

IN LOVING MEMORY

Of The Late



*Pastor John Vincent Obiri
Opaku*

1957 - 2023

Burial Service: 6th October, 2023 at Transition
Place-Haatso

Atomic Road Accra @ 07:30am

Interment: @ Osu Cemetery

Funeral Rites: @ Transition Place.



Order Of Service

Officiating Ministers

Bishop Joseph Obodai Sai
Rev. Emmanuel Senuworgbe
Rev. Emmanuel Lartey
Rev. Henry Oti Frimpong

PART I

Opening Prayer
Praises & Worship: Church Member
File Past
Scripture Reading : Eccl. 4:1-3 by Mr. B. B. Hays
Reception of the Body
1st hymn: What a friend we have in Jesus
Tributes
Fond Memory by Theodora
Biography
Tribute by children
Prayer
2nd Hymn Abide with me
Sermon by: Rev. Emmanuel Lartey
Offertory: Bishop Joseph Obodai Sai
Prayer for the Bereaved Family: Rev. Emmanuel Senuworgbe
Announcement/closing
Lifting of casket by hearse men
3rd hymn: We are marching to Zion

PART II At the grave yard

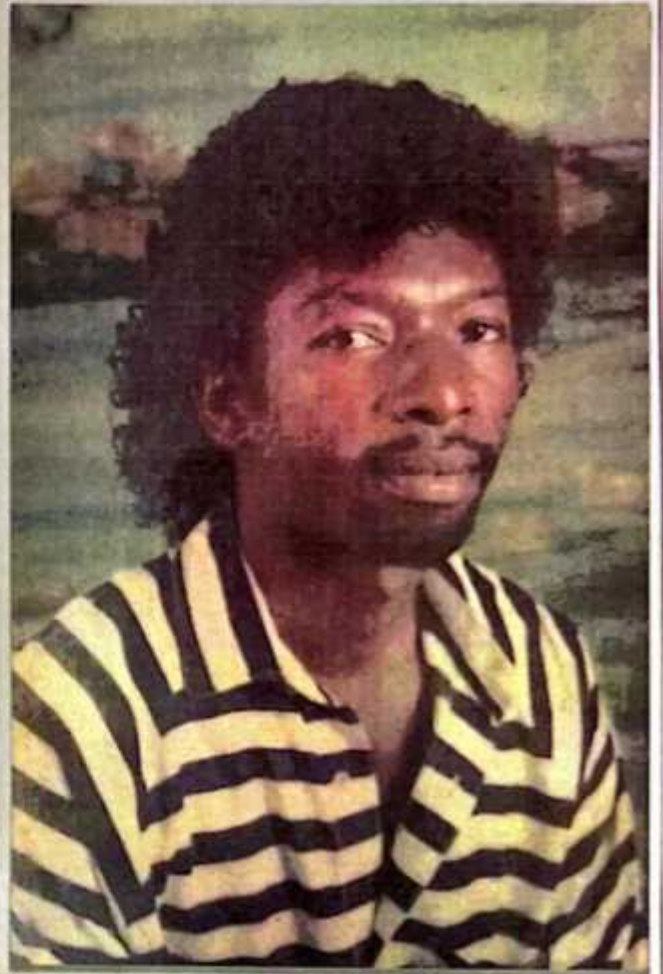
Opening hymn: Guide me o thou
great Jehovah
Preparing of grave
Internment and committal
Laying of wreaths
Final prayer
Closing hymn: How sweet the name
Jesus sounds
Vote of thanks
Benediction

Conductor: Rev. Henry Oti Frimpong

*Fond Memory of The Late
Pastor John Obiri Opoku*

This book (Biography) is a story of a man who went through hardships but also had a lot of strength, energy , determination and resilience to make it in life. A man of wisdom and full of life.

a man who never joked with the word of God and prayers. A father who loved his children and people around him. The No Nonsense man , always ready to give a helping hand and advise. A hardworker and an Angel .



