



Hon. Immanuel Ellis
OBENG-DARKO

(A. K. A. DADA KWESI)

71
yrs







BURIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE

FOR Hon. Immanuel Ellis
OBENG-DARKO
(A. K. A. DADA KWESI) ⁷¹₄₂₄

@ Transition Funeral Home, Haatso, Accra





**OFFICIATING
Clergy**

Very Rev. Amos Justice Pobee

Rev. Philemon Yao Hadzi

Rev. Mrs. Vera Hammond

Rev. Clement Adaworoma Mante Danquah

Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Kwame Addae

Choir

Most Rev. Dr. Samuel Asante-Antwi Memorial Society Choir, Amrahia-Accra



ORDER OF SERVICE



PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. Opening Hymn - **MHB 427**
2. Prayer
3. Hymn - **MHB 110**
4. File Past - **MHB 511, 428, 602, 110, 607**
5. Tributes
6. Hymn - **MHB 608**

BURIAL SERVICE

1. Procession - **MHB 830**
2. Scripture Sentences
3. Opening Hymn - **MHB 99**
4. Purpose & Prayer
5. Hymn - **MHB 679**
6. Biography & Tributes
7. Hymn - **MHB 615**
8. Scripture Reading - (*Psalm 90*)
9. Hymn - **MHB 528**
10. Sermon
11. Offering
12. Announcement
13. Hymn - **MHB 831**
14. Commendation
15. Closing Hymn - **MHB 607**
16. Benediction
17. Recessional Hymn - **MHB 579**

AT THE GRAVE SIDE

1. Hymn - **MHB 650**
2. Committal Prayer
3. Vote of Thanks
4. Hymn - **MHB 976**
5. Benediction





BIOGRAPHY OF HON. IMMANUEL ELLIS OBENG-DARKO

(A. K. A. DADA KWESI)

*“For none of us lives for ourselves alone, and none of us dies for ourselves alone.
If we live, we live for the Lord. and if we die, we die for the Lord.
Whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.” (Romans 14:7-8)*

The late Hon. Immanuel Ellis Obeng-Darko was born as Emmanuel Nii Obeng Solomon on 7th December, 1952 in Akwatia No.4, to Daniel Atta Solomon and Alberta Asaa Kisiedu Solomon, both of blessed memory. He was known by the name Emmanuel Nii Obeng Solomon until he changed his name to Immanuel Ellis Obeng-Darko while in secondary school. He was the second child and had two brothers: William Nii Otu Solomon and Joseph E. Ankrah Solomon.

He spent his early years in Akwatia No. 4 with his parents; where he got his primary education from the L/A Roman Catholic Primary at Akwatia No. 4. In 1964, he moved from his parents to live with his maternal uncle, the late Mr. Eric Christian Kisiedu, an educationist who served in different parts of Ghana. He therefore completed his middle school education in three different schools: Mamfe Presby Middle School, Akropong Demonstration Middle and Larteh Presby Middle Boarding, between 1964 to 1967. He proceeded to pursue secondary school education in Oda Secondary School from 1967 to 1971 and then moved on to Tamale Workers College where he obtained his GCE ‘O’ Level in 1973. He obtained Certificate ‘A’ Post-Secondary qualification from the Bagabaga Training College in Tamale in 1975 and then a Diploma in Agriculture from University of Cape Coast at the St. Andrews College of Agric, Asante-Mampong in 1982. The late Hon. Immanuel Ellis Obeng-Darko spent twenty-one years with the Ghana

Education Service. Sixteen of those years were in the classroom as a teacher. He started his teaching career in Bagabaga Demonstration Primary, Tamale in 1975 and moved on to Nyohini Presby Primary, Tamale (1976), Tamale Technical Institute (1977), St. Andrews College of Agric (1979) where he taught and schooled at the same time. In 1982, he joined Suhum Secondary Technical where he taught Agricultural Science and was head of department until he was elected as Member of Parliament for Suhum Constituency on the ticket of the National Democratic Congress (NDC) in 1992. After he left Parliament House in 1996, he worked as the Assistant Chief Disaster Control Officer (Municipal Co-ordinator) for Koforidua with the National Disaster Management Organization (NADMO) till 2001. After his days with NADMO, he and his former colleague in Parliament House operated Rural Watch Ghana, an NGO which focused on combating HIV/AIDS. He managed Rural Watch Ghana until 2006, when he decided to go into early retirement and focus on his minor entrepreneurial ventures and farming.

