purpose. From his earliest days, he exemplified qualities that many aspire to embody: compassion, integrity, and steadfast commitment to his family, friends, and community. Kwame's generosity knew no bounds; he was always ready to lend a helping hand, whether it was through a kind word, a listening ear, or tangible support. His ability to bring joy and comfort to those around him was truly extraordinary, and he had a unique gift for making everyone feel valued and appreciated.

My brother's life was a testament to the power of resilience and determination. He faced challenges that would have overwhelmed many, yet he approached each obstacle with grace and faith. His strength was not just in his ability to overcome adversity, but in how he inspired everyone around him to do the same. He played a key role in establishing the Agadzi-Oponewa Family Group (AOFG) and served as President of the group for a number of years.

He was a living example that perseverance can lead to triumph, and he often encouraged others to reach for their dreams, no matter the odds. His laughter was infectious, and his stories were rich with wisdom and humor. Each tale he shared was a lesson in life, filled with insights that resonated deeply with all who listened.

As we remember Kwame today, we not only celebrate his achievements but also the countless lives he touched in profound ways. He was a mentor, a confidant, and a friend to so many. His legacy will live on in the hearts of those who loved him and in the many ways he made the world a better place.

Though he is no longer with us in body, his spirit will continue to guide and inspire us. We carry his lessons and love forward, striving to live in a way that honors his memory. Kwame, you will be deeply missed, but your impact will resonate through the lives you've touched and the love you've shared.

Rest in peace, dear brother. *Mbro da yiye.* Your journey continues in our hearts.

TRIBUTE BY

**THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF GHANA
[EBENEZER CONGREGATION, NEW - AKRADE]**

Expressing our tribute at this time is indeed a hard thing to do, but we draw comfort and inspiration from the hymn "He giveth more grace," by Annie Johnson Flint:

He giveth more grace when the burdens grow greater;

He sendeth more strength when the labors increase:

To added afflictions, He addeth His mercy,

To multiplied trials, His multiplied peace,

When we have exhausted our store of endurance,

When our strength has failed ere the day is half done,

When we reach the end of our hoarded resources,

Our Father's full giving is only begun.

Brothers and Sisters, we are gathered here today to honor a man who embodies the true spirit of humility. A man who served without seeking recognition, who led without seeking praise, and who loved without seeking reward.

By his exemplified life, he has shown us that true strength lies not in boasting or self-promotion, but in surrendering to God's will and serving others. His humility has inspired us to look beyond ourselves and to see the needs of those around us. Papa was very kind to the Church.

We thank God for his life, his witness, and impact on the Church as a member. May we learn from his exemplified life, legacy of humility and service, and be inspired to become more like Christ, Mr. Agadzi, as we call him, because of aging and ill-health, was often administered communion at home.

Let us celebrate his life with thanksgiving, and may we be challenged to follow in his footsteps, humbly serving God and one another.

Papa Agadzi, due. May your gentle soul, Rest in Perfect Peace.

Memories





**KWAME
OYURODU AGADZI**





















To my father ♥
"Separated by death,
together by love."

♥
miss you













TRIBUTE BY

THE AGADZI-OPONEWA FAMILY GROUP

Today, we come together to honour our beloved Uncle, Cousin, and founding Patron of the Agadzi-Oponewa Family Group (AOPG), Uncle Oyurodu, as we used to call him, along with Judge Kwabena Kumi (May his soul rest in peace), played a key role in creating the AOPG, with Uncle Oyurodu serving as its first secretary.

The AOPG is made of ten family units that are descendants of the Late Reverend Christian Winfred Koranteng Agadzi (Jnr.) of Tsatee in the south Dayi District of the Volta Region and his wife, Mrs. Florence Oponewa Agadzi, from Anum in the Asuogyaman District of the Eastern Region. As a proud son of the late Rev. Christian Winfred Koranteng Agadzi (Jnr.), Uncle Oyurodu provided vital support and guidance during the formation and growth of the AOPG.

Uncle, you were more than just family; you were a mentor, a confidant, and a source of joy. You embodied true family values by championing the cause of the Agadzi-Oponewa Family and ensured our roots in Tsatee were constantly renewed, despite all AOPG members living outside Tsatee.

As we mourn Uncle Oyurodu's passing, we also recall the impact he had on our lives through his wisdom, kindness, and staunch support. He was much more than a family member; he was a mentor, confidant, and source of joy. Uncle's commitment to the values and traditions of our family has left an indelible mark on our hearts. He demonstrated the importance of unity and love, and embodied the spirit of 1 Corinthians 13:14, which states, "Let all that you do be done in love." His involvement in the search for the family's authentic history, background, and lineage uncovered important truths, which enlightened us and shed light on various aspects of Agadzi Oponewa's heritage.

Uncle Oyurodu led the revision of the Agadzi-Oponewa Family Group constitution. He introduced an Executive Council and other expanded roles, ensuring that many members had a say in decision-making. Though his passing interrupted the revision process, we pledge to implement it in loving memory of him. We take comfort in knowing that Uncle Oyurodu and co-founder Judge Kwabena Kumi are both embraced in the Good Lord's arms.