*Pastor
John Vincent Obiri Opoku
(Kobena Opoku)*

1957 - 2023

Heaven was short of Angels, So he was called by his maker

*Fond Memory of The Late
Pastor John Obiri Opoku*

It's really painful burying our father.



PASTOR O.P



I see his influence in many things I do and roles he had played in other people lives. I wished he stayed longer to see his grandchildren grow and to enjoy life when he returns to Ghana.



**O.P
AND HIS DAUGHTER
THEODORA**



**O.P
AND HIS DAUGHTER
THEODORA**

he best advise he gave me was to always pray and read my bible and to always speak the truth. We miss you so much Dad.

*Pastor John Vincent Obiri Opoku
(Kobena Opoku)*

Heaven was short of Angels. So he was called by his maker

Biography

The late John Vinscent Obiri Opoku fondly called O.P. OPOKU AFRICAN CENTER was born at Sunyani to Madam Ama Ninsin and Kwame Kwegyire popularly known as Kwame Badu all of blessed memory.

The late Kobena Opoku also called O.P by his friends was the third male son of his mother, he bore the name Mensah. He was born on 21st January 1957.

He was a graduate, graduated at the Presbyterian Training College Akropong as a teacher in May 1979.



O.P. IN HIS HAY DAYS IN TRIPOLI, LIBYA



With the dream to find greener pastures travelled to Accra to live with his aunt. There, he was a serious history books trader and a very good cook, through that he met the late Dr. Omari and his Philippine wife the late Theodora Pontillas Omari to which he became their cook, and they had love for books as well. As a Cook to these beautiful family



O.P. IN HAMBURG, GERMANY



DR. OMARI & MRS. THEODORA PONTILLAS OMARI

*Pastor John Vincent Obiri Opoku
(Kobena Opoku)*

Heaven was short of Angels, So he was called by his maker

Biography

A job opportunity came in from Tripoli Libya at the African Center and Dr. Omari decided to give him that job because of his hardwork, loyalty and resilience.

that gave him the opportunity to travel outside Ghana. During the time he was in a relationship with a lady he met , called Ama Djan.



O.P. IN HIS HAY DAYS IN TRIPOLI, LIBYA



O.P. AND HIS EX WIFE AMA DIAN IN TRIPOLI, LIBYA

After a couple of months in Libya , O.P came back to Ghana to marry Ama Djan with whom he had 3 children with.



FIRST CHILD AND FIRST SON
ENOCH KING OLIVER OBIRI OPOKU



2nd BORN AND FIRST DAUGHTER
THEODORA OMARI



3rd BORN
LIONEL RICHIE BREW OBIRI OPOKU

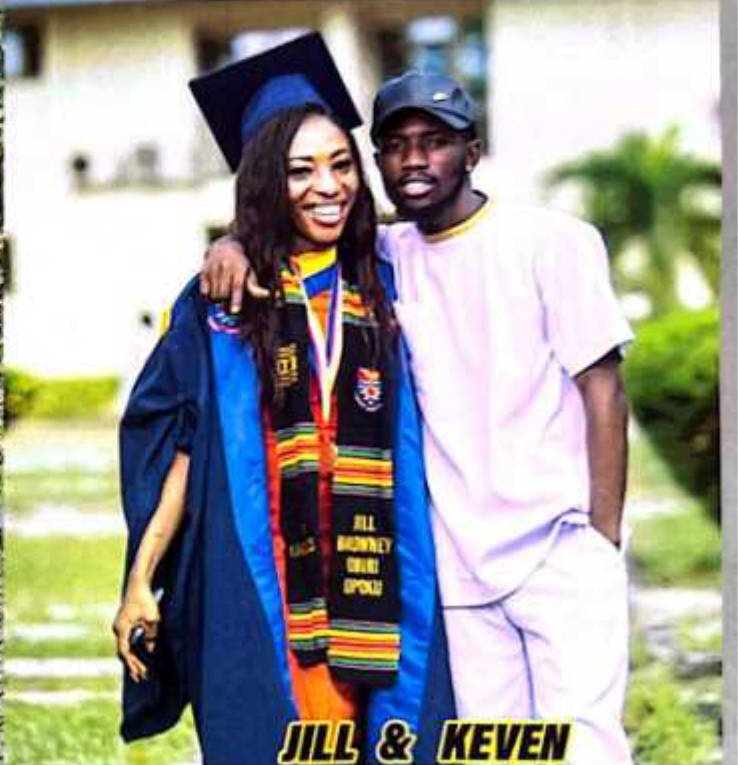
Due to some issues , they got seperated after 17 years of being together.

