

CELEBRATION OF LIFE



FUNERAL SERVICE FOR THE LATE
**GEORGE KWADWO
OWUSU-SEKYERE**
1929 - 2020

DATE: 21ST AUGUST 2020

TRANSITIONS FUNERAL HOME, HAATSO

FINAL INTERMENT

22ND AUGUST 2020, ASANTE MAMPONG

Order Of Service



- Opening Prayer
- Hymns: **PH 555**
- File Past
- Introduction
- Hymn: **PH 276**
- Scripture Reading: **Psa.90:1-6;12,
Isa.38:1-6**
- Hymn: **PH 468**
- Biography: **Family member**
- Tributes
 - Wife**
 - Children**
 - In-laws**
 - Church**
 - Grandchildren**
- Sermon
- Prayer for the family
- Announcement
- Benediction


OFFICIATING MINISTERS:

Rev. J.D. Agyemfra

District Minister, Presby Church - Kwashieman

Rev. Beatrice A. Kwakye

Presby Church - Kwashieman



Biography

THE LATE GEORGE OWUSU-SEKYERE

Mr. George Kwadwo Owusu- Sekyere was born at the Presbyterian Mission Mampong – Ashanti on 24th June, 1929, to Madam Felicia Afua Adwibi (Kete) and Mr. Clement Buxton Kwabena Kyame. Afua Adwibi Felicia was the daughter of Eno Adwoa Sophia Afrakoma (Owora Kese), daughter of Nana Owusu – Sekyere I, Mamponghehene with Nana Agyakoma from Tabere, near Gyamase-Ashanti.

Between the age of four and five, in 1934, a teacher and a friend of the family – Mr. Obuobi, from Aburi-Akwapim, would regularly, and kindly take him as his “Pet” into his classroom and teach him along with the class one pupils. Indeed, this became a daily affair until he was recognized as a member of the class, though he was rather too young and small for the class.

The following year he was somehow promoted to class two along with the others and became a pupil of Mr. David Asante Kwatia, a teacher from Akropong-Akwapim. Because Mr. Kwatia was responsible for classes two and three, George had to be with him for two years.

In 1939, George learnt that the GREAT WAR had begun in Europe between Germany and the Great Britain over colonial matters. Things were rather difficult during the year because of the war. At the end of standard three, he had to take the Standard Four Entrance Examination, a special exam conducted for all pupils of the Presbyterian Junior Schools in the country, under the eagle eye of Mr. Harker – Harker Exam – which was to screen all and select those capable of entering the Senior School –



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then Middle School. He went through the exam with success, but it was short lived. For from all indications, this seemed to be the end of his formal education. There wasn't enough money to pay his fees for the year to enable him collect his TRANSFER certificate to go to standard four – the Senior School. No money – Period, so he had to stop schooling.

In desperation to become one of the young boys and girls, he started selling oranges at the Zongo station, Mampong Ashanti. He would go to a village – Gyetiase – near Darman, near the Trade School – Mampong Technical Institute. He would buy some oranges and sell them on the streets hoping to get enough money to pay the arrears of fees to collect his transfer certificate and also pay his fees at the senior school. This was impossible so he had to stop thinking about formal schooling.

After the third month of that academic year, his mother who had had a series of losses with her trade in oranges; buying oranges in bulk, ten to twenty bags, and hauling them by heavy slow-moving vehicles which could break down at irregular intervals, leading to the loss that would end up with all the oranges getting rotten and being thrown away on the way from Kumasi to Tamale - began to have some gains. With the arrears of school fees settled and the senior school fees for the first term also settled, he was back to school as a standard four pupil.

Meanwhile, he had been apprenticed to a tailor to begin life as an expert tailor, like his new master was. This idea was dropped by the GRACE of God and to his great relief. He made friends at the senior school and because of his age and size, was called Mr. Small but he got on well under another tyranny of his teacher. This teacher was fond of using the teacher's cane on the pupils, was so fearful that he was nicknamed “Osuo a edum ogya”. Well, “Osuo a edum ogya” taught him in standard four, five and six, for three years running.



