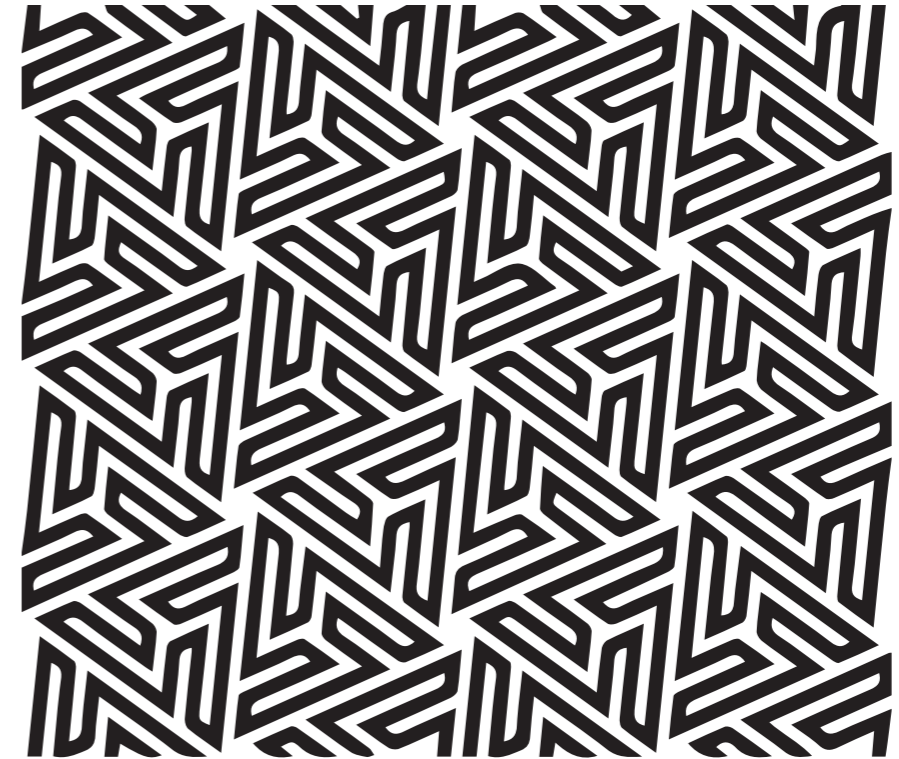


Special Thanks from the
KOOMSON
FAMILY



MR. VICTOR E. ATO
KOOMSON

1947 - 2020



BURIAL MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE
FOR THE LATE

MR. VICTOR E. ATO
KOOMSON

**ON 31st October, 2020 AT 9:30AM AT
MT. ZION METHODIST CHURCH
SAKUMONO – ACCRA**



ORDER OF SERVICE

Officiating Ministers:

Rt. Rev. Thomas B. Forson:
Supernumerary

Very Rev. Ebenezer Popeson Adjei:
Superintendent Minister

Rev. Dr. Solomon Tettey Nortey:
Circuit Minister

Rev. Alfred Fraiku:
Circuit Minister

Mrs. Georgina Olu-Davis:
Ministerial Student

Choir in Attendance:

Mt Zion Methodist Church Choir, Sakumono

Choirmaster:

Bro. Samuel Ashley

At the Organ:

Bro. Magnus Owusu Akyeampong
Bro. Kingsley Alfred Dougan

PRIVATE BURIAL – THURSDAY 29th OCTOBER, 2020

Part 1: Burial Service

1. Scriptural Sentences
2. Opening Hymn – MHB 99, 80
3. Prayer
4. Hymns – MHB 50, 427, 634
5. Filing Past
6. Covering of Coffin
7. Scriptural Readings - Psalm 90: 1 – 12

8. Sermon / Word of Exhortation
9. Affirmation of Faith
10. Hymn – MHB 615
11. The Lord's Prayer
12. Benediction

Part 2: At the Grave Side

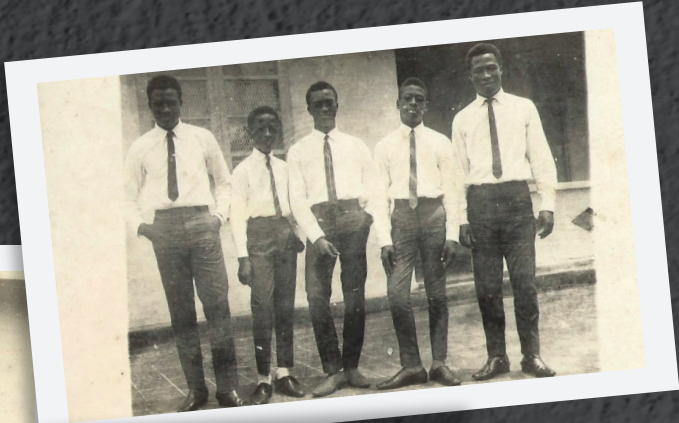
1. Hymn - MHB 651
2. Prayers and Committal
3. Vote of Thanks
4. Closing Hymn- MHB 948,
5. Benediction

FUNERAL SERVICE – SATURDAY, 31ST OCTOBER, 2020

Part 3: Funeral Service

1. Procession
2. Sentences
3. Purpose of Gathering
4. Hymn- MHB 831,830
5. Prayer
6. Hymn- MHB 428, 634
7. Biography and Tributes
8. Hymn – MHB 608, 679,
9. Scriptural Readings - Psalm 90: 1-12 , John 14: 1- 6, 27
10. Hymn – MHB 215, 528
11. Sermon
12. Affirmation of Faith
13. Anthem – Church Choir
14. Offering and Announcement
15. Hymn – MHB 831
16. Thanksgiving and Commendation
17. The Lord's Prayer
18. Hymn – MHB 896
19. Dead March in Saul
20. Recession





Biography of the Late Ato Koomson

Mr Victor Emmanuel Ato Kwamina Essilfie Koomson was the eldest son of the late Rt. Rev-Major James Cantamantu Koomson and the late Mrs. Faustina Aba Otua Koomson.

Ato was one of eight children; he being the eldest, he was a protective brother who you could call upon at any time. A trustworthy, forgiving and a dependable head of the Koomson family. He was known for his quick wit, his infectious smile, compassionate spirit as well as his wicked sense of humour. He was frank with his comments and always left an impression on anyone he came across.

Ato Koomson started his formal education at Assin Fosu Methodist Primary School then at Mim Ahafo Methodist Primary School, Enyan Abaasa Methodist Middle School and Takoradi Methodist Middle School. Ato moved schools due to his father's role as a Methodist Minister and Armed Forces Chaplain which meant that if Rev. Koomson received a new assignment, the family moved along with him.