The late Hon. Immanuel Ellis Obeng-Darko was actively involved in community building and volunteered his services to a number of initiatives. These include: Voluntary Workshop Association, National Youth Council - Camp Leader (1976), Central Workers Defence Committee Chairman - (1983/85), National Youth Organising Commission - Project Office (1984),



Suhum Electrification Project Committee Secretary, Workplace C.D.R. - SUTESCO - Chairman, June Four Movement - District Chairman, Eastern Regional Co-Ordinating Council Member (1989/91), Suhum/Kraboia Coaltar District Assembly - Presiding Member (1998/91), Consultative Assembly, Accra-Member (1991/92), among others.

Even after leaving Parliament House, he remained passionate about politics and was a member of the D.C Primary School (06B) - Danfa Branch of the National Democratic Congress (NDC).

The late Hon. Immanuel Ellis Obeng-Darko met his wife of many years, Mary Charity Pobee in 1980, during his school days at St. Andrews College of Agric, Asante-Mampong. He married Mary in 1982 until they separated in 2005. He had ten children (eight boys and two girls).

In the past few years, the late Hon. Immanuel Ellis Obeng-Darko was passionate about three things, his health, his family (especially the larger Kisiedu Family at Amanokrom) and his farm. His regular medical check ups, daily walks and sessions in the farm were rituals that he kept solemnly. He looked healthy and vibrant with no sign of sickness or weakness until the night of 23rd March 2024, when he complained about shortness of breath. In barely 40 minutes after complaining, he responded to his maker's call, in the early hours after midnight of 24th March 2024.

The late Hon. Immanuel Ellis Obeng-Darko is survived by eight children (six sons and two daughters, and nine grandchildren.

“Now the labourer’s task is over
Now the battle day is past
Now upon the Father’s shore
Lands the voyager at last
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping”

Hon. Immanuel Ellis Obeng-Obeng, Dada Kwesi, May Your Soul Rest in Perfect Peace.





1952 - 2024

FOR HON. IMMANUEL ELLIS
OBENG-DARKO
F.A.C.S. (L.D.S.A. KWESI)





1952 - 2024

FOR HON. IMMANUEL ELLIS
OBENG-DARKO
F.A.C.S. (LONDON) FRCGS 71





TRIBUTE FROM CHILDREN



A short tribute to our late father is all we have left to honour the man who nurtured us in love and discipline.

If we had known that your demise would be this sudden, we would have drawn nigh our future so you could enjoy more of our successes. Until now, we thought death was news conveyed by newscasters to people who are far from us; but little did we know that death was just like a heavy cloud hovering over individual homes, ready to pour down when its time was due.

We carry in our hearts and minds, memories of a special father. Dada Kwesi, as he was affectionately called by many, was honest, intelligent, gentle, and a thoughtful man. His integrity and candid nature attracted many people to him, forming long lasting relationships and friendships.

As much as daddy was amiable, he was also a disciplinarian. It was always interesting how he calling you "my friend!" was a stern warning to stop misbehaving. We still find it difficult to convince ourselves that we are reading a tribute to your memory.

We have come to know and believe that he gave us the greatest gift a father could give his children, he believed in us. He always emphasized on unity and being there for each other. We know that his love and thoughts will always be with us.