*Pastor John Vincent Obiri Opoku
(Kobena Opoku)*

Heaven was short of Angels. So he was called by his maker

Biography

He got married again and had a child (son)



...but later got divorced ,and later had another child (daughter) with another woman but didn't get married again.

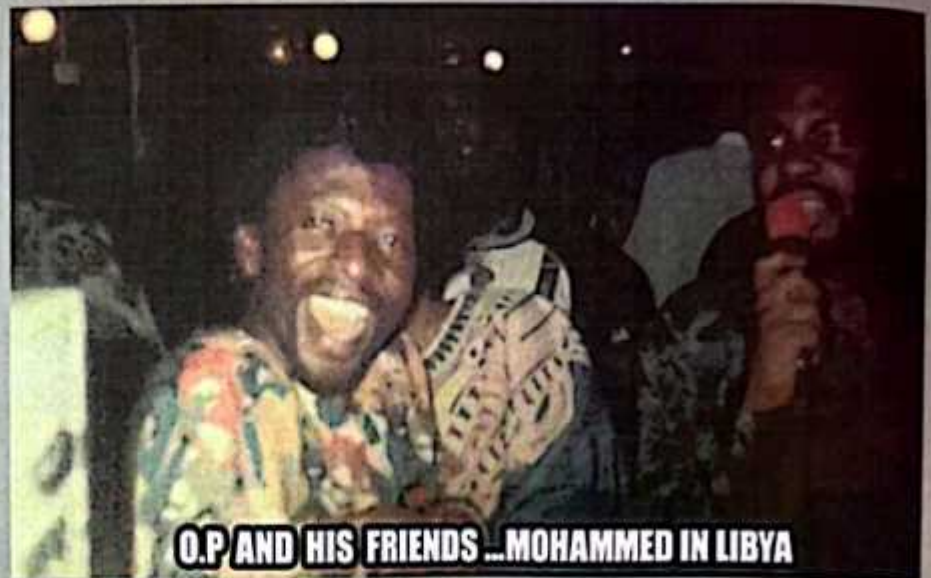


Pastor John Vincent Obiri Opoku
(Kobena Opoku)

Heaven was short of Angels. So he was called by his maker

Biography

O.P loved to sing, he recorded his first album but couldn't release it. He also loved to play drums and piano.



He was known for lifestyle, his energy and love for people, always ready to help . A very reliable and a beautiful soul. He loved doing business as well. In the year 1995, he travelled back to Ghana briefly but things didn't go as planned .He decided to travel back to Libya in 1998 . 2001 he travelled to Italy to search for greener pastures,



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(Kobena Opoku)*

Heaven was short of Angels, So he was called by his maker

Biography

He lived there for 15 years and in 2016 he joined his daughter in Germany.

During his stay in Italy , he enrolled in a Pastoral Training Ministry for years and became a Pastor .



His love for God and the word of God was just beautiful. He dedicated his time to preach the word of God , he was loved by many . He was blessed with dream Interpretation .

