



*Burial and Memorial Service*

for the Late

**ALEX KOBINA OPAATE ABBIEW**

at

THE TRANSITIONS CHAPEL,  
TRANSITIONS FUNERAL HOME, HAATSO  
ON FRIDAY 10TH JULY 2026

AT 10:00 AM





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

- *MHB 528, 3rd stanza* -





# FUNCTIONARIES



ORDER OF THE BURIAL & MEMORIAL SERVICE  
FOR THE LATE  
**Alex Kobina Opaate Abbiew**

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## OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Bishop Derek Nunekpeku, Action Chapel International

Bishop Sammy Opare-Lokko - Head of Family Life/ Welfare, ACI, Prayer Cathedral

Rev. Gill Adu -Peasah - Pastor, ACI, Prayer Cathedral

Rev. Victor Amevor - Pastor, ACI, Prayer Cathedral

Rev. Vivian Terror

DCOP. (Rtd) Rev. Mrs Laurencia Akorfi

Rev. Agatha Akosua Opoku, ACI Prayer Cathedral

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## ORGANIST

Yubilate Kofi Elitsa

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## IN-ATTENDANCE

Transitions Chapel Choir



# ORDER OF SERVICE



## ORDER OF THE BURIAL & MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE LATE **Alex Kobina Opaate Abbiew**

1. Opening Prayer
2. Opening Hymn - MHB 76 - "The King of love my Shepherd is"
3. Tributes - Friends, Employers, Nephews & Nieces
4. Filing Past (Hymns) -
  - MHB 50 - "The Lord is my Shepherd"
  - MHB 528 - "In heavenly love abiding"
  - MHB 498 - "Rock of ages, cleft for me"
  - MHB 99 - "How sweet the name of Jesus"
  - MHB 602 - "Father I know that all my life"
  - MHB 428 - "I'll praise my Maker while I have breath"
5. Covering of Coffin
6. Final Hymn - MHB 647 - "Lord it belongs not to my care"
7. Scripture Reading 1 - Romans 8:35, 37-39
8. Announcement of Purpose
9. Biography & Tributes - Son, Siblings, Family & APSU '83
10. Scripture Reading 2 - John 14:1-6, 27
11. Song Ministration - MHB 511 - "Begone Unbeliever..."
12. Sermon
13. Offertory
14. Thanksgiving & Memorial - MHB 830 - "Hark! The sound of Holy voices"
15. Closing Prayer
16. Closing and Recession Hymn - MHB 651 - "Hark. Hark my soul, Angelic songs are swelling"

### AT GRAVESIDE

1. Processional Hymn - MHB 948 - "Abide with me"
2. Hymn - MHB 215 - "The strife is o'er the battle done"
3. Committal
4. Prayer
5. Vote of Thanks by the Family
6. Hymn - MHB 468 - "Nearer my God to Thee"
7. Benediction



*Biography and Tributes*





# BIOGRAPHY

## OF THE LATE ALEX KOBINA OPAATE ABBIEW



Alex Kobina Abbiew was born on 5th July 1966 at the Korle Bu Teaching Hospital in Accra, Ghana, to Mary Abbiew and Kojo Abbiew (both deceased). He hailed proudly from Senya Beraku, a community he cherished deeply and remained connected to throughout his life.

From an early age, Alex exhibited intelligence, discipline, and a natural curiosity for learning. He began his education at Harrow International Preparatory School in Abeka, Accra, where he sat for his Common Entrance Examinations and gained admission to St. Augustine's College at the age of twelve. Affectionately known among his peers as "Biew," and was a member of St. John's House.

His remarkable neatness, discipline, and sense of responsibility earned him the position of Dormitory Monitor in St. John's House. He approached this role with diligence and integrity, qualities that would become defining characteristics throughout his life. He completed St. Augustine's College in 1983.

Through his formative years he demonstrated a deep love for reading and a strong command of the English language, it was therefore not surprising that he enrolled and pursued further studies at the Ghana Institute of Journalism (GIJ), where he earned a Diploma in Journalism and aspired to build a career in journalism. At GIJ, Alex was admired by

lecturers and classmates for his exceptional writing skills and intellectual depth.

Never one to shy away from new opportunities, Alex branched into advertising and brand marketing, a role he held passionately and fiercely throughout his lifetime. Driven by his love for entrepreneurship and his passion for advertising, Alex and his friend, Richard Abu (Mallam), both former colleagues at Rex Image, established and co-managed an advertising and printing business.

In search of new challenges, Alex's career took a significant turn when he boldly approached Mr. Kuwornu, founder of Ads Leo Burnett, and successfully convinced him to offer him an opportunity. Under Mr. Kuwornu's mentorship, Alex developed into a skilled marketing and communications professional.

After a few years, Alex set off on a new quest. He joined Spacefon, Scancorn Limited (now MTN Ghana), where he played a role in shaping the early telecommunications marketing landscape in Ghana.

In 2001, he relocated to the United Kingdom to further his education. In January 2002, his son Brendan Kwame Abbiew was born in Hackney, London. While living in UK, Alex successfully studied



# BIOGRAPHY

## OF THE LATE ALEX KOBINA OPAATE ABBIEW



for his MBA Marketing degree from the University of East London, broadening his perspective and strengthening his professional expertise.

Returning to Ghana in 2004, he rejoined Spacefon during its transition to Areeba and later to MTN Ghana in 2007. He contributed to several landmark campaigns, including some of Ghana's most memorable marketing campaigns in the telecommunications sector.

Alex left MTN to explore business opportunities in South Africa before returning to Ghana to continue building a career in marketing, advertising, and brand strategy. Over the years, he worked with leading firms and professionals, including Fadi Fattal of Optimum Media Prime and Origin8 Saatchi & Saatchi, contributing to notable campaigns and media initiatives.

He also worked at Lintas Ghana, under the mentorship of the Late Jake Obetsebi-Lamprey. During his time with Lintas, he contributed to campaigns for major brands, including Guinness Ghana, Unilever Ghana, and Shell Ghana, helping shape impactful communications that resonated with audiences across the country.

One of the defining chapters of his career came when he helped establish Base Element in Ghana, serving as Director of African Growth. In this role, he led the company's local operations and strategic expansion, working alongside respected colleagues including George Sagoe, Freddie Appeagyei, and Fuseini Issa.

Through Base Element, Alex contributed to campaigns for brands such as Betfox, 22Bet, and TFHO (The Father's House Organisation), a Christian charitable NGO, rolled out his signature event, CEO Dialogues while also supporting institutional projects involving the District Assemblies Common Fund, the Ministry of Local Government, and Ishmael Yamson and Associates. These experiences further enriched his understanding of leadership, strategy, and national development.

