

C E L E B R A T I O N O F L I F E



EX-CHIEF PETTY OFFICER CLASS 1
THOMAS MACLEAN KWESI
AGGREY-FYNN SNR

— 1939 - 2022 —





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ORDER OF SERVICE

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rev'd Fr. Benjamin David Okoe Okai

Rev'd Fr. (Prof) Kwamena Sagoe

Others

AT THE ORGAN

Mr. Theophilus Sakyamah

Mr. John Haizel

IN ATTENDANCE

Servants of the Sanctuary

Church Choir

PART I – PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. Processional Hymn - 265
2. Opening of Casket
3. Hymns for File Past - 236; 228
4. Tributes, Nephews / Nieces Etc.
5. Hymns for File Past - 225; 264
6. Tributes - Others
7. Hymns for File Past - 254 (Choir, Servers & Clergy)
8. Closing of Coffin

PART II – BURIAL SERVICE

1. Hymn - 623
2. Opening Prayer
3. Psalm - 121
4. Scripture Reading - Rev. 7 : 9 - End
5. Hymn - 400
6. Biography & Tributes
7. Hymn - MHB 511
8. Sermon
9. Offertory - 290; 235, 575
10. Blessing of Offertory

PART III – THANKSGIVING SERVICE

1. Hymn - 777 (1st, 2nd, 3rd & last stanzas)
2. Thanksgiving Prayer
3. Hymn -477
4. Absolution
5. Dead March in Saul
6. Announcement
7. Recessional Hymn - 740

PART IV – AT THE GRAVESIDE

1. Hymn - 609
2. Prayers
3. Hymn - 401
4. Committal
5. Laying of wreaths
6. Vote of thanks
7. Hymn - 27
8. Benediction

BIOGRAPHY

**EX-CHIEF PETTY OFFICER CLASS 1
THOMAS MACLEAN KWESI AGGREY-FYNN SNR**

"Blessed are they who die in the Lord from henceforth, yea said the Spirit that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them" (Rev. 14:13).

EARLY YEARS/CHILDHOOD

On 02 April, 1939, in Cape Coast, in the then Gold Coast, the late Thomas Maclean Kwesi Aggrey-Fynn Snr. was born into the ANONA EBUSUA of Cape Coast and Simiw. His parents were the late Maclean Nana Banyin Akyeremansa Aggrey-Fynn, (Egya Naabanyin) and the late Aba Bernasko, affectionately called Aba Akitsi. He was the last of five children. His mother died while he was still a toddler and was therefore mothered mainly by his older sisters, particularly by the eldest, the late Auntie Aba Annan under the watchful eyes of a very stern, principled and disciplinarian father.

EDUCATION

Thomas Senior attended the renowned Government Boys' School in Cape Coast (now Philip Quaque Boys' School) where he obtained his Middle School Leaving Certificate (MSLC). His records also indicate that he attended the Pitman's College in Cape Coast, where he obtained the Commercial Diploma and subsequently, the Takoradi Polytechnic, obtaining a Diploma in Commerce.

PROFESSIONAL WORKING LIFE

His working and professional life began with the then Ghana Water and Sewerage Corporation (GWSC) as a clerk. After a short stint with the GWSC, he joined the Ghana Armed Forces (GAF) as a naval recruit of the Basic Training Batch 3 (BT 3) in March 1961. He had his basic military training at the Armed Forces Recruit Training Centre (AFRTC) in Kumasi where he was adjudged the best recruit. One of his BT 3 mates said this of him *"In all circumstances Aggrey-Fynn's leadership role manifested, hence the first number of the group i.e., 158157 was given to him. He was referred to as senior number, there and then, till we passed out from training."* The excellent standard he set for himself in his recruit training reflected throughout his naval career.





An uncompromising disciplinarian and a principled person, he was by all standards a devoted and responsible father who did not shirk his fatherly responsibility and parental care. He was passionate about hardwork both at home and outside the home, education and character development.



During his service with the Colours, Chief Aggrey, as he was popularly known in the Navy was extremely motivated and had a knack for professional and personal development and excellence.



After the recruit training in Kumasi, he proceeded to Takoradi for his Basic Naval Training (BNT). Thomas Senior established himself firmly as a professionally competent, first class naval rating and progressed relatively quickly through the ranks from Ordinary Seaman (OS) to the then highest and enviable rank of Chief Petty Officer Class One (CPO 1) as a Rating or Non-Commissioned Officer (NCO).

During his notably distinguished service with the Ghana Armed Forces he undertook many training courses in general administration as well as specialist training in Stores and Warehouse Accounting in Ghana and in the United Kingdom. He was attached to Ghana Navy Ship-Building Project in shipyards in Portsmouth and Southampton in the United Kingdom. Notable among these was his participation as a member of the shipbuilding teams and sailing crew for Ghana Navy Ships (GNS) KETA and KROMANTSE; an experience which he fondly and proudly recounted.

During his service with the Colours, Chief Aggrey, as he was popularly known in the Navy was extremely motivated and had a knack for professional and personal development and excellence. This passion to carve a notably distinguished career in the Navy and stay at the top of the ladder continued at every stage of his service. He completed the Armed Forces Final Certificate of Education (AFFCE) and several other management development training programmes culminating in a Professional Diploma in Purchasing and Supply Management and Associate Membership of the then Institute of Purchasing and Supply in United Kingdom. The man whose mortal remains are draped in the Red, Gold and Green Colours of our beloved motherland served for nineteen years and a hundred and three days (19 years and 103 days).

He was awarded a Certificate of Merit by Rear Admiral Joy Amedome, then Chief of the Naval Staff, on 11 December, 1972.

By 1979, Chief Aggrey-Fynn had adequately prepared himself for life after the military. Although he was highly recommended and encouraged to become a commissioned officer via the commissioned officers' training course at the Ghana Military Academy (GMA), he decided that he had served his time and saw an opportunity to chart a career path in the civilian world. In preparation for this major transition, he successfully applied for the role of Warehouse Superintendent in the Consumer Credit Department of the then Social Security Bank Limited (SSB Ltd) in the rank of Officer Grade One (1). Again, hardwork and stellar professionalism saw him rise from the first rung of senior staff/management positions in the bank i.e. Officer Grade 1 through to Assistant Manager and then Deputy Manager in charge of General Services over a period of about ten years.

On leaving SSB Ltd on a high professional note, he worked in several reputable private and public service organisations in varied roles. Notable among those roles were: -

- Volta River Authority – Northern Electrification Department (VRA/NED) – Principal Purchasing and Stores Officer - November 1987 to November 1988.
- Takoradi Flour Mills (TFM) – Sales Manager – July 1989 to July 1991
- Westline Hotel Limited, Takoradi – Logistics Manager – August 1991 to September 1997
- Golden Beach Hotels (Elmina Beach Resort/ Berjaya) – Purchasing Manager – October 1997 to April 2001

On retirement, he proudly established his own businesses including a trading enterprise named Anchorage Enterprise and a Procurement and Supply Management Consultancy, the Proc-Consult, both of which he diligently managed until he finally exited working life.

THE FAMILY MAN

The late Thomas Maclean Kwesi Aggrey-Fynn Snr got married to the late Mrs. Grace Aggrey-Fynn (nee Eshun) in 1969 and sired four children, namely Mrs. Mabel Afua Smith-Graham, William Kweigyir Aggrey-Fynn, Victor Christian Kweku Aggrey-Fynn and Maclean Kodwo Aggrey-Fynn in addition to his first child, Commander Thomas Maclean Kwesi Aggrey-Fynn Jnr (Retired).

An uncompromising disciplinarian and a principled person, he was by all standards a devoted and responsible father who did not shirk his fatherly responsibility and parental care. He was passionate about hardwork both at home and outside the home, education and character development.

He endeavoured to provide support to his extended family members whenever he could. He was particularly affectionate to his grandchildren.

RELIGIOUS/SPIRITUAL LIFE

Born into the Anglican Church, in his formative and youthful years he was involved in the church as a Mass Server in Cape Coast. As an older man, he was a member of the St. Augustine Anglican Parish in Dansoman. He served on the Parochial Church Council (PCC).

LATTER YEARS

By the grace of God, until July 2017, at the age of 78, Mr. Aggrey-Fynn was not known to be one associated with major illnesses or diseases. He was hardly heard talking about hospitals in relation to his state of health.

In July 2017 he had major cellulitis of the right leg, the treatment of which culminated in plastic surgery.

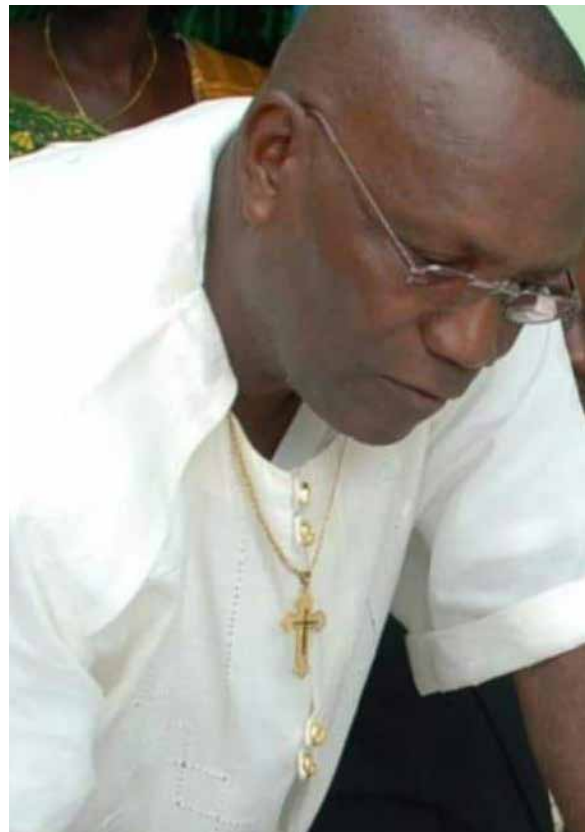
This condition appeared to have marked the beginning of the end of the strong hearted, strong-willed and determined man. Over the past five (5) years, he had a series of acute conditions until 28 October, 2022 when tests indicated an acute renal failure leading to other complications over a period of three weeks and ultimately to his sad death at about noon on 16 November, 2022.

FINAL WORDS

Here lies a man whose personality and life meant different things to different people whom he encountered in 83 years on this earth. However, what is undisputable about the man who lies silently before us is that he was a self-made man, a natural leader, principled, independent minded, strong-willed, hardworking, generous to a fault and a meticulous person.

*Dada Thomas, Daa, Uncle Kwesi, Grandpa Aggrey-Fynn
On the 16th November 2022, your task was o'er
Your battle day was past and you fought a good fight
And now, upon the farther shore, you, the voyager landed
at last
We pray that the Almighty Father in His Gracious Keeping
leads you now His servant sleeping and grants you
eternal peaceful rest.*

Although he was highly recommended and encouraged to become a commissioned officer ...he decided that he had served his time and saw an opportunity to chart a career path in the civilian world. 🍷🍷



MEMORIES



TRIBUTES



YOUR LIFE WAS A BLESSING,
YOUR MEMORY A TREASURE, YOU ARE
LOVED BEYOND WORDS AND MISSED
BEYOND MEASURE



TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN

Thomas | Mabel | Egyir | Victor | Paa Tom

A father is neither an anchor to hold us back nor a sail to take us there, but a guiding light whose love shows us the way. Daa, as we called our father, was our lighthouse, a bright light representing his strictness helping us as vessels to safely navigate out of situations into the harbour.



VALUES

Anyone who has lived with Mr. Aggrey-Fynn would attest to the fact that he was hard working, very disciplined, smart, very neat and extremely organised. He also exhibited openness and demonstrated accountability in his dealings with everybody.

Daa was a discipline-driven person and he liked to set clear written objectives for any task and he would work purposefully and diligently towards achieving them. He told us every time that no one dies from hard work but it rather prepared us to face the world. Procrastination and laziness were not part of his lexicon. Daa was also passionate about accountability and always pushed us to be responsible for our actions.

*Diligent hands will rule, but laziness ends in slave labour
-Proverbs 12 24*

LEGACY

Our Dad was a strict disciplinarian. Growing up, his instructions were codified laws at home. We sometimes as children wondered why some of our friends had easy-going parents. He made

us understand that doing house chores was a responsibility and non-negotiable. We did not understand as children but growing up we have realized that he has instilled in us responsible behaviour and self-control, which we value and appreciate so much now.

One of the laws/rules was to keep the house clean at all times and we all had different house chores at different stages of our childhood. We were actually not just interested in our individual tasks but worked together to ensure the housework was done well before he came back home after work. This has influenced us to keep our environment clean.

Our father liked to wear well-ironed clothes – no wrinkles! even if you used a charcoal filled box-iron. He insisted that we ironed all our clothes including our house clothes. Looking smart and decent is another thing we learnt from him.

In our house, a girl washing Dad's car or a boy washing dishes in the kitchen was normal. He helped us to learn to be independent and not see any roles as for men or women only.



Daa showed a lot of interest in our education and encouraged us do well in school by linking our aspirations to what we were learning. He supported anything we wanted to do so long as it was linked to our education. Planning and writing or sketching tasks was one thing he made us do all the time. Secondary school reopening provisions lists and weekend market lists had to be written on paper even if it was just one item and when money was disbursed, we had to account to the pesewa and on time.

He brought us up to respect everyone irrespective of his or her status and to establish the right boundaries in our relationships with others. He was very much interested in knowing who our friends were and their parents as well. He also imbibed in us an attribute of sharing and supporting the needy. We remember those years when we would send out gifts (from home-grown chicken or mutton to drinks and flour) to his close friends and our neighbours.