Although he is no longer with us in the flesh, his memory lives within us, guiding us in our pledge to maintain the family values of unity, compassion, and love. Rest in peace, dear uncle. Your memory will guide us as we continue to grow as a family. As we say goodbye, we hold onto the words in Psalm 23:6: "Surely your goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life."

Until we meet again, we bid farewell. Amen.

TRIBUTE BY

ABOKYAASE NANANOM FEKUW

Revelation 14:13 NIV [13] Then I heard a voice from heaven say, "Write this: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on." "Yes," says the Spirit, "they will rest from their labor, for their deeds will follow them."

Abokyaase Nananom fekuw is an association formed in memory of all descendants of the late Rev. & Mrs. Andrew Laurence Asare both of blessed memory, and their descendants after them. It was formed in the late 80s with an added function to foster unity and bring all generations of descendants together. Activities of the group peaked in the 1990s which saw our then big cousin, Kwame Agodai as her president until he relinquished that position about 4 years ago due to poor health to sister Janet Ewurabena Asare. We all mostly called him 'Prez'.

Prez always used his calm demeanor to rule in the affairs of the group. Admittedly a very tough group to deal with, Prez would always ask for your documentation upon which you are making a decision. Prez was a regular dues payer often paying even in advance. When it came to donations for any funeral or project, prez was often the first to react and usually exceeding the set quota.

Psalms 133:1-3 NIV

“**How good and pleasant it is when God's people live together in unity! It is like precious oil poured on the head, running down on the beard, running down on Aaron's beard, down on the collar of his robe. It is as if the dew of Hermon were falling on Mount Zion. For there the Lord bestows his blessing, even life forevermore.**”

These verses really typify how prez dealt with us; equity and fairness. Whenever our meetings had some tough exchanges and disagreements, he would calmly rule basing his decisions on documentations and previous actions.

Prez was a peacemaker and sought an amicable solution to whatever problem faced us. He always had an ear to listen to discerning views, giving a gentle response always. Until recently, most of our beginning of year meetings were at his home at Akroase, which was like a party for those of us who traveled to attend. With his wife Sovereign and sometimes some of his boys in attendance, this was a meeting no one wanted to miss. One would miss such a meeting at his/her own peril. You would not leave his house without getting some mangoes from his farm as a bonus.

Bro Kwame Oyurodu Agadzɔ will be sorely missed for many things: his 'always smiling face' and very calm disposition as well as his likeable nature. We salute his able wife and children who stood with him especially in his final days. We believe the Good Lord has called him to rest from his toil, to a better place of rest.

Prez, your family, friends, nananom & of present will miss you very much. Rest in the warm bosom of the good Lord until we all meet again.

REST IN PEACE. NANANOM WISH YOU A PEACEFUL REST TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

TRIBUTE BY

YOUR UNCLE TK AGADZI'S CHILDREN

As we gather here today, our hearts are heavy with the loss of a remarkable man who meant so much to us - Oponewa, Ayebea, and Amoabea as he called us. We fondly called you cousin Oyurodu, though you always reminded us, "My name is Oyurodu—get it right!" It was one of those little quirks that made you so special and a playful reminder of your warmth and humor.

You were more than just our cousin; you were like a son to our father. You played that role perfectly, stepping in with love and laughter. We still remember how our dad would call you under the pretext of an emergency. You would race from Akrode to Adara, only to find that he just wanted to see you and tell you how much he missed you. Your willingness to drop everything and come running, time and again, was a testament to the bond you shared. You always came no matter how many times it happened.

When our dad passed away, you stepped up with grace and courage, taking on the role he once held. You became our father and had our back, always just a phone call away. In our darkest moments, you stood steadfastly by us, offering encouragement without being intrusive. You had a unique way of making us feel supported, reminding us that we were never alone.

Cousin Oyurodu, we appreciate you more than words can express. Your strength and kindness comforted us, and your spirit will forever live on in our hearts. We are grateful for the countless memories we shared and the love you poured into our lives.

Your children are our siblings, and they are also our children. We promise they will always have a home with us, just as you gave us a home in your heart. As we say goodbye, know that your legacy of love, support, and family lives on.

Thank you for being the wonderful cousin and "father" that you were. We will always hold you close in our hearts.

Rest well Cousin Oyurodu!! Da Yeyie!!

OPONEWA, AYEBEA & AMOABEA

TRIBUTE BY

THE ANKOMA-SEY FAMILY

VICTOR, EFUA, KENNETH, CAROLINE AND KRISTIN

Our brother-in-law, Mr. Kwame Agodzi, affectionately known as "Uncle Kwame" and "Grandpa" was much more to us than an in-law. He was a brother, a friend, counselor, mentor, a trusted confidante and a role model. Someone you could always rely on. He can be described as calm and considerate. He was gentle, remarkably modest with a wonderful sense of humor coupled with tremendous empathy and respect for everyone. He was remarkably open-minded, willing to see value in other people's work, and understood their perspectives and experiences.

