

FOREVER IN

Our Hearts

**FREDERICK WILLIAM
AYITEY ATTOH**

1942 - 2020

TRANSITIONS FUNERAL HOME - HAATSO

**ORDER FOR BURIAL, MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING
SERVICE FOR THE LATE**

MR FREDERICK WILLIAM AYITEY ATTOH

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

1. Rev'd Fr Isaac Nii Kwarte Quartey - Parish Priest
2. Rev'd Sylvia Evelyn Appiah - Priest Assisting
3. Other Visiting Clergy

AT THE ORGAN

Mr Theophilus Okoe Mensah

IN ATTENDANCE

St. Joseph Church Choir
Guild of Servants of the Sanctuary

1. Processional Hymn - A&M 265
2. Prayers/Sentences
3. Psalm 121
4. Reading of the Lesson - Rev. 21:2-8
5. Hymn A&M - 196
6. Biography and Tributes
7. Hymn A&M - 264
8. Homily
9. Short Intercession
10. Offertory - A&M 290, 240
11. Blessing of Offertory
12. Thanksgiving Prayers
13. Hymn - A&M 623
14. Absolution of the Dead
15. Dead March From Saul
16. Announcements
17. Recession Song - We Will Remember

PART III

18. Processional Hymn - A&M 609

19. Sentences

20. Hymn A&M 401

21. Committal

22. Laying of Wreath

23. Vote of Thanks

24. Hymn A&M - 19

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE LATE

FREDERICK WILLIAM AYITEY ATTOH

ENDEARINGLY CALLED UNCLE FRED

*Be Thou my soul's preserver
For Thou alone dost know,
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go (Hymn A & M 21)*

*We quote the above piece from the evergreen Hymn (A & M 21) in which the author is prayerfully pleading for the salvation of his soul
And wish to apply the value of its spiritual truth the circumstance of our beloved departed Uncle Fred*

BIRTH AND EDUCATION

Fred William Ayitey Attoh was born on November 22, 1942 to Mr. Albert Nii Attor Attoh of James Town, Accra and Madam Mary Awura Mansa Briandt of Osu Blogodo, both of blessed memory. He was the fourth child among nine siblings. His late father worked with the Electricity Corporation in the then Gold Coast, now Ghana and who got posted to many locations in Ghana. Young Fred's early childhood development followed after his parent's movement and therefore, began his elementary school education in Adiembra, Sekondi, from 1948 to 1958 at the time his parents were sojourning in that part of the country on official duty tour. After a successful completion of primary education and relocation of parents to Accra, Fred entered the Accra High School through a successful common entrance examination, for his secondary education from 1958 to 1962.

Fred distinguished himself as a bright and diligent student and did extremely well at the 1962/63 O' Level School Certificate Examination to qualify him for an Advanced Level Academic programme — a precursor to the University. Fred did his two-year Lower and Upper Sixth-Form courses at the St. Augustine College, Cape Coast, from 1962 to 1964 and again, performed very creditably to gain admission into the University. He however, had to cool off the tempo of his academic prowess with a brief one-year teaching appointment at the St. John Grammar Secondary School, Achimota. An account of him indicated that though his engagement was very brief, he was an inspiring teacher. He eventually entered University of Ghana, Legon (1965-68) and by dint of hard work and great determination, obtained the Bachelor of Arts-Honors Degree (BA. Hons) in Sociology to crown his remarkable academic pursuit.

WORKING LIFE

Immediately after leaving the University, Uncle Fred joined the United Africa Company Group (UAC), then the largest Private Sector Employer in Ghana in October 1968 as a management trainee and was attached to the SAT-BEAM Division, which specialized in Sales, Marketing, Servicing Office Furniture, Machinery and Equipment. He was promoted full manager on January 1, 1970 and acted in various capacities in SAT - BEAM.

Fred was transferred to the General Merchandise Group (GMG) of GBO Division as the head of the Staples Department which handled essential commodities and building materials, with branches countrywide.

He returned to SAT-BEAM in 1979 and was appointed General Sales Manager. He was again promoted Divisional Manager of SAT- BEAM on July 1st, 1980, thus making him one of the youngest and accomplished Managers UAC Ghana has ever had. While in the employment of the Company, Fred had the opportunity to attend numerous courses both local and overseas, to broaden his outlook and worldview, as well as sharpen his skills in Management and Marketing- the experiences of which combined to give him a considerable clout that also deepened his passion and anchored his devotion to his chosen career in the Private Sector Business.

Fred's last position with the UAC Group was the Divisional Manager of Kingsway Stores, the then largest Division Store – Chain in Ghana equivalent to modern day Malls and Supermarkets. He retired prematurely from UAC in the year 1988, after having served the Company for twenty years without blemish, and together with his uncle, Mr. Fixon Owoo, also a former respected employee of SAT-BEAM, jointly established a Private Company- the Attfix Ghana Ltd; a name coined from the acronym of their two names. The fledgling Company dealt in Sales and Marketing of Office Furniture and was largely successful on account of the owners' experience from previous employment in UAC.

FAMILY STATUS IN THE ATTOH FAMILY

There is a time-honoured expression; “A person’s action is a deep reflection of their character.”

How true is this notion of our beloved Uncle Fred. A very determined and dotting character. A remarkable epoch in the Attoh's family – Robust, Radiant, Revered, an Urbane Gentleman of incredible sharp wit, who stood tall and radiated confidence like a lighthouse through stormy weather. Very caring and supportive, with milk of human compunction flowing through his veins, who would go the extra mile to help needy members of the family, including friends and total strangers who had the honour to cross his path. In that spirit, he played a very active and supportive role in the lives and affairs of his siblings and cousins and showed extreme loving care and overwhelming tenderness to Mum and Dad till the end.

Fred was also a true 'Pater Familias' and a giant tree of knowledge, wisdom and generosity under whose shade both nuclear and extended family found solace and good counsel. He valued education with deep- seated academic flare, much so that he inspired many especially, nephews and nieces, children and grandchildren of siblings

and friends to also appreciate learning i.e. true learning, and to follow their cherished dreams to become the best they could be. And indeed, almost every one of them have achieved remarkable success in their chosen vocation. To Uncle Fred, they owe eternal gratitude. But tragically, most of them – away from home, living and working abroad, may miss the GRAND FAREWELL in his honour, owing to the general Lock-down worldwide. How very, very sad.

CHURCH AND SOCIAL LIFE

Hailing from a family of staunch Anglican persuasion, young Fred was baptized at an early age into the Anglican Church during the family's sojourn in Sekondi. After relocation to Accra, Fred for many years, continued regular worship at the Cathedral Church of the Most Holy Trinity from where he received the Sacrament of Holy Confirmation to signify his acceptance of our Lord Jesus Christ as his personal saviour and to become a full – fledged Anglican Communicant as well.

Fred later transferred his membership to the St.- Joseph the Carpenter Anglican Church on account of the proximity between his Kaneshie residence and the Church. His attendance at Sundays Services and participation in all activities continued to be regular and active until very recently, when ageing and intermittent illness weakened and enfeebled him to



take a bow from active worship but nonetheless, continued to receive Sick Communion regularly.