Even though we struggle to come to terms with your passing, those fond memories of

you will forever remain in our minds and hearts. We will continue to live your name even as you rest peacefully with the Lord. We believe that you were called by your father for a greater reward that you deserve for your good work; a reward that we can never give you.

Daddy, we are deeply saddened by your sudden departure. We will forever hold you dear to our hearts. You have indeed created a huge vacuum in our hearts, but we thank God that you have given us much to live for, including some of the timeless virtues by which you were known by your kith and kin.

If you were a great speaker like John Maxwell, your philosophy on life would have read like this: "...sooner or later, a man, if he is wise, discovers that life is a mixture of good and bad days, victory, and defeat, give and take. He learns that it doesn't pay to be a too-sensitive soul, that he should let some things go over his head...".

With these words, we can't help but to take consolation in the fact that you indeed knew about such a day as this. We trust that everything happens for a reason, even when we are not able to see it. Ultimately, we are consoled with the trust and hope that you have been called by your maker who will give you eternal peace and joy.

Thank you, daddy, for all the good times you have given us and the affection you have shown us. They are forever etched in our memory.

**God be with you till we meet again;
loving counsels guide, uphold you,
may the Shepherd's care enfold you;
God be with you till we meet again.**



TRIBUTE BY CYRUS & YVONNE TO HON. IMMANUEL ELLIS OBENG-DARKO



“There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the Heaven: a time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to uproot. (Ecclesiastes 3: 1-2)”

In the corridors of power, where integrity meets diligence, there stood a man of great stature and honor. Honorable Immanuel Ellis Obeng-Darko, a name etched in the annals of Ghanaian politics, a beacon of hard work and respect, has left an indelible mark on the hearts of many, including ours.

As we stand here today, we are overwhelmed with gratitude for the legacy our father has left behind. His tenure as the Member of Parliament for Suhum constituency from 1992 to 1996 was not just a stint in politics but a testament to his unwavering commitment to serve his people with diligence and humility. We were not born when he was a member of parliament but we came to meet some of the legacies he left as MP.

Our father was more than just a politician; he was a father figure to many, a man who led by example, and whose integrity was beyond reproach. His dedication to the development of our constituency knew no bounds. He worked tirelessly to improve the lives of the people he represented, always putting their needs above his own.

But beyond his political achievements, it was his character that truly set him apart. Honorable Immanuel Ellis Obeng-Darko was a man of principle, a man who treated everyone with respect and dignity, regardless of their station in life. His humility was unmatched, and his words carried weight because they were always spoken with sincerity and honesty.

As his children, we are filled with pride to have witnessed firsthand the impact he had on our community. He taught us the value of hard work, integrity, and service to others. He instilled in us a sense of responsibility to carry forward his legacy and to always strive for excellence in everything we do.

Though he may no longer be with us in person, his spirit lives on in the lives he touched and the values he imparted. Honorable Immanuel Ellis Obeng-Darko will forever be remembered as a true statesman, a champion of the people, and above all, a loving father.

Rest in peace, Dad. Your memory will always be cherished, and your legacy will continue to inspire generations to come.

With deepest admiration and love,

Due! Damiifa Due!!!



TRIBUTE TO OLD BOY BY VERNON QUANSAH OBENG-DARKO



They say people come and say people go. This particular diamond was extra special – Cold play.

You were the disciplinarian that shaped our character. The man, whose picture on the wall at home, was enough to stop us from misbehaving in his absence. The strict, no-nonsense father, that became a friend and confidant. Old Boy, you played the different roles of fatherhood well. I know you would have done even better, if life permitted.

Your death was sudden and we did not prepare for this event nor day. You looked strong and was very conscious about your health. For you, what you ate determined the status of your health, so your meals were always unique – a lot of greens, very unusual leaves and essential seeds and nuts. It was never about taste for you, but what made up the meal. Oh! How we all admired your healthy lifestyle; but we have come to understand that in this life, when your maker calls you, it does not matter how healthy you may be.