Ato proceeded on to GSTS (Government Secondary Technical School) at Takoradi in 1961 for his 'O' Levels. He was among the early 'O' Level students who were allowed to do their 'A' Levels at the KNUST (Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology) in 1966.

Ato continued to study, earning his first degree in Land Economy at KNUST from which he was awarded a BSc in 1972. Ato was an avid reader. Give him a good novel and you have made his day. However, this passion for reading meant that he went through books so quickly, that he was always on the hunt for his next read.

Ato enjoyed sports and played Table Tennis, Cricket, Hockey and Lawn Tennis all at both Secondary school and University level. His passion for Lawn Tennis had no bounds and even in his later years, he would participate in a game where possible.

From 1972 to 1975 Ato worked in the Government's Lands Department as a Valuer where he identified and allocated Government plots. He oversaw the collection of ground rent and stool land revenue, alongside the assessment of stamp duties for registration of documents among other duties.

At State Insurance Co. Ltd, Ato Koomson became Facilities Manager in addition to his professional role as a Valuer from 1975 to 1979. Within this role, he managed properties owned and rented by State Insurance for both office and residential purposes. Among his varied responsibilities, he identified and recommended for selection Consultants on development and investment projects.

In 1979 Ato became head of Agric Development Bank's Valuation and Estates Department – a strategic core section of the Bank – a role he stayed in until he retired in 2007. The scope of this role saw Ato manage the Valuation of landed properties for all purposes of the bank. The Acquisition, Management, maintenance and disposal of landed properties and chattels. He ensured the Health, Safety and Security of the Bank's assets and managed the supply of power, water and the provision of a first-class communication system.

Ato Koomson with his vast experience at corporate level, joined his best friend from the University of Science and Technology as a partner at Valuation and Allied Services in 2007 when he retired from active service. This is a role Ato would remain in until he passed away.

Ato Koomson- as he is popularly known, left behind his loving wife with whom he shared over 40 years of marriage Mrs. Adriana Koomson (née Coleman), two children who were his pride and joy, Kwesi Kwei Koomson and Baaba Otua Koomson, alongside two grandchildren (the apple of his eye) – Sean Essilfie Koomson and Bradley Kum-Tabia Koomson.

Ato was a staunch member of Mt Zion Methodist Church at Sakumono, where he was a member of the Men's Fellowship as well as serving time on the Church's Building Committee. He was a member of good standing with Ghana Institution of Surveyors (GhIS).

Ato passed away on Saturday 26th September 2020 at the University of Ghana Medical Centre in Accra at the age of 73. We are thankful for Bro Ato's life and all that he, in turn, brought into our lives.

Sleep well Bro. Ato, may you rest in perfect peace.

**DA YIE DOFO FONAFU,
NYAME NFA WO NSIE ASOMDWEE MU!**

*"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"*

- MHB 511



Tribute from Wife: Adriana

**"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" - MHB 511**

Ato dearest, our forty-five years together sounds like long enough time to quell all thirst for more years, but I will give my finest rubies for you to be here still. Ato (as I affectionately called you), you have been my most reliable companion and friend ever since 1970 when we met, while I was still a student nurse. Our marriage in 1975 bore many fruits of laughter and joy.

This was after you completed your studies in Land Economy from KNUST in 1972. You treated me with such tenderness and patience, and made sure I had no need. Life's challenges that came along the way appeared to me as slight bumps, because I had you by my side. You gave me the confidence to weather the storms as they came and you were a source of immense support and encouragement.

From when we settled in Koforidua at the beginning of our marriage through to Dansoman/ South Odorkor and finally Sakumono Estate, I have not in the least been uncertain that I chose the best partner ever.

You were a loving and sweet husband. You prioritized my interests and wellbeing and made sure I never lacked. In more recent years, after both our years of active working service, our companionship blossomed afresh and you became a more endearing friend. We went everywhere together and you would patiently wait on me to socialize after events especially church services, before we proceeded home.

You were the perfect father to our children, KK and Baaba. You also encouraged their participation in activities that interested them particularly church activities. You always sought their comfort and joy. You were there for them when their spirits were low and would cheer them up. You took delight in their successes and celebrated them heartily. I particularly remember the party you threw for Baaba when she completed her first degree with first class honors. You were so interested in your

children's lives and even made time to know their friends well. You were particularly interested in their spiritual life and growth. You always insisted on their attendance at church and other Christian activities and on time.

Ato was an affable man and had empathy for all. He was very friendly yet principled and would not compromise on them. He loved a good argument and would always try to win.

My world took a sad turn on 26th September, 2020 when news of your departure reached me. It dawned on me that I would not be able to hear your stride in the hallway anymore, or have another hearty chit chat with you. It pains me that I will be unable to hold you in a final embrace, make another meal for you, or pick out another shirt for you; but I will carry you in my heart always.

**My love forever, always
Da yie, Nyame nfawo nsie
Rest in perfect peace, dear Ato Kwamina
Essilife Koomson.**



I miss you, dad. The realization that I will have to face each day without you in my life has been painful to bear.

- KK



Tribute from Son : Kwesi Kwei Koomson

I miss you, dad. The realization that I will have to face each day without you in my life has been painful to bear. There are moments in my life that I will always remember not because they were important, but because you were there. You were with me when my first son, Jojo was born, and held him with so much joy.

I realize each day that the love I have for my little ones is the same as you had for me, and that is an immeasurable amount of love.

You always saw the good in everyone and in every situation and looked beyond the negatives, and that is certainly an attribute I will pass on to Jojo and Kwamena. I caused you a lot of trouble growing up but your concern for my welfare never diminished. I recall breaking down in tears one afternoon apologizing for all the unwanted drama I put you through.

You received me with love and impressed on me that the best is all you ever sought for me throughout.

You were a well I could always draw from, even when it was hardest. You imparted to me your good-naturedness, and were a delight to be in company with. You were firm but loving and kind, and I would miss every part of you.

The coming years will be hard to bear. It would take a great effort becoming accustomed to life as it has now become without grieving your loss. However, I would make of the years the best possible and be there for mother and Baaba, just like you would want. Thank you for insisting on setting me on a good path.

Thank you for all the times you were there, and contributing to the man I have become.

**I will always love you.
Rest well, daddy.**

*I was your little girl and you did all you could
to make me feel special and loved always*

- Baaba



Tribute from Daughter : Baaba Otua Koomson

Baaaaabbbssss!!!!!! That is how you responded any time I called you, either in person or on phone. There was always so much joy in your voice. I was your little girl and you did all you could to make me feel special and loved always. Dada, I am still struggling to come to terms with the fact that I will not hear your voice, see you, feel your love and warmth and enjoy that calming smile anymore. I am broken but I will continue to draw strength from God and the cherished memories of you.