Fred was an avid sports lover. He played school hockey in his youth and followed Association Football (soccer) passionately on the radio, television and once or twice in a million times, at the stadium, an ardent fan of the Accra Great Olympics Football Club- Oly Dade; Oly Gbogbo and Manchester United Football Club in the UK.

Fred kept on top of current affairs and was well abreast with International news and politics.

MARITAL LIFE

Fred was very much a family man who kept a stable family and was blessed with three lovely children - equally prayed for, and equally shielded and all gone through various stages of development, namely; Mrs. Ivy Deh (Nee Attoh), Chris Attoh and Jeff Attoh.

His first marriage to Mrs. Jemima Attoh (Nee Botchway) was truncated suddenly, through death of the wife. His second marriage was to Mrs. Judith Attoh, who is now widowed and here with us for this solemn occasion.

Fred had kept healthy and strong by normal comparison all along, though in His last few years, became a pale shadow of his vibrant and dynamic figure and persona. Even then, he never lost his dignity and composure. He still had his wits about him, his infectious smile, his good sense of humour - very humble and honest and his good retentive memory, remained remarkably legendary to the end. We were, therefore, shattered when, within three days only, of his admission to the hospital, he yielded his entire life, of nearly seventy - eight years, to eternity- quietly, peacefully and painlessly.

While his untimely loss is deeply felt throughout the entire family and beyond, looking back on his remarkable life, there is no doubt he ran his race of life with a strong determination to reflect Christian values in his relationships and by touching others with unconditional love- to deserve a crown of glory. Indeed, this nice legacy- a treasure trove will forever live after him, and in our hearts. May almighty God keep this gentle soul in his beautiful garden of eternal rest.

He is survived by a lovely wife, three children, three grandchildren, four grieving sisters; a host of nephews and nieces (home and abroad), wide circle of friends and entire family, to mourn him.

Uncle Fred, after your life's fitful fervour, sleep on and take your deserved rest till we meet again. Amen



TRIBUTE FROM WIFE TO BELOVED HUSBAND - MRS JUDITH ATTOH



Oh! The tree which once served as a resting place for flying birds and a shade for mammals has fallen. Where will the creatures find rest or take shelter from the scorching sun?

This is indeed a day of distress, a day of sorrow, grief, anguish and a day of great loss for me. My heart is mortally wounded, my hopes are shattered and my tears are overflowing. But as a Christian, I know that at one time or another, God's plan for humanity must reach its ultimate fulfillment.

When we first met in 1983, it was a time for joy and laughter but now it is time for me to weep and I am drenched in my tears. Our relationship is broken by death and seem separated. Together we tried to solve our problems but now to whom shall I turn with my problems, the discussions and the solutions.

Uncle Fred, as I affectionately called you. You were an outstanding, caring, a devoted husband and friend. A friendship shared, a laughter missed and never to be forgotten the joy, we shared together. I shall surely miss you.

Uncle Fred was honest, kind and hardworking even to the last days when his health was failing. He always saw the bright side of life and held every person to be honourable with out malice. He was therefore quick to help even if it is meant a sacrifice.

Uncle Fred, I will always remember you. I shall weep no more because I know that you are now with the Lord.

Uncle Fred, Rest in Peace and May the good Lord take care of you.

Uncle Fred, Rest In The Bosom Of The Lord.

TRIBUTE FROM DAUGHTER - IVY DEH

- 1 *There is a time for everything,
and a season for every activity under the heavens:*
- 2 *a time to be born and a time to die,
a time to plant and a time to uproot,*
- 3 *a time to kill and a time to heal,
a time to tear down and a time to build,*
- 4 *a time to weep and a time to laugh,
a time to mourn and a time to dance,*
- 5 *a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,*
- 6 *a time to search and a time to give up,
a time to keep and a time to throw away,*
- 7 *a time to tear and a time to mend,
a time to be silent and a time to speak,*
- 8 *a time to love and a time to hate,
a time for war and a time for peace.*

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

I am my Daddy's daughter, so this is a difficult day for me. It is my Dad's funeral, but it's not an end, with my dad of all seasons.

a time to be born...

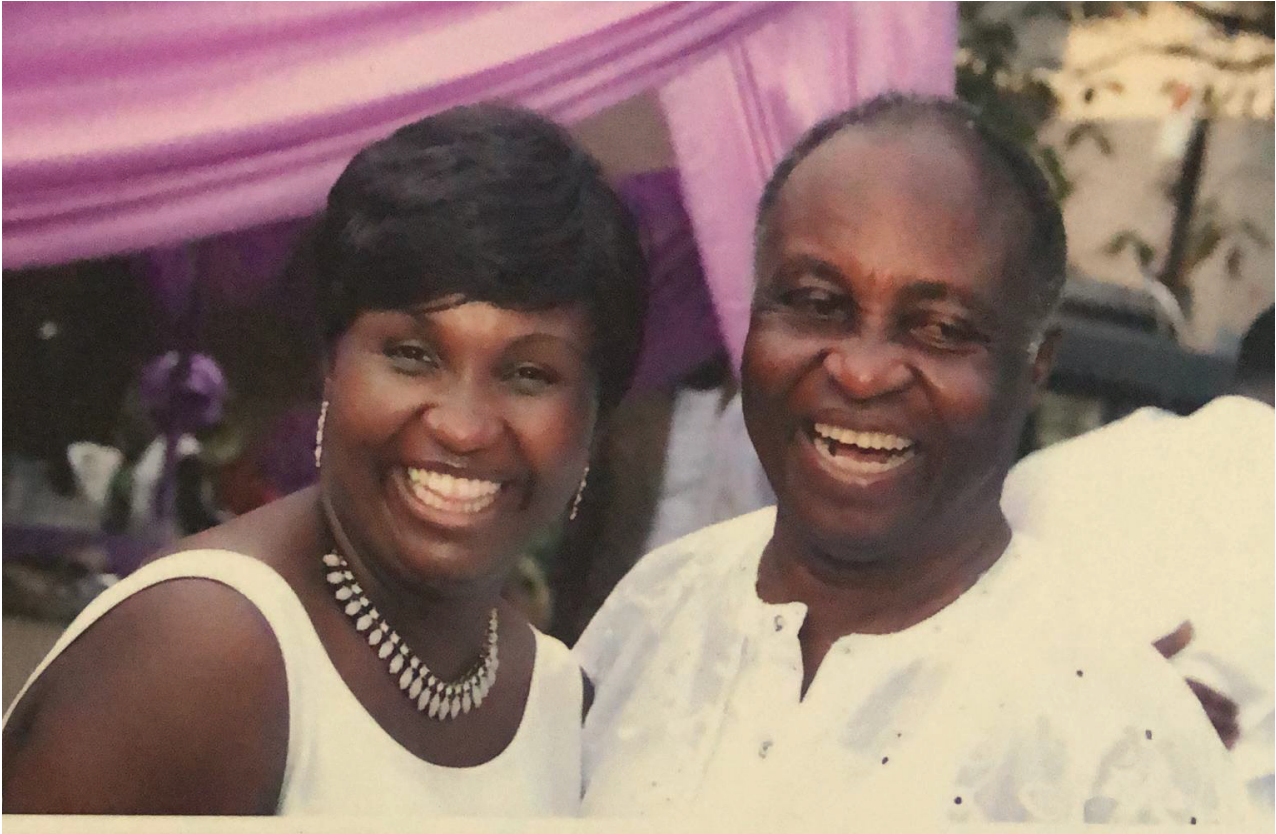
That we are both born in November, immediately established a special connection between us. Having a striking resemblance to him locked it all in. People could easily identify me as Fred Attoh's daughter in a crowd. It was a bit scary in my teenage years (I'm sure you can all relate to that) but as I grew, I enjoyed it more, especially when it opened doors for me. Thank you, Daddy!