I already miss our regular walks and how you would outpace me during these walks. You always laughed when I said “if I continue these walks regularly with you, I will surely be stronger than you are now, in my 80s”. I did not have the energy and stamina to keep up with your daily gardening sessions. For me, I thought all that physical strength and healthy habits, would translate into more decades with us. In fact, anytime Nana Asare and I discussed death of a parent, we always concluded that as for

“Old Boy”, he has at least two decades more to go. Alas, it is our creator who knows the appointed time for every man and that time could be any day.

I enjoyed the last few years you lived with me. You always had an idea or some knowledge about almost every topic, no matter how remote it was; and you never stopped learning. How convenient it was to ask you about something I didn't understand, instead of reading about it myself. You were the handyman that fixed everything, from electrical gadgets to toys – always improvising. I will surely miss driving around with you while you sang along to your favourite reggae songs playing in the car.

If we knew your time will be so soon, we certainly would have had more family outings during the festive season when Nana Asare came home. We would have taken pictures to keep these memories alive. How sad it is that we do not have a single picture of our last family outing in December last year. This is exactly what happens when neither father nor children enjoy taking pictures – the apple really did not fall far from the tree.

Since your last phone call to me, barely 30 minutes before your demise, I have wondered if the story would have been different today, had I insisted that you saw your doctor ahead of your regular review to check that back pain you said was mild and was merely a posture problem; but God knows best. My prayer is that God grants you rest.

Rest well, my friend! Rest well, Old Boy!



1952 - 2024

FOR HON. IMMANUEL ELLIS
OBENG-DARKO
F.A.C.S. (L.A.S. KWESI)

TRIBUTE BY GRAND CHILDREN



“For if we live, we live to the Lord; and if we die, we die to the Lord. Therefore, whether we live or die, we are the Lord’s” (Romans 14:8)

We are consoled by the words of the scripture above, knowing well that even in death, you are with the Lord. Your death has brought us great sadness because we have lost a person who was always there to love us with much care and affection.

You picked up our football from the street when you returned home from Amanokrom on Saturday late afternoon. You gave us your usual gifts from your travels and spoke to us in the evening. We were looking forward to our usual Sunday drawing lesson, only for us to be told that you have gone to Heaven. Since then, your absence at home is easily felt.

Though it is difficult to believe and accept this reality, we know you are in a better place. We will always remember you as our loving and disciplined grandpa. We

will miss the man who set up a workshop in his room to fix all our broken toys. We already miss the Sunday art lessons and your gardening lessons. We will remember the valuable lessons you taught us: the need to stay healthy, to never stop learning, to ask questions and research.

What saddens our hearts the most is that we will not get again the opportunity to learn more from you. However, we are consoled, knowing that you have gone to Heaven to be with Jesus Christ.

We shall see you again, Grandpa. Until then, rest peacefully in the bosom of the Almighty God.

Grandpa, rest in perfect peace! Grandpa, Da Yie!



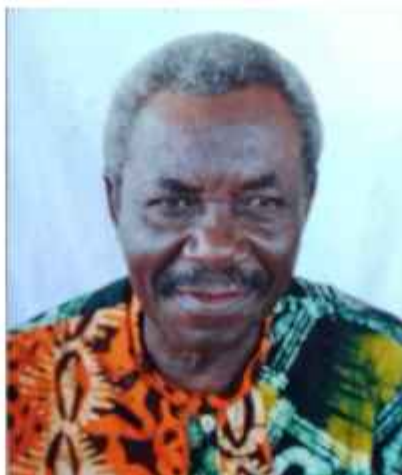
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FOR HON. IMMANUEL ELLIS
OBENG-DARKO
(A.K.A. DADA KWESI)

CHILDREN



BROTHERS





1952 - 2024

FOR HON. IMMANUEL ELLIS
OBENG-DARKO
F.A.C.S. (L.D.A. KWESIBI)