Dada, you were a great person to be with. You loved to have fun and made sure everyone around you was happy. We enjoyed your presence as a family and this stretched to our friends who felt welcomed and would take every opportunity to spend time with and have a chat with my father. I was always proud to bring friends home because my warm father would have a fruitful and exciting chat with them; you were nice to a fault!

Your generosity knew no limits. I had a 100% record with you. From childhood through to the university, whenever we wanted extra money, KK would always ask me to lead, as we were certain that you would honor my request. I came to you with ease and you never failed to honor my request, not even once.

You believed in and valued education so much and so you encouraged and supported us, as well as other family and friends to every level we desired. You were so happy and couldn't hide your joy and pride whenever you attended my graduations here in Ghana and abroad. You would tell everyone until I would say, "Dada oye ae..."

You were an avid reader, which made you very broad minded. Your contributions during discussions on every subject were just amazing and very exciting, to say the least. You did not spare an opportunity to debate issues; you loved debates and would conclude your points with a good long laugh. I miss these sounds, Dada!!!!!!

Words are failing me. I have more to say but I am struggling because of my pain and tears. Dada, you were the best father anyone could ever wish for, I am proud of you. You gave us a home we could always come to, offered us a shoulder to lean on, guided us, and groomed us to be respectable adults. We thank God for your life and salute you.

I am thankful to God for the times we shared over the years and my good memories of you. I really wish we had many more years to spend together. I have been told about the number of car accidents you had when I was a child (i.e. under 10 years). I am thankful that God spared your life then and made me know you better as I matured into adulthood. When you turned 70 years, I was the happiest girl on planet earth as I planned your 70th birthday party. It brought me so much joy and it was an answer to many years of prayer. Like Oliver Twist, I began to pray for many more years for you but God knows best. I know you are resting safely and in perfect peace. Be assured we will take good care of Mama and continue to make her feel like the special woman she is.

When you fell ill, we prayed earnestly for you to recover and come back home. You were also eager to come home and return to your everyday routine, but alas... it was not to be. Indeed, our ways are not God's ways. He is sovereign and He knows best. I am happy I prayed with you on Friday, the 25th of September at the hospital before you finally left us the following day i.e. the 26th of September 2020.

Dada, my Dearest father & Hero

My Mr. K

My V.E.

My friend and confidant

Your little gal Babs; loves you and will surely miss you.

Rest in Perfect Peace till we meet again.



John Tabia Koomson



Dr Mensah Koomson



Capt.Rtd Budu Koomson



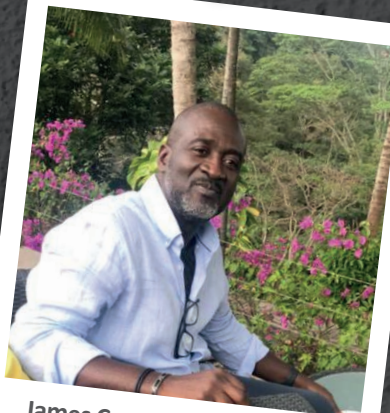
Abraham Koomson



Grace Baaba Koomson



Effie Fabyan



James Cantamantu Koomson

Tribute from Brothers and Sisters

**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.**

We have lost a Protector, leader, brother, a sympathetic member of the family who acted as a glue that bound us all together “Damirifa Due! Due! Due!”

Bro Ato, as we affectionately called him was a man of many parts. Intellectually astute with a razor-sharp memory, he could spend hours on end debating issues of interest to him.

He was known for his quick wit, his infectious smile, compassionate spirit as well as his wicked sense of humour. He was uncomfortably frank with his comments and always left an impression on anyone he came across. He was jovial, supportive and had a lot of empathy.

Ato had an excellent memory, so sharp that he even once identified an Immigration Officer who had interviewed him at Heathrow Airport months earlier at a Tube Station much to the man's horror – something that the man said had never happened to him before.

Champion, his nickname in the immediate family, denotes the pride of position he jealously guarded and worked for as number one amongst eight siblings, a respect we readily gave him. Whenever there was work to be done, he would loudly announce “I supervise”, and then proceed to give instructions. Champion was caring to a fault, keeping tally on all of us with his standard “why haven't I heard from you all this while?” Even in his last days from his hospital bed he would ask the nurses to video call and would surprisingly ask “how are you?” “Why haven't you shaven today?” “Why are you still home?”

Champion never lost sight of his responsibility not just to his immediate siblings, but to all the cousins as well; whom he loved dearly. As a family man he, took absolute interest in all family affairs.

Ato was a soft spoken and respectable father, brother and friend. He was generous to a fault. He would put himself out there for you when you need him, and not count the cost.

His love, sense of responsibility, loyalty, honesty and sense of humour always filled his company with laughter.

Fare thee well Champion, fare thee well Ato, go home, go gently home brother!
You will forever remain in our hearts alongside Dad and Mum.

Damirifa due, due ne amenihunu!!!

ATO MY BROTHER

Ato my brother, my heart aches for you,
My heart bleeds for you brother,
My tears flow for you brother
I am hurting and I miss you brother
Why do you have to go brother?
You have left a big hole in my heart brother
My heart aches, I cannot sleep brother
Why do you have to go brother?
Why brother? why brother? why brother?
You were there to welcome me when I was born
You were my first brother
My heart aches for you brother
Death, you have robbed me of my brother
Death, you are not that powerful
We get rest and peace in sleep,
So, brother, rest in peace
I love you brother,
I miss you brother
Rest in perfect peace brother

**by John Kweku
Kum-Tabia Koomson**

Tribute from Grand-Children

Dear Granddad, your loss has come too soon in our lives. It has denied us the chance to grow up constantly drawing from your wealth of knowledge and experience.

Talking to you always brought smiles to our faces, and your warmth always cloaked us. You always had us in mind and showered us with presents. The thought that we will not find you with the rest of the family when we come back home is painfully odd and hard to accept.

Grandad, we recognize our privilege in having a man like yourself as our grandfather. You were the best grandparent we could ask for and get. You made sure to remind us how loved we were and how much you cared about us.

We would choose you to be our grandfather all over again in any other world. Thank you for all your love and care. We will miss you dearly. Rest in perfect peace.

We will always love you.



Tribute from :

ABRAHAM E. ATO KOOMSON

Destiny has a way of drawing people together and creating a lasting relationship between them and this is exactly what happened between Mr. Victor Ato Koomson and me. I moved into Regimanuel Estate, Community 14, Sakumono in July, 1992 and he came in not long after that, maybe the following year.