Alex's return to Ghana in 2004 from the UK, also marked a watershed in his life as he embraced Christ and His teachings. He regularly worshipped at the Action Chapel International and sought in

all his dealings, behaviour and actions to abide by true Christian values. Several of his friends and associates attest to his sincere efforts to get them to cultivate a closer relationship with Christ.

Alex had an interesting personality in adulthood that often puzzled those who knew him only from afar. He was the classic introvert, a trait he seemed to have inherited from his father, who in retirement could reportedly sit quietly in his chair all day without saying a word unless spoken to. To many in his neighbourhood, Alex appeared quiet, reserved, and very much a man who kept to himself, sometimes giving the impression of being almost anti-social. Some neighbours affectionately nicknamed him "Gentleman" because of the dignified way he walked and carried himself. He would often pass by with his head slightly bowed, avoiding eye contact and quietly minding his own business. Yet beneath this reserved exterior was a thoughtful, observant, and gentle soul who valued his privacy, listened more than he spoke, and whose quiet presence left a lasting impression on those who took the time to know him better.

Alex lived a life marked by courage, determination, creativity, and an unwavering willingness to embrace challenges. He believed deeply in taking chances, trusting his instincts, and moving forward despite uncertainty. His life stands as a testament to resilience, ambition, and the enduring power of perseverance.

One of his favourite sayings perfectly captured the philosophy by which he lived: "Better to try and fail than never try at all."

Though he has departed from our sight, his memory, values, and example remain with us. His journey reminds us to live boldly, pursue our dreams with conviction, and face life's challenges with courage and faith.

Today, we celebrate a loving father, a cherished brother and friend, a respected marketing professional, a devoted Christian and a man whose influence will continue to live on through the many lives he touched.

May his soul rest in perfect peace.



## TRIBUTE BY THE FAMILY



*"He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain...Revelation 2 -14"*



**T**o Our Beloved Brother, Son, Father, Uncle, and Friend,

There are moments in life that change us forever, and the day we lost you was one of those moments. Your sudden and tragic passing has left our hearts shattered, and we are still struggling to come to terms with a reality we never imagined.

You had your unique way of bringing people together, of making everyone feel seen, valued, and cared for. Your presence filled every room with warmth, and your absence now leaves a silence that is difficult to bear.

As your family, we find ourselves returning again and again to the memories we shared with you, the conversations, the laughter, the advice, the celebrations, and even the ordinary moments we once took for granted. We cherish those days you visited Senya and the time you spent with us. Those memories have now become precious treasures that we will hold close to our hearts forever.

We grieve today, not only because you are gone, but because we were not ready to say goodbye. You clearly said you would be in Senya for the next Akomesi Festival, we had plans, good and wild plans. We had more conversations to

have, more laughter to share, more milestones to celebrate together. The pain of losing you so suddenly is profound, and there are days when words fail to express the depth of our sorrow.

Yet, even in our grief, we thank God for the privilege of having had you in our lives. We are grateful for the love you gave so freely, for the values you instilled in us, and for the countless ways you enriched our family. Your legacy is not defined by the manner of your passing, but by the beauty of the life you lived and the lives you touched.

Though our hearts are broken, we find comfort in knowing that love does not end with death. You remain a part of us, in our memories, in our stories, in our values, and in the bond we share as a family. We will carry you with us every day for the rest of our lives.

As we say our final goodbye, we do so with tears in our eyes but gratitude in our hearts. Thank you for being a blessing to our family. Thank you for the love, the sacrifices, the lessons, and the memories.

Kobina, Bro Opaate, Alex, Rest peacefully in the arms of the Lord, until we meet again, you will remain forever loved, forever cherished, and forever missed.

Damirifa Duet, Rest Well.



# TRIBUTE

BY SON, BRENDAN KWAME ABBIEW



**H**mmm. A tribute to Daddy

Daddy, hearing of your death remains the awakening of the deepest and most painfully unreal chapter of my life. Every morning, I wake up hoping, even if only for a fleeting second, that it was all some mistake that I will hear your voice again calling my name as you always did. But then reality arrives again, quietly and firmly, reminding me that the man I loved most, the man whose voice shaped so much of my world, is no longer here.

What makes it all so incredibly difficult is that there was no warning.

At 4:00 pm on the 28th of May, we spoke as we always did. We spoke about the things we always spoke about. We spoke about Nigel Biggar and Mehdi Hasan. We disagreed, we analysed and we debated. It was such an ordinary conversation, and perhaps that is why it now hurts so deeply. Neither of us knew we were saying goodbye.

Had I known, I would have stayed on the phone longer. I would have listened more carefully.

I would have laughed more freely. I would have told you, once again, how much I love you.

Instead, I ended the call expecting another one tomorrow. Tomorrow never came.

And so, Daddy, in the spirit of the way you taught

me to think, I find myself searching for answers. Not legal answers, not political answers and not intellectual answers. Just answers from a son who misses his father deeply, profoundly, and incredibly. Why? Why leave me at this stage of my life? Why leave when you had just begun to call me a man instead of a boy? Why leave when there were still books to discuss, arguments to win, lessons to learn, and dreams to chase together? Why leave before I had become everything you so confidently believed I could become? Why leave before you could see the man you were shaping me into? And why now, Daddy? Of all the moments life could have chosen, why now?

Who? Who is going to correct my words when I speak too loosely and remind me that language carries weight? Who is going to tell me which cufflinks match which shirt and which tie? Who is going to laugh at my poor dressing and then patiently teach me how to do it right? Who is going to recommend books that I will pretend I have already read? Who is going to challenge my thinking until I can no longer hide behind easy answers? Who is going to spend hours talking with me about politics, history, speakers, amplifiers, leadership, and life itself? Who is going to sing that slightly off-key St. Augustine's College anthem into my ear whenever the National Science and Maths Quiz comes around?

Who is going to teach me to be bold when fear arrives quietly? Who is going to teach me to be courageous when uncertainty feels heavy? Who is going to remind me that ordinary men are not meant to stay ordinary? And Daddy, who is going to teach me how to write the biography of the very man I am now expected to bury? Who is going to sit with me and speak about Maya Angelou's "When I Say I Am a Christian" as though it carries the weight of the world? Who is going to make me laugh when life becomes unbearably serious? Tell me, Daddy. Who?