*Pastor John Vincent Obiri Opoku
(Kobena Opoku)*

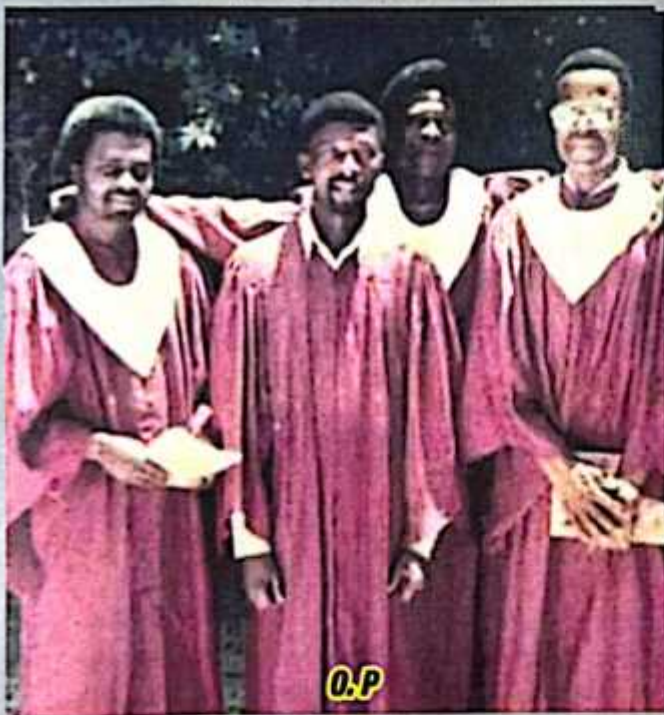
Heaven was short of Angels. So he was called by his maker

Biography

He left behind five children, 3 boys and 2 girls and 2 grandchildren .



He was called by his maker to rest on 29th July 2023 the after a short illness. May his precious soul rest in perfect peace.



Heaven was short of Angels , so he was called by his maker. Till we meet again Dad we say Damirifa Due! Due! We love you.

Pastor John Vincent Obiri Opoku
(Kobena Opoku)

Heaven was short of Angels. So he was called by his maker

Tribute By Children

NIV Bible. Ecclesiastes 7:1-5

A good name is better than fine perfume, And the day of death better than the day of birth.

It is better to go to a house of mourning. Than to go to a house of feasting, For death is the destiny of everyone; the living should take this to heart. Frustration is better than laughter, because a sad face is good for the heart. The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, But the heart of fools is in the house of pleasure.

It is better to heed the rebuke of a wise person. Than to listen to the song of fools.

These are the kind of consolation words we often hear from our dad while he was alive.



Dad, our heart still aches in sadness, our silent tears still flow, for what it meant to lose you.

No one will ever know. Although you can't be here with us, we're truly not apart. You'll be living in our heart. Dearest Dad, to hear your voice, see your smile and just sit and talk to you would be our dearest wish today. Dad, we really miss your advice. We thank you for sharing the word of

God with us and sharing some Bible quotations with us. We miss your jokes, messages and calls. We have saved your voice note as well dad. Thank you for waiting for us especially myself before giving up the ghost. We miss you already and we know God loves you best, even though we love you so dearly, dad. Rest in peace and May God grant you a good resting place. Till we meet again. Duaa



Grand Children



Picture Gallery



Picture Gallery



Picture Gallery



Picture Gallery



Hymn

6. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

1. Guide me, O Thou great *Jehovah,
[*Redeemer]

Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy pow'ful hand.
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more;
Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3. Lord, I trust Thy mighty power,
Wondrous are Thy works of old;
Thou deliver'st Thine from thralldom,
Who for naught themselves had sold:
Thou didst conquer, Thou didst conquer
Sin and Satan and the grave,
Sin and Satan and the grave.

4. 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, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee;
I will ever give to Thee.

HOW SWEET THE NAME JESUS SOUNDS

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

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

3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding Place,
My never-failing Treas'ry filled
With boundless stores of grace!

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

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

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

Hymn

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

1. What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and grief's to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

4. Blessed Savior, Thou hast promised
Thou wilt all our burdens bear;
May we ever, Lord, be bringing
All to Thee in earnest prayer.
Soon in glory bright, unclouded,
There will be no need for prayer—
Rapture, praise, and endless worship
Will be our sweet portion there.

ABIDE WITH ME

1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see—
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3. I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can
be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me.