Uncle Kwame was a hard-working individual with a strong work ethic, devoted to giving his best at whatever task was presented to him. He had the unique combination of being a high achiever with concern for the amount of work involved in attaining his goals. Uncle Kwame had a warm and empathetic smile and an infectious laugh that put everyone in his presence at ease. What we admired most about Uncle Kwame was his kindness, he was a truly selfless person who always went above and beyond.

Uncle Kwame's relationship with the family was admirable. His marriage to our sister, Sister Sovereign, was a union made in heaven. They could be best

described as, "two peas in a pod". They were inseparable. Their marriage is a model for the ideal partnership. They cared for and loved each other dearly. A harmonious union filled with mutual respect and trust. He had a great and wonderful relationship with all his children and grandchildren.

Uncle Kwame, Grandpa, we will always remember your love for life; your big smile, your infectious laugh, your elegant walk and everything you have brought to those around you. Our family and your friends will always look to your character and integrity as a beacon of life.

We will end with a Bible quote:

1 Corinthians 15:55

"Where, O death, is your victory? Where, O death, is your sting?"

With Uncle Kwame's passing, although painful to all of us, my hope for our Sister Sovereign and the family is that we know he is victorious in the bosom of the Lord and forever live in our hearts.

Uncle Kwame, May your Master, Our Father, give you the most wonderful gift of eternal life in his Home. We love you and we miss you, but we take comfort in knowing you will watch over us as you do God's work up above.

TRIBUTE BY

DR. & MRS. KWACHEY



I first met Kwame when I joined the VRA Hospital in December 1988. He was the Hospital Administrator.

Later on, our wives met at church (the Anglican Church of the Resurrection) and became friends. That was the beginning of the friendship between the two families, which also extended to our children.

We would often meet at one another's house (including a third family – Ni Komleh Batchway of the Volta Lake, and his family) to play Scrabble, with a lot of good-natured banter and teasing. We recall a particular incident during a game of Scrabble. When it was Kwame's turn he sat quietly looking at the board and declared "be wa to woboose a, eye oo", meaning it is good to be patient and wait, and then he went on to play an incorrect word. That statement and the memory of the teasing that followed

have remained with us ever since.

We found Kwame quiet and rather gentle, not easily ruffled. We also cannot recall when we ever saw him angry, and we are talking of a period of over 35 years. Even when his watchman sold large quantities of some of his building materials, he just let it go.

Kwame was very helpful to us in many ways. It was he who led us to see the traditional elders of Akrode to acquire the land on which we built our house. He also graciously allowed us to keep our building materials in his house until our house reached the stage where we could store our things in it. He also introduced us to the workmen who built his house and showed us the steps in getting water and electricity for our house.

The last few years, mostly because of our advancing ages, we have not been visiting each other as often as we used to do, but the contact has always been there.

Kwame was a very gentle man and we will miss him very much, but the memory of all those good years will always be with us.

May the good Lord keep his gentle soul and grant him peace and eternal rest.

TRIBUTE BY

THE BOTCHWAYS



The death of a close friend, indeed, a brother, is always a reminder that death is "a necessary end that will come when it will come".

The seed of the relationship between The Botchway family and the Agadzis was sown not long after my life train pulled into Akosombo in late 1986. It did not take more than a couple of encounters with Kwame Agadzi, later to be familiarly referred to as Kwame and later affectionately called "Doc", by us the few privileged to be in his inner circle, to feel the warmth of Kwame Agadzi.

Indeed, in those early encounters, Kwame's genuinely friendly nature, great sense of humour and humility were irresistible and thus was the seed of the friendship sown. It soon embraced our respective families and was subsequently cemented into a deep band of

brotherhood between three families: The Agadzis, The Kwatcheys and the Botchways. How can anyone of us ever forget the fun-filled rotational hosting of friendly competitions in the game of scrabble between the three couples, the focus of which was more the drinks and snacks that often lasted deep into the early mornings, making our stay in Akosombo so memorable.

Such was the triangular bond that, rather too soon when my train had to depart Akosombo, The Agadzis and the Kwatcheys effortlessly stepped in to act "in loco parentis" for the Botchway children returning to school in Akosombo.

Indeed, by the time we departed Akosombo after only five years it felt like our families had been friends for decades.

Surely the distance then very much limited personal contact but never the depth of love we felt from "Doc" and his family. "Doc", this paring is the natural way of life itself, but for us The Botchways, the privilege is having shared a part of it with you and you, leaving us with such wonderful and affectionate memories. Yvette, Sammy, Karen, Shirley, Cynthia and I will always cherish the memories of your love and friendship.

Kwame, "Doc", Yaawo djogbaan,

May the earth rest gently on you.