When? When am I supposed to get better? When am I supposed to heal from something like this? When did you decide I was ready for a pain this



## TRIBUTE

BY SON, BRENDAN KWAME ABBIEW



deep? When should I stop reaching for my phone expecting your call? When should I stop thinking "Let me ask Daddy first"? When should I stop waiting for your voice at the other end of the line? When should I stop searching for you in every room I enter? When should I stop listening for footsteps that will never come again? And when, Daddy, am I supposed to be okay?

What? What exactly am I supposed to do now? What am I supposed to say without first hearing your voice in my head? What books should I read? What team should I support? What pronunciation should still irritate me enough to correct it? What school should I attend? What degree should I pursue? What career should I chase? What goals should I set? What grades should I attain? What should I name my children? What stories should I tell them about you? What parts of you do I try to keep alive in them? What are you doing now while I sit here speaking to you through this tribute? What words are enough for a father whose presence is woven into every part of my becoming? And what exactly am I doing here today, standing before people and speaking about your life as though your story has ended? Because to me, Daddy, it has not.

How? How am I supposed to live without my role model? How do I move forward when so much of who I am was shaped by you? How do I celebrate your life while grieving your absence? How do I laugh again without feeling like I have betrayed the weight of missing you? How do I continue building the future we spoke about so often? How do I write this tribute when every sentence feels incredibly heavy? How do I speak of you in the past tense when my heart refuses to follow? How do I accept a reality that still makes absolutely no sense to me?

Daddy, why should I write a tribute to you when it makes no sense that you're gone? What should I even say in this tribute? Should I speak of your wisdom, your humour, your unwavering positions, your courage, your generosity, and the countless

lessons you left behind in me without even realising? How should I write this tribute? Should I write it as a son mourning his father? As a student honouring his teacher? As a young man grieving his greatest role model? Or as someone still trying to understand what life looks like without you in it? When was I ever supposed to write this tribute? Was it meant to be decades from now, after a long and fulfilled life? Was it meant to be after you had spoiled your grandchildren and embarrassed me in front of them? Was it meant to be after you had seen me become everything you believed I could become?

And how exactly should I write it? How do I compress a lifetime of love, laughter, discipline, arguments, lessons, and memories into words? How do I say goodbye to someone I still speak to every night? The truth is, this is not a tribute and I do not know. I do not know what to say. I do not know how to write this. I do not know when I was ever supposed to write it. I only know that I miss you. Deeply. Profoundly. Incredibly.

What exactly am I doing here at this moment? None of it makes sense to me. You would do me an enormous amount of good if you could simply wake up and tell me this is one of your elaborate jokes.

Words cannot adequately describe the courage it took to write this. Every sentence felt like a step through something I was not ready for. Every memory felt like both a gift and a wound. But if they say you are no more, and that a tribute must be given, then so be it. Let them have their tribute. You and I both know this is not really how we exist. We exist in conversation. We exist at night when everything is quiet. We exist in arguments, laughter, silence, and understanding. We exist when I still call your name in my head. So let them have their tribute. I will see you tonight for our usual conversation.

**Love you forever,  
Kwame**

# TRIBUTE

## BY SIBLINGS



Where should we start this tribute from. How do we begin to say goodbye permanently to you. How would life be like without you, your guidance, your leadership, and your silent support behind us.

This is the beginning of a new season, an unknown path that we must tread without you. We can only trust God to guide each and every one of us through these turbulent times.

Bro Opaate, as we all called him, would swing into action and readily gather all of us together in every situation. We have shared many good times and gone through some bad times together. When our parents passed away, he calmly took charge and divided tasks for all of us paying particular attention to everyone's strengths. We would complain because these tasks were not discussed with us, it was just handed down. Nonetheless, as we all completed our tasks, the end result was always a great success.

Today, we say goodbye to you at 59 years. Really!!! Remember how many times you complained, every time we attended family gatherings, about our mother departing at 63-years. Your favorite words "if mama was alive, she would have been like this auntie here. Seriously mama died too early". We would all

respond in our usual manner and reminisce about her. Now at 59, Bro, you have lost the right to question her.

The 29<sup>th</sup> of May 2026 would forever be imprinted in our minds. What started from a Facebook call, would rapidly change the trajectory of our lives forever. The news of your sudden and tragic passing on 28<sup>th</sup> May 2026 still haunts our days and nights. Why so sudden, why was it you, why were you at that spot and at that particular time. As your siblings, we are heartbroken that we must part with you so soon. We had hoped for more years, more conversations, more laughter, and more memories together.

We have questions that we would have loved to ask you and answers we wish we could still receive. However, we leave those thoughts to God and believe that through all this, you are in a better place, away from the troubles of this life. We have attempted to step into your shoes and hope we have done a good job of arranging this service and all the associated activities. No criticisms bro, we are not the brand expert here. Allow us to lay you to rest with the dignity and respect you always embodied.

You were more than a brother to us; you were a friend, a protector, an advisor, and a source of encouragement. Through life's challenges and



## TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS



celebrations, you stood by us and with us, firmly and with unwavering love and support. Your kindness, wisdom, and generous spirit touched not only our lives but also the lives of everyone who had the privilege of knowing you.

We will forever cherish the memories we shared—the stories we loved to replay about our lives from youth living in our family house in Accra, through to moving to Mango Line.

Though you are no longer physically with us, your impact on our lives will remain with us always, we have lost our father all over again, we are broken, because this loss hurts deeply.

While we struggle to understand why your life was cut short so suddenly, we find comfort in knowing that your legacy of love, integrity, and compassion will continue through your family, friends, and all whose lives you touched.

Bro Opaate, thank you for the love you gave, the sacrifices you made, and the example you set. Thank you for leading this pack so graciously. We will miss your voice, your smile, those subtle teases and your reassuring presence, but we will carry your memory in our hearts forever.

Rest peacefully until the resurrection.

With love and gratitude.

**Kobina, Est, Ekua, Abena & Ekow**





# TRIBUTE

## BY NEPHEWS AND NIECES



*"Remember your leaders, who spoke the word of God to you. Consider the outcome of their way of life and imitate their faith." - Hebrews 13:7*

One day, we went out together and came across an aquarium. As children, our eyes lit up with excitement. Seeing our joy, you smiled and simply said, "I'll get you one."

It may have seemed like such a small thing, but to us, it meant everything. Even at that young age, we knew we could count on you. We knew you always had our backs. No dream or delight was too small if it meant seeing us happy. That was who you were.