....a time to plant

My Daddy believed in academic excellence. He knew something about everything. It was most intriguing but a joy to sit and listen. He had a solution for every problem I had. Daddy was a well-read man who could sit with doctors, architects, engineers, automobile experts, lawyers and engage in "peer" discussions with ease. He chose all my schools for me from creche to post grad as well as my subjects too (Yeah, I am a real Daddy's Girl). Thank you, Daddy, for giving me such deep roots. They are supporting me well today!

....a time to build

Our formative years represented a knowledge-acquiring season, and he spared absolutely nothing to ensure we excelled. From getting the very best teachers, teaching you himself at home and listening and writing the 7 o' clock news for him so he could correct grammar and teach new vocabulary, he did it all. When you sat in his front seat you had 2 tasks. The first was to be very wide awake and the second was to read out loud to him, and you were sure to be asked about antonyms, synonyms, and homonyms. He insisted we all choose science for O-levels, if it didn't work, you simply changed to Arts but with the advantage of having done some science and Add Maths in your life which would be very useful in our future careers. There were no good vacation classes centre or popular maths and science teacher Daddy didn't know. By the time you came back



from boarding house ready to come and sleep and chill, he had already registered you and any close friend of yours as well. He would drive us to our classes and pick us up every day. I wonder why I used to envy those who took public transport then. Thank you, Daddy.

.... a time to embrace

My Father was a great believer in family. All his siblings' children automatically became his responsibility. Uncle Fred as he was affectionately called needed no permission to father you. Once you were alive, you had to be educated and that was his primary goal. So even though he had 3 biological children, I am blessed to have a host of cousins who can rightfully call him their Dad too. All our school mates got to be a part of this big family. Once you visited our home and he met you, he was sure to know your parents or a close relation and that was all he needed to become interested in your education too. And he made sure to follow their progress even as we grew. Thank you, Daddy!

....a time to refrain from embracing

In our teens he knew it was definitely not time for "extra-curricular" affairs so boys especially were threatened with gunshots, if they dared call the home phone. Every boy was dangerous until proven otherwise. But when it was time, he encouraged and supported our marriages whilst also sharing in our career excellence and achievements. Thank you, Daddy, for not shooting that young man who came looking for me that evening. I don't know what you saw and why you received him so well (with a bottle of coke too) but he was God's special gift to me, and he still is, my husband, Kwasi.

... time to scatter stones and a time to gather them

There was a time in university when my father allowed me to grow, enjoy my independence, as a university student. After A-levels I had fought for this somewhat and got it. I enjoyed it, and then like young adults behave I felt my dad was not loving me anymore. Then I saw him rise and work with me on my graduate programs, ensuring I had my head screwed on right before I left. His newspaper paper reading life meant he noticed the job advertisement and called me in London to apply. That application gave me a route back home and given me a career.

...a time to uproot

I stand here today with a heart filled with loving and priceless memories. I am happy I got countless opportunities to show you how much I treasured you, Daddy. Forgive me Daddy if I missed something, I should have done to make you more comfortable, especially in your last days. I know if God had wanted you to stay on, He would have, because I fervently asked Him to. But I won't question Him, I only thank Him for allowing me to be part of your very remarkable years on earth.

...a time to die

I miss my Dad. He loved me deeply and did everything to make sure I was happy in life. Thank you for being MY DAD. I will always love and miss you. Yes, I feel great grief and pain at my loss, and I have heard many encouraging words and prayers, but a line oft repeated that lifted my spirit up was , "You did all you had to do for your Dad." And my dad of all seasons will live on through me, who so resembles him, and his grandsons, who love him so...

Daddy, till we meet again, in heaven!



TRIBUTE FROM SONS - CHRIS AND JEFF

“An excellent father who can find? He is far precious than gold”

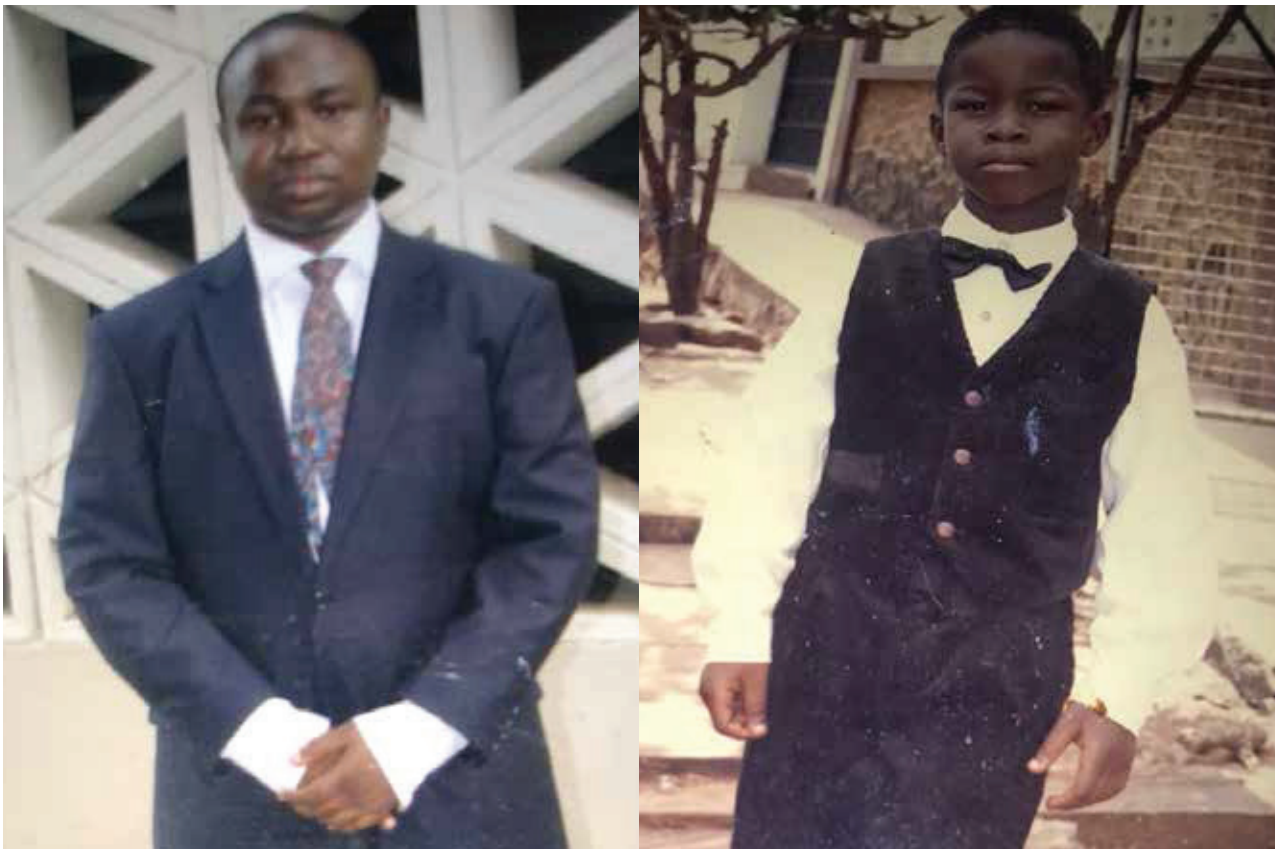
It was with shock that on 17th June 2020, news was delivered to us that our pillar, the patriarch of our family and our exceptional father had just had death's icy hands laid on him. That day will always remain in our memories as a sad day.