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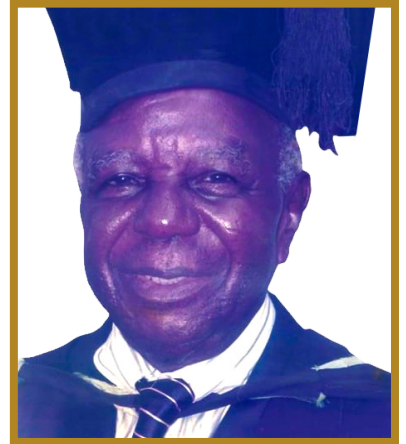
At standard seven, he was very fortunate to have the complete opposite of “Osuo a edum ogya” – quite a gentle understanding gentleman to teach him.

He took the Middle School Exam with his mates and did pass. He had finished school.

It was 1943. Thanks be to God!!!

He thought, “What next? Employment?”

First, he was employed by the Lorry Park Collector – Native Tribunal Council at the Mamponghe’s office. His duty was to collect tolls from drivers who parked at the lorry station. Because there were only a few lorries at Mampong, the amount collected every month was barely enough for his salary of thirty shillings but he did this job with joy. A few months later, he was posted to Kwamang in Ashanti; as a pupil teacher. For the rest of the year 1944, he taught at Kwamang Presbyterian Primary School.



Early in 1945, he was posted to Benim Presbyterian Primary School, where he taught for two years. He was haunted by what he should do as a grown up. He began to look frantically for job openings. Well, he got employed as an Agric Assistant at Adidwan on the Mampong – Ejura road. He had decided to become a teacher for the rest of his life, he returned to teach at Benim. His time at Benim more than prepared him to take the entrance examination to go to the training college.

He began to take some serious studies - while friends met after classes to go and drink palm wine, he kept his books under his shirt and went walking along the roads in the village, reading and studying such material as he could lay his hands on.



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In 1948, he took the College Entrance Exam and passed and was offered the opportunity to do the Four-Year Teacher Training Course, which offered opportunity to teach at a relatively higher level of education than the two-year training. Indeed, he was anxiously looking for the Two-Year course because he had saved enough money to cater for that.

The 4-year offer was not in his interest as he had not saved adequate funds for that. He made some frantic moves to get this changed but unfortunately nobody could help him. He got ready:

- A white drill coat and jacket
- A pair of Achimota sandals, etc


For a trunk box he had to go for the cheapest on the market; a rather bruised undesired box, heavily reduced for the damage on it. That is what he could afford.

The box was quickly put right by a man who was standing by, knocking the sides out to make it look like a new and perfect one.

That was a real victory!

He went to Akropong at last. Some friends and relatives who were happy he had had the wonderful chance to improve upon his life readily helped with a few shillings and this helped a great deal before he made the journey.

He was now on the way to realise his ambition, become a trained teacher; the ambition was close to achievement. He got through the initiation that life at college had for him quite smoothly and started his studies. He took his courses with all the seriousness in his command. He could not stop thinking of his meagre funds and a possible halt and stoppage at the end of the first two years because of lack of funds.



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He prayed earnestly about this. He had an idea – to apply for bursary / help / scholarship from the college or the Presbyterian Church and tell them he would be prepared to pay them back when he had completed the course, and was working as a full-time teacher. He was ready to pay back while he worked as a teacher.

Without discussing this with anybody, he wrote an application letter and boldly took it to the Principal, Rev. S. S. Mallock.

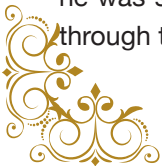
Nothing was heard of this in the form of response! He kept thinking, “Was everything going to fail?” He however kept hoping and believing that something good might turn up in due course.

In 1949, as a first-year student at the Akropong Presbyterian Training College (P. T. C.), he applied to the college for a bursary to be paid back after his course.

He went through the first year in House One by God’s grace, without much difficulty. He had paid all the necessary fees and been able to maintain himself throughout the year. Thanks be to God.



At the beginning of the second year, he made sure that he had paid all the necessary fees. At first, he was safe but that didn’t help stop the constant fears he had – enough money to pay his way through the rest of the two years. He wondered where help would come from.



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Well, the Lord he knew, would direct. In 1950, after the second year, he was told he had been granted an award from King Edward Scholarship Fund. The college applied for this on his behalf based on his good results. God be praised!!! He had to pay no fees for the third year, and in the fourth year, the Government of Ghana offered fee-free education to all students in the Teacher Training Colleges. God be thanked.