Over the years, you quietly watched over us. Like a faithful shepherd, you kept a loving eye on each of us. Whether through our parents or by calling us yourself, you always made sure you knew how we were doing and celebrated every milestone from afar. Your love was never loud, but it was constant, reassuring, and deeply felt.

It has been incredibly painful to think about your final moments. You did not deserve such

an ending. You were a gentle, kind, and loving man who still had so much love and care to give to those around you.

We will miss hearing your voice. We will miss your infectious laugh. We will miss your quiet presence and the comfort of knowing you were always there.

We had made plans to meet with you, to spend time together and catch up. Instead, on the 28th of May, 2026, we received the heartbreaking news of your passing. It is a reality that is still so difficult to accept.

Uncle Alex, thank you for loving us so well. Thank you for always caring, always watching over us, and always believing in us.

May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace. We love you dearly, and you will forever remain in our hearts.

Until we meet again, rest well, Uncle Alex.





## TRIBUTE BY IN-LAWS



*"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His faithful servants..*

*Psalm 116-15".*



It is with deep sadness that we bid farewell to our beloved Alex Abbiew.

Alex was a man of calm disposition, gentle in nature, and humble in his ways. He spoke few words and often remained unnoticed, not because he lacked presence, but because of his quiet and peaceful character. Yet those who knew him understood the depth of the person he was.

He spoke the Queen's English with remarkable fluency and carried himself as a true gentleman, respectful, courteous, and dignified in all his dealings.

We fondly remember the many times we met at family gatherings and the conversations and banter amongst us. To one you promised to stop by for a meal of banku, to another you promised to come home for a visit soon (we need to catch up - you would say). Sadly, those visits did not happen. We all thought we had days and years to catch up, why the rush. Little did we know what life had prepared ahead of us in the month of May 2026.

You had a special word for each of us during

family gatherings and none of us left without encountering you in your own unique way. The memories of our times together would remain precious to us and for the ones we would miss, the pain is harsh and unbearable.

The news of your passing shook something deep within us. It was difficult to comprehend and even harder to accept. Yet we take comfort in knowing that the God who created you and gave you to us, loves you more than we ever could and has called you home. Who are we to question His will?

Your departure has left a void in our hearts, we are grateful for the moments shared, the kindness shown, and the example of humility and gentleness you set for all who knew you.

Sleep well, Gentle Giant. Alas, the burdens of this world can trouble you no more. May your soul find eternal rest in the loving arms of your Creator.

Journey well, Alex. You will be dearly missed and lovingly remembered.

From your In-Laws



## A COMPOSITE TRIBUTE BY APSU '83 TO BIEWS - THE NOSE, AKA ALEX KOBINA OPAATE ABBIEW



If the Augustine's Past Students Union 1983 Year Group (APSU '83) ever needed a defining identity, it would undoubtedly be a blend of confidence, humility, resilience, and adaptability; qualities embodied in the life and personality of Alex Kobina Opaate Abbiew, affectionately known as **Biews** or **The Nose**.

Shakespeare wrote in Julius Caesar, *"When beggars die, there are no comets seen; the heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."*

Alex's passing revealed truths we never fully grasped while he lived. A Senya Royal whose nobility was hidden in plain sight, his departure unleashed a wave of emotion on our APSU '83 WhatsApp platform; an outpouring of grief, memories, and affection that has not ceased since that fateful Friday. His name continues to surface daily, each mention a reminder of the magnitude of our loss.

Alex represented many things to us; authenticity, humour, intellect, loyalty, and an unshakeable sense of self. He was real, without frills, and as he would have wished, each one of us speaks for himself but together, we honour him. Hear us,

Alex's personality was larger than life. Though small in stature, he possessed relentless determination and lived by the mantra from Richard Branson's Screw It, Let's Do It. He reinvented himself constantly, embraced challenges with optimism, and never forgot kindness. Intelligent, articulate, confident, and humorous; his distinctive voice and personality remain unforgettable. *(David Saltson)*

Witty, sharp-minded, mischievous, and uncompromising in principle. Alex's intellect towered above his size. His faith in Jesus shaped his life deeply, he lived his convictions, not merely professed them. *(David Griffith-Sackey)*

Our friendship began on 29 September 1978 at the STC yard. Destiny placed us together in Form 1A. Articulate, loyal, principled, and a die-hard Barcelona FC fan', Biews brought verve to every conversation. His absence dims our WhatsApp platform. Rest well, brother. *(Harry Adamah)*

A gentleman of impeccable character, humour, and intelligence. A perfectionist and branding enthusiast with visionary ideas, some the world will now never see. He never backed down from



## A COMPOSITE TRIBUTE BY APSU '83 TO BIEWS - THE NOSE AKA ALEX KOBINA OPAATE ABBIEW



an argument and believed unresolved issues must be confronted. A brilliant mind gone too soon. *(Magnus Nunoo)*

Saying goodbye is painfully difficult. Alex showed me true friendship and kindness, even teaching me the intricacies of the foreign exchange currency market. I will never forget him. *(John Kusi-Aidoo)*

Alex was honest and direct. After 46 years of friendship, he still found reason to thank me for encouraging him to return to education. His gratitude moved me deeply. *(Kenneth Frimpong-Waiyaki)*

An all-rounder who could discuss politics, religion, business, music, and sports with passion. Our journeys after Augusco intertwined through libraries, cinemas, markets, and life itself. He would have told us, "*March forth... there is still work to do.*" *(Jacob Zwennes)*

Always ready with a laugh and a tease. Our last meeting at the Augusco Speech Day 2026 was filled with jokes from our school days. He will forever be missed. *(Titus Victor Montford)*

A fighter who rose above setbacks. He transformed himself from a business student into a masterful writer. His wit and originality will inspire us forever. *(Emmanuel Amon Kotey)*

His jokes, mischief, and distinct voice still echo. I can still hear him ask mischievously, "where is the red dress". How could he leave so soon? God knows best. *(Daniel Charles Hayfron)*

Dorm mates turned lifelong friends. We traded at Makola, pursued education, and worshipped at Action Chapel. Jovial, level-headed, spiritual; Alex was a good man, a trustworthy friend. We will miss him dearly. *(John Rocky Yevu)*

Vivacious, frontal, explosive, mischievous, yet pure at heart. His tragic end pains us deeply. God will comfort us. *(Vincent Amelor)*

A gentleman and entrepreneur who survived

the daily battles of CEO leadership. His anecdotes and metaphors lit up every room. *(Rudi Lokko)*

Small in size, giant in heart. Always in the mix, defending his beliefs passionately. His famous retort, "*commot for there!*" still rings in our ears. *(Stephen Opon)*