His training style was challenging at times for us children but highly rewarding. Human as we are, we all have shortcomings. He was not perfect but we know he was an anchorage.

Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not turn from it. Proverbs 22:6

ROLL BACK _____

We remember terms like Thank God for Jesus, Ship Ahoy, Off Top and Below... and our dogs had names like Suban, Commander and Captain. The names tell you who he was.

He encouraged us to be physically active and got us all to do sports. We had bicycles and footballs all the time in our house. Owning a Chopper bicycle in the early eighties was a good feeling.

Our father also liked rearing animals. We had fowls, goats, rabbits and sheep. At a point, we had a poultry farm where we enjoyed working together as a team to prepare fowls for sale at Christmas. This was fun.

Give thanks in all circumstances, for this is God's will for you in Christ Jesus. 1 THESSALONIANS 5:18

GRATITUDE _____

We would like to say a big thank you to all those who helped with his care.

To all the medical doctors and nurses who helped over the last few years, we say ayeekoo.

A special mention to Matron Araba Tawiah Abankwah and Matron Regina Lartey of the Medical Ward at Korle-Bu, Professor J.E. Mensah, Head of Urology and Dr. Theodore Wordui for your support.

To his last two personal nurses, Attah Senior Dankwah and Joseph Mensah, we can't thank you enough for the special care you provided. You did very well and we thank you.

We express appreciation for all those who were a part of our father's life, those who helped him and made his life better. God bless you all.

We take comfort in knowing that Daa is no longer in pain.

Daa, we will always remember the things you have taught us, what you wanted us to be and how much you love us. God be with you till we meet again.

Thomas, Mabel, Egyir, Kweku, Paa T yesi - Nyame nhyira wo na on fa wo nsie.



TRIBUTE BY
GRAND CHILDREN

**Kuukua, Effie, Ekow, Agyirba, Baaba,
Coby and Araba**

It's unfortunate to hear our grandpa has passed; and for a moment when our parents broke the news to us, we felt shattered and asked ourselves why us? In the book of Romans Chapter 14:8 it is written if we live, we live to the Lord; and if we die, we die to the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord. So Grandpa, we believe you belong to the Lord and in a much better place. Grandpa took so much interest in our education and often engaged us on our school activities. He always stressed on the need for us to study hard.

Being an ardent footballer yourself, you were full of admiration when Ekow confidently told you he wanted to be an engineer and a professional footballer. We asked you whether one can be an engineer and a footballer at the same time. This opened up a whole lecture about education in your days and we enjoyed every bit of the history you shared with us. Baaba, Agyriba, Coby and Araba obviously were spared as you found them too young for a conversation about careers.

Grandpa, we will forever miss your special cake you ordered to be freshly baked for us and all the things you shared with us.

Our fondest memories are the family New Year parties where you admired our dance moves, and we were looking forward to the next. Your seat will be empty on 1st January 2023 and it will not feel the same. We wish we could spend more time with you however our ways are not God's ways.

We will miss you Grandpa.

We love you Grandpa.

Rest peacefully till we meet again.

As you things we will all miss. The pride on your face whenever we achieved something, be it big or small, will be missed. The enthusiasm with which you would explain football news, almost to the point of making us do hand pumps, will be missed. But most of all, the listening and non-judgmental ear you would offer us when we would complain about trivial problems going on in our lives will be missed.
Grandpa, you will be missed.



I challenged you about how I can withstand the freezing cold temperatures in Canada and was anxiously awaiting to show you photos of me in light clothing. But it was not to be. Grandpa's memories will remain with me forever.

My grandfather really loved football. Anytime we visited him, he was on his bed watching a game. He would always ask me about school and teach us a few things in football. The last time I saw him, he encouraged me to do more sporting activities in school. I will miss the visits to my grandfather.

Hazel Bonka Aggrey - Ayen



A loving and caring grandpa who was always keen and interested to know what was going on in the lives of his children and grandchildren. A lifelong Chelsea fan who used to say he will take me to train at the Liberty Stadium. Sadly this didn't come to pass.

Grandpa, you will be deeply missed. May your soul rest in peace.



I will miss you so much. We were very nice and friendly and whenever you were around, it was always fun. We always had a gift for some birthday, sweets, and drinks. Always, you always reminded me to have lunch and said when I was well in my exams for just do all he can do to make sure I go to a University in the UK. I will miss him.



LETTERS FROM GRANDPA
Grandpa, you were a very nice and friendly man. We always had a gift for some birthday, sweets, and drinks. Always, you always reminded me to have lunch and said when I was well in my exams for just do all he can do to make sure I go to a University in the UK. I will miss him.



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|||

“WHEN A GREAT MAN DIES, FOR YEARS THE
LIGHT HE LEAVES BEHIND HIM, LIES ON
THE PATHS OF MEN.”

|||





TRIBUTE BY
**BY EMMA AGGREY-FYNN
 (SISTER)**

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

The most difficult task I have ever undertaken in my life is to sit down and write this tribute to my loving brother who I cannot believe has left us so soon. It is beyond belief and now I have to face one of the realities of life. That is saying a final goodbye to my only brother, Kwesi Aggrey-Fynn as I affectionately called him, who left me just when I needed him most.

Your death came as a great shock to me. I never knew that you would leave us so soon. Glory be to God Almighty, for His will must be done. Glory to God, considering what you went through as a little boy who lost his mother at a tender age.

I can imagine what you went through without motherly care. All the condemnations and humiliation of life could not influence your character towards others. Since I knew my brother, he was always a cheerful man, a peace maker, an adviser, and a hardworking man who could not rest until he saw that others were satisfied.

Death is a debt that everyone must pay, otherwise somebody like you should not die now that we need you.

I pray that God in his infinite mercy will grant you eternal rest.

John 11:25 I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in me will live, even though they die;"

Adieu Kwesi Aggrey-Fynn
 Adieu my lovely brother

TRIBUTE BY **IN-LAWS**

Jimmy | Laura | Benedicta | Helen

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of all mercies and God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our affliction, so that we may be able to comfort those who are in any affliction, with the comfort with which we ourselves are comforted by God" 2 Corinthians 1:3-4



Distance did not permit you to be part of our daily lives, but we enjoyed and indeed cherish every moment we spent with you. You cared deeply for us and your grandchildren and always wanted an opportunity to show how much you loved them. We remember fondly when you would order special cakes for them, which we had to come all the way to pick up. Our family gatherings and parties especially on the 1st of January will never be the same without you. Your chair next to the dinner table is going to remain empty but we are consoled by the fact that you are in a better place.

We remain thankful for the quality of life you provided and the discipline you instilled in our spouses who are equally imparting it unto our children. You will forever be remembered, and we shall all strive to live by your good virtues.

Although we cannot hear your voice or see your smiling face, we know deep within our hearts that you have not left us. We will miss your support, wise counsel and love. We pray the good Lord grants you the peace you deserve and preserves you till we meet again.

TRIBUTE BY
**GRAND NEPHEWS
 & NIECES**

'Life in this world is a great struggle for both the old and young'.

We are pleased to have had a great Grandpa who charted a path for us with enviable and useful lessons for us to emulate and become responsible in diverse ways. Grandpa is known for his independent mind, boldness, disciplinary lifestyle, smart attitude to work and proactiveness to any given task. He was a God-fearing man whose fellowship to his maker never went unnoticed by his nephews and nieces. A vacuum has been created by his departure through his demise but we believe that he is resting in the Bosom of the Lord Almighty.

Till we meet again, we cherish, appreciate and are grateful for the invaluable traits inculcated in us by his exemplary life in this world.

Goodbye, au revoir Grandpa





TRIBUTE BY
**ST. AUGUSTINE
ANGLICAN CHURCH**

It is always difficult to say farewell to someone travelling to an unknown land, but with the hope of the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ we have gathered here this morning to celebrate the glorious home call of our dear brother, who is travelling back to eternity to the bosom of his creator who gave him to us.

As humans it is very difficult to comprehend this tragedy which has befallen us. But as Christians we believe that death is only a gate way, it is our fervent conviction that our brother is resting in the bosom of his Maker. We shout Hallelujah because a good fight has been fought, a mortal race has been run and the treasured faith in Christ has been steadfastly kept. Now awaiting our brother and friend is the crown of righteousness, which the Righteous LORD and Judge will award him on that day.

Mr. Aggrey-Fynn joined the St. Augustine Anglican Church when church service was held in the classroom of Bishop John Daly Basic School in the year 1993.

He was always present at church service until some few years when due to old age and ill-

health could not attend Church Service. He never played with his financial obligation to the church. We know that he has been called from here by the LORD to a higher service. He has indeed been faithful with the little entrusted to him here.

Mr. Aggrey-Fynn was a gift to the Church and we will forever miss him and cherish the memories of the time we spent together.

— “ —

Trusting Him while life shall last
Trusting Him till earth be past
Till within the jasper wail
Trusting Jesus that is all
Trusting as the moments fly
Trusting as the days go by
Trusting Him what're be fall
Trusting Jesus that is all

— “ —

We give thanks to God for the life of our brother. With a heavy heart, we cry to God, to teach us to number our days, that we may gain a heart of wisdom (Psalm 90 : 12)

We also take consolation in the assurance of Jesus Christ: "I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in me will live, even though they die; and whoever lives by believing in me will never die (John 11: 25 – 26)

Our prayer is that at the sound of the last trumpet, when all believers in Christ shall rise, he will be counted among them.

Fare Thee well Mr. Aggrey-Fynn
Rest in the bosom of the Lord

TRIBUTE BY
**MRS. FRANCISCA
 ABAIDOO**
 IN-LAW

“Death be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so,
 For, those whom thou think’st, thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.....
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more, death thou shalt die,”

*These lines from the “Holy Sonnets” by John Donne
 reaffirm the biblical writings in 1 Corinthians 15:51-58.*



You were someone I could easily approach, who could enjoy company in any crowd, and one who was ready to support and offer advice. You could lift any downtrodden spirit. You reminded me of Philemon, about whom Paul said, “He refreshed the Saints.” This could be said about you. You refreshed the saints.

When I think of you, the adjectives that come to mind are ebullient, delightful, cheerful, wonderful, zealous, faithful, loyal, affable, principled, irrepressible, indefatigable, caring, dedicated, and generous. You always sported an adorable smile. In fact, I never saw your anger. Grandpa, as we affectionately called you, you were one in a million and I am proud to be your granddaughter-in-law.

Grandpa, the bond between you and your great grandchildren was so strong. You were fond of them and loved them equally. You made it a point to checkup on them whenever you called. Egyirba and Maame Bafoa loved you to bits and were always excited whenever they talked to you on phone. Assuredly, I believe that Fiifi Sam, though only a baby now will grow and hear about you and will be guided by your legacy and what you stood for. Your grandson, Sammy can’t hold his tears because he knows his visits to Ghana will not be the same. He is grateful for the love you showed him and all of us.

It saddens my heart to say goodbye to you, but my consolation is in the fact that we will meet again in Heaven.

I know you are with the Lord now, enjoying eternity in Heaven.

Till we meet again,
 Rest well Grandpa

The passage reminds us that our lives are like rivers which flow into the sea and get swallowed up. Such is death, the final sea, leveller of all human destinies, in which we all shall end. I became part of your family 13 years ago when I had the privilege of marrying your grandson, Sammy.

For 12 years you enriched my life in incalculable ways. You treated me as if I were your own daughter. Throughout my stay with you, there was no day I did not look forward to seeing you in the morning to say good morning and hear your lovely military stories. You always made sure I felt comfortable and did not lack anything. I remember how you used to serve me dinner after a hard day’s work. To me, you were my dad and not my father-in-law.

|||
HE WAS A SELF-MADE MAN, A NATURAL
LEADER, PRINCIPLED, INDEPENDENT
MINDED, STRONG-WILLED,
HARDWORKING, GENEROUS TO A FAULT
AND METICULOUS PERSON.

|||





GHANA NAVY

CERTIFICATE OF MERIT

to 158157 CPO T. M. AGGREY-FYNN
for HARDWORK AND DEVOTION TO DUTY.

THROUGH HIS SELFLESS DEVOTION TO DUTY, HIGH SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY, EXCEPTIONAL STORES KNOWLEDGE AND PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, CHIEF PETTY OFFICER, AGGREY-FYNN HAS CONTRIBUTED IMMENSELY TOWARDS THE UPLIFTMENT OF THE STORES ORGANISATION IN THE GHANA NAVY.

HI S EXEMPLARY CONDUCT IS WORTHY OF RECOGNITION

Date *11 Dec 72*

NAVAL OFFICER IN CHARGE
N.O.I.C

Cdr.

[Signature]
COMMANDER, GHANA NAVY
11 Dec 72



TRIBUTE TO THE LATE

**158157 EX - CHIEF PETTY OFFICER CLASS
ONE THOMAS MACLEAN AGGREY-FYNN**

THE GHANA NAVY

Do not seek Death, but do not fear it either
There cannot be life without Death.
It is simply inescapable - Leo Buscagli

The news of the demise of Ex - Chief Petty Officer Class One Thomas Maclean Aggrey-Fynn Snr. came to the Navy as a big shock. Although he was sick briefly, we prayed and yearned that he would get well. Unfortunately, our wish did not come to pass. Things did not turn out the way we wanted. It is therefore with deep sorrow that the Ghana Navy presents this tribute in memory of our late comrade.

The late Ex - Chief Petty Officer Class One Thomas Maclean Aggrey-Fynn was recruited into the Ghana Navy as part of Batch Training (BT) 3 on 21 March 1961. On completing his Basic Military Training and Naval Training at the Armed Forces Training Centre, he was posted to Naval Base, Takoradi on 3 June 1961 into the Supply Branch of the Ghana Navy. He is widely known as one of the founding fathers of the Supply Branch of the Ghana Navy.