When we met, the fact that we bore the same name acted as a magnet would, drawing us closer together and locking us into a relationship that was to last until his call to glory.

We shared a few things in common: we both had a Methodist background, his father was a Minister and my father an Education Officer and both had attended Wesley College in Kumasi but both of us had, for different reasons, strayed and were no longer active Methodists. Incidentally, both our wives were serious and active church members, his Methodist and mine Presbyterian. Both of us had children who had solely Ghanaian names. We were both tennis players even though we played at different clubs. His wife, Adriana, was a classmate of one of my sisters-in-law, Jemima, at the Nursing Training College in Kumasi. So the plot thickened and as our friendship grew so did the relationship between his wife and my wife and also between his children and mine.

I had always known and believed that I would return to the family roots and resume my membership of the Methodist Church, and God being so good and having mercy on His errant children, this happened in the mid nineties.

After I had been attending church services for some time, I asked Ato to consider following my example. He was not responsive to this appeal initially, but unknown to me, the good Lord was actively exercising his mind in this regard and he eventually accepted to resume his membership of the Methodist Church in 1999.

We thus entered the new millennium with joy, excitement and an appreciable sense achievement, having both made a return to our religious roots and found a new family, he at Mount Zion Methodist, Sakumono, and I at Immanuel Methodist, East Airport.

Over the years the relationship between us evolved a notch higher – we became more brothers than friends. We consulted each other frequently and compared notes on matters of mutual interest.

Ato was a social person. He genuinely liked people and loved to be with them. From the very beginning a group of like-minded people evolved in our estate and we used to spend quality time together. We used to confuse people when we introduced ourselves at various gatherings.

He was an intelligent person who insisted on subjecting every situation to a critical and logical analysis even though he had a fixed position on certain issues and it was near impossible to get him to change his mind. Consequently some 'discussions' between the two of us could strike awe in onlookers who did not understand us and thought the situation could degenerate. At the end, however, the atmosphere would lighten considerably and we would end up joking and laughing over everything and have a drink to further lower the temperature.

Ato was extremely frank and had no problem whatsoever expressing his opinion on any issue at any given time and any given place. After a discussion with him you would be left in no doubt as to what his position was on the issue.

Ato was an honest, generous, cheerful and kind person who exhibited great empathy to all. He was extremely trustworthy and one could safely confide in him.

He had a great but peculiar sense of humour such that out of very simple, innocent situations he would make you laugh your head off.

When I saw him on the second day of his admission at UGMC, he was still his cheerful self and the thought that crossed my mind then was that we should intensify our prayers for him to regain full health and come back to rejoin us. Alas, that was not to be. The Almighty knows best and it is not our place to ask why He chooses to call any of His children when He does.

Ato, my brother, we shall miss your lively spirit but we know you are in a better place and we shall meet again at God's own appointed time. Rest in perfect peace in the bosom of your Maker.

Ato, Nyame nye wo nk ɔ na ɔmfɔ wo nsie.



Tribute from :

S. N. Bekoe

Friend & Business Partner

“For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labour: yet what I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a straight betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better”. Phil 1:21-23

I write this with great sadness over the loss of Mr. Victor Ato Koomson, my University mate, a great friend, cherished colleague, partner and a brother. In whatever role I knew you, you stood apart as someone special.

Your sudden death is indeed tragic which has left me with sharp spasms of pain . The blow is hard, the shock severe and our loss great. How true is the German proverb which states that the loss of a friend is equivalent to the loss of a limb! It is also said that “Good friends are hard to find, harder to leave and impossible to forget” (G. Randolph).

On 28th September 1968, UST, now KNUST, welcomed 12 young adults to read BSc. Land Economy. These included you and me. We were allocated University Hall (Katanga) as our hall of residence.

By some inexplicable reasons, we took to each other in the shortest possible time, developing a symbiotic relationship till date.

Having done your 6th form at KNUST, you were very familiar with the geography of the campus and its environs. You therefore, as a welcome gesture, took me on a reconnaissance survey to the neighboring villages: Ayigya, Boadi, Bomso, Kotei, Ayiduase, etc. Each visit saw us enjoying bouts of palm wine and other related stuff. This, no doubt, cemented our relationship. Through my acquaintance, Adriana was introduced to you and she became your girlfriend and eventually your wife.

After KNUST, you secured a job at Land Valuation Board, Koforidua. You later had a four-year stint at State Insurance Company, Accra, and finally settled at Agricultural Development Bank (ADB).

Both of us retired from our respective places of work in 2007. Thereafter, I invited you to join my private consultancy firm, Valuation and Allied Services (VAS), formed 15 years before I retired from Ghana Commercial Bank, as a Partner.

Your presence proved that indeed

“Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up”. Eccl 4:9-10.

If for one reason or the other I was not available, you were there to adequately and competently hold the fort. You were loyal, sincere and dependable. Thank you for being so much more than a friend and a partner.

You were argumentative and never easily gave in. You had strong convictions about your views especially in politics even though you knew that your party would never be capable of assuming the reins of power for a very long time to come. You were wisecracking and extremely humorous and this trait naturally translated into your arguments. Workers at VAS will sorely miss your jokes at the general office which, on each occasion, left us all in stitches.

So Ato, on behalf of my family and friends whom you bonded together, I thank you. I salute you for your unparalleled friendship and your excellent and invaluable partnership. I also thank God for the gift of a brother that my parents did not give me.

Farewell into the light of God’s glory where there is perpetual joy. May your soul rest in perfect peace.



Tribute from :

JOSEPH DADSON

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

Here we are today this final hour, mourning and bidding farewell to a man who shared his life with many.

Uncle Ato, little did we know that we will not see you again when we were taking you to the hospital on that fateful day.

Mr Ato Koomson, I now feel the full impact of your absence. You took me as a son, brother and friend and related with me so well as we lived together

We shared so many things in common and I learnt so much from you. You were extremely pleasant to be with, very benevolent, humble, approachable, very tolerant and most importantly always cheerful.

Uncle Ato your guidance and virtues have moulded me as a man. Your impact in my life is beyond measure, you impacted many lives and you will forever be cherished in our hearts.

You were also a novel reader, and narrated stories read to whoever cared to listen.

I take pride in having you in my life as a brother, father and counselor. Thank you

God has a reason for allowing things to happen.

We may never understand his wisdom but we simply have to trust his will; because He is his own interpreter of all events in this our world.

REST IN PERFECT PEACE IN YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER’S BOSOM.