From pretending to be my senior in 1978 to becoming a marketing genius, Alex evolved remarkably. His demise feels surreal. Rest peacefully, brother. *(Nicholas Kobia-Amanfi)*

An eccentric debater who held minority positions fiercely. He backed off only to return stronger. Pleasant, confident, and full of positive energy. Fare thee well, Biews. *(Vincent de Paul Quainoo)*

Bright, energetic, and inspiring. He challenged our reasoning and defended his "Abbiev doctrine" with empirical evidence. An Asterix and Obelisk comic fan, humourist, and loyal friend. His famous retort "*nyaaah!*" will echo forever. *(Winns Jojo Ashie)*

Your spirit lives on. A bird's chirp will remind us of your laughter. Rest well, Alex. *(Raymond Vaughn-Williams)*

A jolly good fellow, pleasant and affable. We loved him, but God loves him best. Damrifa due Alex! *(Tony Wilson)*

Smallish, loud, intelligent, eloquent. A lover of debate and marketing. His tragic end saddens us deeply. *(Ernest Abakah)*

Lively and humorous, always teased about his nose. Our last chat was about YouTube posts on the APSU '83 WhatsApp platform, never knowing it would be our final conversation. *(Kojo Brobbey)*

An avid reader during our Sekondi days, and he later transformed into a spiritual counsellor. Rest in peace, Biews. *(Eric Barton-Odro)*



## A COMPOSITE TRIBUTE BY APSU '83 TO BIEWS - THE NOSE. AKA ALEX KOBINA OPAATE ABBIEW



Down-to-earth and simple. He helped a friend I introduced to him, leaving a lasting impression of kindness. *(Reginald Gerrar)*

One of the youngest in our school year group cohort, **"Gbebibilii"**, (young puppies) a term he coined. His humour, wit, and determination brightened our youth. **"Nyaaah!"** will forever be his signature. *(Gamal King)*

During the 2007 Speech Day, Alex stood tall. He wrote our speech, rallied support, and delivered par excellence. APSU '83 is indebted to him. *(Tony Angate)*

Stubborn in principle, passionate about La Liga (Spanish Football league), and always ready for debate. His absence leaves a void. *(Christopher Wood)*

A lover of Asterix and Obelisk comics with an encyclopaedic recall memory. Fun, brilliant, unforgettable. *(Tony Osei)*

Outspoken from Form One, challenging Class-prefect leadership with fire in his mind. Our debates later became **"bogus debates,"** a term he embraced. He completed his God-given race. Ayekooo, Alex. *(Lazzie Ako Adounvo)*

Our reunion in 2010 in church, was filled with humour and his trademark retort, **"commot for there!"**. Always engaging, never changed. We will miss him. *(Douglas Annan)*

A gentleman of humility, integrity, and quiet

strength. Warm, thoughtful, and passionate about Barcelona FC. We will miss him dearly. *(Emmanuel Owusu)*

He conceived and executed the iconic Augustoco signage project mounted on frontage of the School's Administration block since 2007; now a lasting symbol of his brilliance and love for his alma mater. *(Ekow Wiah)*

Sharp, passionate, and unafraid to disagree. His **"commot for there waa"** was legendary. Ever optimistic, ever dreaming. *(Freddie Apeagyei)*

A small man with giant courage. He challenged convention and inspired bold thinking. His loss is profound. *(Clement Wiredu)*

Our paths were "inextricably entwined" from 1978. Stoic, responsible, grateful, and brilliant. Like the line from *Shawshank Redemption*: **"Some birds are not meant to be caged. Their feathers are just too bright."** Rest well, brother. *(Nii Okai Amos Nunoo)*

In conclusion, Alex Abbiew was an eternal optimist, eccentric, brilliant, humorous, spiritual, loyal, and fiercely authentic. He shaped our debates, our laughter, our memories, and our identity as APSU '83.

As Shakespeare wrote in *Hamlet*: **"He was a man, take him for all in all. I shall not look upon his like again."**

Rest in perfect peace, good brother.



## TRIBUTE

BY STAFF OF BASE ELEMENT LTD TO OUR BOSS



Today is heavier than it should be.

We are laying to rest a man who was only 59 yet lived like every year counted.

Alex or Lexo as we fondly called him was our CEO, our boss but more than that, he was our teacher in courage. He was daring, he was never afraid of failure. His favourite line to us was "it's better to try and fail than not to try at all" because of that many of us in the office took risks that we would never have taken. He taught us that "Failure was not the End - Staying Stuck Was". That spirit is now part of this company's DNA and we will carry it forward.

If there was one thing, our boss was particular about, it was Order. His desk, the office, the compound- everything had to be neat and clean. He believed a clean environment made for a clear mind and serious work. We laughed sometimes but we all became better because of it.

And yes, he was a die-hard Barcelona fan. He knew and read everything about them and even in meetings, a Barca result could light him up. He loved them, the way he loved his

company with loyalty, passion and hope even on tough days.

But above all, our boss, Mr. Alex Kobina Abbiew was a good man. A man who minded his own business, stayed focused and led without noise. He did not chase attention, he chased Excellence, Integrity and Peace.

The office will miss your daring ideas, the floor will miss your eye for neatness and we will miss your calm focused presence.

Boss, thank you for teaching us to try. Thank you for showing us that leadership is service.

We promise to keep the environment clean the way you liked it; to take bold steps the way you encouraged us and to stay focused the way you lived.

As scripture says in Proverbs 19:21 "Many are the plans in a man's heart, but it is the Lord's purpose that prevails"

Rest well well Boss, 59 years was too short, but the impact is forever.

Daminifa.DueL..DueL



## TRIBUTE BY LEONANT YERT LTD MANAGEMENT & STAFF TO OUR COLLEAGUE, ALEX



We hear it was the indefatigable and genial Mr. Michael PlasOtwe, then Housemaster of St. John's House, popularly known as Coach and the legendary sports master, Mr. Bentum, an "Uncle" of Alex, who, together placed Alex Abbiew in St. John's House of St. Augustine's College. This and his presence in John's Dormitory B, with the benefit of hindsight can only be assigned to divine intervention and credited for the good things that we enjoyed in later years. His friendship with Nii Okai, forged in the cauldron of eccentricity of the much spoken about John's Dorm B, would over the past nine years or so to the day of his demise, become the source of exciting moments for us at Leonant Yert.