Two incidents worthy of mention took place in the second year. He was called to the Principal's office, the most frightful thing that could happen to any student in those days. When any student was summoned to appear before the Principal and his Vice, several things could result- right away - dismissal, suspension, or punishment – this had been their experience as students.

He was summoned to appear before the Principal and his Vice – to face the Sanhedrin. He kept wondering what crime he had committed. He kept shedding tears and friends asked him – “What is your crime G. O.?”

Well he had gone to the college bookshop to collect some books one day and he had by chance set eyes on some Algebra and Geometry books, rather old. He had quietly expressed the desire to buy one each of these mathematics books for his private study – still having an eye on doing further studies, even after the Teacher Training Course, to still better his education! The bookshop manager, a white man, had informed the Principal of his desire to buy those books for himself. And that, in the opinion of the College Authorities, constituted a serious offence. He had to face the Sanhedrin to explain and tell same why he needed Algebra and Geometry books for himself. With suppressed tears, shaking and trembling, he faced the ‘Sanhedrin’!



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Yes, he had also wanted the books to help him teach his students in the future but they could also discern his ambition to further his education after the four-year training.

They could clearly read his hidden ambition on his face.

“Well, you are seriously warned. You know you had some difficulty in paying your way here at the college, and you still have the ambition to continue studies? You know that the Teacher Training Course is Terminal. You are warned. Go and never think of those books.”

‘Yes sir’, he said and left the room with thanks to God for being freed.

The desire to pursue further courses was hidden even if for some time, in his heart! Finally, he completed the course. He was a full teacher of some recognition. He was posted to Mampong Presbyterian Middle School.

Prior to that, he had been called by the Principal and his team and persuaded to do a fifth year course to qualify as a fully trained Catechist so that he could be ordained as a Minister of the Church in future. Well he told them he could not do so because of funds. He needed money badly to survive.

Before schools reopened in 1953, his appointment to Mampong Presbyterian Middle School had been changed. He had to go to Benim United Middle School. Well, he went to Benim with joy to teach the first standard seven class. He did his best.



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At the end of the year in 1954, he received a telegram that he had to go to the Demonstration School at Akropong Akwapim. He was unconditionally transferred, under a state of emergency, to the Demonstration School at Akropong – Akwapim.

This came to him as a shock. He had been happy at Benim and had planned to help his mother build a house at Mampong. Going to teach at Akropong would change his fortune financially and could bring disaster. He fought with himself and the local Minister over this for some time but had to go to teach at Akropong Practice School.

While there, he intensified his studies with the hope of getting further education. In 1958 and 1959, he sat for and passed the University of Gold Coast Institute of Education Exams, a course specially reserved for experienced head teachers and teachers. He had taught for only five years. After a series of rigorous interviews, he was chosen as a fitting candidate to do the course.

Well, he did the course in 1958 to 1959, and passed. The Principal of Abetifi Training College, a former Vice Principal at Akropong who had been a member of the “Sanhedrin” he had faced as a student, asked him to teach at Abetifi. He had to comply.

He did the A-Level even though he did not have the desire to go to the university as he was anxiously waiting for an opening as a lecturer at the Civil Service School. Some friends had asked him to join them there.

In 1958 to 1959, he pursued the Associateship Course at the University of Gold Coast – a really lucky lift. In 1959 to 1960, he taught at the Techiman Training College at Abetifi, for two years. There he had his wedding and married his wife, Mrs. Maud Owusu-Sekyere-nee Maud Asare - in 1960.

They had their first son Michael on the 14th of January 1961.



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While at the Techiman Training College, Abetifi, he took and passed the Special English Entrance Exam in Winneba. He left to do a special English course at Winneba, still pursuing his secret desire to better his education.

From 1961 to 1964, he taught at St. Andrews Training College, Mampong. The Principal of St. Andrews Training College, Mampong Ashanti, invited him to work with him. There, they had the second and third sons. He was at the college for two years, still working hard to go up higher. He sat for the GCE O-Level and got through with success. He decided to go further.

He applied to the university awaiting his GCE A-Level results. He got through the exams. In 1964, he gained admission to the University of Ghana to do a degree course in English, Political Science and History.

Now it seemed that all his previous struggles were bearing the desired results. In 1966, their fourth son was born in Apirede while he was pursuing his degree at the University of Ghana, Legon.