Our late father, Daddy as we called him, was not only our father but a friend. Daddy led an exemplary life and envied no one. It will be difficult to describe the nature of the vacuum your departure has created in our lives.

We will remember the pieces of advice you gave us, “we should never procrastinate because tomorrow is not ours”. When we feel offended by someone all that you tell us is “leave them to God”. He was kind and benevolent but never joked about issues of discipline. He didn't spare the rod when it was necessary especially when it concerned our academics. He was also quite a perfectionist.

Daddy your last words actually rings a bell in our ears, we shall always pray for your dear soul. May the Good Lord give you an eternal rest until we meet again.

Rest in Peace.



TRIBUTE FROM GRANDSONS - KEKELI, SELIKPLIM AND KWASI



*The Lord is close to the broken hearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit
Psalm 34:18*

Grandpa, you were great to us, and we will always remember you as such.

We will never forget the Sunday afternoons we would spend with you after church. They will always be special memories for us. We will cherish the constant gifts and pocket monies so much because we we would never get that from Mummy.

Losing you Grandpa will be one of the saddest moments we will experience for years to come. We will miss the Saturdays visits and the times we would spend with you, and all the video games we will play. We will miss our regular but short phone calls. You will always ask us about school, and keenly wanted us to do well. Our times with you were always so satisfying.

We will keep these memories with us, for the rest of our lives. We have had a good time knowing you. We believe our Grandfather is in a better place smiling down at us.

TRIBUTE FROM SON-IN-LAW - KWASI DEH

'Attention is the rarest and purist form of generosity'
Simone Weil

My life with you Uncle Fred, a father whose generosity to me has been life-changing, has been in three chapters.

First, you were my friend's dad. Young boy meets young girl in university and comes to visit, with a bald head. On that first visit, I remember you had me offered a seat, and I am reliably informed that you had drinks sent out to me, yourself. You're such a kind man, always were with me. That first welcome set me down, comfortably in the house, on my visits. Over time this my friendship that you so beautifully, and sweetly, and, dare I say, wisely supported, blossomed. It flourished. It worked. I am the one who did not get the threat of being shot. Your love and kind attention made this my friend who lived under your roof comfortable with me. It set me ahead of the competition, and there was some serious competition. For all your help, on getting me on the way to having a wife, my Ivy, who makes a way where there's no way, my Japanese wife, I am forever grateful. Thank you, Uncle Fred, my friend's dad!

Our second chapter opened on 2nd April 2005. You gave me the best gift I could get on my 27th birthday, my friend, now as my bride. You brought her to me; did us the honors, by walking her down the aisle. But not only did I get a bride, wife, lover on that 27th birthday, I got another father in you, Uncle Fred. I am so very grateful to have had you. You stood up big for me. I love you for that. Months after marrying I went away and you took Ivy in when she had our first son. I am grateful. You encouraged us to build, drove down to check out the site, approved the plans; I am so grateful for all that. I loved that you will come visit us in Sakumono at Christmas and bring us drinks and ice-cream. It was really nice. Buzzing me was always running around, and you will call, and ask that I call you, so we chat. And we had interests we shared - cars and politics. You beamed when I came with those car magazines, and you were always ready with all the commentary on all current affairs, local and international, and we will dig in. Its Ivy who always made us cut the visits short. When you handed me that bride, on my 27th birthday, you also gave me the gift of your large fathering heart. Thank you, Uncle Fred.

Chapter 3 opened the afternoon of March 2nd 2006, when Kekeli was born. I was told of the room you had for mother and child in North Kaneshie, with a new trap door to keep out mosquitoes and all. You ordered and installed a specially made baby cot from Furnart in Sakumono. You were wonderful to that first grandson, and no less doting on the two that came after him. We loved to visit (didn't do it enough) for all the stories you always had. I loved that you showed such affection for your grandsons. Grandpa's ice creams at Christmas, and the moneys he will routinely and randomly send. The visits to you were always wonderful. It will seem ordinary that a Granddad is tender with his grandchildren, but you were uniquely loving and had your unique pet things you did. You liked Kwasi to come do his cooking for you, for instance, when he came to visit. 'The purest form of love is just caring - paying someone else the compliment of your curiosity and holding them in your head, if only for a moment (Joe Moran). Uncle Fred, I will miss you because you showed me, us, this purest form of love - caring. A lot. We had your full attention. We got all your love, Uncle Fred.

You will never really be gone, our father!

TRIBUTE FROM SISTERS - MONICA, MIRANDA, EUNICE AND JOAN

*What though the radiance that was once so bright,
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind.
By William Wordsworth*

It is with heavy hearts that we pay this tribute to a man who could be best described as a father of nations.

He was a brother anybody else would like to have.

Uncle (Unco) Fred as we affectionately called him was one of the best gifts God gave us. He was a strong pillar on whom we leaned.

He was the embodiment of all the positive adjectives any one could think of. He was very loving, caring, responsible and deeply thoughtful. He enrolled and ensured our sanitized education and mentored us through life.

He treated all members of his family with great love and respect.

Indeed, he was a family man, par excellence.

His great love for his children and equally for his nephews and nieces was very outstanding and remarkable. He showed great interest in the progress of their wellbeing and in the encouragement of their educational, social and marital welfare.

His interest and involvement was very inspiring to them all, and by the grace of God, he was rewarded by being able to witness their great achievement in all areas of life.

His extraordinary passionate love, care and devotion to our late parents and also for us his siblings was simply overwhelming.

He would do anything to help us in challenging situations, whenever any of us visited Ghana; his delightful house was opened to us to reside comfortably.

He was special, full of fun, cracked jokes and had a great sense of humour. A relative once remarked, "I wish my siblings and I would have such great fun among ourselves such as Fred does with his brothers and sisters."

Despite all odds, he was happy and thankful to God even in his ailing state and attributed it all to retirement by God.

Our brother was one in a million. In fact, he was God sent.

Though death would come when it should come, it is still difficult to deal with our brother's death. Words are not enough to describe the pain and grief we felt when we were invited into the Doctor's room at 37 Military Hospital and told of his unexpected passing. However, we believe that he has finished his earthly duties and has been called home by his maker to eternal rest.