GRAND CHILDREN





1952 - 2024

FOR HON. IMMANUEL ELLIS
OBENG-DARKO
(A.K.A. DADA KWESI)

NEPHEWS & NIECES



IN-LAWS





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FOR HON. IMMANUEL ELLIS
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TRIBUTE BY
AKPENE HADZI



To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a time to be born, and a time to die.
(Ecclesiastes 3:1-2a)

Grandpa! the news of your death came as a shock to me and I can't bring myself to the reality of not seeing you again. This is not how I imagined you leaving us. I wish I had the chance to say goodbye; but I am consoled by the fact that you are in a safe place and at rest. I believe you will keep watching over us from heaven where you are.

I count it a blessing and a privilege to have served you these few years. When you were home with us, it gave me comfort and peace of mind because I knew you will keep an eye on the boys especially your "Kwantre", when we were away. You were always the first to greet me every morning.

Your stew always had this unique aroma (I never had the chance to tell you that anyway). I can't forget the day you cooked for the whole house. Oh, Grandpa you have been missed. Your grandchildren miss you already, I miss you too, we all miss you.

Till we meet again. May the Lord keep you safe and grant you rest! Da Yie!



1952 - 2024

HON. IMMANUEL ELLIS
FOR **OBENG-DARKO**
F.A.C.S. DADA KWESI 71



TRIBUTE BY
NEPHEWS & NIECES



Tribute to a lovely Uncle, Dada Kwesi.

For years Dada Kwesi will forever remain in our hearts and mind.
He was a pillar in our family.

Each and everyone of us has in his or her life a way to remember this great Uncle of ours. He will regularly call and check on us to make sure that all is well. His advice and encouragement in many ways will never be forgotten.

His heartfelt commitment to unity was down to earth. He will sometimes admonish us to overlook our differences and come together to do things to help each other since he will not always be there to mobilize us. Yes, your absence was immensely and deeply felt as we were planning this day. we however promise you that your wish will come to pass as we put you to rest.

You were one of a kind! You were more than a father to all of us; Paying of school fees, pocket money and the usual words of encouragement to learn hard!!!

We will forever miss you, Dada Kwesi. We love you our one and only uncle.

Repose en paix
Requiescat in pace.
May your soul rest in peace.



TRIBUTE FROM **FAMILY**



*“For none of us lives to himself and none of us dies to himself.
For if we live, we live to the Lord and if we die, we die fo the Lord, so then
whether we live or die, we are the Lords.”
Romans 14:7-8*

Today we gather to pay tribute to a remarkable soul who laid his life for the family. Mr. Obeng as the family called him, came closer to the family when his uncle Teacher Eric died. He gathered the whole family for the necessary arrangement for the burial.

Since then, Mr. Obeng had been the pillar for the family. He would see to the arrangement of death, marriage ceremonies and cases at court for settlement. He would inform those abroad to help especially to maintain the two houses namely Kissiedu and Duodu houses.

Mr. Obeng, Kwabena Duodu and Kwabena Kissiedu are asking who is going to continue the work? We Know that God will give us somebody to replace you. Mr. Obeng, we will never forget your wisdom, experience, and offering of thoughtful advice that helped the family.

Though gone, to different world, you will continue to be in our heart and will forever cherish you.

Nhyira ne awufo a wowu Awurade din mu. Efi mprenpren rekɔ yi mu. Na wɔn nwuma di wɔn akyi.

Mr. Obeng, we love you, but God loves you best. Though gone to a different world, you will continue to be in our heart, and will forever cherish you.

Rest in the bossom of the lord till we meet again.

Kissiedu and Duodu family say Nantew yiye.

Amen.





TRIBUTE TO THE LATE HONOURABLE OBENG-DARKO FROM HON. RANSFORD AGYAPONG AND HON. FREDERICK OPARE- ANSAH



"For none of us lives to himself, and none of us dies to himself. For if we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die, we die to the Lord" - Romans 14:7-8.