The late Chief Petty Officer attended and passed all trade and promotion courses both local and abroad, and rose through the ranks to Chief Petty Officer Class One by 1972. In the course of his career, he served in various units namely Naval Base Sekondi, Naval Headquarters, 37 Military Hospital, Ghana Navy Stores Depot, Naval Base Tema, Ghana Navy Ship KETA and Ghana Navy Ship KROMANTSE. He was also later seconded to the Social Security Bank on 1 August 1977.

Ex - Chief Petty Officer Class One Thomas Maclean Aggrey-Fynn during the period of his career, discharged his duties and responsibilities with remarkable zeal, enthusiasm and competence to the admiration of his subordinates, peers and superiors. He was also noted for his cheerfulness, initiative and good organizational abilities. After a distinguished naval career which laid the foundation upon which others continued to build, the late Chief honourably retired from the Ghana Armed Forces on 20 March 1979.

Sadly, on Wednesday 16 November 2022, the Ghana Navy was informed of his passing at the Korle-Bu Teaching Hospital after a short illness. It is therefore, with a lot of pride and sorrow that the Ghana Navy salutes the late Ex - Chief Petty Officer. As one of the pioneers and forebearers on whose shoulders the Navy stands tall today, you will forever be remembered for your dedicated service to the Nation. The foundation you and other colleagues laid for the progress of the Ghana Navy remains solidly anchored.

The Ghana Navy salutes you for the pioneering role you played. For the over 18 years you served the Colours, you did so loyally, selflessly, wholeheartedly, and the Ghana Navy, the Ghana Armed Forces and a grateful nation bid you farewell. As you depart to your maker, may the angels rise to welcome you. Fair winds and following seas. Until we meet again, Old Sailor, may the good Lord grant you eternal rest in His bosom.



TRIBUTE BY
**BASIC TRAINING 3
(BT3) - MATES**
THE GHANA NAVY

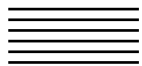
Ex - Chief Petty Officer Aggrey-Fynn was among the 3rd intake of young men recruited in 1960 for training at the Armed Forces Training Centre, Kumasi. This batch was designated No. 30 Platoon of 'B' company. Owing to his previous basic knowledge acquired in the Ghana Navy Volunteer Force (GNVF), he was made the class leader. On completion of three months of military training, the platoon returned to Takoradi Naval Base to undergo basic Naval training as B.T.3. On completion he was assigned to the Supply and Secretariat branch of the Navy as a stores rating to the United Kingdom to man a newly-constructed warship (Corvette) commissioned as GNS Keta.


Chief Aggrey-Fynn went through the ranks to reach the top as Chief Petty Officer Class 1. With two years to complete 18 years of service to qualify for pension, he was recommended for a short service Commission. Unfortunately, he declined, eager to taste civilian life in his prime age.

Chief Aggrey-Fynn was a diligent, affable and social fellow among people he encountered throughout his lifetime.

Sailors of B.T.3 will always remember him as 'supidy law-law', a description coined by a former platoon corporal for his spontaneous answers to every query.

Fare thee well, Aggrey. We shall surely meet again.





|||
“A GREAT SOUL SERVES EVERYONE
ALL THE TIME. A GREAT SOUL
NEVER DIES. IT BRINGS US
TOGETHER AGAIN AND AGAIN.”

MAYA ANGELOU

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TRIBUTE BY

REAR ADMIRAL ISSAH ADAM YAKUBU

CHIEF OF THE NAVAL STAFF

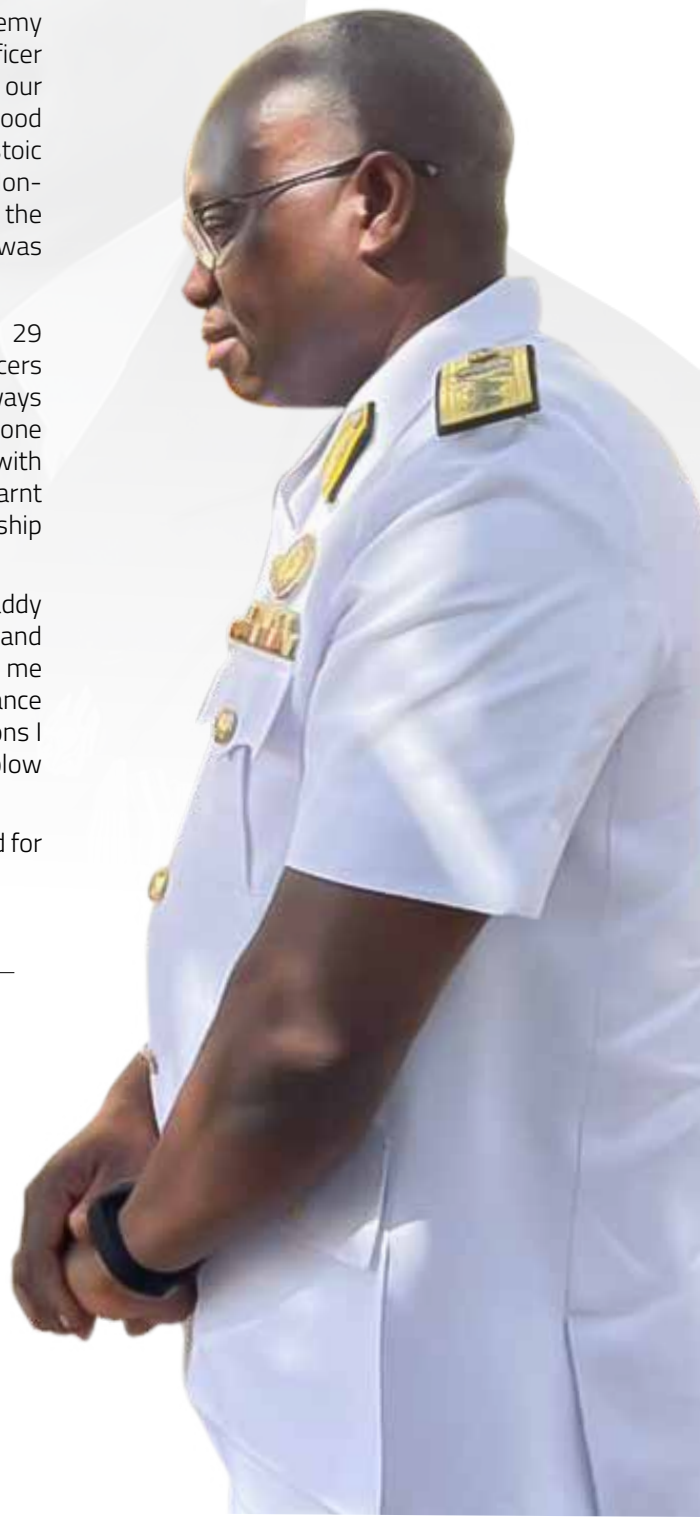
It was with deep shock that I learnt of the demise of Ex-CPOI Thomas Maclean Aggrey-Fynn (Snr). I got to know him in the late 1980s while still a naval cadet. His son, Commander Thomas Aggrey-Fynn (Rtd) was my Ghana Military Academy Intake Mate and very close friend. While we were still officer cadets, he took me home to meet his dad who became our daddy. Before taking me home, Tom had shared his childhood experiences with his dad with me and I was expecting to see a stoic disciplinarian who would check my every move as Senior Non-Commissioned Officers normally do to officer cadets. Clearly the disciplinarian in him was manifest but behind the serious look was warmth that endeared me to Daddy Aggrey-Fynn.

My naval colleagues and I of Regular Career Course Intake 29 visited Daddy many times throughout our time as young officers and he took particular interest in our career development always asking about each one of us he had not seen for some time. As one of the pioneers of the Ghana Navy, he shared his experiences with us and taught us some naval customs and traditions as they learnt them from their British instructors. I must say that his mentorship played a great role in my success as a young officer.

Having retired from service many years before we joined, Daddy built a very successful life working with different companies and rising to their top echelons. This also served as motivation for me and taught me the need for self-development and the importance of discipline in achieving success in every endeavour. The lessons I learnt from Daddy Aggrey-Fynn linger on and his loss is a big blow to me personally and the entire naval fraternity.

You have fought a good fight. Rest well in the bosom of the Lord for your work is done.

As one of the pioneers of the Ghana Navy, he shared his experiences with us and taught us some naval customs and traditions as they learnt them from their British instructors.



TRIBUTE BY
**COMMODORE
 STEVE OBIMPEH, CV, (RTD)**
 FORMER CHIEF OF THE NAVAL STAFF

The news of the passing away of Ex - Chief Petty Officer Class 1, Thomas Maclean Kwesi Aggrey-Fynn came to me as a shock.

I knew the Old Sailor had been sick and been in and out of the Korle-Bu Teaching Hospital for some time but his son, Commander Tom Aggrey-Fynn, who works with me on the Executive Committee of the Association of Retired Naval Officers (ARNO) and updated me regularly on the condition of the OLD MAN, as we called him, was hopeful he would be with us for a while. However it is only God who knows the date and time to call his servant to rest after his labour on earth is over.

Ex-CPO 1 Aggrey-Fynn, as I knew him, was a man of pleasant disposition and affable. He was very hard working, meticulous, diligent and smartly dressed at all times, (on and off duty) and thus earned the respect of both his peers and Officers.

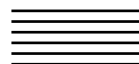
No wonder he secured appointment soon after retirement at the then Social Security Bank Ltd .Ex-CPO Aggrey-Fynn also worked at the Volta River Authority and some other state organisations in retirement where he held high the ENSIGN (Flag) of the Ghana Navy.

Ex-CPO, Aggrey-Fynn, you have served your beloved country well.

You have left an indelible mark in the Ghana Navy. You will be fondly remembered.

Rest peacefully in the bosom of your Maker.

AMEN.



TRIBUTE BY
**NAVAL CAPTAIN
J.O.T. TAWIAH**

"I am the resurrection and the life, He who believes in me though he may die, yet he shall live and whoever lives and believes in me will never die"
John 11:25-26



was attracted to CPO Aggrey- Fynn for the many good virtues endowed on him by nature.

As a young recruit, while returning from training in Kumasi, we were met by a team of sailors at Takoradi Railway Station. This team was led by the then Leading Seaman Aggrey-Fynn, who was on duty at that time. The reception was so meticulously executed that I still vividly remember it today, 60 years on. That was the beginning of my deep respect and confidence in him.

CPO Aggrey-Fynn worked at GNSD and I at the Naval Base continuing with my Basic Naval Training. Various Instructors taught us different subjects and CPO Aggrey-Fynn was one of them. He taught us Naval Stores. It was during this period that my trust and respect for him grew. His composure, self-confidence and especially neatness were second to none.

Aggrey took me as a junior brother and guided me throughout my studies and stay at the Naval Base. He went an extra mile to show me the township of Sekondi – Takoradi and its environs, thus gaining advantage over my fellow recruits.

As time wore on, I found Aggrey as one of the hard working and enterprising ratings in the Navy.

He was affable, selfless, humble and a real gentleman. He had the rare quality of standing for justice in whatever was right and fair. He would never compromise on shoddy work or mediocrity. He always stood tall among his mates.

It is no wonder that he was the first stores rating to win the Naval Officer in Charge's (NOIC) Certificate of Merit in 1968 at Takoradi Naval Base.

Aggrey was brought up with Christian values and attended church regularly. He slept with his Bible under his pillow.

Aggrey will be remembered by his many and witty jokes which healed the sick and consoled the broken hearted.

Though we are far apart now, Aggrey will forever live in our hearts. My family and I wish you safe rest, after a long illuminating Christian life.

Good bye and Damirifa Due.

TRIBUTE BY
**WING COMMANDER
ROBERT WILLIAM
AMOONO COLEMAN
(RTD)** —————

It is with a heavy heart that I write this tribute in memory of my dear friend, Tom. Though we were both born in Cape Coast, we were not close friends because we did not attend the same school. We were just casual acquaintances. At some point we did not see each other again during our secondary school days.

Tom joined the Ghana Navy, and I joined the Ghana Air Force. After retirement from the Armed Forces, we worked in different organizations until fate brought us together at the erstwhile Wahome Steel Company where I was the Transport Manager. He came in as the Stores Manager. This is where we got to know each other very well.