Fare thee well Dear Brother.



A MESSAGE OF LOVE TO UNCLE FRED - FROM NIECES AND NEPHEWS

Dear Uncle Fred, the pain that came with your exit that Wednesday in June is immeasurable. It is for the simple fact that your exit from mother earth, came during a tough period globally. The moment when we realized your health was failing at a fast pace, we would have loved to be at your bedside and while some of us were challenged by distance others were challenged by the limitations of movement and prohibitions necessitated by the Covid-19 safety protocols. But as they say, what will be, will be! From the turn of events, it was bound to happen even though we wished otherwise.

As kids growing up, we took great pride in the fact that our uncle was the National Sales Manager of the reputable multinational UAC, a British Company that traded principally in West and Central Africa. As the father who took guardian responsibility for some of us at a very early stage, the principle of burying one's head in books to acquire varied knowledge was one you religiously operated. The family and its state of well-being was always of utmost concern to you.

Uncle Fred, you made time to research into different topics and it was always evident. You interestingly had a minimum of surface knowledge on any and every subject. This was your conscious and unconscious way of setting the example on the learning process in life, that it hardly stops once we have breath and life. You were exemplary in that area because obviously you had climbed up the corporate ladder and had lived the great example of an accomplished man or individual whom we wanted to emulate.

Your 70th milestone celebration was climaxed with a quiet presentation of a Mercedes Benz C-Class 230 Sport edition from Lawrence who is now based in Atlanta, to compliment your preference for German automobiles like Audi and BMW. Your appreciation of that gesture was to be amplified to an extent that the automobile was christened Nii Obuamah (adorned in cloth). The nickname was apt because it occupied the best parking port at your North Kaneshie home and was handled like the new born baby it was. Most of us had to check on Nii Obuamah as if he were a real human being during our conversations be they on phone or physically. Check on a car like it was human? Well that is the extent of satirical relief we were assured off in your company. You would create humour out of natural situations. The lesson learnt here is that sometimes you need to spare a moment to smile or laugh because it is healthy.

You were very polite to the car accelerator to the extent that the proverbial snail could overtake you on a journey. Your explanation anytime we inquired from you was very simple. We will all get to the destination whether its 50kmh or 200kmh. From that regular practice Uncle Fred, we also picked a major life lesson. Sometimes we all need to take our time and take life step by step. When you rush through things, you may not get them done properly. This painstaking driving style with God's mercy is what saved you from what could have been a fatal accident as you drove your Audi 100 salon car towards home after mass one Sunday in the popular Azumah Nelson Sports Complex curve.

We may have dwelled on these few examples but have tons and dozens of them to fill a whole book. In the latter days when your health started failing we kept praying and hoping something could change but we are all reminded that you are human. Putting all of these together, you lived well with us, set a shining example and continued to guide us in your old age. For all the moments, for all the love, for all the care and for representing a symbol of great bonding for the family, we will

hold your name dear to our hearts. We have captured our thoughts in these brief lines below.

ALBERT – My Uncle was a man who cared about this family and did his best to support his family. He will do everything to avoid confrontation and find the way forward. May God keep his gentle soul in his bosom.

BARBARA - A great believer in education and a very principled man. You will be sorely missed Uncle Fred RIP

DOREEN, DELORES (DEEDEE) AND KEVIN USA, - Uncle Fred epitomized strength, wisdom and unconditional love for his family. With his passing, we have lost our kind-hearted uncle who served as a pillar of support to the entire family and as a second father to many nephews and nieces. We will hold fond memories of his entertaining and witty stories of our childhoods, his passion for current world events and his word of wisdom which he imparted of us. May his gentle soul rest in perfect peace.

D.D. KATHERINE – Conversations with Uncle Fred were always enlightening: he was abreast of the latest news and had interesting perspectives on everything going on around. He would talk about medicine like he read the text books too! Rest Well dear Uncle Papa Nii, my Daddy, and Uncle Joe we miss them sorely.

FREDERICA NAA NORLEY ADJEI - I visit Uncle Fred occasionally and anytime I visited; he welcomes me with a broad smile and immediately ask me to go for a drink from his refrigerator. We always had lengthy in-depth conversations, from Religion through to the Economy, Politics, Current Affairs and the Banking Industry; to catch up for the days missed. Uncle Fred will never tell a story without chipping in an experience he had while working at UAC. He was knowledgeable, broad minded and feels very happy when loved ones visited him. Though his absence will be missed by all, I thank God for the opportunity given me to know him. May his gentle soul find favour with his maker.

NII ARMAH NATHANIEL - Our hand shake Uncle Fred, our trademark hand shake. I always looked forward to your visits to our Ringway Estates home in the early 90s when I was a boy. I would run to you and you would stretch your hand ready to receive mine and then swerve with a big laugh. And after repeating it twice, you would grab my hand with a big laugh. I remember our conversations about life and its lessons especially being content with what one has. And as I prepared for my marriage, you gave me great guidance, just as my dad Victor would have done if he were here. I would have loved to emcee your 80th birthday party as well but God had other plans. Journey well 'Unco' Fred.

NAA DEI KOMLEY – He was an exceptionally noble man, a man of unfailing kindness and care. It was astonishing to see his in-depth knowledge on most topics especially my field of study; medicine. He definitely was a Polymath. I had the chance to be with him in his very last days up until the moment of his death and that I will cherish forever. Rise unto Higher Glory, our Dear Uncle Fred. Certainly a life well lived!!!