I LOVE YOU AND WILL SURELY MISS YOU

**Da Yie Uncle Ato Koomson
Nyame Mfa Wo Nsie Yie
Till We Meet Again**



Tribute from :

DEPOT TENNIS CLUB-TESANO

“The days of our life are three score and ten, eighty for those who are strong, but their whole extent is anxiety and trouble, they are over in a moment and we are gone”. Psalm 90:10

It was in 1966 when destiny brought some of us into the company of core “6th Formers” at University Hall (Katanga), Kwame Nkrumah University of Science & Technology, Kumasi. It included Yaw Gyabaa, Ato Koomson, Patrick Gaituah (Chico), and the late Moses Ewusie Mensah (Conway).

The coast liners among them spent most of their holidays at Kokomlemle, Accra in the residence of their beloved friend Joe Assan. The Kokomlemle residence was a typical bachelor’s abode and was shared by other colleagues like Ato Gordon, Frank Idun and Henry Essilfie who happened to be Ato’s class mates at Ghana Secondary Technical School, Takoradi.

On an invitation to Kokomlemle by Joe to enjoy his usual goodies – food, drinks and good music, Sammy Abbey, the first captain of our Club, introduced the idea of tennis playing to those present and immediately Joe and the two Atos bought into the idea and decided to join. Joe eventually became our first secretary and Ato Koomson was for many years our most stylish player and captain, but had to quit playing due to shoulder injury.

Driving from Koforidua during his Lands Department days to play Tennis in Accra was the least of Ato K’s problems. When he finally settled in Accra first as an employee of SIC and then ADB, Adriana and the children – Kwesi Kwei (KK) and Baaba- had a duty to pack his tennis bag ready for action on weekends. Imagine if one went home to pick Ato to the court, one had to wait for him to do justice to his sumptuous breakfast laid on the table, top it up with a cup of black coffee and rinse his throat with a tot of Black Label Whiskey. Ato would then pull out a stick of 555 cigarette as desert, read the editor’s note in the latest Newsweek magazine, before stepping out to join us in the car.

The long period of association in the Club bonded us quite closely and enabled us to discuss broad matters, sometimes even bordering on our private marital lives with openness. Perhaps one may say that the mutual respect and self-sanctioning ethics within our membership are the secrets that keep us close and happy going always.

Our brother and friend, Ato, you only told us about the difficulty in driving at night; you only told us about your difficulty in staying late at the Mess; you never told us about your difficulty in answering our call when you got to the University of Ghana Medical Center.

We are distressed for thee, our brother and friend Ato Koomson, Apam Twedan Dehye Kronkron; very pleasant hast thou been unto us; thy love to the Club was wonderful

With heavy heart the entire membership and their families’ bid farewell to you

ATO DA YIE!!!!!!

TRIBUTE BY MT. ZION METHODIST CHURCH, SAKUMONO

**1. The day thou gavest lord is ended
The darkness falls at thy behest
To thee our morning hymns ascended.**

**4. Thy praise shall sanctify our rest
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high. Amen.
(MHB 667 stanzas 1 & 4b.)**

He is gone, gone heeding the call of the father, to a home where we never grow old and shall never end. Gone to be with the lover of his soul.

The news of our Brother, Victor Ato Koomson's demise came as a rumour that started making the rounds in the morning of Sunday the 4th of October, 2020 just as 2nd Service got under way. We doubted the news but the confirmation was not long in coming.

Indeed the psalmist is right in his declaration that "As for man, his days are like grass, he flourishes like a flower of the field, the wind blows over it today and tomorrow it is gone".

Uncle Ato, as he was affectionately referred to by all or most members of the Mt. Zion Methodist Church, was a dearly beloved father, brother and friend to many. In Mt. Zion, he was one of the oldest members of the church and indeed, the oldest in Sunday 1 Bible Class. Uncle Ato was by nature very simple and approachable, a nature I describe as "Affability Personified".

When he joined Mt. Zion in '1999, he was assigned to the Sunday 1 Bible Class from where he diligently served his maker and the Church, and remained till his death. Brother Victor Ato Koomson also joined the Men's Fellowship and remained a member till his call for higher services. An example of consistency. He was a dedicated member of the church and demonstrated dedication in whatever he was assigned to do. He was an important member of the Building Committee formed by the church to oversee the construction and completion of this New Church Auditorium where he brought to bear his rich experience from the corporate world.

Uncle Ato was a regular member of his Bible Class and actively participated in Class Bible discussions, and performed his responsibilities as such. During Bible discussions, Uncle Ato would always ask thought-provoking questions that always kept the class alive. He would always say, "As for me, I am a practical man and I like to be practical". He was always missed whenever he could not attend Bible Class Meeting. And now, he will be missed the more by members of Sunday Classes 1, 3 & 10.

Mt. Zion Church has lost a great member, but thanks be unto God who gives us victory.

May his gentle soul find rest in the Lord. Amen.

TRIBUTE BY: MT. ZION METHODIST MEN'S FELLOWSHIP

**“For our present suffering does not compare to the Glory that awaits us”
Romans 8: 18**

Uncle Ato, as he was affectionately called, joined the Mt. Zion Methodist Men's Fellowship in the year 2001 and was duly assigned to group Mark.

His attendance and punctuality to meetings was exemplary. If for any reason he was going to miss fellowship, he would communicate that to any executive member he bumped into during the morning service.

He actively participated in activities and his passion, coupled with the seriousness with which he would express his independent views during discussions, came across to many as controversial sometimes, but before close of meeting, he would ensure to bring his stand point down to the level of all which would usually attract laughter.

There was always an evident effort on his part in the course of interactions to declare his pursuit of working out his own salvation with fear and trembling.

He contributed in no small means in helping the Programmes Committee, factor in discourses facilitated by the diverse professionals in the Fellowship, which has proven to be extremely useful.

Uncle Ato wasn't shy of questioning any happenings in the Fellowship and the Church at large that he found difficult to comprehend and would remain patient to be given answers. One of his fears that he constantly expressed, stemming from his profession, had to do with the failure of the creation of a maintenance fund by the Church to take care of the edifice. Uncle Ato always loved to have a conversation, bothering on all facets of life. He would draw on his hey days, contrast it with the contemporary and there we go.

We all looked forward to meeting once again after the lockdown and resumption of Church gatherings. When the Fellowship learnt of his sickness and admission subsequently, the leadership tried to pay him a visit but were informed about the restrictions encompassing.

We delved into prayers, trusting the Almighty to heal and get him off his sick bed but alas, He knows what's best for His children.

Uncle Ato will be sorely missed by the Fellowship. You've fought a good fight and finished the race. We are confident of your salvation.