He was assigned to Legon Hall and had to work hard throughout the three years. On completion, he had thought of going to teach at the Presbyterian Secondary School where some friends worked. Another friend had wanted him to join him at the Achimota College. To his surprise, however, he was sent by the Ministry of Education to Mpraeso Secondary School because a Headmaster he did not know wanted him to help him there.

Well he had to go to Mpraeso Secondary School. While there, he saw an advert in the newspapers. They were looking for lecturers at the University College, Cape Coast.



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He did apply, and by God's grace, was appointed Assistant Lecturer at the Faculty of Education after a really rigorous interview in 1968.

It was in 1967 / 68, after the degree course, whilst at Mpraeso Secondary School that he had their fifth and last child, a girl. He was appointed an Assistant Lecturer at the University of Cape Coast. Two weeks after the birth of his daughter, they all moved to Cape Coast.

In 1970 – 72, he went on study leave, to Cardiff, Wales for his Master's Degree with his wife Maud, and the three younger children. Whilst at the University of Cape Coast, in 1980, he and two other colleagues founded what is now, the University Interdenominational Church (UIC).

In 1981, he went on sabbatical leave to Nigeria and lectured at the now: Ignatius Ajuru University of Education, Port Harcourt. In 1991, he returned to Ghana and was appointed Lecturer at the Language Centre, University of Ghana, Legon. While there he did some part time work at the University of Education, Winneba.

He also did some part-time teaching work with the Military Academy and Training Schools, Teshie. In 1992, he moved into his own building at Santa Maria with his wife and daughter. Their first grandchild, Nana Darkoa, was born to his first born in 1993. His first grandson, Prince George, was also born in the same year to his second son.

They joined the International Central Gospel Church, Awoshie, where he was a Deacon. They later joined the Presbyterian Church of Ghana, Trinity Congregation, Kwashieman.

After retiring from Legon, he went to teach at a Korean Bible Institute in Tema with some Korean missionaries.





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In 1998, he taught at the Central University College after he was asked to by Pastor Mensa Otabil, the Head Pastor of the International Central Gospel Church.

In 2000, he was appointed lecturer at the newly established Methodist University College. After twelve years of teaching at the Methodist University College, he finally retired.

He was moved out of his home in Kwashieman, Santa Maria, by floods on the 19th of June 2015 to New Legon after staying in Santa for about twenty-three years.

At New Legon, they joined the Vision Congregation, Presbyterian Church of Ghana. They returned to Santa Maria, Kwashieman, on 4th December 2019 where they went back fellowshiping with the Presbyterian Church, Trinity Congregation, Kwashieman.

On the 18th of July 2020, his heart finally stopped beating, at ninety-one years.



Tribute by Wife



Your father met my mother in 1958- the beginning of the events which led to our marriage. I ignored all negative comments from my friends and I went on with my decision to marry you. I must say it was and is and forever will be one of the best decisions I ever made. The decision to be the wife of my dear husband, a dear father, friend and grandpa, fondly, and also remembered as Teacher Sekyere.

We lived in peace and harmony all our days. Although like any couple we had our misunderstandings, we never allowed the sun to go down on our anger. Not having a brother and him not having a sister, we coined a pet name for each other “Wonua”. I recall a few years ago when I broke my hand, you were more than the hand I needed- bathing and offering all the help and more than I could even ask for.

During your last days, I was seriously ill, and you showed more love than usual to my amazement. You would often turn to me when we were at the table eating and ask me “are you eating?“, and I would reply that I was. And you would say “When I see you eat I’m at peace”. I always knew death was inevitable and definitely one of us would go first but when you have been married to someone for 62 years and counting, you really don’t want to think about them having to leave someday.

On the 18th of July you woke up brighter and stronger than usual. You mentioned that you kept hearing the hymn “Asom a yekura mu yi” that morning and we even sang it together. Little did I know that was going to be our last song. You took your bath and had your breakfast just like any other day. I mentioned your beard looked bushy and you agreed to have a shave. I took a chair out for you to sit outside in the compound under some shade.

As a sun lover, you carried the chair where you would get more sunlight. You shaved off the beard and decided to stay a while in the sun. Some time had gone by and the sun had gotten hotter so I came out to call you to come in.



Tribute by Wife



Meanwhile I had cassava and plantain on fire for fufu with one of your favourite soups, “wrewre nkwan”.

To my uttermost surprise I saw you slouched in your chair. I told you to sit upright so you wouldn't fall over, but you didn't respond.