It is with a heavy heart and deep respect that we, Hon Ransford Agyepong (2001-2005) and Hon Frederick Opare Ansah (2005-2021), write this tribute to Honourable Senior Obeng-Darko. Although our tenure in Parliament did not overlap with his, his legacy was a beacon that guided our own efforts in the Suhum constituency.

The news of his passing was a profound shock to us all, stirring a sense of loss that words can scarcely describe. Yet, we find solace in the enduring memories and lasting contributions he made, which continue to light our way. His dedication to the development of our constituency - be it through improving local infrastructure or fostering community programs - has left indelible marks that will benefit generations.

Honourable Obeng-Darko's life reminds us of the words of the great thinker R. J. Palacio: "The things we do outlast our mortality. The things we do are like monuments that people build to honor heroes after they die." Indeed, the monuments of his deeds stand tall in our hearts and our community.

As we bid farewell to a true public servant and a revered leader, we are comforted by the belief that his virtuous service to humanity will be justly rewarded by his Maker.

Honourable Senior Obeng-Darko, fare thee well. Your legacy will continue to inspire and guide us.





HYMNS



MHB 427

1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
in trouble and in joy,
the praises of my God shall still
my heart and tongue employ.
Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
till all that are distressed,
from my example comfort take
and lay their griefs to rest.

2 O magnify the LORD with me,
exalt his holy name;
when in distress to him I called,
he to my rescue came.
The hosts of God encamp around
the dwellings of the just;
deliv'rance he affords to all
who in his promise trust.

3 O taste and see that he is good;
experience will decide
how blest are they, and only they
who in the LORD confide.
Fear him, you saints, and you will then
have nothing else to fear;
make serving him your sole delight,
your wants shall be his care.

MHB 110

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find.

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

MHB 511

1 Begone, unbelief,
My Savior is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way,
Since He is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.

3 His love, in time past,
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.

4 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His Word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.



HYMNS



MHB 428

1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the
poor, And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

MHB 602

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,

Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
Still keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

MHB 607

1 O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before
Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.



HYMNS



MHB 608

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 full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love almighty love is near.

MHB 830

1 HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Lord, to Thee;

Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword;
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

3 Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Savior and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 God of God, the One-be2gotten,
Light of light, Immanuel,
In Whose body joined together
All the saints forever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fullness
That we may forevermore
God the Father, God the Son, and

God the Holy Ghost adore.

MHB 99

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 then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

MHB 679

1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fullness, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found



HYMNS



No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! Their praises flow
In this vale of sin and woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

MHB 615

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!
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer!
Be Thou still my help and shield.

3 When I TREAD the verge of Jordan;
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of Praises
I will ever give to Thee.

MHB 528

1 IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe in such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
and nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim.
He knows the way He's taken,
and I will walk with Him

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

MHB 831

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 out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I asked them whence their victory came
They, with united breath:
Ascribed their conquest to the lamb,
Their triumph to his death.



HYMNS

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.

MHB 579

1 SAVIOUR, Thy dying love Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold, dear Lord, from Thee.
In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now, something for Thee.

2 At the blest mercy seat pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up, Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer-something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart, likeness to Thee.
That each departing day henceforth may see
Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness
done, Some wanderer sought and won-something for
Thee.

4 All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life, O Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see, My ransomed soul shall be
Through all eternity, something for Thee.

MHB 650

1 JERUSLEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
when shall my labours have an end, in joys, and peace,
and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
and pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, and streets of
shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than
Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And
realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below will
join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee!
Then shall my labours have an end, When I
thy joys shall see.

MHB 976

1 NOW the labourer's task is o'er, Now the
battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last:
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried, There its
hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried By a juster
Judge than here.

3 There the Shepherd, bringing home Many
a lamb forlorn and strayed, Shelters each, no
more to roam, Where the wolf can ne'er
invade.