**Uncle Ato,
Nyame nfa wo nsie.
Rest in Perfect Peace,
till we meet again.**



TRIBUTE TO MY FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE BY:

Mrs. Gloria Lamptey

There are people we meet and after a short while, they become our friends. Sometimes you try to figure out what you have in common, why you like that person, but you may not be able to put your finger on any specific thing. All you know is that you like that person. It is not that kind of friendship where you see each other often, but you know that you can always count on them any time.

Ato and I had one thing common. We both loved to read so we exchanged books very often I stopped buying Newsweek and Time Magazines because I could always borrow from Ato. I remember one time when our friendship was seriously threatened because Ato borrowed a book from me and wouldn't return it even after I had pleaded with him that I borrowed the book myself and needed to return it.

For the first time I saw another side of Ato. He was very embarrassed and couldn't look me in the face. After a lot of insistence, Ato came to me with a shy look and said he had a confession. Apparently, a friend of his had taken the book from his car without his knowledge. The book was trending so many book lovers wanted to read it. Unfortunately, the book was circulated among so many friends and when it finally got back to him it was in such a terrible state that he was too embarrassed to return it to me. I still wanted to see it. I cried when Ato showed it to me. But seeing Ato's face, I forgave him immediately and from then on, the respect we had for each other increased.

One person who made my work easier at the Bank was Ato. I always maintained that since we spent most of our adult life in our workplaces, I insisted on good and pleasant surroundings.

I was moved to a new office and I pleaded with Ato to have the carpet cleaned and the room painted. Ato made sure it was done over one weekend. As you can imagine, other people started complaining about Ato giving me special treatment. Ato asked them whether they had requested and he had refused them.

My fondest memory of Ato was when I was made Head of our Training School located around Circle. The first day I reported for work, there was a flurry of activity all over the place. There were carpenters, painters, electricians etc all around. "What's happening here, I enquired.," "Madam, Mr. Koomson says you

are coming here and he wanted the place in top shape before you arrived." That was when I knew Ato really respected me and would do anything within his power to make sure I was comfortable.

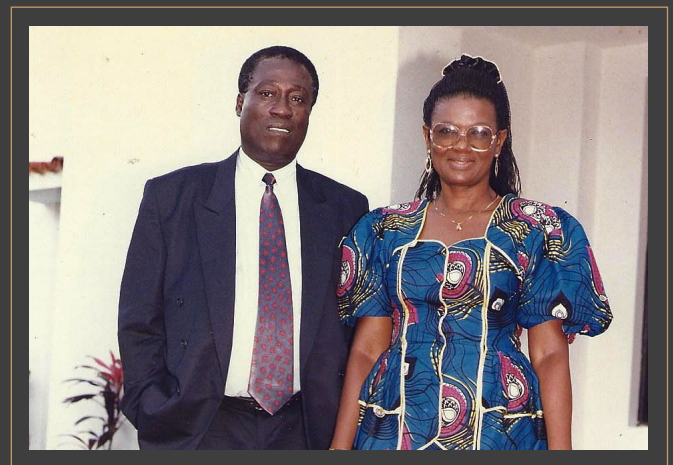
Apart from our interest in books, we both enjoyed discussions on all sorts of topics, especially current affairs. If you know Ato, our discussions would often turn into friendly arguments, which Ato loved. We often ended our discussions /arguments agreeing to disagree.

Ato visited me at home a couple of times and my husband loved his conversations. Ato was not your usual science scholar. He had broad interests which made time spent with him very pleasant.

Since his demise, I've gone over and over my experiences with him. He often confided in me concerning both official and personal issues. We'd argue again when I disagreed with him about something he'd done or said, especially when he expected me to back him and I did just the opposite. I'd often teased him about not behaving like the son of a military man, let alone an "osofone ba".

**Memories of my friend and colleague,
Ato, will linger in my heart always,
especially his indelible smile.**

May God grant him eternal rest.



TRIBUTE IN MEMORY OF VICTOR EMMANUEL ATO KOOMSON FROM THE BOARD, MANAGEMENT AND STAFF OF AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT BANK LIMITED

**“Praise we the wise and brave and strong,
Who graced their generation;
Who helped the right, and fought the
wrong, And made our folks a nation.”
(MHB 896: 2)**

The late V. E. Ato Koomson joined the Agricultural Development Bank (ADB) family on 1st June 1979, as an Assistant Manager and was posted to the Estate Division of the General Services Department. As Head of the Estate Division, he was in charge of directing the acquisition of premises for Branch expansion, and also the maintenance of all landed properties as well as advise the Bank on all issues relating to Estate Management.

One core function of the Estate Division during his tenure was the valuation of properties which were being used by customers of the Bank as collateral for loans. As the Head of the Division, he ensured this duty was performed with utmost care in order to safeguard the Bank’s asset.

In the nineteen nineties (1990s), the Bank under the auspices of then Managing Director, embarked on acquiring residential properties through mortgage loans for its long serving staff and the responsibility to acquire estates houses for staff was the responsibility of the late Ato Koomson and his team of staff. This situation, though increased the work load of the Estates Department, they lived up to expectation and consistently delivered estate houses for staff each year through the dedication to duty by the late Ato Koomson in executing the vision of the Board and Management of the Bank at the time.

By dint of hard work and his experience he was appointed the Acting Head of the Estates & Transport Department in April 2002, when the position became vacant. He was confirmed as the substantive Head in June 2003.

While working as the Head of the Estates and Transport Department, he took on additional responsibilities from

time to time for the Procurement Department as the Acting Head and he also served on a number of Committees and in all cases distinguished himself.

The late V.E. Ato Koomson rose through the ranks to the position of Deputy Chief Manager in charge of Estates and Transport Department, a position he held until he honourably retired from the service of the Bank on 16th February, 2007, when he attained the statutory age of 60 years.

Ato, as he was affectionately called by his friends, was a fun loving person, who enjoyed work and happiness, was very principled and makes his opinion and position on issues known without fear or favour; he was frank to a fault. He had no time to bear grudges because he would let you know without any hesitation if he is not happy about any issue.

Today, we remember an extraordinary life, a life well-lived, a life that made many better through personal sacrifices, and a life that will live on through the many people he influenced as Head of Department and as a work colleague. Indeed, the current Head of General Services Department, was one of the young men he groomed during his tenure as Head of Department.

As we say our final good bye, we thank God for a life well lived, also thank his family for the sacrifices they made while he gave his all to the Bank as he traversed the length and breadth of the country as an Estate Manager. Your good deeds will follow you Ato. Rest well.

“Then I heard a voice from Heaven say, write this; Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on. Yes, says the spirit, they will rest from their labor, for their deeds will follow them” Rev. 14:13

**Fare thee well Ato!!!
Da yie!!!
Nyame nfa wo nsie!!!**



TRIBUTE FROM THE SAKUMONO FRIENDS

It is natural to experience a great sense of loss when someone who has been so close to us goes to be with the Lord but the Almighty Himself has put this arrangement in place: that one day we shall be born, and when we have served the purpose designed for us we shall die.