I called out your name, “Wonua” and for the first time in 62 years you did not respond “Wonua”. I shook you as much as I could, I called out for help and Leticia, our help, came to the scene. She rushed out to get more hands to help carry you into a vehicle to rush you to the hospital.

Our granddaughters came to be with me at home later when you were being transferred to another hospital. After some time, I finally got the news. You had gone to be with the Lord. I couldn't believe my ears, my only love, you had left me all alone without saying goodbye.

In these hard days all the words you have shared with me are what keep me company. It is a fact that more often than not, you spoke nothing but God's word. Never have I seen a man so godly, so caring, so loving, so intelligent and you were my dear Husband - George Owusu -Sekyere.

I can only thank God for granting me such an experience with this wonderful man. I miss you more and more each day but as a believer, I know you are in a better place and in everything my bible tells me to give thanks.

I will borrow the words of Job when he went through trying times “Naked I came from my mother's womb, naked shall I return thence. Yahweh Gives and Yahweh has taken, blessed be the name of Yahweh”. (Job 1:20)



Tribute by Wife



Tribute by Children



Da, thank you for your love, protection, and provision throughout our lives. We have been blessed with your peace and sound judgement. You have given us the best we could ever ask for and we are most grateful for a Dad like you.

Thank you for the Godly background you provided throughout our lives. We are grateful for your extraordinary love for Mommy. Our family has always been privileged because of you.

The day we dreaded finally came, on 18th July 2020 when you peacefully transited to be with your maker. One would have thought the older you are, the easier it is to cope with the transition of a parent but your passing proved otherwise. Our hearts have been very heavy with your passing. You have left a great void in our lives.

You loved us dearly and worked extremely hard to give the five of us the education you struggled to get yourself. You taught us so much with your own life and reminded us to be like candlesticks which provide illumination for others even at the cost of shrinking.

We observed your strict disciplined lifestyle, your daily physical exercise routine, your commitment to eating only at meal times, drinking water 30 minutes after meals and thereafter having nothing in between meals, regardless of how appetising it you're your life of avoiding cold drinks, dedication to reading and consistently mobilising us for daily morning and evening devotion. You prayed daily for the family, mentioning each child and spouse by name and each of your grandchildren as well, and extending these prayers to their children and children's children.

One of the joys of calling you was the blessings you'd pronounce on us towards the end of the call. You were indeed a praying dad and for us it was comforting to know that we had a dad with untiring hands lifted up to heaven on our behalf.



Tribute by Children



You were very gentle and peace-loving never wanting to hurt a soul, very caring, warm and affectionate. You valued everyone you encountered. We remember the way you even related to the junior staff at each University you lectured, where you accorded to all, regardless of who they were, what they did and where they came from, a great deal of respect and encouragement to develop themselves.

You never missed an opportunity to bring relatives and friends into the house to give them a sound educational footing and a warm meal. Da, as we affectionately called you, we will never have adequate space to express what you did for us and what we learnt from you. We hope and pray that we will truly represent the fruits of all your labour and what you stood for.

We will dearly miss you. You definitely fought a good fight, run your race and most importantly kept the faith.

Take your well-deserved rest in the bosom of the father.

Till we meet again it's Nana Danso, Nana Gyimah and Mama, together with the eternal voices of Kwame Kyame and Kwesi Yeboah, both of whom you have probably already been reunited with in glory, saying, we could never have had a better Dad.

Thank God for giving you to us and us to you.

Rest in Peace, Dad.



Tribute by Children



Tribute by In-Laws



Our Father in Law, Mr George Owusu -Sekyere affectionately called Grandpa or Dada was Godly, supportive, loving and peaceful. Those special memories of him will always bring a smile. If only we could have him back for a little longer.

His love for Education and tremendous faith in God always inspired us.

Grandpa had a way of making us feel accepted and valued. He embraced us all into the great Owusu-Sekyere family.

It was a pleasure to be in his company.

His stories of great wisdom and detailed family history will be missed.

He taught us the importance of prayer and we never left his presence or ended a call without his prayer of blessings upon us, his children and the grandchildren.

He touched many lives with his warmth and kindness.

We still cannot believe Grandpa is no longer with us. He will surely be missed.

We take consolation in knowing He is not lost but gone before us, resting peacefully in the bosom of God our father.