For most of us at Leonant Yert, Uncle Alex, Mr. Abbiew or simply Biews was one of our Senior Consultants, Nii's friend and paddy-paddy who was always the source of laughter, quips and playful banter. He and Nii were as thick as thieves when it came to work and also mischief in the office. His favourite "nipa ye morbor oo" was a precursor to the release of an anecdote

featuring someone in the office who had "qualified" to be "put on board".

With Mr. Abbiew around, there was never a task, job or assignment which could give us "wahala". His patience in explaining issues and open-mindedness when dealing with anyone in the team was exemplary.

When he set up office just downstairs later on for Base Element, we were all happy and we jumped into the fray whenever he needed extra hands, just as he does for Leonant Yert. His passion to make things happen was palpable.

His cool approach and gentle demeanor was never lost on us. His love for Barca, his favourite red socks, his suedes, his brown leather briefcase and his catchy end of week phrase "its Fridaaay!" have collectively etched an unerasable image in our minds.

Mr. Abbiew, Uncle Alex or Biews, the office would never be the same. Birthday celebrations and our usual football banter would certainly be missing a key participant. Certain projects



## TRIBUTE BY LEONANT YERT LTD

### MANAGEMENT & STAFF TO OUR COLLEAGUE, ALEX

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will miss a critical resource but our memories of you would stay with us at Leonant Yert forever.

We will especially miss the little moments that made you uniquely you. The Office will miss the sound of your voice announcing your arrival with a booming "Chief Leonant!" directed at Nii Okai each time you walked through the main door. It was one of those familiar rituals that instantly brought life, laughter, and warmth into the office. Kweku will miss hearing you call him "Sofo Eshun" and sharing with him your favourite Diana Hamilton song, "Aha Ye." Isaac will miss being affectionately addressed as "Chief Coordinating Director." Sharon will miss hearing you call her "Desslyn Mame," a nickname that always brought smiles and laughter. Abi, too, will miss your ever-present question: "When are you introducing me to your boyfriend?" These simple yet cherished interactions, which once seemed so ordinary, have now become treasured memories that we will carry with us forever.

Like a whirlwind, you moved into our lives and the next moment you were gone. There's no

understanding this, at least not with our simple minds, unless God intervenes.

We are sad though but we are comforted by the fact that you knew God and acknowledged Him. We therefore ask Him to keep you in His bosom.

Sleep well, Mr. Abbiew, Uncle Alex, Biwe. Sleep in peace, Courageous Fighter, till we meet again.





## TRIBUTE

BY FORMER STAFF OF LINTAS TO ALEX ABBIEW



Alex worked with us in Lintas for about two years, then his hurry to do great things, kicked in as always. He left, to pursue other adventures.

Before Lintas, he had worked with Ads Leo Bennet. He was energetic and constantly looking for the next challenge and the next big opportunity.

Alex saw no barriers in life. In fact, he was the archetypal 'if you can dream it, it is possible' personality. To him the word impossible did not exist. He had the spirit of a conqueror, and modelled himself after them, right down to his dynamic red socks. It was therefore no wonder that he became a serial entrepreneur. Many of us remember his venture into selling coconut juice, when not many people had cottoned on to the fact that it would become a staple, in high demand and profitable.

He later joined MTN, which many considered a plum job, but the restlessness continued

and a bigger vision prevailed, and before long Alex had left again and subsequently, became a marketing consultant to various companies. To many who did not see, nor share in his higher vision, Alex's restlessness could be misconstrued as irresponsible because he could have had a comfortable position in any good company. But he was the cliché; 'nothing ventured, nothing gained'. Most of the greats never worked a 9 to 5 and the world is luckier for it.

Eventually, Alex found his niche when he founded his own Agency, the Base Element. A name with flair, that was right down his lane. It was just as his Agency was on the cusp of a big breakthrough, that Alex passed on through.

What an unfortunate motor accident, what a great loss we have had.

Alex, rest well and may the open vistas of the heavens give you new inspiration.



# TRIBUTE TO MR. ALEX ABBIEW

SCANCOM GHANA PLC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION (MTN WORLDWIDE)



The Scancom PLC Alumni Association pays tribute to our Vice President, Mr Alex Abbiew, whose humility, service, and commitment built the foundation of the Association.

Our first encounter with Alex was at Scancom Ghana PLC (MTN Ghana then Spacefon) on the 1st August 2006, where he served as the Head of Public Relations, Marketing Department, the new department he helped built. He was later transferred to Corporate Services on the 23 of January 2009 as the external communications manager.

At the time, the relationship was collegial, marked by respect, diligence, and the shared work of colleagues. He resigned on the 26th January 2009, and he later relocated to the UK, and we believed that chapter had ended.

As fate will have it, our path crossed again in 2016 under the leadership of Mrs. Amma Benneh-Amponsah, the then Human Resource Executive called past staff of Scancom whose hard work and dedication pushed the company to its pinnacle to form this alumni/ association. Our early engagements were modest: greetings, updates, and support during bereavements. However, the vision was for a vibrant, active, and purposeful body. To achieve this, an executive team was required to provide direction.

When leadership was being constituted, Alex was approached for the position of president. True to his nature, he declined for himself and proposed Pastor Ben Laryea, the first president of our former local staff association.

When it was explained that Pastor Ben was resident in the United States and could not lead from there, Alex responded with characteristic generosity: "Talk to him first. Let him accept the presidency, and you already have a vice president. I will do all the work here in Ghana." Is this arrangement not too complicated? Nope! It's all about communication and commitment, the job will be perfectly done."

With that assurance, Alex made it possible to constitute the first executive team and immediately set about building the association. When the Association could not secure a Secretary, Alex again stepped forward without hesitation. He advised that the coordinator role be combined with the secretarial role and committed to ensuring the work was done.

Throughout his tenure, Alex was diligent in his follow-up. Before every meeting, reminders were sent. Absentees were called. Attendance was encouraged. After every meeting, minutes were requested, and matters arising were tracked to completion.

Beyond Scancom, Alex took a keen interest in the Association's members and their alma maters. He spoke passionately about his own school and the projects it was undertaking. He encouraged members to also help their alma maters. This will bring the young generation to build a great future. He affirmed the value of hard work and diligence in whatever we do.

One of his last exchanges with the executive body reflects the man we knew: A reminder to join a meeting, an insistence to "DO MORE THAN TRY," anytime someone makes excuses.

That was Alex.

He remembered the meetings.

He checked on people.

He followed up on outstanding issues.

He kept the association informed and accountable.

His passing has left the Association in deep grief. His last message to us came on 28 May 2026 to wish our Muslim family "Happy Eid" at exactly 2.31pm. Not knowing this was his last farewell to us.