TRIBUTE BY

BEN A. SACKY

TO MR. KWAME AGADZI, MY BOSS AND FAMILY

It's always difficult to say goodbye to someone who has been not just a boss, but also a cherished part of your life, a mentor, a friend, and someone who treated you like family. Today, as we gather to honor the life of Mr. Kwame Oyarodu Agadzi, I find myself reflecting on the special bond we shared. Kwame, as we affectionately called him behind his back, wasn't just a boss; he was family to me. He was the kind of leader who made everyone feel valued, seen, and respected. For me, he made work feel less like work and more like being part of something bigger, something meaningful.

From the very beginning, you weren't just a leader but a guide, a teacher who shaped my professional journey. You saw potential in me when I doubted myself, and you helped me grow both in my career and as a person. You taught me the value of hard work, perseverance, and integrity, lessons I will carry with me for a lifetime. He taught me that success isn't just about reaching goals but about building relationships, creating community, and leaving an impact on the lives of others.

Beyond the office, you opened your home to my family, sharing countless Christmas lunches. Christmas will never feel the same without our yearly visits to your home, where Josephine and I, with the children, Shawn, Vera, and Trudy were always welcomed with warmth and joy by you and Auntie Sovereign. Mr. Agadzi didn't just invite us into his house, he invited us into his heart. Those lunches, filled with laughter, stories, and his generous spirit, are moments I and my family will forever treasure. Those moments were more than just meals, they were times filled with laughter, stories, and memories that now feel even more precious. You made us feel like we were part of your family, and for that, we will always be grateful.

While we will miss him dearly, I know that his legacy will continue to inspire us all. He lived a life full of purpose, kindness, and love, and he has left an indelible mark on all of us. Your wisdom, kindness, and generosity touched everyone who had the privilege of knowing you. You made work feel like a home away from home, and you brought out the best in all of us. Even in your absence, your legacy lives on. The skills and values you instilled in me will forever guide my actions and decisions.

Rest in peace, knowing that you've made a lasting impact on all our lives. You will be deeply missed, but your influence will never fade.

Rest well, Sir, till we meet again.

TRIBUTE BY
THE CLASSMATES
[PRESEC 1965 YEAR GROUP]

*Now the labourer's task is over,
 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.
 [Ancient & Modern 401]*



Lread this short tribute on behalf of my colleagues of the CLASS OF 1965 of the old PRESEC then located at Odumase-Krobo in the Eastern Region.

Although we concede that the quotation above is not of the Presbyterian book, we have made it the template for our tribute to the passing on of our dear mate, because we believe it sums up the passage of the human being from this life to the hereafter.

In this tribute, I shall be using a title *don*, which is quite peculiar to the class of '65, to describe our brother. We are not *don*s of the Italian mafia; *don* is a

shortened form of a word which we have affectionately adopted from one of our school masters, the late E.K. Anum, a brilliant but hilarious character who used to describe anyone who couldn't answer a question correctly, in a word which cannot be spoken here. But with all Presecans, we are called *Odades*, a name derived from the large boobab tree which stood right in the middle of the school compound during our time there. So we are here firstly as *Odades*, and secondly as *don*s of the Class of '65.

We are at a loss for words. As the saying goes, your classmates are your best friends. The 1965-year group is a family, and when we lose a member of the

family, we are not the same again. In the past five years, 59 years after we left Odumase-Krobo, we have opened a vibrant platform on Whatsapp and had sent out feelers to all classmates to join the platform. Don Agadzí and his dear friend, Kwasi Addo Nyaka, who both went to GSTS and KNUST, were the brains behind the construction of the platform and it immediately drew mates from all over the globe together virtually to continue the conversation of 1965.

He was elected Secretary of the group from its inception in 2019, and for the period that he was in office, he combined the duties of Secretary with that of Administrator of the platform. He worked to perfection, always keeping in touch with Global Odadees, our parent body, and keeping dons abreast with latest developments in our group as well on the Global Odadees front. He brought to the position his knowledge of statistics and compiled the CVs of all dons which became the vital database he left behind.

In 1960, we had all come to Odumase-Krobo from different corners of the country, guinea pigs of Osagyefo Dr. Kwame Nkrumah's reformed academic calendar from January-December to September-June. Don Kwame Oyurodu Agadzí had come from Loreh [Presbyterian] Salem. He was a quiet character; he did not even have a nickname. He was just a bookworm.

From Odumase in 1965, he continued his sixth form studies at the Ghana Secondary Technical School (GSTS), Takoradi. He thereafter picked a degree

from the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology, and joined the Volta River Authority, Akosombo, where he worked his whole adult life. He settled at New Akrode, a settlement near Akosombo where, due to his good citizenship, he was honoured with a street being named after him: AGADZÍ STREET.

At our last meeting in September of 2023, Don Agadzí invited us to hold the next 1st meeting of 2024 in his residence at New Akrode. So to New Akrode we went, on the 8th of January this year, only to be met with the most luxurious and lavish setting for a meeting. If it were possible in this tribute, we would have played a video clip of that meeting that day.