Grandpa you were loved and forever will remain in our Hearts.

Our song of consolation is:

“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.” A-men.



Tribute by In-Laws



*Tribute in Memory of the late Mr. George Owusu-Sekyere by the
Presbyterian Church of Ghana Trinity Congregation-Kwashieman*



Revelations 14:13. '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 labour, for their deeds will follow them" '.

It is with the deepest sorrow and grief that we stand here, on behalf of Session and the entire membership of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Kwashieman to pay this tribute to the late Mr. George Kwadwo Owusu-Sekyere, whose mortal remains lie before us this day.

The late Papa Owusu-Sekyere as we affectionately called him, joined this congregation in the year 2009. He was a dedicated and regular member of the congregation.

When the news of his death reached us, we were shocked because there was news of him being sick.

Without doubt we strongly believe that he has been called home to his Maker, as we can hear the good Lord saying, "thou good and faithful servant enter into my rest". May he find solace and blissful rest in the bosom of the Lord.

Mr. George Kwadwo Owusu-Sekyere, your Minister, the Session and the entire congregation say "Yema wo nante yie.

Mr. George Kwadwo Owusu-Sekyere, Rest in Perfect Peace.
Nante Yie.



*Tribute by the Presbyterian Church of Ghana - Vision Congregation,
New Legon to the late Mr. George Owusu-Sekyere*



The Late Mr. George Owusu-Sekyere whom we affectionately called Papa and his lovely wife Mama Maud joined the Vision Congregation after the 2015 June 3 Floods when they relocated to New Legon.

Papa immediately settled into the church and was very committed to all church programmes and activities. Papa was a member of the Men's Fellowship and nothing deterred him from joining the Men's Fellowship not even in his advanced age. In fact, his brief stay with the church revealed how much he loved music and was ready to lead the Men's Fellowship at any opportune time to sing. In recognition of his hard work and dedication to the Men's Fellowship and the church in general, the Men's Fellowship honoured him on his 90th Birthday with a Citation.

It is worth noting that, Papa's contribution to our Bible Studies was simply remarkable. He demonstrated an in-depth knowledge and interest in the Scriptures and he was always ready to share with the entire congregation the lessons he had learnt after Group Bible Studies.

Papa's wisdom and goodness blessed many lives in the church and his relationship with his wife was a perfect model for most couples. They were always willing to give their advice to all couples in the church with so much love and tenderness. We express our love to his sweet wife and caregiver, Mama Maud and extend our heartfelt condolences to the entire family.

Papa has completed his mortal mission and has returned to His Creator with honour to our heavenly home. The challenge he leaves behind is for all of us to do same. We take peace and comfort in knowing that his service continues on the other side. With all his experience, Papa was extraordinarily humble and always friendly. We already missed Papa since the day they left our Congregation to return to Kwashieman.

However, he has not been forgotten.

Our prayers go out to his lovely wife and family and all those who loved him. May the Lord bless and comfort us all. We have indeed lost an amazing example of one enduring to the end! The church truly appreciated this example, his testimony and service.

Damirifa due Papa....God keep you till we meet again.

Thank you.



*Tribute in Memory of Mr. George Kwadwo Owusu-Sekyere by the
University Interdenominational Church (UIC) of University of Cape Coast.*



Now the labourer's task is o'er, now the battle-day is past;
Father, in Thy gracious keeping leave we now Thy servant sleeping. (MHB 976).

It is with a sorrowful heart that we pay this tribute to our departed father, colleague and elder brother, Mr. George Owusu-Sekyere. We at the University Interdenominational Church (UIC) deeply mourn him as the first among the founders of our Church. It was he, together with two others, Prof. M. K. Antwi and Dr. K. O. Agyakwa, both deceased, who mooted the idea of starting Sunday services for protestant residents of the UCC campus in January 1980. This was at a time no Church existed on the University campus and senior members who wanted to attend Sunday services had to go to Cape Coast town to join their mother Churches or join the students for their evening service.

But at the time going to town for the worship services had become a serious challenge because obtaining fuel for vehicles was very difficult since petrol (as well as many other essential goods) was in short supply in the country. So the idea of Sunday services was easily embraced by many. And that is how our Church, the University Interdenominational Church started at UCC.

Our senior brother didn't only help start the Church. He also conducted and preached the sermon that first Sunday, 13th January, 1980. Our daddy subsequently helped to lay a firm foundation acting as the first chairman of an interim Executive Committee.