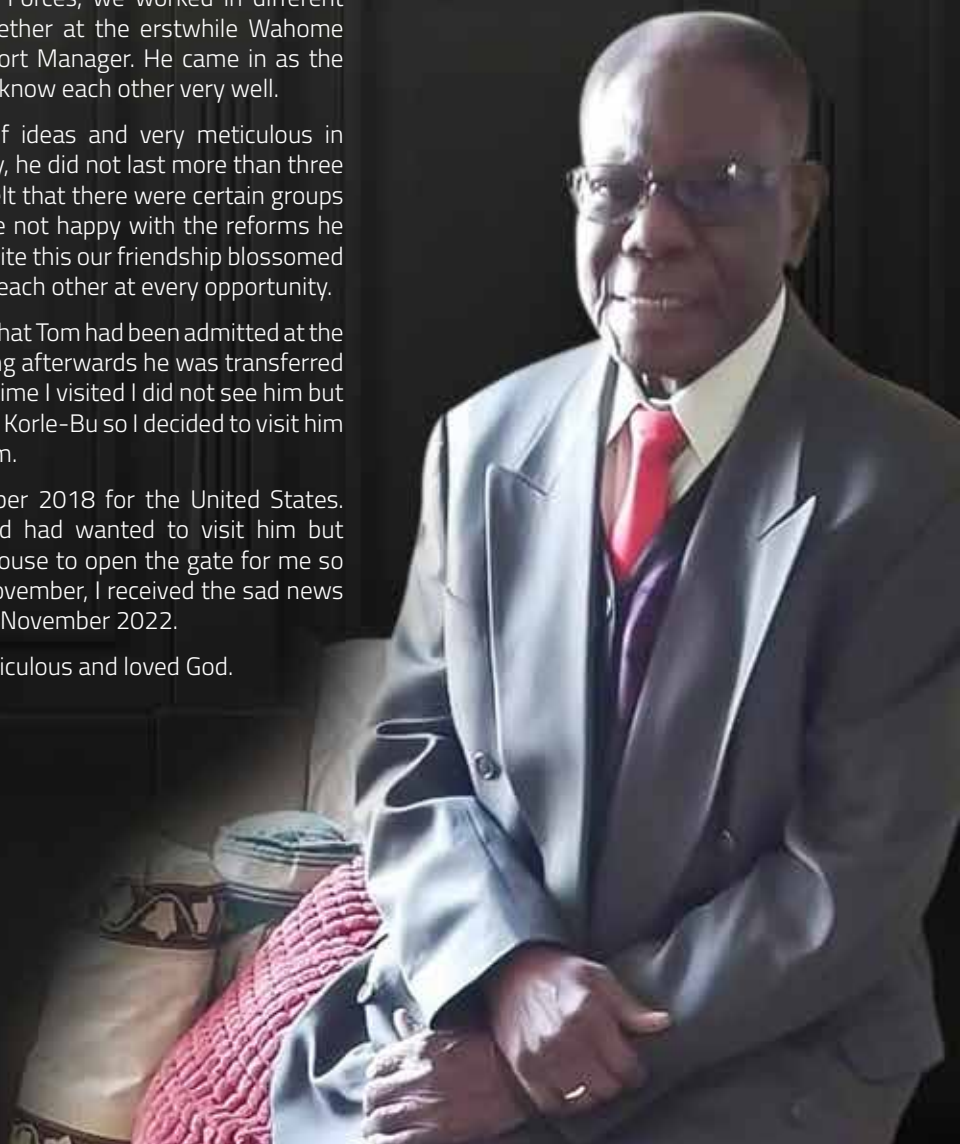
Tom was a very principled man, full of ideas and very meticulous in anything he planned to do. Unfortunately, he did not last more than three months with the company because he felt that there were certain groups within the Stores Department who were not happy with the reforms he was putting in place so he resigned. Despite this our friendship blossomed into brotherhood and we kept on seeing each other at every opportunity.

About six years ago his son informed me that Tom had been admitted at the Military Hospital. I visited him but not long afterwards he was transferred to Korle-Bu Teaching Hospital. The next time I visited I did not see him but soon after that I had to go for a lab test at Korle-Bu so I decided to visit him at home. That was the last time I saw him.

Two months later I left Ghana in October 2018 for the United States. In November 2021 I visited Ghana and had wanted to visit him but unfortunately there was no one in the house to open the gate for me so we spoke briefly on the phone. On 22 November, I received the sad news of the passing of my dear friend on 16th November 2022.

Tom was a very principled man, very meticulous and loved God.

May his gentle soul rest in perfect peace.



TRIBUTE BY
**EX-CHIEF PETTY OFFICER 1
 BOSSMAN NARTEY NELSON**

I first met C.P.O Aggrey-Fynn at the Takoradi Naval Base on the 20th of March 1961, for a recruitment exercise into the Ghana Navy. During that exercise Aggrey played a leading role to assist candidates with what they should do, as most of us did not know what to do. We all recognized him as our leader, there and then.

The group travelled to Kumasi and arrived the following morning with the night train. Training started immediately after documentation was completed. In all circumstances Aggrey-Fynn's leadership role manifested hence the first number of the group i.e., 158157 was given to him. He was referred to as senior number, there and then, till we passed out from training.

Our group was the third of Ghana Navy's recruitment process, and is referred to as Basic Training-3 (B.T.3). Chief Aggrey-Fynn and myself became closer after the two of us were selected to join the Stores Branch of the Supply Department in the Navy.

Except for drafts to ships and for courses overseas, we worked together and were always promoted together during the period of our service.

After service in the Navy, Aggrey-Fynn landed employment with the Social Security Bank (SSB) and I was employed by the Graphic Corporation, as Stores Managers. After a while, Aggrey asked if I could resign and join him at the SSB.

I jumped at the opportunity and quickly put in what was necessary to get me there. For this, I am forever grateful.



We worked together for close to 9 years when Aggrey left the bank and joined Volta River Authority.

Though we were physically separated, we often communicated.

Issue of our escapades will be too long to discuss on paper.

When news of his illness came to me, I paid him a visit, and from our discussions he was confident that that he would get well soon, but God knows better.

I will say Aggrey thank you and may God grant you eternal peace.



TRIBUTE BY
**EX-CHIEF PETTY
 OFFICER MENSAH
 BONSU**

Chief Petty Officer Thomas Maclean Kwesi Aggrey-Fynn and myself had been friends since 1964 when I was enlisted into the Ghana Navy. He had been enlisted earlier in 1961 and therefore was my senior colleague. However, we were more of brothers than just work colleagues.

Kwesi, as I affectionately called him, was an inspirational character for me throughout our friendship until he passed away on 16 November, 2022. He was someone I treasured.

In 1966, we were both members of the crew of Ghana Navy Ship (GNS) Kromantse which was built in the United Kingdom. We had a memorable sailing trip together from the UK to Takoradi on the maiden voyage of GNS Kromantse. While I was the Ship Captain’s Writer (Clerk), he was a member of the Stores Team under the Supply & Secretariat Department.

The bond of friendship between us was epitomised by, among other things, the involvement in each other’s close family events. Kwesi, was by my side in Akyem Oda when my mother died and again was with me in New Edubiase when my grandfather passed away. I was very close to his extended and nuclear families; I knew his wife and children very well. Coincidentally, we both belonged to the Agona/ Anona Clan.

In the early 1990s, we took our friendship to the business level. I particularly recall the first business trip together to the UK, Holland and Belgium via Dover. On a number of occasions, Kwesi’s generous nature was evidenced when he supported me financially in business and for personal reasons.

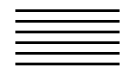


Although Kwesi was an energetic and strong personality who hardly fell ill, in the last five years, a series of health challenges took him in and out of hospital until his sudden and shocking demise in November 2022.

During this period, I visited him at home quite often to cheer him up. He was always positive and cheerful inspite of his health challenges in the past five years. It was a traumatic experience for me when his son, Thomas Junior called to inform me of his death; I literally broke down.

I have lost a friend, brother, mentor, inspirer and counsellor in Kwesi Aggrey-Fynn. However, I am comforted that, for the good man that he was, he will find favour with the Omniscient God and rest peacefully till we meet again.

My friend and brother Kwesi, damirifa duei; nanti yei; Nyame 3mfa wo kra 3nsei.



TRIBUTE BY
**THE FAMILY OF EX-PETTY OFFICER
 CLASS ONE AUGUSTUS ROCKSON**

(ENLISTED 28TH DEC 1961)

Eternal Father, strong to save,
 Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
 Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
 O hear us when we cry to thee, for those in peril on the sea. Navy Hymn

One may ask, how can a workplace relationship at GNSD Takoradi, develop a strong bond such that two friends will buy the same motor bike ride to work, visit acquaintances together, and their spouses become lifetime friends? This was the spirit in the Armed Forces and more importantly in the Ghana Navy.

Among my 5 siblings, I was fortunate to tag along Daa, (AKA Nkwansan) when my father passed on 18 January 1974 from the shores of Tawukoff to Midwood, to West Tanokrom and finally to Tunga in Dansoman. There were periods I had to be away from around 1975, but from 1983-88 the old family reunion rekindled from Kweikuma in Sekondi and after I had completed sixth form. From 1989-1991 I worked with Daa at Takoradi Flour Mill where he played an instrumental role in the position I occupied, and marked a turning point in my career.

But can we explain this relationship any better than what the good old book says in Proverbs 18:24? "There is a friend who sticks closer than a brother". Even stronger, the father and children of PO1 Rockson and the relationship grew stronger after I graduated from KNUST in a course which you recommended to me. Daa played crucial roles in the Rockson Family events such as marriages, naming ceremonies and convocations, the last one which he missed.

His demand for excellence, integrity, truth and cleanliness were second to none, and could sometimes be misrepresented as emotional or out of the norm. Several times, his disciplinary actions and responses still speak to us and before we as children approached him with a request or discussion topic, we would have analyzed several options, alternatives and the pros and cons but even that would fall short. We would approach Daa with our proposal and he would respond, "do you have saw dust in your head". These critical thinking skills which he imparted are uniquely unparalleled and since we applied them in our lives, it has not only made some of us resolute in our decisions but have helped us navigate several



troubling and tough times in life. Need I say how he applied the cleanliness and excellence within his walls at home? where all flowers, shrubs, plantain etc would be pruned to stand straight, white-washed 2ft from the ground. The trees and shrubs that would not respond to pruning and being vertical would be tied with a binding wire to ensure verticality. The scenery was a resemblance of a naval parade grounds.

There is also the saying that the higher you go the cooler it becomes, and many of us who grew closer to Nkwansan, can attest to this statement especially in his later years.

Daa, you strived to be a part of every child's potential and what they can best achieve in life. We made mistakes while growing up, but you made us to learn from them while striving to do the best for us.

Daa, we sorely miss you already. In these past weeks my weekend calls went unanswered, and there are several conversations between us still pending. I am hearing your voices in my head already but I still want to speak to you. You lived a blissful life and as Louis Farakhan defines, "it is not someone without trials, temptations or sickness but as someone who rose above several odds and situations".

May the winds of heaven blow softly and whisper in your ear. Da Yie!!! Sleep well till we meet again.

TRIBUTE BY
**HON DR. ATO
PANFORD**

(FORMER MP
SHAMA CONSTITUENCY)

"A father is neither an anchor to hold us back nor a sail to take us there, but a guiding lighthouse whose love shows us the way" (Unknown)

Indeed, Uncle Kwesi as I affectionately called him when he visited us in the house was so dear to me and my siblings especially I, Ato Panford who was his pet child. We grew up knowing Uncle Kwesi at our early childhood stages when we were at Sekondi European Town because he and my dad were very good buddies.

Uncle Kwesi was so passionate about our education and ensured that he was present to put Tom, Mabel and I on board the Naval "Abongo" Truck to school till we mastered the art of climbing the huge truck and dragging ourselves with the rope hanging from the top bar to the tail-board. Services Primary School at Beach Road in Takoradi was a top school and Uncle Kwesi and my Dad (Samuel Kwesi Panford) ensured that we had the best of education.

One thing I never forgot was the nickname he gave me as "Ntrofii" (the little black and white robin beautiful bird which was smart and swift moving from one place to the other) simply implying I was handsome, mischievous, smart and swift to handle. Our Moms were both bakers and I always remember the slices of cake Uncle Kwesi ensured were in Mabel's bag, which I made sure I always had a bite of, and always protected my little Mabel in school.

After my secondary education, Uncle Kwesi advised me to enroll in the Ghana Navy which my brother Tom did but I went into the Merchant Navy after my marine engineering program at Southampton University in the UK.

Uncle Kwesi never stopped coaching me. Upon my return to Ghana with plans to settle, I told him of my industrial intent and he gave me some great advice.



Whilst he was the Procurement Manager for Elmina Beach Resort, I supplied them with my disinfectant Icavel C24, a biodegradable disinfectant and he recommended my product to other key hotels in Ghana.

You were always proud to see me on my feet in the 7th Parliament of the Republic of Ghana debating the Trade & Industry policy aspects of the Budget Statements and Economic Policies on the floor of Parliament and you would always say "yes, that's my boy."

Uncle Kwesi, Pap as I used to call you, who will cheer me on and advise me? Even during your health challenges, you, Tom and I were planning to visit my mom Auntie Vic (Mrs. Victoria Panford) when I last visited you at home until this untimely demise. Pap, you will always be our Champion and a Dad we cherish so much. Indeed, you were the Lighthouse who showed us the way with so much love.

Rest in Peace

Damerifa Due

Da yie, Da yie

Uncle Kwesi, Da Yie.

TRIBUTE BY
**REINDORF BAAH
 PERBI**

(FORMER CHIEF ACCOUNTANT-SSB)



It was my privilege to work with Mr Aggrey-Fynn at the then Social Security Bank (SSB) when he was in charge of the Warehouse and I served as Chief Accountant. Numbers on Accounting Statements are more than mere figures. They represent items of value in the case of assets, and debts in the case of liabilities. It is a matter of comfort and assurance to persons at the head of the Accounts Department and indeed the entire Organization when they know they can rely on figures that represent stock of items belonging to the Institution in the stores or warehouse. In the case of SSB those days, an innovative bank that pioneered and championed financing of consumer credit items like fridges, deep freezers, gas cookers, furniture which other banks were not financing, the function of the Warehouse Manager was more than ordinary.

Besides the Bank's own items, imported items that were used as security for obtaining financing, especially customs duty and working capital also came under the jurisdiction of the Warehouse Manager. Mr Aggrey-Fynn performed this function with great efficiency and commitment.

What was a normal day of work was to be suddenly different when on a day in February 1982, news came to me that soldiers had attacked the warehouse and bundled up the Manager. These were the days of the Provisional National Defence Council (PNDC). What had gone wrong? What did they want? These were questions that came to my mind when I heard this, and I drove to the Head Office from the Accounts Department to report and to make enquiries for more information.