To us mortal classmates, Don Agadzí was supposed to have celebrated his 79th birthday on the 20th of October 2024 and, as usual, the old dons would have celebrated with him on the platform. But God had other plans for his life. As one mate has been joking, At this stage of our lives, we are like travelers in the departure lounge of an airport. When your flight is called, you don't even have a bag to pick or say goodbyes you only leave. Christian faith teaches us, It is God who gives and also takes. May God's name be praised.

So, we, the Class of 1965 Presec Odadees, of old dons, are here to bid you farewell. We pray for the comfort of your loved ones here with us. Auntie Sovereign, yemo wo hyeden!

Don KWAME OYURODU AGADZÍ, Damirifa due, due ne amanehunú. Onyame nfa wo nne niasí sɛ yɔbehya bia.

TRIBUTE BY

MR. KWASI ADDO NYARKO

Kwaam! Aboel! Yes, I remember how we met in September 1960 at Krobo Odumase as two unknown entities among sixty young lads that had been offered admission at PRESEC, but how this relationship developed into two brothers from different mothers, I still cannot recollect. Form 1 was without much activities. You were in House 3, and I was in House 2, but the Junior House put us together. Then John Teye put us together in the school choir.

In Form 2, Jero added the Recorder players, and the band grew. It was in Form 3 when I became an Assistant Dispenser that the narrative changed. Kwam had a peculiar challenge that required "special care" during the cold weather season, and this meant getting him regular supply of hot water and/or accompanying him to Akuse and latter to Tetteh Quarshie at Mampong for treatment.

Since we both offered Science in Form 4, we selected the same subjects which meant we studied together. Kwam was not physically extraordinarily strong, but he played Table Tennis. I was an all-round sports chap, so Kwam was my manager and encourager. We both sailed through the 'O' Levels and went to GSTS together.

As we had both not traveled outside the

Eastern Region, Kwam had to travel to Kukurantumi so we could go to Takoradi together. This became the trend and so before long my friend had become part of my family and particularly a brother to my sister Caroline.

Weekends at KNUST were something special as Caro would supply us with "good food" from her kitchen because she had also been transferred to Kumasi.

Kwam and I were not separated even after graduating from KNUST. We both got employed at VRA and our family grew bigger as we both got married and were blessed with children.

Kwaam! I was disappointed when you could not attend Caro's funeral because of ill health and completely devastated when on visiting you at Akrode a week after her burial, I was told you had been transferred from Akosombo Hospital to UGMC.

Kwam you can imagine my situation when I was given the news that you were gone.

Kwam, I still have tears in my eyes, but what can I say when your Maker has called you to himself?

I can only say Adieu.

TRIBUTE BY **IN-LAWS**

BY KOJO AND SANDY ANINI

We often hear that family is not only defined by blood, but by love, care, and shared experiences.

For my husband and I, this was true in every sense with Uncle Kwame. Although he was officially an in-law, he was much more than that.

He was a kind and welcoming presence in our lives—someone whose warmth made you feel at home the moment you stepped into his home. I will never forget the wonderful times spent at his home. Whether it was the laughter shared during holiday visits or the easy, comfortable feeling of knowing we could come over anytime, Uncle Kwame always made us feel welcome.

There was one particular moment, which still makes me smile. I was a student on holidays with them in Akosombo and I had spent some time applying makeup on myself and on my dear cousin, his wife—sister Sovereign. We stepped outside for a walk, only to meet Uncle Kwame, and with a twinkle in his eyes, he asked us, “Where are you going with all that makeup? Go back home!” We had such a laugh. It was moments like these that defined his joyful and light-hearted spirit. I admired the beautiful bond he shared with my cousin, seeing them eat from the same *tutu* bowl was a gesture of love and unity that stuck with me. It

was a picture of the kind of togetherness I wanted in my own marriage, and they exemplified it so naturally.

My children also had their own fond memories of their visits to Akosombo, where they spent holidays filled with joy and fun. He was so patient with my son, answering every single question, even the strange ones such as “Uncle Poppie, why is the bird on this particular tree?” He would then humorously call for Akosua to rescue him from the barrage of questions. He never reprimanded him and this showed the gentle, kind-hearted man that he was. I always looked forward to the mangoes from his farm, a gesture of his generosity because he knew how much I loved mangoes. Beyond his title of “in-law”, Uncle Kwame was, to us, family. He was thoughtful, generous, and always open for deep, meaningful conversations. In his presence, we felt more than just welcome, we felt like we truly belonged.

Uncle Kwame's loss is deeply felt, but his memory will forever live in our hearts, and the love he shared will continue to inspire us. Rest in peace, Uncle Kwame. You were more than just an in-law; you were a beloved family member and a treasured part of our lives. We will miss you dearly.

Rest in perfect peace.

 TRIBUTE BY

THE V.R.A TENNIS CLUB

Love All!