We were encouraged when some of us as representatives from the Church visited him and his wife in Accra in 2017 and shared fond memories together. We were looking forward to bringing him over this year so we could celebrate together the 40th anniversary of the Church. The COVID-19, however forced us to postpone the climax of the activities in which we planned to involve him. Regretably, we rather have to bid him farewell today.

We trust, however, that we shall meet again "on that beautiful shore" and part no more.
Daddy Owusu-Sekyere, rest in perfect peace in the bosom of the Lord! Amen!!



Tribute by Grandchildren



Grandpa we celebrate your wonderful life. We know you are now resting in the Father's bosom. You were such a kind and loving man, even the sound of your voice could cause one to smile, your cheerful attitude has been such an example to us and the legacy that you left behind will never be forgotten. We remember all of the blessings that you pronounced over us.

Grandpa you were the perfect gentleman. When we stayed out late, you would come out to meet us on our way back and walk us home.

Grandpa, you often told us interesting stories and the onomatopoeic effects you added always made them come alive. These stories were always something to look forward to.

Grandpa, you were a music man. You always encouraged us to play instruments and sing. During our school days, you would sing "Sukuu Don ab)" to wake us up and when we were enjoying the songs, Grandma would walk in with water and you can guess what happened next. You could sing about almost everything and this is something that we will really miss.

Grandpa, we have heard many stories about how hardworking, determined and disciplined you were, it has been such a motivation for us, and because we know how hard you worked, we too will also work hard to accomplish our goals and dreams.

Grandpa you were such a godly man, every blessing that you spoke, every prayer that you prayed and even how close you were to God encourages us to prioritise the Lord and acknowledge him in all that we do.

Grandpa we will always remember you and we will tell our children, grandchildren even our great grandchildren about you because you were and still are such a role model.

You have most definitely fought the good fight and run your race. Heaven has gained a wonderful angel and the earth has lost a great soldier.

We are indeed grateful, Grandpa. Yes, you were a loving Grandpa. We cannot forget how you taught us how to do morning devotion and pray all the time. We saw you as our mentor and a spiritual father. Your love and care made us feel special. Grandpa was indeed our support in times of trouble and we had so much encouragement from him all the time.



Tribute by Grandchildren



We will miss you. We will be excited to meet you again in heaven, when we all get to be with the Lord. Rest well.

*Grandpa, you are gone, but you will never be far away from us.
May your soul rest in peace*



Hymns



HYMN 555

1. Yehowa ne me Hwefo,
Na hwee renhia me.
ɔhwɛ me na ɔyen me,
De n'adepa kye me.
Amanem odwudwo me kra
Na ɔkyere me ne kwan pa.
2. Menam wu bon mu po a,
Minsuro bone bi;
Na wo na wudi m'akyi,
Wokyekye me werɛ.
Yehowa, wode wo poma
Bepam m' atamfo nyinaa'ra.
3. Wotow me pon ma wohu,
Wofɔw me tirim ngo;
Me k'ruwa ye ma bu so;
Yiye di m'akyi daa.
Metena Yehowa fi koraa,
Na mahu n'adɔe daa nyinaa.

HYMN 276

1. Asem a yekura mu yi
Ye Yesu Kristo de;
na se eye ne de no nti,
yanim se erenseɛ.
Nanso ete se brofua a
wodua no ne berem a,
enwu wo fam a, eremfi,
ewu a, enna esow pii,
ewu ansa,
ewu asow aba
2. Asem a eye ma yen se
na wode abre yen;
na ɛkyere yen kwan yiye
Ma yedu Nyame nkyen;
ɛka se yennyɛ Yesu nni;
ɔno na yen amane nti,
ofii soro begyee yen wom
de yen reko n'ahoto k' rom.
Enti momma
yemfa n'asem so daa

HYMN 468

1. Kristo mogya ne ne trenɛɛ
ne me ntama, m'ahyehyede,
na da a Nyame befre me no,
mede menya n'anim mako.
2. Enti Kristo mogya no nko
ne me nkwagye ne m'ahoto,
miwu oo, mete ase oo,
mede me ho meto no so.
3. Na se me bone haw me a,
memma enhye me so koraa;
na makae se saa bone nti,
na emaa Yesu huu yaw pii.





If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.

Romans 14:8