When I got there, staff were standing enquiringly idle about. When some staff pointed me out as Chief Accountant, some of the soldiers approached me and asked if I could answer questions about the warehouse. I affirmed so, whereupon I was asked to climb onto the military vehicle. There began a slow drive to Burma Camp with one stop at an office that had been created opposite the 37 Military Hospital.

On the way, some of the persons in the vehicle were complaining that when they applied for loans for the consumer goods, the Bank denied them. That gave me a little idea of what perhaps the whole action was about. The "Revolution" was supposedly also against "hoarding and profiteering", and individuals who had stock of items in their stores were direct targets.

Arriving at the Burma Camp and staying in the vehicle for a while, I was asked to go to an office that was just off the road. It was slightly dark, so when a soldier asked that I remove my glasses, I presumed he felt I could see my way clearer in order not to fall into a nearby gutter,

not knowing that it was to make it easy for them to give me slaps on both cheeks from my back. The struggle to enter the office and the beating that I received was a matter that defies description. At the office, when the officer in charge ascertained my position in the Bank, he concluded that I was not the person they were looking for and that I should be set free.

Returning to take a seat in the vehicle, we took off after a while, and as soon as the vehicle exited the Burma Camp, I asked to be dropped off so I would make my way home regardless of the curfew then.

I thus did not spend the night there. Not so in the case of Mr Aggrey-Fynn. The maltreatment he received for no wrongdoing, nor even after any serious enquiries whatsoever, was better narrated by him than any other. Not all survived the maltreatment. When the vehicles entered the yard, the shout of the soldiers was "Meat come". In other words, persons had arrived who were available to be just beaten and kicked left, right and centre with their boots. Those who were kept overnight in Guard Rooms were at the mercy of the Almighty. Not all saw the light of day.

We give thanks to the Lord that Mr Aggrey-Fynn was some days after left free, and lived a whole 40 more years before the Good Lord called him home a few weeks ago to eternal rest.

Visiting him about six months ago in his house at Dansoman, he was a grateful man who was quietly resting his body in bed, thankful for the gift of life and the help offered him by his children and other family members.

He was a diligent worker of whom work colleagues were proud, a brother whose siblings and other family members celebrate, a father whose children elevate highly.

May his blessed soul rest in perfect peace.

Reindorf Baah Perbi

1 December, 2022

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EVERY MAN'S LIFE ENDS THE SAME WAY. IT
IS ONLY THE DETAILS OF HOW HE LIVED
AND HOW HE DIED THAT DISTINGUISH ONE
MAN FROM ANOTHER"

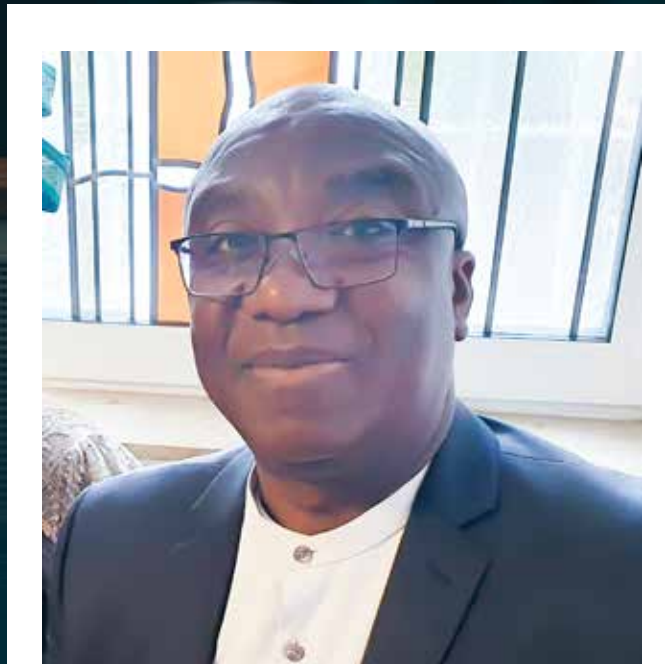
- ERNEST HEMINGWAY

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EULOGY BY
**DAVID KWESI
SAM**



You were also always ready to listen and give the best advice, which you teased out of us through conversations; that is why it is a blow to lose you. You were so warm and fatherly that, we are not only going to miss you ...



Dear Uncle Thomas, your death is a sad loss to us who grew up looking up to you as a good and caring Uncle who seldom scorned us no matter how badly we messed up.

I remember in 1978 at South Odorkor Estates when I came to your house to wash my father's car because we had no running water; in your usual jovial way, you got me to wash the vehicle all over again because I had done a shoddy job. That was the high standard you expected of us in all that we did or aspired to do.

You were also always ready to listen and give the best advice, which you teased out of us through conversations; that is why it is a blow to lose you. You were so warm and fatherly that we are not only going to miss you as an Uncle but a friend, role model and advisor.

We can afford to forget everything, but never your discipline instilled in everyone who crossed your path.

Rest in Peace, Uncle Thomas.

TRIBUTE BY
**J.B. OFORI
 & FAMILY**

Kwesi, Mr. Aggrey- Fynn , Uncle Kwesi or Mabel Papa as we called him was a brother to us and uncle to the Ofori children.

As a young couple, Comfort and I had moved to a new neighborhood in Dansoman, whilst Kwesi and his family had also moved to South Odorkor.

Our daughters Brenda and Mabel started a childhood friendship from their alma mater St. Martin de Porres School that led to a family relationship that would last for decades between the Ofori and Aggrey- Fynn families.

The mothers, Comfort and Grace, both teachers and Catholics worshipping at St. Margaret Mary Parish found common grounds for growth in the relationship. The younger Oforis also found common grounds as they schooled at St. Bernadette Soubirious School.

When it was time for Mabel and Brenda to go to the university, Kwesi offered to drive them to Kumasi and find a room for them at the then University of Science and Technology, a gesture the Ofori family will always remember him for.

Years later when after our retirement, we settled at the east and west ends of Accra, our relationship still continued. We'd have our catching up sessions via telephone conversations.

When Kwesi invited us three years ago for his 80th birthday we were elated and thanked God for another reunion and 'catching up' occasion.

Little did we know that would be our last time of seeing Kwesi.

Kwesi, life's journey as they say, is like a trip on the train. We board and disembark when the Almighty bids.

As you disembark, your friend Kwame Fori and his family say "Fare thee well. May the Lord God almighty receive you into His bosom."

Rest well Kwesi.



**"Our joys will be greater,
 our love will be deeper, our
 life will be fuller because
 we shared your moment." –**

Author Unknown



TRIBUTE BY **NAVAL
CAPTAIN PETER
KOW NKUMAH**
(GHANA NAVY),
(RETIRED)

“Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark! And may there be no sadness of farewell, when I embark”.

“Crossing the bar” - by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. (Here, a sailor is requesting that no one cries at his death)



My heart felt heavy when I received the news on 16th November, 2022 that Ex-Chief Petty Officer Class 1 Thomas Maclean Kwesi Aggrey-Fynn Snr has stood down. I had known that he was battling illness during his twilight, but trusting in his zest for life I knew that he would pull through. But Alas! The Lord knew best.

I sincerely believe that all who knew the Ex-Chief Petty Officer Class I had a common knowledge that he could always be relied upon to have the job done conclusively. Kwesi, as I used to call him, was always meticulous both in appearance and work, very professional and had a great sense of responsibility. He was one of the pioneers recruited for Basic Training when the Ghana Navy was formed. Even then he must have come onboard with a wealth of background expertise and discipline because he easily stood out among his peers.

I got to know and work directly with Kwesi in 1966 when I was posted to the Ghana Navy Ship (G.N.S) KROMANTSE as Supply Officer and Additional Watch Keeping Officer. As an inexperienced young Sub Lieutenant barely one year after general naval training, it was a daunting prospect. Fortunately for me, Kwesi was my Supply Chief and had settled on board months before I joined. The Ship was being prepared to undergo a major refit (major over hauling) at the Southampton Docks in the United Kingdom (U.K.).

It was the first major event when the GN was established and there was a hive of activity and excitement on board. By the time I joined the Ship, Kwesi had supervised the storing, provisioning and victualing (food and clothing) for the voyage. Upon inspection, I found out that all the Storerooms were clean and shipshape. The Naval Stores, Provisions and Victuals were properly maintained with the Cool and Cold Rooms humming at their correct temperatures. It was reassuring to see all these arrangements, and with every item lashed and stowed against bad weather, whatever apprehension I had dissolved.

During the voyage, Kwesi’s charisma and enthusiasm soon established him as the sea- daddy of the mess decks, and before long all the men relaxed into their Ship’s routines as seasoned seamen. Such was his comforting influence onboard. Besides, as the Supply Chief, he supervised the Galley (Kitchen) staff to prepare, cook and serve hot delicious meals to the ship’s company. He even introduced innovation to the menu by making fruits available, such as bananas, oranges, pineapple, lemon juice and others. So, as far as feeding was concerned, morale was high. The ship fed on local fare (Army rations) all the way to Gibraltar, then switched to European menu for the last lap of the trip to the U.K.

The refit was expected to be completed in about three months but due to inclement weather and industrial strife, it stretched to about 13 months. To while away the time, short courses were arranged for most of the ship’s company while the refit was going on, except for the key personnel who were directly involved with the refit

Kwesi was the quintessential officer's yeoman who could be relied upon to ensure a meticulous execution of any task given him. He was clearly officer material but he never opted for it. He was matured, confident, dedicated and very responsible, with lots of initiative 🎯🎯



programme. The extended period enabled the men to earn more money for their shopping and you may imagine how the ship was laden like a cargo ship for the return voyage. But that is another story.

My next relationship with Kwesi was when I was posted to the Ghana Navy Stores Depot (G.N.S.D), Takoradi, in 1969, to take over from the British Joint Services Training Team (B.J. S.T. T.) personnel as the first Ghanaian Officer-in-Charge. Once again, I was fortunate to go and meet Kwesi, who had been working with them all along and therefore knew the ropes.

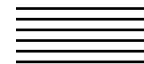
Kwesi was the quintessential officer's yeoman who could be relied upon to ensure a meticulous execution of any task given him. He was clearly officer material but he never opted for it. He was matured, confident, dedicated and very responsible, with lots of initiative (The only time I questioned his initiative was when he "dashed" a gallon of Gin belonging to me to Customs officials to soften them to enable us to clear our goods after returning from the refit. (I never talked to him for one week.)

Socially, Kwesi was an orator in his own right and could hold sway over any such gathering with his gifted wit. To quote the famous English literary critic, Dr. Samuel Johnson, "his invariable characteristic was a superabundance of loquacity", to wit, he could be talkative if you let him! He was also known to enjoy his tippie but he always kept his head and would be the first to appear on parade.

The late Ex-Chief Petty Officer Class I Thomas Maclean Kwesi Aggrey- Fynn left the Ghana Navy better than when he joined. He gave us the best that he had.

Chief Kwesi, we remember you as one of the pioneers who helped develop the Ghana Navy. You will be missed greatly.

May your soul find peaceful rest in the Lord.





TRIBUTE BY
**MR. TIEKU BOADU
& FAMILY**

Kwesi's demise was not a "Gone Too Soon" neither was it "What a shock". It was a clarion call by his Maker, the Almighty God. As an octogenarian who expected this call long ago, it can be said that he had the fortitude to endure the pain of ill-health for a few years until now .

His usual Bible reference was Job 19:25, 27(NIV) " I know my Redeemer lives, and that in the end He will stand upon the earth. I myself will see Him with my own eyes - I and not another". We believe this was his genuine faith in the second coming of Christ and his deep hope in the resurrection of the Saints.

Kwesi freely shared jokes and humour in situations when others were down-spirited. He was also disciplined enough to correct mistakes and lapses outright at the workplace, at home and among friends.

He was very generous and made his bounty bountiful to friends and the needy ones. And if by his stern character trait and actions some were hurt, we quote the old adage for forgiveness, "Be to his virtues a little kind, and to his faults a little blind." Indeed no man is infallible.

We empathize with the bereaved family and all loved ones, and wish him a peaceful rest in the Lord: Onnipa b3y33 bi !

By: Tiek- Boadu and J.B. Ofori families

TRIBUTE BY
**COMMODORE
 SAM WALKER**

"Death, a necessary end, will come when it will come" William Shakespeare,

Notwithstanding the inevitability of death and the general acceptance by the faithful that it is merely a medium of transition unto a higher realm, we the living, nonetheless, receive news of such transitions with sorrow and grief.

More often than not our grief derives not from the fact of the departure of the beloved soul but rather from the realization of the finality of our separation from one who has, for so long, been an integral part of our lives.

I was privileged to make the acquaintance of Chief Thomas Maclean when my self and his son, bearing the same name, were enlisted together into the Ghana Military Academy as Officer Cadets in October 1987, some thirty-five odd years ago.

Through my initial engagement with his son, he became and has remained a father and mentor to me. Having served in the Ghana Navy for several years with distinction, he was a valuable source of institutional memory and his counsel has served me well in the course of my service to the state.

Chief Aggrey-Fynn is a strong-hearted personality who cared for others to the neglect of his own comfort and welfare. Not too long ago, I heard he was indisposed and paid him a visit to wish him well. He assured me not to worry too much about his predicament as illness was a by-product of old age. He was rather more concerned about my progress and welfare rather than the illness which plagued him. I have always been amazed by this uncommon display of selflessness.



It is a sorrowful spectacle to behold my mentor who was so full of life and energy lie in state so still and lifeless. His battle was well fought, his race well run. Our grief and sorrow at his sudden departure may know no bounds but we are consoled by the knowledge that he has finally found rest in the bosom of his maker who lent him to the world and has deemed it fit to recall him unto greater glory. At the rising of the sun and the setting of same, we shall remember him.