Kwame, as he was fondly known among his contemporaries, became a member of the Akosombo Tennis Club in the late 1970s. He is regarded as one of the club's pioneer members, contributing greatly to its early development.

In those early days, the club operated without a coach that caused members to play the game by their own standards and styles, leading to some unique and unorthodox playing techniques. Kwame's strength lay in his powerful serve, a skill enhanced by his tall stature, which secured him some victories during his active playing days.

Kwame was not just a tennis enthusiast; he was a pillar of friendship within the club. He enjoyed exercising, socializing, and sharing joyous moments with his fellow members. When five tennis matches were not accessible, Kwame graciously opened his home to fellow club members to watch major tennis tournaments like Wimbledon, the US Open, and Roland Garros on his large TV screen.

On and off the court, Kwame was known for his friendliness, affability, and generosity. Whenever he traveled abroad, he would return with tennis socks for all club members and would donate tennis balls to the club. His magnificence extended beyond gifts; he played a crucial role in introducing the sport to the younger generation. Along with some senior members, Kwame encouraged his

own children and other kids in the community to take up tennis, making the sport popular in Akosombo during the 1980s. Many of those children have grown into skilled adult players who continue to uphold the legacy of the VRA Tennis Club.

During those early years, access to the tennis court was a challenge, as it was often locked and controlled by the late Old Man Pany, who served as chairman for a significant period. Despite this, Kwame's dedication to the sport never wavered. Even after he developed knee problems that prevented him from playing, Kwame remained an active member of the club, frequently visiting to socialize and enjoy the traditional fare of kenkey, "woevit," fufu, corned beef, baked beans, and sardines.

Following his retirement from VRA, Kwame relocated to Akrode, which limited his visits to the court. Nevertheless, some long-time members continued to visit him on a personal basis, maintaining the bond that had been forged through the years of shared love for tennis.

Kwame's passion and efforts popularized tennis in Akosombo, inspiring both the young and old to engage in the sport. For his contributions, we owe him an immense debt of gratitude. The club has indeed lost a pioneer, and his absence will be deeply felt.

Game, set, and match, Kwame!!

Fare thee well.

TRIBUTE BY

FRANCES APPIAH KUMI

It's too soon for me to lose a father figure. Just over a year after losing my dad! My heart goes out to the Agadzi family. Mr. Agadzi, affectionately known to my family as Dada/Uncle Kwame/Mr. Agadzi came into my life or rather, I was thrust into his family when Akosua walked up to me in our form one class to introduce herself to me. "my grandma, Miss Brown is your aunt!" Within an instant, my life as a homesick first-year student at AS changed forever.

I became a permanent fixture in the Agadzi home on weekends whenever I could get an excuse to go with Akosua, and that continued all the way through college. In all those years, Uncle Kwame played a fatherly role in my life. He never made me feel like a guest.

Instead, he made me feel like I was truly part of the family. Whether it was Akosua and me, or the whole group: Akosua, Ogyam, Kwasi, Ephraim, and me when we got in trouble, we all got "blasted" together, and when we received praise, it was always together too. Most times, the blasting was just Uncle Kwame standing in the doorway that connected the bedrooms to the hall, giving us the look. I could write a whole tribute about that look. It wasn't often, and he didn't even have to say a word, but you knew right away that it was time to check yourself.

There were times when that look would suddenly turn into laughter. I remember one of our many small get-togethers; our usual crew, Frankie, Nanaase (Kiddle), Leo (Kpokpo), Nana Kwasi (Shyla), and the rest, were all there, dancing and having a great time. Then, Uncle Kwame appeared in the hallway, and everyone froze, unsure whether to keep dancing or to stop. But then, he laughed and made a comment about the dancing that had us all laughing too. Oh, Uncle Kwame, I can hear that laugh right now; it was music to the ears. You loved to laugh out loud. I never once heard you raise your voice or saw you angry. You were an amazing husband to Auntie Sovereign, a great father to Akosua, Ogyam, Kwasi, and all of us who were lucky enough to pass through your home.

My last cherished memory of you was at Akrode in January 2023. We all watched a movie in the living room, enjoying tea and meat pie, with you cracking a joke or two, even though you seemed quieter than I remember. For all I had known, that it would be the last time I would see you, I would have given you a longer hug.

You've left a great void in our hearts. Thank you for all the love you showed me and my sisters.

Nanlew yiye! May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace, Uncle Kwame.

TRIBUTE BY

THE FREEMAN SISTERS

TO OUR UNCLE

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Wife, 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 the serene town of Akosombo, nestled by the Volta River, there was a home that always felt like a sanctuary. This was the home of our dear auntie Sovereign and uncle, a man whose warmth and nurturing spirit made every visit a cherished memory. His doors were always open, his smile ever welcoming, and his heart full of love.

I fondly remember the times spent in his home with our cousins, where laughter echoed through the living room and stories were shared over hearty meals. His presence was a comforting constant, a reminder that we always had a place to belong. He had a unique way of making everyone feel special, but also quick to correct us whenever we stepped out of line.