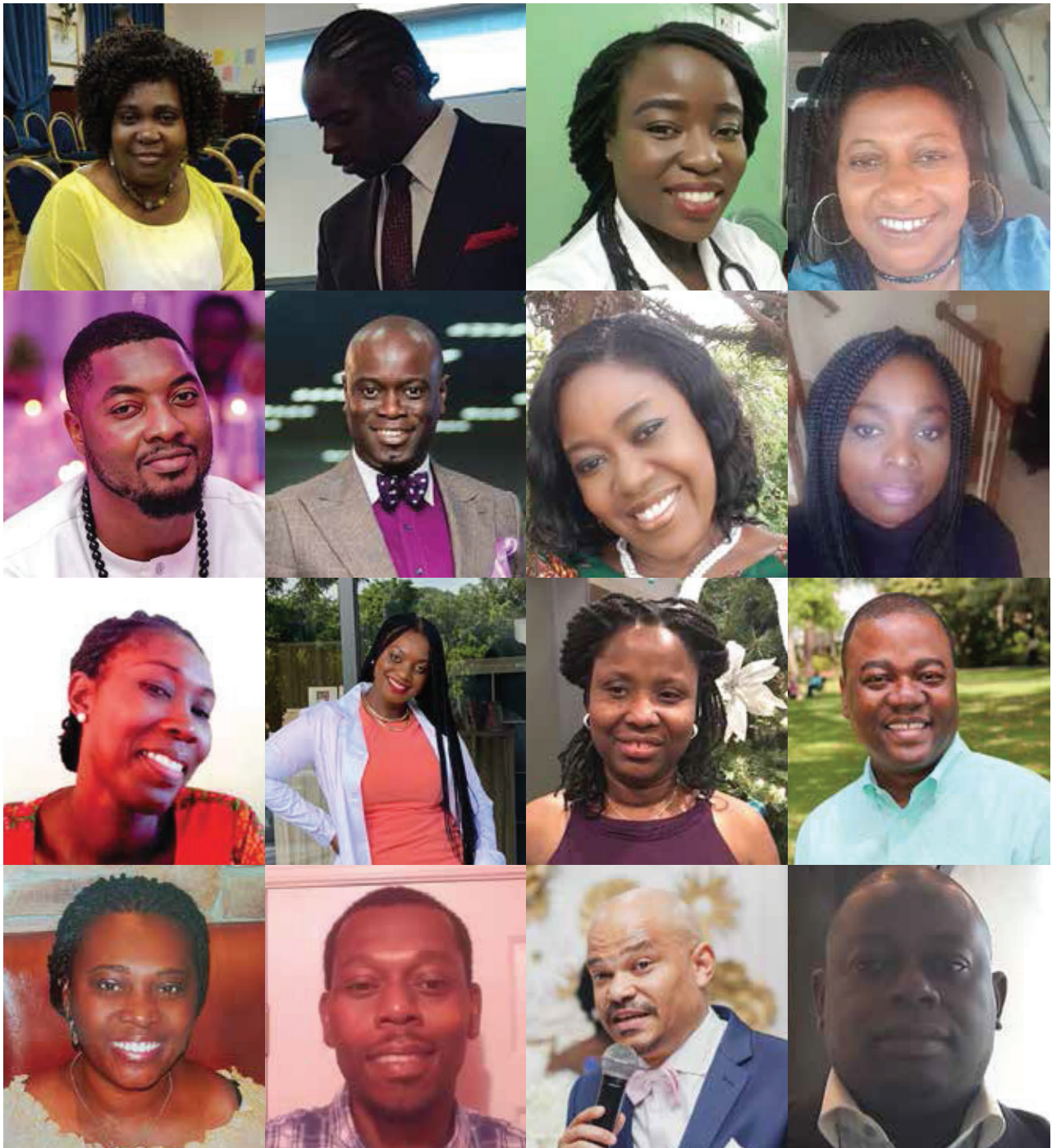
OLGA ATTOH DEEDEI APPARTAIM - Uncle Fred was a blessing and an angel to us! His love and dedication to us, his nephews and nieces was baffling and mesmerizing! Thank you for all you did for us. Uncle Fred!!!: You will be missed!

NII KWEI BEN – Those special moments with you will always bring a smile. Then we could sit and talk as father and son, more so as great friends just as we used to do. Your pieces of advice meant so much and will always do too. The fact that you are no longer with me will cause me pain but you are forever in my heart, until we meet again” Uncle Fred yaa wor odzobang!

DD JOANA – Uncle Fred you were of so much help with your coaching to get me ready for my international conference in Spain. Yes your encouragement to learn the basic language and currency exchange tips came in handy. I will miss this and other lectures of yours. Rest well Uncle and teacher.

NII KOMMEY - As I grew up, it was surprising to realize that Uncle Fred had a strict side. He was that special ice cream uncle we looked forward to seeing. His presence was not about the normal gravy, rice and fufu. It was about FUN with drinks, cookies, ₦5000 notes and ice cream rides though slow. He just loved to keep us in suspense just to quench our thirst at the end and watch us smile. Gradually, ice cream changed to meaningful conversations, current affairs, sustainable developments and not forgetting the few beers. Indirectly, he inspired us to read wide. When we thought we knew better, his output only confirmed the saying, "What a child sees on top of a tree, an adult on ground sees better." 70 + 7yrs of Grace, Thank God!

We pray the God Lord to keep you and grant you eternal rest in his courts, Amen.



TRIBUTE FROM NIECE-SHEILA BANNERMAN-WILLIAMS



Uncle Fred's parting has left me completely bewildered and confused, and still cannot believe he has gone forever, it all feels like a dream. He was my hero and touched so many lives, what grieves me so much today is not only the personal loss I feel so deeply but the greater loss of his smile, his jokes, his love, as well as the humorous stories that he shared I will always miss, I take consolation in the good feelings of my memories.

I remember when I was a little girl, I used to look forward to his regular visits to his siblings at my grandmother's house, he never came empty handed, always carrying bags of goodies, especially the fan ice cream that he introduced me to. I never forgot when he bought his first car, there has never been so much fun than the breath-taking sight-seeing and constant trips to the airport just to see aeroplanes land and take off, and those were the exciting moments that I cherished as a child.

Uncle Fred was fun, I spent some of my teenage years living with him, as a disciplinarian, he was very supportive and firm in his principles, he was a good housekeeper, as such, neatness, personal hygiene and education were his top priorities. He just couldn't stand seeing anyone idling, upon hearing his entry to the house from work, on days when my cousins and I have grouped ourselves playing or chatting, we would immediately scatter and pretend to engage ourselves in any form of unnecessary activity by force, such as grabbing a broom to sweep the compound of the house even though it wasn't dirty, or wash pots and pans even though they didn't need washing just to deceive him and pretended to be busy. Seeing us reading brings cheer to him, I remember one day whilst pretending to read a newspaper, with my eyes rolling across the lines and flipping through pages he put me on the spot by asking me to summarise what I have read so far, I just failed the test. It was there I realised how smart and clever he was for anyone to deceive.

Uncle Fred was a role model, so selfless and devoted that he was always prepared to go beyond the extra mile and make provision for those in need. Generosity and hospitality are the words that come to my mind when I remember him. His home is like no other, with warm heart, he would often open his doors to welcome anyone to the comfort of his home. He takes delight in hosting guests, particularly those who travelled from abroad to Ghana on holidays. His preparations ahead of someone's home coming makes it so much exciting and something to look forward to.

Uncle Fred was everybody's father, uncle, big brother, problem solver, teacher and a mentor and of course a great fun. As a Christian and a true friend, he was kind, gentle and warm-hearted person, he had enormous capacity that he was never too busy to advice and share his love of life with those around him and I found this was his calling in life. He will always be remembered by those of us who knew and loved him.

Thank you for everything Uncle Fred. Until we meet again, may you rest in eternal peace.

TRIBUTE FROM SON-IN-LAW - JERRY BANNERMAN-WILLIAMS



The sad news of Uncle Fred's death came to unexpectedly, it hit me so hard I thought it was a dream but only had to accept the reality after a while.

I first met Uncle Fred in August 1987, and he immediately became my hero. In my eyes he was one of the best of men. He was always there for me when I needed him, he listened and taught me so many things which I valued so much. I was therefore privileged to get closer to him and never took for granted any of the pieces of his advice which blossomed my confidence in him.

Uncle Fred treated me like a brother and a son, he was my best friend, mentor, he shared my interests and I shared his. We could chat at length, shared jokes and laughed as though we were the same age, that was how close we were. He clearly exhibited that age is no barrier.

I will say that Uncle Fred's life was combined with a symbol of love, fun, hard work, integrity, not only dedicated to his family but also to the service of God. He was very generous, kind, selfless and an amazing role model, I would like to take this opportunity to thank him for nurturing my beautiful wife Sheila, so well brought up, respectful and God fearing.