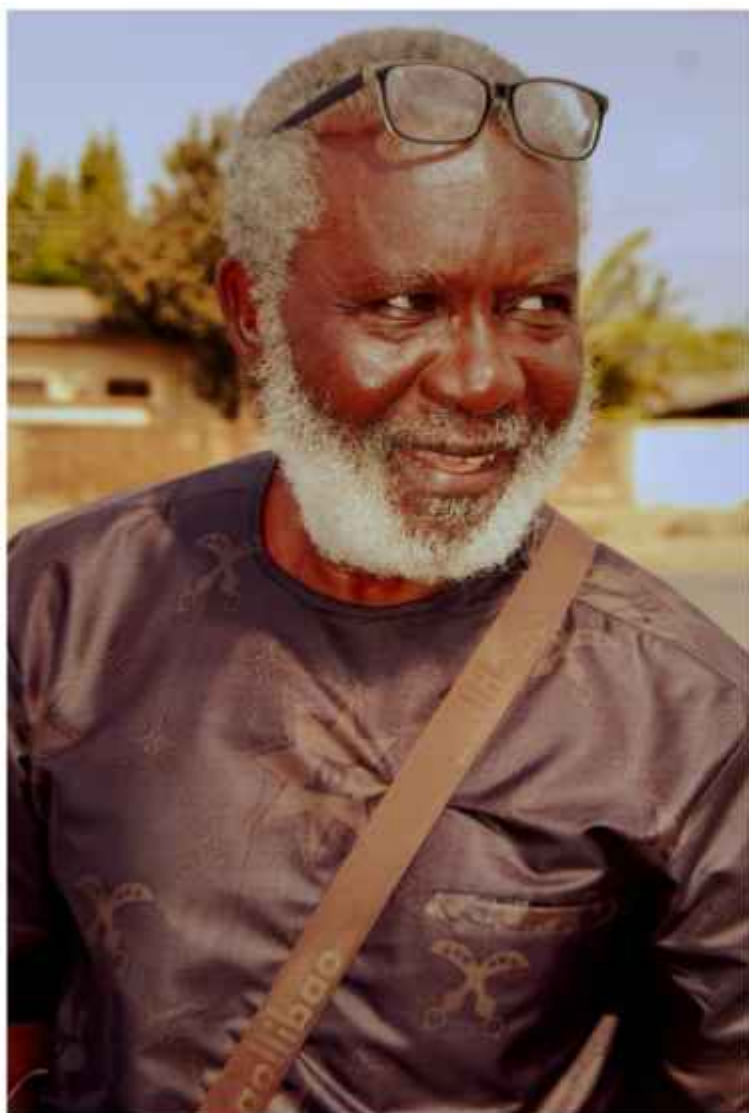


HYMNS

4 There the penitents who turn
To the cross their dying eyes, All the love of
Christ shall learn At His feet in paradise.

5 There no more the powers of hell Can
prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well, He
Who died for their release.

6 Earth to earth, and dust to dust!
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust For the
resurrection day.



Epilogue

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've found that peace at the close of day
If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Ah yes, these things I too will miss