We had hoped to visit him on our next trip to Ghana, but life had other plans, and he is no longer with us. His absence leaves a void that can never be filled, but his legacy lives on in the lessons he taught and the love he gave so freely.

Rest in peace, knowing that you have left an indelible mark on all who had the privilege of knowing you.

JENNIFER, KAREN & SANDRA

HYMNS



HYMNS



MH8 608 – Captain of Israel's Host

1. CAPTAIN of Israel's host and guide,
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.
2. By Thy unerring spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray,
We shall not fail direction need,
Nor miss our providential way,
As far from danger as from fear,
While love almighty love is near.

MH8 99 - How sweet the name of Jesus

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
3. Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace!
4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6. Till men I would Thy love proclaim
With every feeble breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

MH 427 – Through all the changing scenes of life

1. THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The probes of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
2. Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
3. O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
4. The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.
5. O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His trust confide.
6. Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

MH 615 – Guide me O Thou Great Jehovah

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 now and evermore.

- Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer (strong deliverer)
Be Thou still my help and shield.
- When I TREAD the verge of Jordan;
Saw my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Laid me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of Praise, songs of Praise
I will ever give to Thee.

MHB 422 – Blessed assurance

- BLESSED assurance, Jesus is mine;
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood,
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.
- Perfect submission, perfect delight,
of rapture burst on my sight;
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
- Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

MHB 475 – I need thee

- I NEED Thee every hour,
most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REFRAIN

- I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Savior,
I come to Thee.
- I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou nearby;
Temptations lose their power when Thou
art nigh.

- I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide, or life
is in vain.
- I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises in me fulfil.

MHB 335 – Pass me not O gentle saviour

- PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
(Hear my humble cry)
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

REFRAIN

- Saviour Saviour,
Hear my humble cry,
And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.
- Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.
 - Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.
 - Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside
Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

MHB 517 – Simply trusting everyday

- SIMPLY trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.



HYMNS



REFRAIN

Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2. Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While he leads I cannot fail,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
3. Singing, if my way be clear;
Praying, if the path be drear;
If in danger, for him oak;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
4. Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth be past,
Till within the Jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

MH 313 – To God be the glory

1. TO God be the glory! great things He hath
done!
So loved He the world that He gave us His
son;
Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
And opened the Life gate that all may go
in.
2. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let the
earth hear his voice!
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let the
people rejoice!
Come to the father through Jesus the son;
And give him the glory! great things He
hath done!
3. O Perfect redemption, the purchase of
blood!
To every believer the promise of God:
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

4. Great things He hath taught us, great
things
He hath done. And great our rejoicing
through Jesus the son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our rapture, when Jesus we
see.

MH 948 – Abide with me

1. ABIDE with me: fast falls the evening;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me
abide:
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
Thou who changest not, abide with me.
3. I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can fill the temple's
power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can
be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me.
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
I have no want, and needs no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the
 skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

MH 914 – God be with you till we meet again

1. GOD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you:
God be with you till we meet again
2. God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you:
God be with you till we meet again.
3. God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.
4. God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating a'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you:
God be with you till we meet again!

OTHER HYMNS

MH 896 – Now praise we great and famous men

1. NOW praise we great and famous men,
The fathers named in story:
And praise the Lord who now as then,
Reveals in man His glory.
2. Praise we the wise and brave and strong,
Who graced their generation:
Who helped the right, and fought the wrong,
And made our folk a nation.
3. Praise we the great of heart and mind,
The singers sweetly gifted,
Whose music like a mighty wind
The souls of men uplifted.
4. Praise we the peaceful men of skill
Who builded homes of beauty,
And, rich in art, made richer still
The brotherhood of duty.
5. Praise we the glorious names we know;
And they-whose names have perished,
Lost in the haze of long ago
In silent love be cherished.

6. In peace their sacred ashes rest,
Fulfilled their day's endeavour:
They bless the earth, and they are blest
Of God and man, for ever.
7. So praise we great and famous men,
The fathers, named in story,
And praise the Lord who now as then,
Reveals in man His glory.

It is well with my soul

1. When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Wherever my lot thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul!"

It is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this steadfast assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His Cross, and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
4. For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live;
If dark hours about me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.



HYMNS



Count your blessings

1. When upon life's blows you are tempest
tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is
lost,
Count your many blessings, name them
one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath
done.

Refrain:

- Count your blessings, name them one by
one;
Count your blessings, see what God hath
done;
Count your blessings, name them one by
one;
Count your many blessings, see what
God hath done.
2. Are you ever burdened with a load of
care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are bled
to bear?
Count your many blessings, ev'ry doubt
will fly,
And you will be singing as the days go by.

[Refrain]

3. When you look at others with their lands
and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you His
wealth untold;
Count your many blessings, money
cannot buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on
high. [Refrain]

4. So, amid the conflict, whether great or
small,
Do not be discouraged, God is over all;
Count your many blessings, angels will
attend,
Help and comfort give you to your
journey's end. [Refrain]

Great is thy faithfulness

1. Great is thy faithfulness, "O God my father,
There is no shadow of turning with thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions,
they fail not
As thou hast been thou forever wilt be.