Uncle Fred, I will truly miss you.

May your soul rest in eternal peace until we meet again.

TRIBUTE FROM NEPHEW - DR. LAWRENCE ADJEI

UNCLE FRED.....BO OTSU NƆ.....AYIKOO..... YAA WO ODJOGBAAnƆ

Uncle Fred, you have fought a good fight, you have run a good race, and you have completed your task here on earth. Now the Lord calls unto you saying: Your task on earth is done, you need not labour on, take the load off, come on to heaven and He the Lord will give you eternal joy and rest.

UNCLE FRED.....BO OTSU NƆ.....AYIKOO..... YAA WO ODJOGBAAnƆ

Popularly known as Uncle Fred to most, he was more like Daddy Fred to me. I was a vivacious, boisterous, naive young boy growing up in Nima. At the time, I lived with my grandmother (Antaa of blessed memory), my mother and aunts. As a very good student, I was honing my craft and skills in “truantism” from the very best: Nima boys. The sweet and loving ladies I lived with could not keep pace with me. By the time I was between the ages of 7 and 8-years-old, Uncle Fred had to come to Nima regularly to help discipline and remind me of my civil duties. I became so used to the few “strokes” I received from him that it became a very meager price to pay for the most enjoyable excursions I had with my group of “Nima boys” who would go out all day to catch golden fish at Alajo, walk to Airport residential area to dig through “Blɔfɔ boiler” for some useless treasures, play “Charles kele” at the huge Nima dumpster, and enjoy some innovative games in the famous “Nima gutter.”

One fateful day, I walked to the Independence Square in Accra, from Nima, with a group of my Nima boys, to watch the 6th of March Independence Day celebrations. After the celebratory events, we went down to the beach but unfortunately I got separated from the boys. I was only 8-years-old, had no money and just could not find my way back home. I approached a couple of adults who arranged for some teenagers from Nima to take me home. When Uncle Fred came to Nima that evening, he gave me my customary “6 lashes” and this time, he offered to take me to Mamprobi to live with him. I was initially upset at leaving my “trusted” truant fraternity in Nima. However, I look back now and thank God for everything that happened. It reminds me of the song: “He makes all things beautiful in His time.”

UNCLE FRED.....BO OTSU NƆ.....AYIKOO..... YAA WO ODJOGBAAnƆ

Uncle Fred was a young, vibrant, optimistic man when I moved in to live with him and Auntie Jemima (Madam) of blessed memory. I am pretty sure during my first few days in Mamprobi, he would have thought he had bitten more than he could chew. He had successfully taken this beast

of a boy out of Nima, and now he had to take the Nima out of me. He had a few challenges with this project, and I had to get used to the good old “rod” as he painstakingly negotiated his way around the project. Thankfully, I humbly believe it all turned out well.

UNCLE FRED.....BO OTSU NƆ.....AYIKOO..... YAA WO ODJOGBAAnƆ

Following my arrival at Mamprobi, a few more of my cousins and my late brother, Henry, moved in. For a few years during our time together, I doubt if there were more than a handful of homes in Accra that had more joyful times than we did. There were many times when we had about 20 people from the house and neighborhood cheering, singing and gathered

around a very competitive game of ludo, oware or draft. Uncle Fred, who always had a trick or two up his sleeve, occasionally joined in, but Madam was extremely good and competitive at the games.

As the years went on, Uncle Fred and Madam groomed me into a responsible young man. Our relationship grew more into a friendship, and he continued to steer me into achieving my full potential. He was very interested in my academic well-being and also that of my close friends. Uncle Fred always had a healthy respect for education and scholarship. He never spurned the opportunity to meet and strike a relationship with my friends. He enjoyed knowing and addressing them by their nick-names or first names. They all knew him as "Uncle Fred." He was always happy to ask or tell me about a visit or call from : Splash (Dr. Edward Asumanu), Seth (Dr. Seth Attoh), Nii-Amu (Dr. Nii Amu Darko), Tizo (Dr. David Gboloo), T-Mate (Dr. William Tetteh-Martey), Abelle (Dr. Edward Simpson), George (George Simpson), etc. I could sense the joy in his voice when he talked about them.

UNCLE FRED.....BO OTSU NƆ.....AYIKOO..... YAA WO ODJOGBAḂḂ

Unfortunately, after a relatively short acute illness, Uncle Fred was called unto the Lord on June 17th, 2020. True to the work he accomplished here on earth, there was no shortage of friends and family all scampering around and sharing ideas as to how to get him the best care. However, his work on earth was done and the Lord beckoned him over. Uncle Fred, we will miss you. BBC radio, Voice of America, CNN, Al Jazeera, GBC TV news have all lost an astute listener, student and patron. Wow!!! I just can't wrap my mind around all that you did in such a relatively short time on earth, especially all the lives you touched. The Angels are waiting as you come along to them. I can imagine them singing... "Good job done, Uncle Fred. Your task on earth is over. Now come on to eternal life in Heaven.

UNCLE FRED.....BO OTSU NƆ.....AYIKOO..... YAA WO ODJOGBAḂḂ



TRIBUTE FROM OLGA APPARTAIM (NEE ATTOH)



Proverbs 13:22 says "A good man leaves an inheritance to his children's children...; Uncle Fred (or Paana as we affectionately called him behind his back) was the exact description of what this verse says!: indeed I have inherited from him not wealth as some would think; but a legacy of good education, wisdom,hospitality(to both family and strangers) and a habit of reading newspapers which I am also gradually passing on to my children.

Uncle Fred was not only an uncle to me but a great father who was strategically positioned in my life; to love me unconditionally and train me to be the woman I am today.I must admit I didn't understand him at first and thought he was too strict but after giving my life to Christ and growing up into a young woman, I realised that Paana loved me so much that's why he was strict on me so that I

would be a better and responsible lady. I always felt loved and spoilt around him. Paana loved my children and was the happiest man on earth when the twins were born!.He provided for me and I didn't lack anything; I was never sacked for school fees and looking back now my school trunk at the beginning of each term was like a mini supermarket. I was what some will term "Dadaba".

He always impressed me with his knowledge of current affairs; especially the latest news on CNN and Trump; infact whenever I was about to call him, I made sure I listened to CNN for a while so that I could be on par with him about anything that is going on in the US; CNN lost a FAN and Trump has lost a fine critic!

TO UNCLE FRED

Uncle Fred, you have proved to me and everyone you took care of that you are a true father who is irreplaceable; when my mum received the news that you had died, she told me 'I have lost a father who truly loves me' and I totally agree with her. Thank you for the sweet and cherished memories you have left behind and also the traditions(eg.the celebration of christmas)you passed on to us.

I love you with all my heart; I will miss you terribly and you will forever be in our hearts; Love, Joy, David and Fred.

YOU ARE GONE TOO SOON!