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

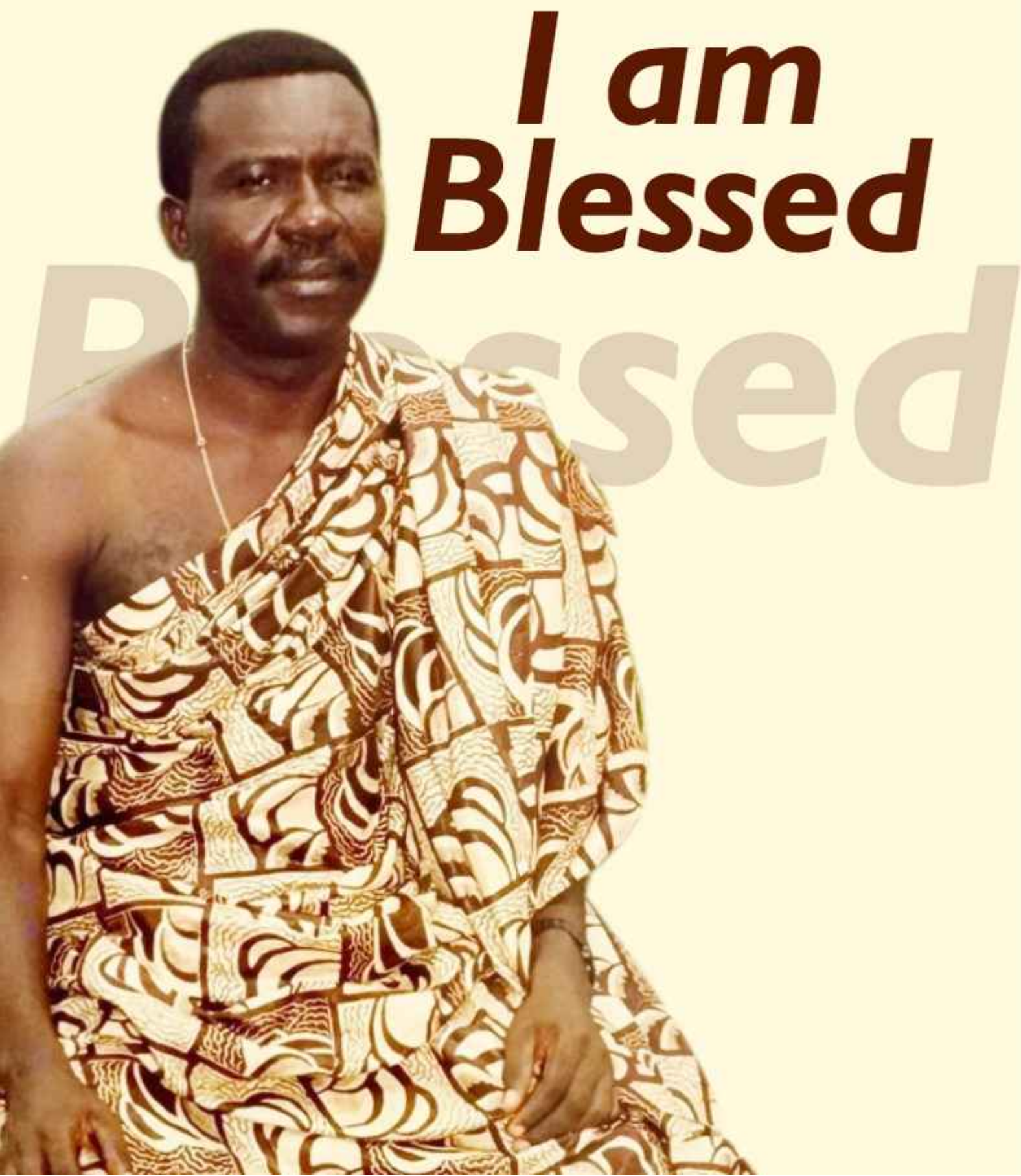
If my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief
Lift up your heart, rejoice with me,
God wanted me now, He set me free.

Anne Lindgren Davison



1952 - 2024

HON. IMMANUEL ELLIS
FOR **OBENG-DARKO**
C.A. & C. OQUA KWESI



*I am
Blessed*

Blessed

THE ENTIRE FAMILY OF
HON. IMMANUEL ELLIS
OBENG-DARKO
(A. K. A. DADA KWESI)

wishes to express their sincere appreciation and gratitude
to all who have supported them and continue to do so in various ways
- through prayers, visits, phone calls, counseling and generosity.

From our hearts, thank you all. Please continue to keep our beloved
in your prayers. God bless you all.