"Great is thy faithfulness," "Great is thy
faithfulness!"

Morning by morning new mercies I see;
As I have needed thy hand hath
provided—

"Great is thy faithfulness," Lord, unto
me!

2. Summer and winter, and springtime and
harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses
above,
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.
3. Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to
guide;
Strength for today and bright hope for
tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand
beside!

Give me the wings of faith to rise

1. GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2. Once they were mourners here below,
And poured our cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4. They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5. Our glorious leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Daa daa, mto me senku daa

Daa daa, mto me senku daa
Osabarima, David ba mto me senku daa
Mede avertsho, enigye mu mto me senku
daa
Mede me tkyerama bokarifo Wo, me gyefo
Nyankopon
Osabarima, David ba mto me senku daa
Enigye mu o, avertsho mu o
Mto me senku daa

YESU KA WO HO

1. Yesu ka wo ho
Odi w'anin Odi w'akyi
Yesu ka wo ho
Wamanihinun, wabbcrcsom
Sc asase ani dane butu
Mmepo tutu logu po mu mpo a
Ensuru! Ensuru!
Oka wo ho das (2X)
Sc wodo w'Awurade
Wakoma mu, w'adwene nyinzam
Na sc wodo wo yonko
Wodo wonua sc woho a
Sc asase ani dane butu
Mmepo tutu logu po mu mpo a
Ensuru! Ensuru!
Na Oka wo ho das

2. Yesu hwe wo so woadi fi na no wo fi ba mu
Yesu hwe wo so Oka wo ho ab'ie nyinzam
Sc asase ani dane butu
Mmepo tutu logu po mu mpo a
Ensuru! Ensuru!
Na Oka wo ho das
Sc wo to gyidi anammon na kristo ne w'anida
so a
Na s3 wo b3n Awurade
Wo abra ba kronkon mu a
Sc asase ani dane butu
Mmepo tutu logu po mu mpo a
Ensuru! Ensuru!
Na Oka wo ho das

3. Yesu ahy3wo bo somma wo ko entutu
Yesu ahy3wo bo s'3b3k'ra waza akosi awie
y3
Sc asase ani dane butu
Mmepo tutu logu po mu mpo a
Ensuru! Ensuru!
Na Oka wo ho das
Se wo ko wonkoto dwe anim
Wo gyidi mpaabo mu a
Na s3 wo yi ahuhude
Fi wakoma no mu a
Sc asase ani dane butu
Mmepo tutu logu po mu mpo a
Ensuru! Ensuru!
Na Oka wo ho das
Repeat Verse 1

Yesu, me me Gyefo ne wo,

1. Yesu, me me Gyefo ne wo,
meraba wo mwiri mu,
ppo as'reye rebo,
sana asore wo me so.
Fa me sie, m'Agyerikwa
kosi sc egyae huru
hwe me so wo m'aselenam',
na sc Ato twa a, gye me kra!
Yesu eeeh
Fa me sie, m'Agyerikwa
kosi sc egyae huru
hwe me so wo m'aselenam',
na sc Ato twa a, gye me kra!



2. Wo nko ne m'ahintaba a
 mede me kra mto ho;
 wo nko so na m'ani da,
 wo nko ne me Bofo.
 Mezi wo so nnyawma nko,
 kata m'adagyaw no so,
 gyigya me,
 kyerc me kwan,
 fa me sie wo nwi mu!
 Mezi wo so nnyawma nko,
 kata m'adagyaw no so,
 gyigya me,
 kyerc me kwan,
 fa me sie wo nwi mu!

Fa me sie, m'Agyenwa
 kooi so egyaa huru
 hwe me so wo m'asetsam',
 na so Ato tiva a, gye me kra!

PHB 61 Meto dwom mama Onyame

1. Mto dwom mama Onyame
 Na mada no ase daa;
 Na mihi ade nyinaa mu,
 so ope ne yye pa
 Ayantye ne mtoob'ohutu
 sre do hwe ne mtofo
 wo won asetena nyinaa mu
 Nneema nneema sen ako,
 Na wonne me Nyame do.
2. Nyame de ne nsa akata
 Me honam ne me kra so,
 te sre pikre ntaban a
 ode twine nna so no
 Efso. zmaa me me nkwa,
 Mewo me na yam no po,
 zne me nna nyinaa nso
 abedu nnc na wahwe me.
 Nneema nneema sen ako,
 Na wonne me Nyame do.
7. Yiw, Onyame do no nsa da,
 Na ne do no so ampa
 M'gya pa meyi w'ayc daa,
 Na mezi wo so obo
 so fa me yt wo de koraa.

na ma minso wo mu daa
 anadwo ne zwa,
 a memta wo kwan so yye
 enkodu so mehu wo
 ne wo do no soooe.