Alex did not merely hold the office of Vice President. He carried the work of the association. He lifted others. He served with excellence and without expectation of recognition.

His wish was to see this association formally launched as soon as possible, so he sacrificed his time and energy to build this alumni. He was the point person/liaison who connected the Association with the leadership of the company, led the effort to register our constitution and he was at the time of his death leading the registration of the Association's MoMo account. Therefore, it is our profound sorrow that he did not live to witness the full realisation of the vision he helped build. Nevertheless, his labour will endure in the institution he helped establish.

Alex, your steady hands, your tireless work, and your generous heart will continue to guide the Scancom Ghana PLC Alumni Association.

Rest in perfect peace.

Da yie, Bro. Kose!

Da mifa Due!

May Mother Earth lay softly on you.

May the Almighty God grant your soul eternal rest until we meet again.

**The Executive and Membership  
Scancom PLC Alumni Association  
(MTN Worldwide)**



## TRIBUTE

BY HON. ALHAJI FUSEINI ISSAH



Over the years, Alex was far more than a friend to me. He was a trusted companion, a steady guide, a partner in ambition, and a pillar of support through many seasons of life. Today, as I reflect on his life, I celebrate not only the remarkable man he was, but also the extraordinary journey we shared together.

Our friendship began in July 1999 at Spacefon Ghana Limited, now MTN Ghana. I was just making the transition from school into the realities of working life. Although we worked in different departments, our paths crossed regularly on various assignments. From the very beginning, I admired Alex's leadership, his confidence, and the calm assurance with which he approached challenges. It did not take long for a genuine friendship to develop between us.

Life has a way of weaving unexpected connections. We discovered that we had both attended Harrow International Preparatory School at Abeka at different times. That revelation unlocked countless stories, memories, and laughter as we reminisced about our school days. Alex wore his love for St. Augustine's College with pride, while often expressing admiration for my alma mater, Presbyterian Boys' Secondary School, Legon (PRESEC). It was one of life's beautiful ironies that his son, Kwame, would eventually attend PRESEC.

In 2001, another chapter of our journey unfolded. We both left Spacefon around the same time to pursue further studies in London. Alex studied in East London while I studied in North London, but our shared experience as international students kept us closely connected. Those were not easy years. We navigated the uncertainties of immigration processes, struggled through endless Home Office requirements, worked long hours to pay tuition fees and rent, and faced the many challenges that come with building a life far from home. Yet through it all, we supported one another. We encouraged each other when times were difficult and found strength in our friendship.

True to his character, Alex remained disciplined and committed to his plans. After completing his studies, he returned to Ghana in 2004 while I remained in the London until 2006. By then, Kwame had been born in London in 2002, bringing immense joy to his life. Alex rejoined MTN while I pursued my career with KPMG. As our corporate responsibilities grew, life became busier, but our friendship endured.

Eventually, Alex began to dream beyond the corporate world. He possessed an entrepreneurial spirit that could never be contained by conventional boundaries. Around 2012, as I was transitioning from corporate life into frontline politics, we found ourselves working together again on several ventures. Alex was always the visionary, the man with bold ideas and endless possibilities. My role was often to assess the commercial viability of those ideas and chart a path to market. Having spent years in venture capital and private equity, I often approached opportunities with caution, while Alex saw possibilities everywhere. Those differing perspectives sometimes created healthy tension, but they also made us a formidable team. What united us was a shared determination to build something meaningful.



## TRIBUTE

BY HON. ALHAJI FUSEINI ISSAH



and leave a lasting mark. Together, we pursued these ambitions under Xel-Ad Limited.

In 2018, our partnership entered yet another exciting phase when we joined forces with Base Element Global and established Base Element Ghana to drive growth across Africa. Alex assumed the role of Chief Executive Officer and immersed himself fully in the business, while I served as a Non-Executive Director. Alongside other local partners, we worked tirelessly to grow the company. Alex's boundless energy, creativity, and unwavering belief in what was possible, became the driving force behind the company. Even in difficult moments, he never stopped dreaming, never stopped building, and never stopped believing.

We were planning the launch of our digital business in 2026, with Nigeria and South Africa firmly in our sights. We had celebrated the success of a major project in November 2025 and were eagerly preparing for another in Ghana, followed by opportunities in London later in the year.

Alex loved London deeply. It was a city that held special memories for both of us, a place where our friendship had been tested, strengthened, and enriched. We often spoke about taking our business there and creating new successes in the city we both cherished.

Then came that awful Thursday. A phone call arrived Friday afternoon asking about your whereabouts. A simple call that instantly filled me with unease. I had not seen you at your desk when I came through the office like I have

seen you many times. I remember reaching out to Kwame, desperately trying to understand what was happening. I still struggle to find the words to describe the shock, the disbelief, and the profound sadness that followed.

Alex, it is difficult to accept that you are no longer here. There were still dreams to pursue, plans to execute, conversations to have, and milestones to celebrate. There was still so much life ahead of you. Your sudden departure has left a void that cannot easily be filled.

Yet even in your absence, your presence remains. Your spirit lives on in the countless lives you touched, the friendships you nurtured, the family you loved, and the ventures you helped build. The memories we created, from Spacefon (MTN), through our student years in London, to our professional and entrepreneurial journeys back home in Ghana are treasures I will carry with me for the rest of my life.

I am grateful for every conversation, every lesson, every challenge, every success, and every moment of laughter we shared. I am grateful that I had the privilege of calling you, my friend.

Rest peacefully, Alex. You are deeply loved. You are profoundly missed. Your legacy will continue to shine through all those whose lives you touched. Thank you for your friendship, your loyalty, your wisdom, and your light.

Until we meet again, farewell my friend.

May your soul rest in perfect peace.



# TRIBUTE FROM THEODORE ALBRIGHT

## TO ALEX THE GENTLE COLOSSUS



Implacably, he set out to be the hero of his story. For though his jaunt on this blue green orb was short, yet he showed us, the living, his friends, his family and all who knew him a way, to live.

To light a touch whose luminance burns brighter and brighter each day. For in this light he declared that it was possible for a man, a black man, to ascend to the heights of Olympus. But I am getting ahead of myself.

Alex always exhibited a steely determination as though part of his very constitution. Shy, reflective, yet he could be a man of many words. He had previously sought to establish himself in a faraway land. An alien country, one which did not recognize nor indeed accept his brilliance. So here was Alex in this far away country whose welcome was at times chilly and cold. And yet he would plough on. Restrained, convivial and considerate, no work was too small and no challenge was too great.