4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

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

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION

1. Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

o Refrain:

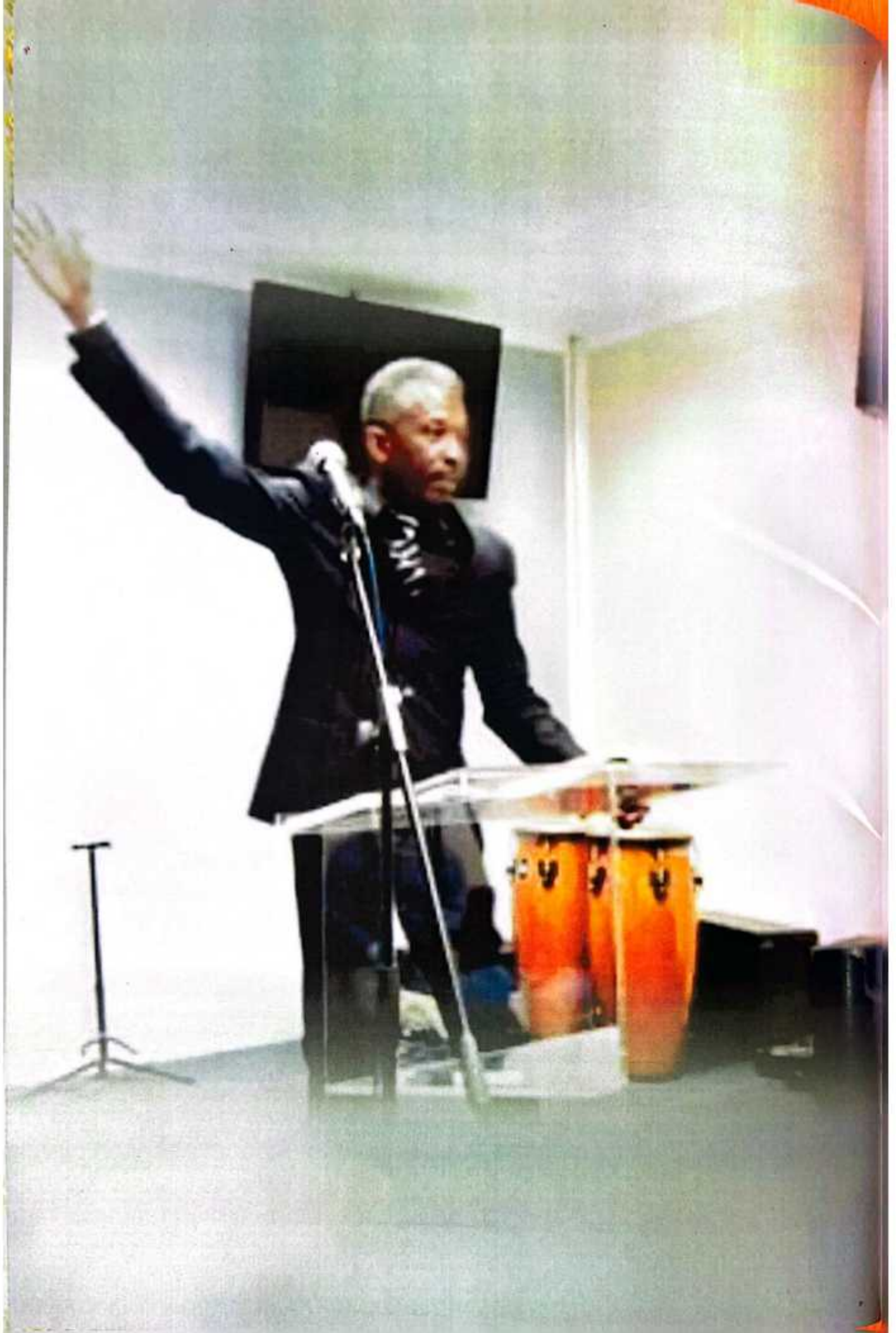
We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2. The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3. Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.





Appreciation

The Children, and the entire family
wish to express their profound gratitude
to everyone for their support and Love
during this hard times.