Fare thee well Chief and Godspeed.

TRIBUTE BY
**COMMANDER
IGNATIUS BAPAKI
MINYILA (RTD)**



Mr. Aggrey-Fynn (Snr) was a father. We met many years ago while I was still a cadet and he has since played that fatherly role in my life until he was called by his Maker, on the 16th of November 2022, just two days to my birthday.

It all started when Daddy (as I affectionately called him) offered to give some of us friends of Thomas a ride from Sekondi (Western Naval Command Wardroom) to Accra in his immaculate 505 Peugeot car. As cadets, we were excited at the opportunity it provided to save the little money we had for other needs. Daddy did show up at the Wardroom and after a brief introduction by Tom, he told us there was a change in plan. The trip had been cancelled, but all was not lost. He provided us some money to travel by public transport.

After that brief encounter, a special relationship developed between us, and he would send

special felicitations to me through Tom at every opportunity. With time, we even had scheduled meetings, sometimes in the Wardroom where we had long conversations, mostly centered on his experiences, especially in the Navy. These meetings especially in the Wardroom eventually became regular and more routine especially during the period Tom picked an appointment with the UN and spent most of his time outside the country. My senior colleague, Captain (GN) IY Kwantwi-Mensah (Rtd) and other mates graced some of these encounters with their presence.

During these encounters, Daddy never failed to excite with his narrations, especially on his time at sea both with the Royal and Ghana Navies and the associated 'run ashores' in the Mediterranean and other places. He was an excellent conversationist and very pleasant to be with at any point in time. I always looked forward to meeting with him once the call was placed.

Daddy earned the respect of many friends of Tom, who got to know him even much later in life and could not fail to appreciate his sterling qualities. He was particularly on time for every appointment, humorous and compassionate in his approach to issues which had great impact on me.

Over the past few years, he had been in and out of hospital a couple of times, which inadvertently affected our otherwise pleasurable meetings over his favorite drink, Guinness. At my last visit to his bedside in the hospital, it was my expectation he would soon be discharged, but that was not to be.

May you continue to rest in the Lord your maker. Rest in peace, Daddy.

TRIBUTE BY

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER & MRS. SAMUEL KWEKU OCRAN

“Carve your name on hearts, not tombstones. A legacy is etched into the minds of others and the stories they share about you”.

Today, I pay tribute to a great dad. A dad whose name is engraved in my heart for his positive impact to my life. I first met Mr. Thomas Maclean Kwesi Aggrey-Fynn Snr. in 1989 during my time in the Navy as Officer Cadet. His posture towards me gave me a sense of comfort and feeling; in his mind, I was his son. I became very comfortable around him. His guidance, kindness and advice contributed immensely to the person I am today.

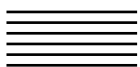
On one of Dad’s regular visits to the Navy Wardroom, he told me “Kweku, you are a commissioned officer, the sailors will salute you to show respect but don’t allow it to go into your head to cloud your judgement about life. Always, remember that life is more than a commissioned officer receiving salutes. Think about what you will do after your career in the Navy. Remember, there were many officers before you who are no longer in service. One day, you will also leave. I know many who have left the service and struggling with life. You are a young man with a lot of potential, try to do a professional course that will help you develop your career after the Navy.” These statements really kept me thinking about life broadly.

Dad did not end with these words of wisdom but followed through each time he spoke to me. And with his constant encouragement, eventually, I registered and passed the UK Chartered Institute of Purchasing and Supply professional examination to obtain the Graduate Diploma Certificate (MCIPS, United



Kingdom). This was a turning point that led to further development in my career. Daddy continued to follow my progress with keen interest. On his visits to the Navy Wardroom, he never left without seeing me.

From time to time, he would call as a father does to his children and ask about every member of the family; Felicia, Joel (whom he always call junior) and how we are doing as a family. He was a dad sent from God not only for me but also Felicia and children. Daddy, though you are no longer physically here with us, your good works remain in our hearts. Yes! yes! you carved your name in our hearts and we will forever remember you. May your soul rest in eternal peace!



TRIBUTE BY
**LIEUTENANT
COMMANDER E.K.
BAIDEN (RETIRED)**

The old man was very fond of me and extended to me the same love he shared with his biological kids, especially my first born, Paakow who was obsessed with "Grandpa".



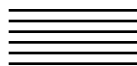
He was a hero, mentor, and a dad to me. The relationship between the Aggrey-Fynns and I dates back from school days at GSTS when I met Junior Thomas (Amicus) as my senior then. I would say we probably had a common destiny, so we met again at the Military Academy as mates. This unique bonding continued to grow. I should say I became integral amongst the siblings.

The old man was very fond of me and extended to me the same love he shared with his biological kids, especially my first born, Paakow who was obsessed with "Grandpa". As an exemplary CPO in the supply branch of the Navy, with remarkable exploits in sports, his experience shared with me rekindled my interest to remain in the Supply Branch.

Even after his retirement from the Navy it was quite refreshing as we saw him in active service in the corporate world holding managerial appointments.

I am very grateful to God almighty that I met you, Dad. I will remember you as a vital presence and your memory will bring refreshment to our hearts and strengthen us as we continue our journey on earth. Your "grandson" (Paakow) joins me to say "Adieu".

Rest Well, Dad



TRIBUTE BY
MR. VINCENT DEKU

If we live, we live for the Lord, and if we die, we die for the Lord.
Therefore, whether we live or die, we belong to God. Romans 14:8

How do I say goodbye after fifty-two years of friendship & brotherhood? Your departure has created a void that no one can fill, Oyee (as we affectionately called each other). I met Aggrey-Fynn Snr. in the year 1970 when he was the Consumer Credit Manager at SSB. At the time, I wanted to buy some appliances and he was very instrumental in assisting me purchase the items when my application got to his desk. To show my appreciation I presented him with a thank you envelope when I received the appliances, but to my surprise he turned down my gift. I asked myself who is this man of integrity and principle...

From that day, Aggrey-Fynn and I became good friends despite the age difference. Your children call me Uncle Vincent and my children called you Daddy Aggrey-Fynn because we lived like brothers and supported each other on this journey called life. I remember the time Oyee did not have time to put up his house at Tunga because he was working in Takoradi at the time. I offered to assist him, and he trusted me with the finances for the construction. That was how much we trusted each other. As human as we are, you had your shortfalls, but it didn't take away the fact that you were a kind and principled man full of life.

We are expected to mourn the dead, but we will celebrate your life because we firmly believe you are resting peacefully, free from pain and suffering. Your kind gestures towards me and my family will forever remain memories that I will cherish forever. Your high-spirit and respect for everyone taught me so much. Your legacy lives on.

My dear brother, I will miss you dearly. I cannot believe I am writing this. Our good Lord knows best. You are gone from my sight but never from my heart. Rest in God's power Oyee.

Farewell till we meet again.



EULOGY

KOFI QUANSAH BAIDEN

"In rivers, the water that you touch is the last of what has passed and the first of that which comes; so with present time," – Leonardo da Vinci

We lost a brilliant person; he was one of my inspirational figures when I was growing up, as I have known Mr. Aggrey -Fynn since I was a child, when he oft times visited my father, Nana Kojo Baiden (Bentsi Enchill II) , then Tufuhene of Mankessim Traditional Area .

A pillar of strength and a source of unfathomable knowledge, he has been my guide in all spheres of life, before and after the death of my father. Though a man of few words, he had a heart of gold after having braved the waves as a respected Naval Officer whose passion for uprightness and perfection is evidenced by the cream of society that has gathered here to pay homage to him and to bid him farewell.

Uncle, (as I affectionately called him), may He who adorns our head grant you His mercy in your new role, even as you journey into the unknown to join our revered ancestors, as we, in unison, sing your chorus to showcase your good works.

Damirifa Due! Kurensir Amanfo:



TRIBUTE BY
**MRS ARABA
 TAWIAH ABANKWAH**

Psalm 90:12 " Teach us to number our days that we may
 apply our hearts unto wisdom".



I pay tribute today to a great man whom I called Dad. My friends (Felicia and co) and I met Mr. Thomas M. K. Aggrey-Fynn when we were in N.T.C Korle-Bu way back in 1988-1989. He used to come to the Korle-Bu Polyclinic with his dog. Some of us admired him from afar in his peculiar white shorts with his hat only to realize later that he was the father of our friend Thomas Maclean Kwesi Aggrey-Fynn Jnr.

I became closer to him when he had cellulitis and was at 37 Military Hospital for three weeks then referred to Korle-Bu, where I work, on 28th July, 2017.

He was admitted to the 1st floor of the Medical Block and being in charge, I made sure he received VVIP care. Mama Reggie and I made sure he was comfortable. All the nurses knew he was my uncle. He knew all the nurses on the ward and shared all he had with us. He was discharged from Medical Ward to continue at the Plastic Surgery Unit.

After he was discharged, he invited us to his house. As the chief cook, he slaughtered a goat and prepared a very sumptuous meal which we really enjoyed.

Some of the food was sent to the ward for the nurses on duty. Since then, I became one of his children and the hilarious thing is he always called me Aunt Araba. He knew my birthday and sent me airtime on each occasion.

I will not forget the number of copies of Daily Graphic he bought and whenever he was coming for review, he would call me saying 'Aunt Araba, ewo adwuma mu a?' meaning, 'Are you at work? 'Mewo Dean's Guest House so what should I order for you?'

He would buy not just for me, but others in the office. He was ready to share with everyone including my brother Papa Lee who was on the same ward. This developed into a routine anytime he came for review until his last admission on 28th October 22 when he was not communicating because he was unconscious. He finally gave up on 16th November 2022.

Dad, I thank God for being part of your life and especially in your last days when I joined the nurses to prepare your last offices. You have fought a good fight. You have finished the race. Rest in the bosom of the Lord.

Till we meet again, Rest in perfect peace.



TRIBUTE BY

REGINA LARTEY

I met the late Mr. Thomas Aggrey – Fynn Snr. and his son Commander Thomas Aggrey-Fynn Jnr, on July 25, 2017 when he was referred from the 37 Military Hospital to the Korle-Bu Teaching Hospital (Department of Medicine and Therapeutics).

I noticed Mr. Aggrey – Fynn Snr to be a very good conversationalist who was passionate about each and every topic discussed.

He was also an ardent follower of football and he cherished the successes of his team the Chelsea Football Club.

His generosity knew no bounds. He was magnanimous in sharing the little he had with anybody and everybody. I received some call credit on my phone from an unknown number, while wondering who may have shown this benevolence, he called and said, "Regina m'aa send wo credits na edzi aye calls, to wit Regina I have sent you some credit for your calls. I became dumbfounded for some minutes because this wasn't expected from him. He passed by the ward a few times when he came on review after he was discharged from my ward.

I wasn't too well prior to my retirement hence my inability to check on him as I should. Uncle Tom, as I call Mr. Thomas Aggrey – Fynn Jnr, informed me of his re-administration and I planned to visit him. Unfortunately that was not to be. I was informed by Auntie Araba that he had passed on to glory on Wednesday November 16, 2022.

I am saddened by your passing, my uncle and friend Mr. Thomas Aggrey – Fynn Snr.

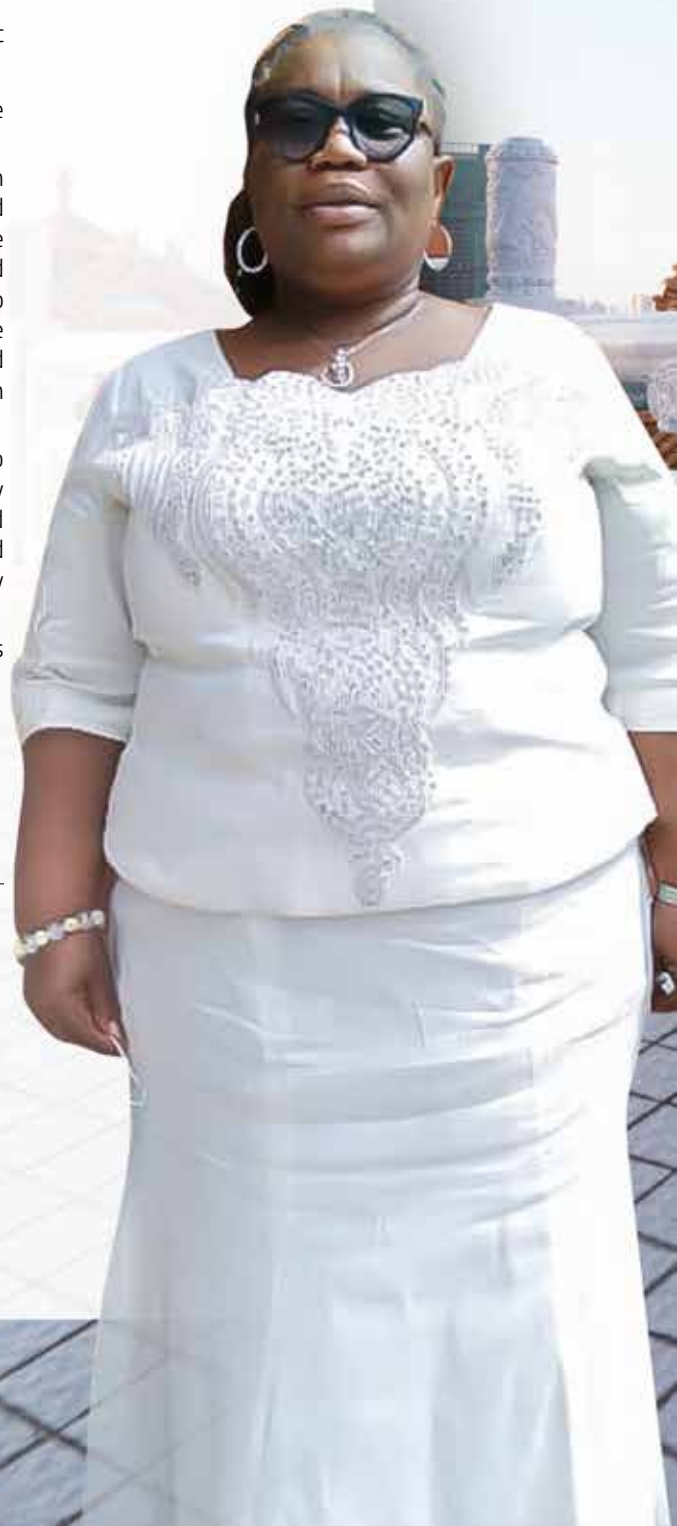
Rest peacefully with your maker until the resurrection morning.