When the Almighty calls us to be with Him, the question to ask is whether we have served the purpose for which He created us. Many people cross our lives from beginning to end but the impact they leave is what distinguishes them.

Ato, you passed through our lives and left a mark of different colours in each one of us but we deeply cherish the foundation we built together and it will serve as a lasting monument for all of us as long as the Almighty gives us breath.

It is said that 'wherever you are, it is your friends who make your world'. With your departure our world has lost its balance and it is going to take a great deal of time and effort to bring it back on an even keel. We do acknowledge that our loss is a gain for the Lord but who are we before our great Creator and Maker?

We shall forever remember your honesty, frankness, steadfastness, your indomitable sense of humour and resolute attachment to principle as the key attributes you leave with us.

We are condemned to life without you but your dominant and irrepressible memory will surely keep us going and forever remind us of your presence among us.

**Dear friend, fare thee well until
we meet again.**

Ato, Nyame nye wo nkɔ na ɔnfa wo nsie.



LIFE IS BUT A STOPPING PLACE

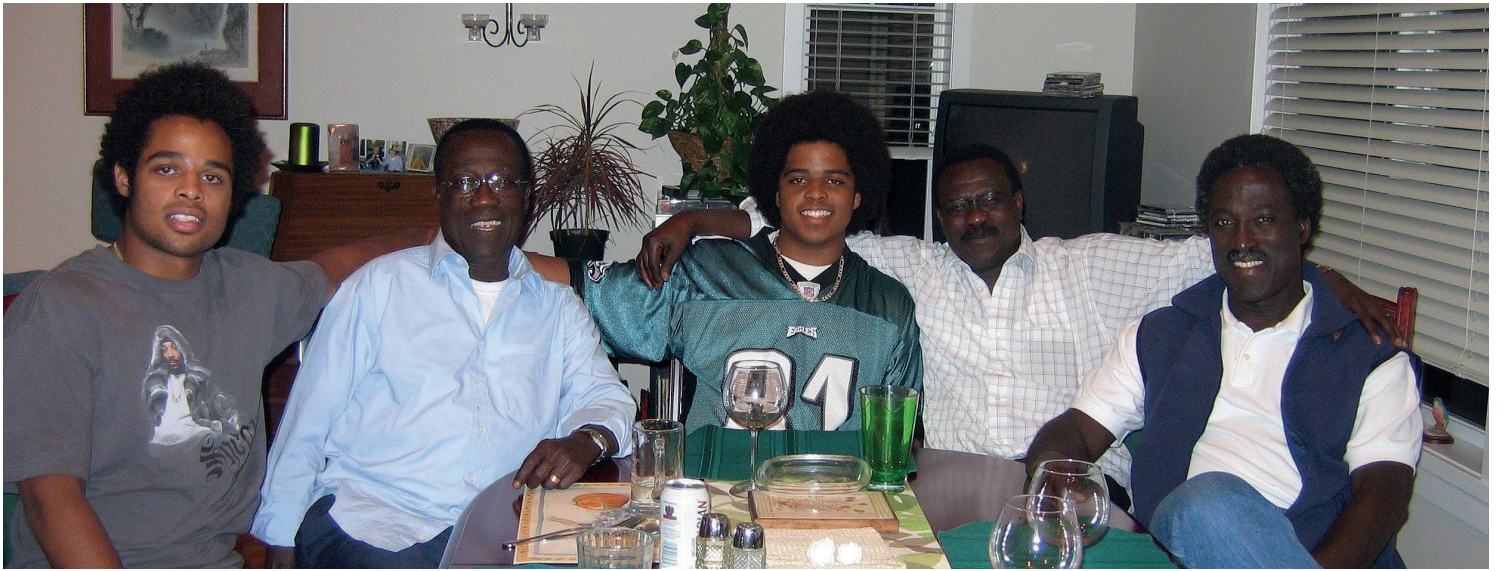
Life is but a stopping place,
A pause in what's to be.
A resting place along the road
to sweet eternity.
We all have different journeys,
Different paths along the way,
We all were meant to derive some
experience one way or the other,
but never meant to stay
Our destination is a place,
Far greater than we know.

- author unknown -

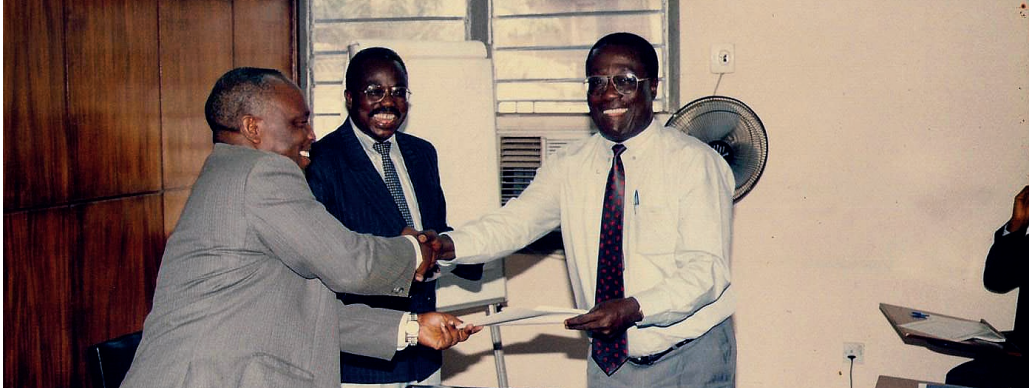
FARE-THEE-WELL!
MY ONE AND ONLY HERO AND MENTOR!
TILL WE MEET AGAIN AND NEVER TO PART,
REST-IN-PERFECT-PEACE!
FAITHFULLY,
ADRIANA











HYMNS



Christ is risen
we turn to its
own

time, and the
turn to its
ly. own each

string in
gift of
verse yet
mem - ber

time us
leave once
the - ly
the - is

par joy gifts flame
ent - ly, care, and to
and God, and to
walk live so give

our blame.
de, and Friend
in might.

MHB 99

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace!

Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

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

MHB 80

Thee will I praise with all my heart,
And tell to all how good Thou art,
How marvelous Thy works of grace;
Thy name I will in songs record,
And joy and glory in my Lord,
Extolled above all thanks and praise.

The Lord will save His people here;
In times of need their help is near
To all by sin and hell oppressed;
And they that know Thy name will trust
In Thee, who, to Thy promise just,
Hast never left a soul distressed.