TRIBUTE FROM FRIEND - ERIC ADJAIDOO

*“The curfew tolls the knell to parting day. The lowing herd wind slowly over the Lear, and leaves the world to darkness and to me.” - By Thomas Grey.
This eulogy is found written in a country church yard.*

I have known Fred since 1959. We were then students of Accra High School. We went through Secondary education and finished in 1962. Fred easily got admission to St. Augustine’s School for his sixth form course. Initially I had some difficulty trying to get a sixth form school. In my desperation, I started considering doing the course as a private student. Without any prompting from me, Fred did something remarkable. He offered to send to me duplicate copies of his lecture notes from his school. I was amazed; I wondered how could a thing like that be. It seemed so far away like a dream – only one of those things, one would imagine. Nevertheless, he succeeded in sending to me through the post, his lecture notes on two separate occasions, for which I am still grateful. That kind gesture will for a long time remain printed on my mind never, never to be erased. “A friend in need is a friend indeed “

Fortunately, around the same time, I got admission at Accra Academy to do my sixth form course. We went through the process and in 1965 found ourselves again at Legon Hall. We left Legon in 1968 and took appointment in the same year. He went to U.A.C and I also got a place at S.I.C. Now with money in our pockets, there was a lot more vim and enthusiasm in the relationship, we had our joys and sorrows at various stages until the end came to separate us.

Over the years, I watched from both far and near with a great deal of admiration for his passion for family. Talk about his special love for his mother and father. Talk about his feelings for his wife and children and motivation to his nieces and nephews. Talk about the remarkable fellowship, respect and oneness in mind and spirit that reigned among his siblings and friends. Indeed, his passion for family was genuine, sincere and total.

He was cool collected, jovial and with a great sense of humour which defies description. He was always full of current news and it was not possible to get bored in his company. The main thread in the family fabric has been torn away leaving us in the cold. However God willing the fabric will again be woven stitch by stitch to restore and preserve it for a memorial.

Fred, there is a lot to thank you for and I cannot say good-bye now for good. However, the night is far spent and the day is almost here with us. So, go home now. Go home to a deserving rest in peace.

TRIBUTE FROM FRIEND, BROTHER & CONFIDANT - ALFRED NII LANTE BOYE

As my memory turns back the pages, I can see the happy years we had before; And the love that kept this cold heart beating, Has been shattered by the closing of the door.

Refrain: Unco/ Fred There goes your reason for leaving, There goes the one of my dreams

There goes my only possession, There goes my everything- (By A Songster)

My life almost stood still over the sad and shocking news of Fred's demise.

My unbelief, shock and awe being that, barely a week earlier, Fred has commiserated with me on telephone, over the loss of my younger sister, which occurred just this month of May in far away New York, USA and Fred's niece, Olga also in the USA, had surprisingly attended that funeral — representing Unco Fred as it were. We were so excited, we both agreed: it's a small world indeed.

I am therefore, shattered beyond words, by the passing on of my brother, friend and confidant Fred, and I am yet to know how I can deal with this tragic loss. But one thing is certain, our affection for each other will endure beyond the grave into eternity.

My knowledge of Fred dates back several decades precisely, from 1958 when we first met at Accra High school to begin our Secondary Education. We took to each other on the spur of the moment, resulting in a strong bond of friendship which never wavered ever since. We however went our separate ways after our O/levels and continued navigating our career paths independently, through Tertiary Level education to eventually arrive in our chosen vocations. Fred becoming a Divisional Manager in the most popular and largest Private Sector Employment with the UAC, Ghana, and myself, ending as an Obedient Servant and Director, in the Administrative Service of the Ghana Civil Service.

In all of that, we never lost contact, we kept closely in touch with each other within a wide circle of friends and a good company to knock around with. Fred and I accommodated each other, in very high esteem, shared similar passion, same outlook on life and we enjoyed ourselves as well.

Soon, we have become full — blown young adults and very much ready to enter the world of Parenthood.

Starting with me, Fred confidently led a convoy of my family members to present necessary items for Engagement and Dowry to the family of the woman of my heart to begin the marriage process. And when Fred's turn also came, I returned the gesture in a similar fashion. O, yes, that was the character of our friendship. And till this date, I still remember with nostalgia, those beautiful compliments, Fred as my best man, paid in proposing the toast at my wedding ceremony in the early seventies.

Fred continued to be my closest, valued and best friend, who could always be counted on for good company and wise counsel, as he showed a great deal of concern to me whenever I had any challenge or any form of need or disappointment. His ethos

contained many ingredients, SELFISHNESS was never part of them - And if I should sum him up in few words: he was a man of faith with deep religious conviction and insatiable passion to knowing the Scripture. His life also revolved around Christian values and full of examples worthy of emulation, which he also demonstrated in many practical ways. Fred and Alfred were lovely in their lives until Death, O death came to separate us.

And now Unco Fred, where are you? The deep trusting pangs of separation is striking for us to part - and truly, to part is the lot of mankind, as we are here long to part when quivering lips pronounce the words 'FARE WELL, Sweet love'. If we meet again, as the Scripture reassures, we will smile once more — why not? But if not, this parting is well made. But for now Unco Fred, my Brother and my Friend - with echoing dirges and watering eyes, I weep, I wail, I mourn and can't be comforted.

*My little prayer: Unco Fred, you left us quietly and suddenly,
Your thoughts unknown, but you left us a
memory we are proud to own.
May the good Lord treasure you in His bosom
of eternal rest and let perpetual light shine on you;
For when on earth, you were one of the best — Amen*

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

Not mine, not mine, the choice
In things or great or small;
Be though my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All

HYMN 196

Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer
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 now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer
Be thou still my Strength and Shield

When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside
Death of Death and hell's
Destruction
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of Praises
I will ever give to Thee

HYMN 264

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from 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"

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 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 it's hidden things are clear
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping

"Earth to earth and dust to dust"
Calmly now the words we say
Leaving him to sleep in trust
Till the Resurrection day
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping

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 and employ

O magnify the Lord with me
With me exalt His Name
When in distress to Him I call's
He to my rescue came

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

HYMN 609

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

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

The exile is at home
O nights and days of tears
O longings not to roam
O sins and doubts and fears
What matters now grief's darkest day
The King has wiped those tears away

HYMNS

HYMN 240

Pleasant are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe;
Oh 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

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

HYMN 623

Give us the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil to see
The saints above how great their joys
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 doubts and fears

Our glorious Leader claims our
praise
For His own pattern given
While the great cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to Heaven

HYMN 19

The radiant morn hath pass'd away
And spent too soon her golden store
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more

Our life is but a fading dawn
It's glorious noon how quickly past
Lead us O Christ when all is gone
Safe home at last

Where Saints are clothed in spotless
white
And evening shadows never fail
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light
Art Lord of All



APPRECIATION

THE ATTOH FAMILY(HOME AND ABROAD) AND ALL
ALLIED FAMILIES WISH TO EXPRESS THEIR
PROFOUND GRATITUDE TO YOU FOR YOUR PRAYERS
AND SUPPORT TOWARDS
FREDERICK WILLIAM AYITEY ATTOH'S
FAREWELL JOURNEY.

WE ARE HUMBLLED AND DEEPLY TOUCHED, AND PRAY
THE GOOD LORD TO BLESS YOU ABUNDANTLY.
AMEN!