He worked and worked and worked so very hard as if to show it was possible. He demonstrated,

a, "YES WE CAN ATTITUDE" before it became vogue. Whatever it was, wherever it was, whenever it was, Alex made it happen. He was a man who made things, of which we could only dream, happen. Practical, pragmatic and prodigious in his output. If it is too heavy call Alex, If it is too hard call Alex, If it is too tough call Alex, If it is not clear call Alex.

The challenges we strayed from, were meat and drink for Alex. He had an inexhaustible capacity for the difficult things. Not for him the easy stuff. For how else does a man, a black man distinguish himself if not by doing the hard stuff. It was as though he was sending a message to this and future generations. Hey, listen!

If we seek to be the heroes of our stories, then it is by this, that we shall all be measured, it will be by the magnitude and heft of what we lift and carry, it will be in our determination to reduce and conquer the chaos around us, it will be by leaving this blue green orb, better than we found it.

To some he appeared cheerless, often without humour. Well, consider this, that he was moving to a different beat, music to which, us mere mortal, were not privy. This tough exterior belied a tender and beautiful soul. One who extended himself above and beyond. I who write together with a significant cohort across the globe can testify, to being among the beneficiaries of his magnanimity and beneficence.

Did he succeed in his quest? Unquestionably. He was the hero of his story, he sought to create lasting meaning and impact, he was wise and diligent. He spread joy and happiness wherever he went. He brought vision, clarity and solutions to problems. He conquered chaos wherever he found it. He lived out his values. He was the hero of our collective story, he was the unrecognized prince. He was a gentle colossus. Fare well my friend

Alex, Your friends bid thee Fare well.





# MEMORIES FROM APSU '83



# MEMORIES FROM APSU '83





## HYMNS & SCRIPTURE READING 1 & 2



### MHB 76

1 THE King of love my Shepherd  
is,  
Whose goodness faileth never,  
I nothing lack if I am His  
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water  
flow  
My ransomed soul he leadeth,  
And where the verdant pastures  
grow  
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I  
strayed;  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home rejoicing brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my  
sight,  
Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
And O what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length  
of days  
Thy goodness faileth never,  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy  
praise  
Within Thy house for ever!

### MHB 50

1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll  
not want,  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of  
righteousness,  
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's  
dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill:  
For Thou art with me, and Thy  
rod  
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil  
anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me,  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

### MHB 528

1 IN heavenly love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear;  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here:  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid;  
But God is round about me,  
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 taketh,  
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 the dark clouds have  
been:  
My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free;  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
And He will walk with me.

### MHB 498

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which  
flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,

## HYMNS & SCRIPTURE READING 1 & 2



All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy judgement throne:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

### 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. Amen.

### 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.

6 In a service which Thy will appoints  
There are no bonds for me;

For my inmost soul is taught the truth  
That makes Thy children free;  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

### 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 for ever 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 labouring 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.



## HYMNS & SCRIPTURE READING 1 & 2



### MHB 647

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live;  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad  
That I may long obey;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before;  
He that into God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see;  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

### SCRIPTURE READING 1

#### ROMANS 8:35, 37-39

35 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

36 As it is written:  
"For Your sake we are killed all day long;  
We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter."

37 Yet in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us.

38 For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come,

39 nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

### SCRIPTURE READING 2

#### JOHN 14:1-6, 27

14 "Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me.

2 In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to Myself, that where I am, there you may be also.

4 And where I go you know, and the way you know."

5 Thomas said to Him, "Lord, we do not know where You are going, and how can we know the way?"

6 Jesus said to him, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me.

27 Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you; not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

### 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.



## HYMNS & SCRIPTURE READING 1 & 2



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.

5 How bitter that cup  
No heart can conceive,  
Which He drank quite up,  
That sinners might live!  
His way was much rougher  
And darker than mine;  
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer,  
And shall I repine?

6 Since all that I meet  
Shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet,  
The medicine, food;  
Though painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long,  
And then, oh, how pleasant  
The conqueror's song!

### 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 Saviour and their King.  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they  
suffered,  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they die;  
And, by death, to life immortal  
They were born and glorified.

4 God of God, the One-begotten,  
Light of Light, Immanuel,  
In whose body joined together  
All the saints for ever dwell,  
Pour upon us of Thy fullness,  
That we may for evermore  
God the Father, God the Son, and  
God the Holy Ghost adore.  
Amen.

### MHB 651

1 HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic  
songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and  
ocean's wave-beat shore.  
How sweet the truth those  
blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be  
no more!

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims  
of the night!

2 Onward we go; for still we hear  
them singing:  
Come weary souls, for Jesus bids  
you come;  
And through the dark, its echoes  
sweetly ringing,  
The music of the gospel leads us  
home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at  
evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er  
land and sea,  
And laden souls, by thousands  
meekly stealing,  
King Shepherd, turn their weary  
steps to Thee.

4 Rest comes at length; though  
life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn and  
darksome night be past,  
Faith's journey ends in welcomes  
to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true  
home, will come at last.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful  
watches keeping;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the  
songs above,  
Till morning's joy shall end the  
night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in  
cloudless love.



## HYMNS & SCRIPTURE READING 1 & 2



### MHB 948

1 ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;

The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless, 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:

O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;

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

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:

Ills have no weight, and tears 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 and death, O Lord, abide with me!

### MHB 215

1 THE strife is o'er, the battle done;

Now is the Victor's triumph won;

Now be the song of praise begun.

*Allelujah*

2 The powers of death have done their worst,

But Christ their legions hath dispersed;

Let shouts of holy joy outburst:

*Allelujah*

3 The three sad days have quickly sped;

He rises glorious from the dead;

All glory to our risen Head:

*Allelujah*

4 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,

From death's dread sting Thy servants free,

That we may live and sing to Thee:

*Allelujah*

### MHB 468

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

E'en though it be a cross

That raiseth me,

Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,

The sun gone down,

Darkness be over me,

My rest a stone,

Yet in my dreams I'd be

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear

Steps unto heaven;

All that Thou send'st to me

In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts

Bright with Thy praise,

Out of my stony griefs

Bethel I'll raise;

So by my woes to be

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing

Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

Upwards I fly,

Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!

F A R E T H E E W E L L A L E X

“

Good people are like  
candles. They burn  
themselves to give  
others light

”



## APPRECIATION



We, the Family of the late Alex Kobina Opaate Abbiew, wish to express our profound gratitude to you all for your support, prayers and love shown during the loss of our beloved.

May God richly bless you