Nantew yie

Nyame emfa wu kra ensie

Adieu , Adieu

Pleasant Are Thy Courts,
In the bond of light and love,
Pleasant are thy court below
In this land of sin and woe
Oh my spirit livings and faint
For the convert of thy saint
For the brightness of thy fact
For thy fullness God of Grace
"Henry therme is Lyte" 1793 – 1847



TRIBUTE BY
JOSEPH MENSAH
Personal Care Nurse



I am writing this in tears. Daddy, I never thought you will leave soon. I will forever miss you. You have proven to be a caring person, listening to all I have to say, your words are reassuring and comforting. You will forever be in my heart, Daddy.

It's so heartbreaking to know that you are no longer around. You were a strong man, you fought till your last breath. I will forever miss you, Daddy.

I am yet to fully accept your absence, Daddy. I do really miss you. Your voice is so unique. It comforts and reassures me in my lowest moments. How do I adapt to living without hearing your voice and listening to your counsel? You will forever be in my heart, Daddy.

I wanted you to be present in my life for a long time. I did not know you would leave so soon. I know I will see you again. This is my consolation. Rest on, Daddy.

GOODBYE. Daddy.

TRIBUTE BY
ATTA DANKWAH Personal Care Nurse

Thank you everyone for finding time to come and sympathize with the family of Mr. Thomas Maclean Kwesi Aggrey-Fynn SNR, an Ex Naval Officer who served and remains loyal to the constitution of Ghana in his quest to defend and protect lives and properties in our dear country.

Mr. Thomas Maclean Kwesi Aggrey-Fynn SNR, a true son of our motherland served the country through the navy at the Takoradi Naval base after being recruited in the early 1980s however went through the ranks and finally retired as CPO1. My acquaintance with him as his private nurse left me with an imprinted memory that I will find difficult to forget. His welcoming and empathetic nature made me find a father figure in him whereas his disciplinary demonstrations certainly changed my approach to life, and my work ethic and has remained a treasure left for me.

My eventful stay with him was never limited to that of a client. I benefited from your endless fatherly love and your act of availing yourself to me in offering me advice on all facets of life. I found myself fortunate to have encountered you at this stage of my life, as your moral standards offered to me remained my pillar, and your enormous pieces of advice will continue to be my guide. Every moment with you was worthwhile. Your demise has created a vacuum in my life which seems irreplaceable but your words left with me will stay with me forever. May you continue to rest in the bosom of our father Abraham, until we meet again in paradise. AMEN!





Sad news for me on a weekend. Had discussed with Aggrey Fynn on paying him a visit but now it's too late. The father was an impressive chief coxwain on GNS Kromantse when she paid us a visit at Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth in 1967/68. We from Ghana were very proud to see our foreign mates from Iran, Malaysia, Kenya, Morocco, Tunisia, West Indies all marvelling and wondering how come Ghana had the capacity to run and maintain that vessel with its huge 4 inch gun. I guess today the tide has changed with us trailing behind these countries now far ahead of Ghana. May His Soul RIPP. 12:01

Dear Tom please accept. Please accept my sincere condolences for the loss of your dad. He was a true Sailor. May his soul rest in perfect peace. 18:1

Commiserations and profound sympathy to the Tom and the rest of the family of the late ex-CPO 1 Aggrey Fynn. He performed his allotted task with fervency and zeal, extreme dedication and patriotism. May His Soul Rest in Peace.

My condolences to the entire Aggrey Fynn family. Very smart CPO the Ghana Navy ever had as I knew him. May he rest in peace. 01:03

Dear Tom Tom please accept my condolences . Your Dad as I knew him was exceptionally disciplined CPO the Ghana Navy ever had. May he rest in Peace. 00:

Heartfelt condolences to Tom and the family. May the soul of this illustrious man of the Navy find eternal rest in the Lord. Indeed one of the old guard who has been called by his maker for a deserved rest. Fare the well, Ex-CPO1.



TRIBUTE BY
FAVOUR ACKON
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

“He has fought the good fight, He has finished the race, He kept the faith,
henceforth there is a laid up treasure for the crown of righteousness”
(2 Timothy 4;7,8)

Now the labourer’s task is over, now the battle day is past; Now upon the
farther shore lands the voyager at last



You were introduced to me by my late husband in early 90s as his maternal uncle: You accepted me as a daughter-in-law and paid frequent visits to us.

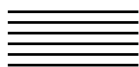
Uncle, as my children and I affectionately called you, was a father to us. You never harvested the palm fruits in your house without bringing me cooked and pounded fruits for my soup.

When we moved closer to you in Dansoman, I made sure I fed you with the usual Sunday after church fufu. You were very disciplined and frowned on wrong doings and was a

mediator for my late husband and I. You always protected and defended me, even after the demise of my dear husband.

Anytime I visited you on your sick bed without Junior, you would insist on seeing him. Junior and I visited you a few weeks ago, where we chatted heartily; little did I know that was your last moment with us! Fare thee well Uncle!

Till we meet again, Rest in perfect peace!
Damirifa due!!!





TRIBUTE BY
WILLIAM CLEGG

Former Chief Accountant,
Takoradi Flour Mill

REMEMBERING UNCLE TOM

I was overcome with sadness when I heard of the passing of my long time Senior Colleague, Mr Thomas Aggrey-Fynn whom I always referred to as "Uncle Tom".

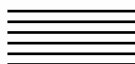
We first met in 1989 when we joined Takoradi Flour Mill Ltd at the Takoradi Factory. Being many years my senior, Uncle Tom was always present to offer advice on work, health and family issues.

We were neighbors and living next to him always provided one with an extra sense of security as he would always sound a warning at night in a special way to would-be trespassers indicating that 'he was around'!

We continued to maintain contact long after he left the company and we would talk about the old times as well as current business and family issues. Uncle Tom, your smile and laugh will always remain in my mind when I think of you!

Thank you for being my friend !

Rest in perfect peace till we meet again!



MEMORIES OF OUR BROTHER & UNCLE THOMAS

Agnes Plange, Dave Anteh, Elizabeth Anteh and Nana Amissah



Uncle Thomas and my mother, Agnes spent a lot of their childhood together in Cape Coast and Takoradi during family visits and formed a close bond that would persist over many years. Later, when she moved to London in the 1960s, he would visit her with his friends whenever his ship docked and bring her parcels from Ghana which she loved. In 1966, he got to meet me for the first time as you can see in the picture.

We moved back to Ghana for a few years and whenever my sister and I were told Uncle Thomas was coming to visit or he suddenly appeared, we were full of joy. He would always give me a big hug and would usually have presents for us. He loved to make his little nephew laugh. One of my favourite memories was riding through Takoradi on the back of his motorcycle.

He was riding slowly because I was with him but for a 10-year-old it felt like we were moving at the speed of light as I clung tightly to him for dear life with a huge smile on my face. I credit him for

my love of travel which has seen me visit many countries around the world. I also enjoyed driving him around London on one of his later visits and it was great to talk to him as an adult and listen to his wise advice. He would often surprise me thereafter with a WhatsApp call just to say hi.

It is always hard to say
goodbye to those we love
but this isn't really goodbye
as we have so many fond
memories of our time
together that he will be
forever in our hearts and
minds

On my last visit to Ghana, Mum and I stayed with him in Accra along with Victor, Paa T and Mabel and we were treated like VIPs. I have become close with Thomas Junior who has visited me many times in London and stayed with me on holidays while he was at the Naval College in Dartmouth. Family ties continue through the generations.

It is always hard to say goodbye to those we love but this isn't really goodbye as we have so many fond memories of our time together that he will be forever in our hearts and minds and we will cherish the great times.

Sleep well, our lovely brother and uncle. We will meet again.

TRIBUTE TO MY
GRANDPA
 KWEKU MORRISON



Today, I would like to honour a great man and a mentor; he was also my grandfather and “father”. The first time I had the chance to meet my grandpa was when I completed Junior Secondary School. Prior to that, I missed the opportunity of meeting him earlier in my primary school days during the interment anniversary of my grandmother, the late Mrs. Elizabeth Araba Annan in 1995.

Fast forward to 1996, my grandpa told my mum that I should select Accra Academy as my first choice and that he wanted me to live with him in Accra for my secondary education. The time came for me to move from Tema to stay with Grandpa in Accra.

When I passed the BECE, he was very instrumental in making sure that I got placement at Accra Academy. Even though I did not get the chance to do Business Administration at the school, I pursued Visual Arts at the time.

During my first and second years at Accra Academy, I was a day student, commuting from Grandpa’s residence to school. I had the privilege to learn household chores, including cleaning, cooking, washing, subsistence farming, and so on. In his free time, he took me along on a ride in

the city of Accra and showed me many places of historical significance. During such rides, I had the chance to meet some of his great friends like Dr. Thompson, Mr. Ofori, and Mr. Kwofie.

Truth be told, I always called him Dad because he was the only male figure who came into my life at that critical point in time and gave me the needed training that has shaped a little boy to a full-grown man you see today. He taught me that certain things must be learned at home and combined with school education in order to become a well-rounded man.

This statement of Grandpa came to the test when I got to the boarding house in my third year, and lo and behold, I had to make critical decisions by myself, not having any one to give me directives.

A man of vision

When I completed secondary school in 1999 and passed the SSCE, he encouraged me to pursue economics in order to pursue Business Administration at the tertiary level. He explained the need for business knowledge for the future. I disagreed with him initially, but upon second thought, I accepted his suggestion.

The following morning, he drove me to the then Rooftop Academy at Dansoman, and signed me up with an Economics tutor. Through hard work and resilience, with 6 months of study, I was able to pass the subject in 2000 as a private SSCE candidate. This helped me pursue Business Administration at Methodist University, Ghana until 2003, when I moved to the United States of America.

Prior to my departure to the US, he assured my parents not to worry about me because of the home training I had undergone in his presence. I continued to communicate with him, sought his advice and shared with him some of my accomplishments. When I completed my Master's degree in 2016, he was very proud of me.

A man of principle

Those who knew him from afar may have perceived him as a difficult man, but to me he was a man of principle, and I had the chance to live with him and experience him. His yes was yes and his no was no. He would not bend the rules for anyone, family member or not. I remember once when I left home for a program on campus at Methodist University and came home very late. The keys to my door were missing from their usual place. He had them with him in his room upstairs. I called him from downstairs to inform him I had returned from the program; he asked in his baritone voice, "How did you get inside"? I told him I had jumped the wall and I could not find the key to my door. He told me I was a hardheaded boy and for that reason, he was not coming downstairs to hand me the key. I had to find somewhere within the compound to sleep until the next morning. I will never forget that night, as I became a meal for the mosquitoes outside. That was the punishment for staying out late.

A man of success

A quote from Sunday Adelaja says, "Success without a successor is failure." This quote proves that success can be multiplied and that every successful man should elevate more people to be successful. My grandpa was a successful man in every facet of life, from his Naval days to the executive office of the Social Security Bank as a Deputy Manager and a family man. I am very grateful to God that I had the chance to pass through his hands during his prime before he went on retirement. I spent

Those who knew him from afar may have perceived him as a difficult man, but to me he was a man of principle, and I had the chance to live with him and experience him. His yes was yes and his no was no. 🍷🍷

almost seven years with him before I left the shores of Ghana. I had the chance to learn about his leadership style, which is rooted in principles and values.

During the time with my grandpa, I met great men and women such as Uncles-Thomas (Jnr), Charles, Victor, Maclean, William, and Aunty Mabel. I always remind myself that the opportunity he gave me to experience him while he was alive has helped me to become who I am today. For this reason, anytime I came home on vacation, I made sure I did not leave the shores of Ghana until I paid him a visit to show my appreciation. I remember the last time I went to see him on a Sunday morning in July 2022. He was overjoyed to see me and I confirmed to him the news of my marriage. I promised Grandpa that I would return with my wife to pay him a visit, and now Grandpa has left us to be with his Maker. This serves as a reminder that we are only here for a short time, and we should live exemplary lives.

My Grandpa has lived life to the fullest, and today I stand to celebrate him rather than mourn him. He lived to see his grandchildren. Some of us will carry on his legacy as torchbearers to the next generation.

Rest well, Grandpa; I know you are in a good place, looking down on us to remain strong in your absence. May the good Lord keep you in a safe place until we meet again - Rest in peace!