The Lord is by His judgements known;
He helps his poor afflicted one,
His sorrows all He bears in mind;
The mourner shall not always weep,
Who sows in tears in joy shall reap,
With grief who seeks with joy shall find.

A helpless soul that looks to Thee
Is sure at last Thy face to see,
And all Thy goodness to partake;
The sinner who for Thee doth grieve,
And longs, and labors to believe,
Thou never, never wilt forsake.

MHB 50

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

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

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

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

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

MHB 427

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

Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, 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.

MHB 634

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift or firm remain?

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.

It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,
For 'tis well secured by the Savior's hand;
And the cables passed from His heart to mine,
Can defy the blast, through strength divine.

It will firmly hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers have told the reef is near;
Though the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

Stanza 4

It will surely hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill our latest breath;
On the rising tide it can never fail,
While our hopes abide within the veil.

MHB 615

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

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

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction.
Lead me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

MHB 651

HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are
telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Onward we go; for still we hear them singing:
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Rest comes at length; though life be long and
dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at
last.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

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

MHB 948

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.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

MHB 831

Give us the wings of faith to rise
within the veil, and see
the saints above, how great their joys,
how bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
their couch was wet with tears;
they wrestled hard, as we do now,
with sins and doubts 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 marked the footsteps that he trod,
his zeal inspired their breast,
and, following their incarnate God,
possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
for his own pattern given;
while the long cloud of witnesses
show the same path to heaven.

MHB 830

Hark! the sound of holy voices,
chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Lord, to Thee;
Multitude, which none can number,
like the stars in glory stand
Clothed in white apparel, holding
palms of victory in their hand.

Patriarch, and holy prophet,
who prepared the way of Christ
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
widows who have watched to prayer
Joined in holy concert, singing
to the Lord of all, are there.

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

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

Now they reign in heav'nly glory,
now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste forever,
and all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
of the blessed Trinity.

God of God, the One begotten,
Light of light, Emmanuel,
In Whose body joined together
all the saints forever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fullness
that we may forevermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

MHB 428

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

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

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

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

MHB 608

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule,
Thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

By Thine unerring spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

MHB 679

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

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

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

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

MHB 215

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
Now be the song of praise begun:
Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst:
Alleluia!

The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head:
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee:
Alleluia.

MHB 528

In heavenly love abiding,
no change my heart shall fear;
and safe is such confiding,
for nothing changes here:
the storm may roar without me,
my heart may low be laid;
but God is round about me,
and can I be dismayed?

Wherever he may guide me,
no want shall turn me back;
my Shepherd is beside me,
and nothing can I lack:
his wisdom ever waketh,
his sight is never dim,
he knows the way he taketh,
and I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,
which yet I have not seen;
bright skies will soon be o'er me,
where darkest clouds have been;
my hope I cannot measure,
my path to life is free;
my Savior has my treasure,
and he will walk with me.

MHB 896

NOW praise we great and famous men,
The fathers, named in story;
And praise the Lord who now as then
Reveals in man His glory.

Praise we the wise and brave and strong,
Who graced their generation;
Who helped the right, and fought the wrong.
And made our folk a nation.

Praise we the great of heart and mind,
The singers sweetly gifted,
Whose music like a mighty wind
The souls of men uplifted.

Praise we the peaceful men of skill
Who builded homes of beauty,
And, rich in art, made richer still
The brotherhood of duty.

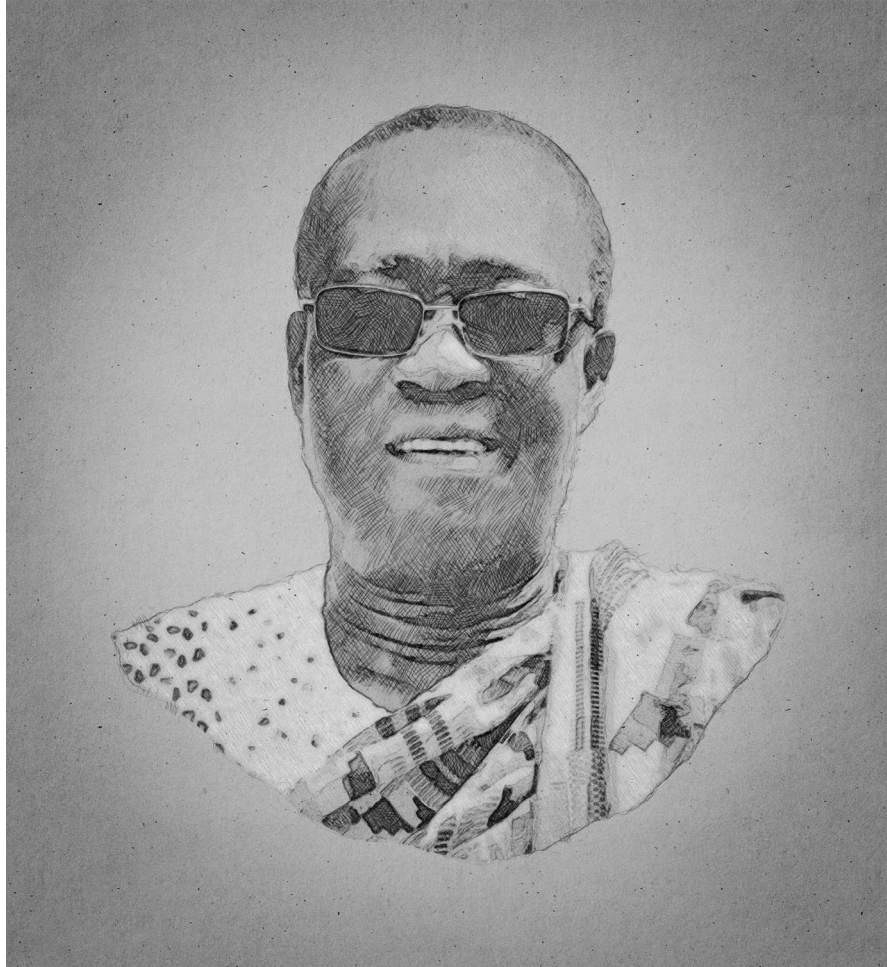
Praise we the glorious names we know;
And they – whose names have perished,
Lost in the haze of long ago –
In silent love be cherished.

In peace their sacred ashes rest,
Fulfilled their day's endeavour;
They blest the earth, and they are blest
Of God and man, forever.

So praise we great and famous men,
The fathers, named in story;
And praise the Lord who now as then
Reveals in man His glory.







MR. VICTOR E. ATO
KOOMSON

1947 - 2020

You Will Always Be In Our Hearts