From: Nana Kwaku Morrison
Dallas Texas, USA



EX-CHIEF PETTY OFFICER CLASS 1
THOMAS MACLEAN KWESI AGGREY-FYNN SNR

MEMORIES



MEMORIES



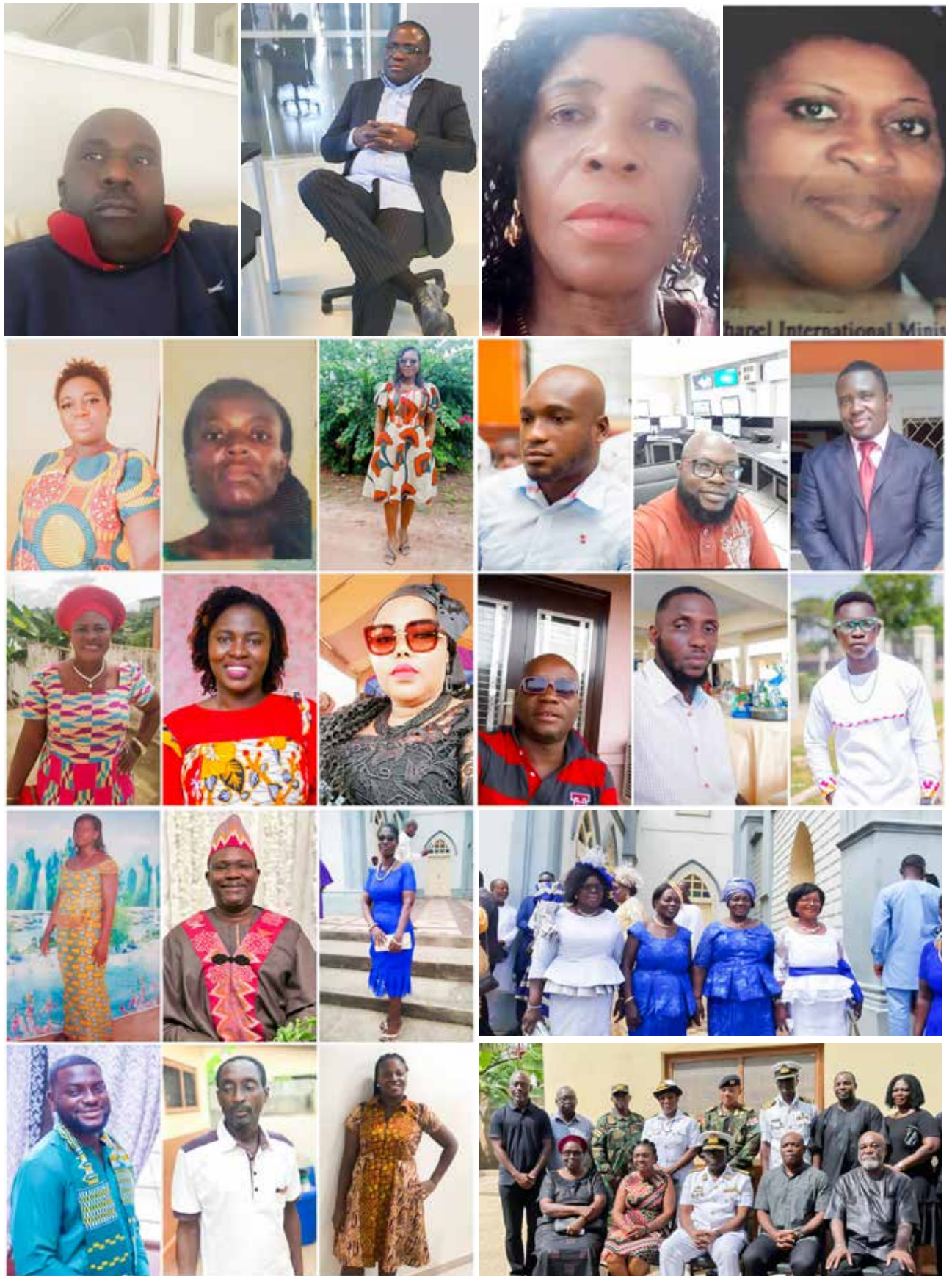
MEMORIES



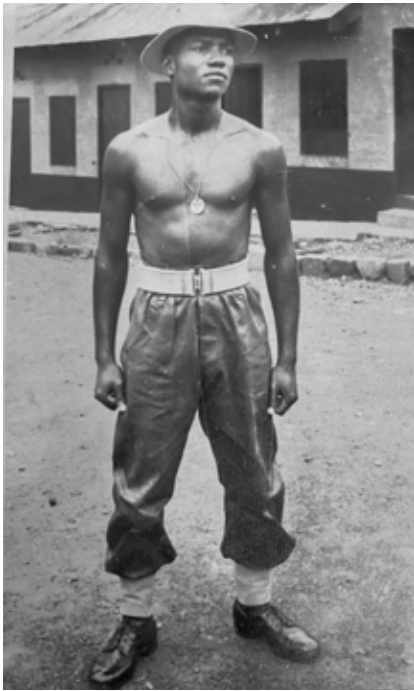
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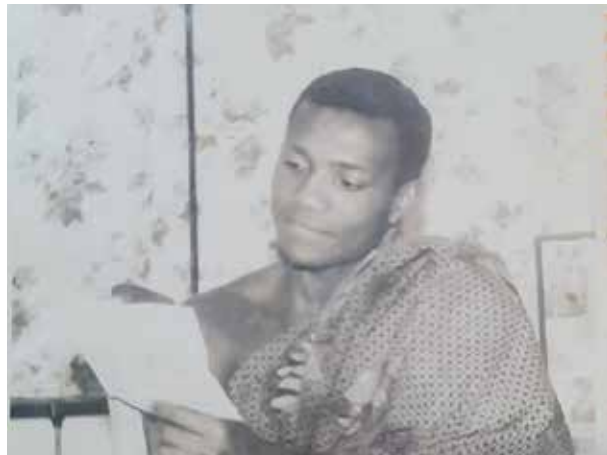
FAMILY



MEMORIES



MEMORIES



HYMNS



HYMN 265

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be;
 Lead me by Thine own Hand,
 Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not if I might;
 Choose Thou for me, my GOD,
 So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine, so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill
 As best to Thee may seem;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine, the choice
 In things or great or small;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My wisdom, and my All.

HYMN 236

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labours have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

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

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets there
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And all I love in CHRIST below
 Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my labours have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

O CHRIST, do Thou my soul prepare
 For that bright home of love;
 That I may see Thee and adore,
 With all Thy Saints above.

HYMN 228

JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest
 I know not, oh, I know not
 What joys await us there
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those hall of Sion,
 All jubilant with song
 And bright with many an Angel,
 And all the Martyr throng
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene:
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast;
 And they, who with their Leader
 Have conquer'd in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed Country,
 The home of GOD'S elect!
 O sweet and blessed Country
 That eager hearts expect
 Jesus in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest
 who art, with God the Father
 and Spirit ever blest

HYMN 225

BRIEF life is here our portion;
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
 The life that knows no ending
 The tearless life is there

O happy retribution!
 Short toil, eternal rest;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest!

And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting

And passionless renown;
 And now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope
 And Sion in her anguish
 With Babylon must cope;

But He, whom now we trust in,
 Shall then be seen and known;
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
 The shadow shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day.

There GOD, our King and Portion,
 In fullness of His grace
 Shall we behold for ever,
 And worship face to face.

O sweet and blessed Country
 The home of GOD'S elect!
 O sweet and blessed Country
 That eager heart expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with GOD the FATHER
 And SPIRIT, ever Blest.

HYMN 264

MY GOD, my FATHER, while I stray,
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy Will be done."

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still and murmur not,
 Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 "Thy Will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sign
 For friends beloved no longer night,
 Submissive would I still reply,
 "Thy Will be done."

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize, It never was mine;
 I only yield Thee what is Thine;
 "Thy Will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet SPIRIT for its guest,
 My GOD, to Thee I leave the rest;
 "Thy Will be done."

HYMNS



Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy Will be done."

HYMN 254

Art thou weary, art thou languid coming
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and
be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are wound prints
And His Side."

Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till Heav'n
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

HYMN 623

Give us the Wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The Saints above, how great their joy,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubt, and fears.

We ask them, whence their victory came;
They with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His Death.

They mark'd the footsteps that He trod
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate GOD,
They reach'd the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the great cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to Heav'n.

HYMN 400

CHRIST will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

Day by day the voice saith, "come
Enter thine eternal home;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.

Had He ask'd us, well we know
We should cry. "O spare this blow!"
Yes with streaming tears should pray,
"LORD, we love him, let him stay."

But the LORD doth nought amiss,
And since He hath order'd this
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on His Will.

Many a heart no longer here.
Ah! Was all too inly dear;
Yet, O Love, its Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

MHB 511

BEGONE,unbelief; my Saviour 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,

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.

HIS love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last In trouble to sink;
While each Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite
through.

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.

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, O how pleasant the conqueror's
song

HYMN 290

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the LORD with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

The Hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who In His truth confide?

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore

HYMN 235

Oh, what the joy and the glory must be
Those endless sabbaths the blessed ones
see;
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest
God shall be All and in all ever blest.

What are the Monarch, His Court, and His
Throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they
own
O that the blest ones, who in it have share
All that they feel could as fully declare.

HYMNS



Truly Jerualem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfillment can serve'd be ne'er
Nor the thing pray'd for come short of the
Prayer'.

There, where no troubles distraction can
bring,
we the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for thy grace, lord, their voices of
praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore,
Once and unending is that triumph song,
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised
on High,
We for that country must yearn and must
sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

Low before Him with our praises we fall
Of whom, and in Whom, and through
Whom are all;
Of whom the Father and in whom, the son,
Through whom, the spirit, with them ever
One.

HYMN 575

Within The Churchyard side by side
Are many long low graves
And some have stones set over them
On some the green grass waves

Full many a little Christian child.
Woman and man lies there.
And we pass near them every time.
When we go in to prayer

They cannot hear our footsteps come.
They do not see us pass
They cannot fill the warm bright sun
That shines upon the grass

They do not hear when the great bell
Is ringing overhead
They cannot rise and come to church
With us, for they are dead

But we believe a day shall come.
When all the dead will rise
When they who sleep down in the grave
Will ope again their eyes

For Christ our Lord was buried once
He died and rose again,

He conquered death He left the grave,
And so will Christian men.

So when the friends we love the best
Die in their church yard bed
We must not cry too bitterly
Over the happy dead

Because for our dear Savior's sake
Our sins are all forgiven
And Christians only fall asleep
To wake again in heaven

HYMN 777

Who knows how near my end may be?
Time speeds away, and Death comes on;
How swiftly, ah! How suddenly,
May Death be here, and Life be gone!
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

The world that smiled when morn has come
May change for me ere close of eve;
So long as earth is still my home
In peril of my death I live;
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

Teach me to ponder oft my end,
And ere the hour of death appears,
To cast my soul on Christ her friend,
Nor spare repentant cries and tears;
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

And let me now so order all,
That ever ready I may be
To say with joy, what'er befall,
Lord, do Thou as Thou wilt with me;
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

O Father, cover all my sins
With Jesus' merits, Who alone
The pardon that I covet wins,
And makes His long-sought rest our own;
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

Then death may come or tarry yet,
I know in Christ I perish not;
He never will His own forget,
He gives me robes without a spot:
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

And thus I live in God at peace,
And die without a thought or fear,
Content to take what God decrees,

For through His son my faith is clear;
His grace shall be in death my stay,
And peace shall bless my dying day.
AMEN

HYMN 477

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended
The darkness falls at thy behest:
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bid us rest is waking
Our brethren Neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doing heard on high

So be it, LORD; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway

HYMN 740

GOD be with you till we meet again:
By His counsel Guide, uphold you.
With His sheep securely fold you:
GOD be with you till we meet again.

GOD be with you till we meet again
'Neath His Wings protecting hide you,
Daly manna still provide you:
GOD be with you till we meet again.

GOD be with you till we meet again:
When life's pertis thick confound you
Put His arm unfailing round you;
GOD be with you till we meet again.

GOD be with you till we meet again:
Keep love's banner floating o'er you
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you:
GOD be with you till we meet again.

HYMN 609

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shatter'd deck
Torn snails, provision short,
And only not a wreck
But oh! The joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage-perils o'er.



HYMNS

The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure
And bare not always well;
But he may smile at trouble gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguered camp
And cry of night alarm
And need of ready lamp
And yet how nearly had he fail'd
How nearly had that for prevail'd.

The lamp is in the fold
In perfect safety penn'd
The lion once had hold
And thought to make an end
But one came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the shepherd died.

The exile is at home!
O night and days of tears,
O longing not to roam,
O sin and doubts and fears
What matters now grief's darkest day?
The king has wiped those tears away.

HYMN 401

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.

There the tears of earth are dried
There the hidden things are clear
There the work of life is tried
By the juster judge than here
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leaving we now thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes
All the love of Christ shall learn
At his feet in paradise
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

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
Father in thy gracious keeping
Leave me now thy servant sleeping.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust"
Calmly now the word we stay
Leaving him to sleep in trust
Till the resurrection day
Father in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

HYMN 27

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.

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.

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, Lord, abide with
me.

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.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee,
In life, in death, O LORD, abide with me.

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

1939 - 2022

“

YOU LIVED
YOUR LIFE AS
A LIVING EMBODIMENT
OF LOVE. YOU
CHANGED OUR LIVES.
IF ONLY WE HAD
MORE TIME TO GIVE
BACK SOME OF THE
LOVE YOU SELFLESSLY
SHARED.

REST IN PEACE.

”





A P P R E C I A T I O N

The children and the entire family of the late
EX-CHIEF PETTY OFFICER CLASS 1 THOMAS MACLEAN KWESI
AGGREY-FYNN SNR wish to express our sincere and profound
gratitude to all those who have in diverse ways supported and
mourned with us during the passing of our beloved.

May God Richly Bless You