

Funeral & Thanksgiving Service



H.E. PAUL YAW ESSEL

(FORMER GHANA HIGH COMMISSIONER TO AUSTRALIA)



1949 - 2022

Forever In Our Hearts



Funeral & Burial Service
H.E. PAUL YAW ESSEL
Friday 13 Jan, 2023
@ Transitions Funeral Home Haatso

Order of Service

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rev Henry Tuffour,Redemption Church

Mrs Augustina Adjei

Lady Pinki Rockson

PART I - PRE-FUNERAL SERVICE (09:00-10:00HRS)

1. Arrival of Guests
2. Songs/ Praises
3. File Past

PART II - FUNERAL SERVICE (10:00- 12:00HRS)

1. Opening Prayer
2. Songs of Praise
3. 1st Scripture Reading
4. Congregational Hymn
5. 2nd Scripture Reading
6. Congregational Hymn
7. Biography
8. Tributes
9. Song Ministration / Hymn

10. Sermon

11. Prayer for the family

12. Offertory

13. Announcement

14. Benediction and lifting of casket

PART III - BURIAL SERVICE (PRIVATE)



Biography

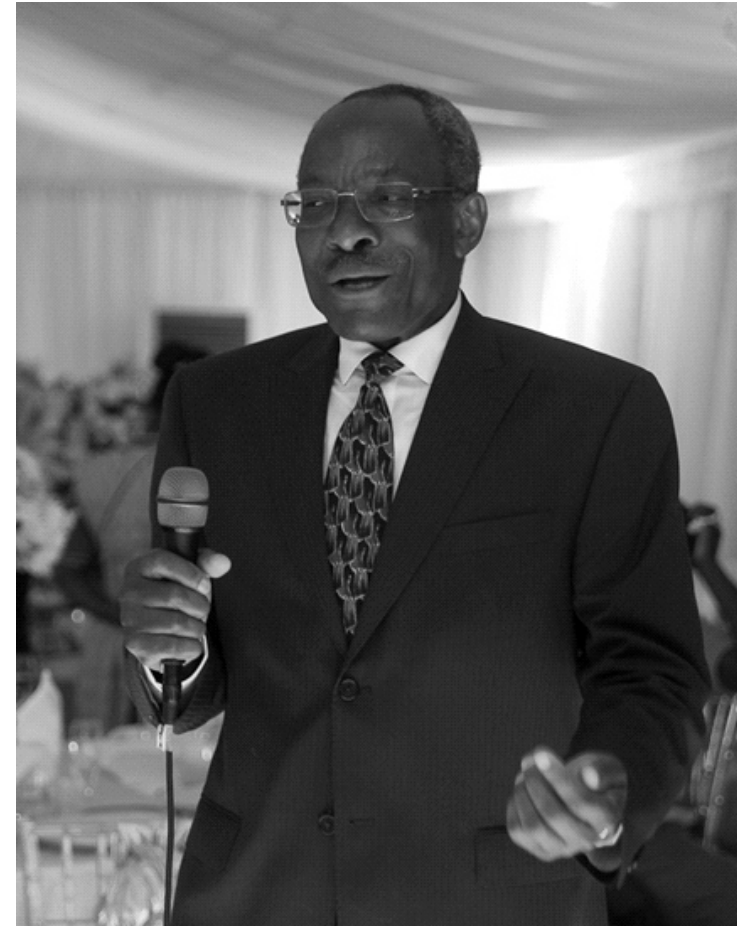
Of the late
H.E. PAUL YAW ESSEL

The late Yaw Paul, as he was popularly called was born on Thursday 27th October, 1949 in Kumasi. His father was Isaac Kwame Essel (also known as Opanin Kwame Kwantwi), a retired Principal Bailiff of the High Court of Ghana Judicial Service. His mother Obaapanin Yaa Korankyewaa also known as Abrewa was a baker and a farmer. Both were from Assin Nkran and are of blessed memory. Yaw was named after his paternal grandfather Yaw Kwasare. He was baptized and christened Paul Yaw Essel. He was the 6th born of his parents.

He was educated at AME Zion Primary School, Kumasi, Kalpohin Middle School, Tamale and Mfantshipim Secondary school, Cape Coast, where he obtained the GCE 'O level in 1967, and the GCE 'A' Level in 1969. After completing from Mfantshipim Secondary School, he enrolled at the University of Ghana, Legon, to study English, French and Political Science, graduating with a bachelor of arts degree in 1972.

After graduation, he was hired to teach English, French and Government at Ghanata Secondary School in Dodowa, and in 1974, He was awarded a government scholarship to study in Montpellier, France. Upon completing that program of study, he returned to his alma mater to teach French, becoming the head of the French Department during the school's centenary celebration.

In 1976, he accepted a position with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. His career took him, his wife Eva Vida Quaynor Essel, and their family around the world. His fluency in French proved useful in his nearly 40-year diplomatic career which took him to postings at Belgium, Guinea and the United Nations in New York City. He was serving as the Charge d'Affairs in Benin when he was appointed as Ghana's High Commissioner to Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea in 2009. He held that post until his retirement in 2013.



Biography

Of the late
H.E. PAUL YAW ESSEL

Yaw also was the host of the popular G.B.C programme “Talking Point” during the P.N.D.C era. He also worked with the world council of churches during their annual conferences as an interpreter.

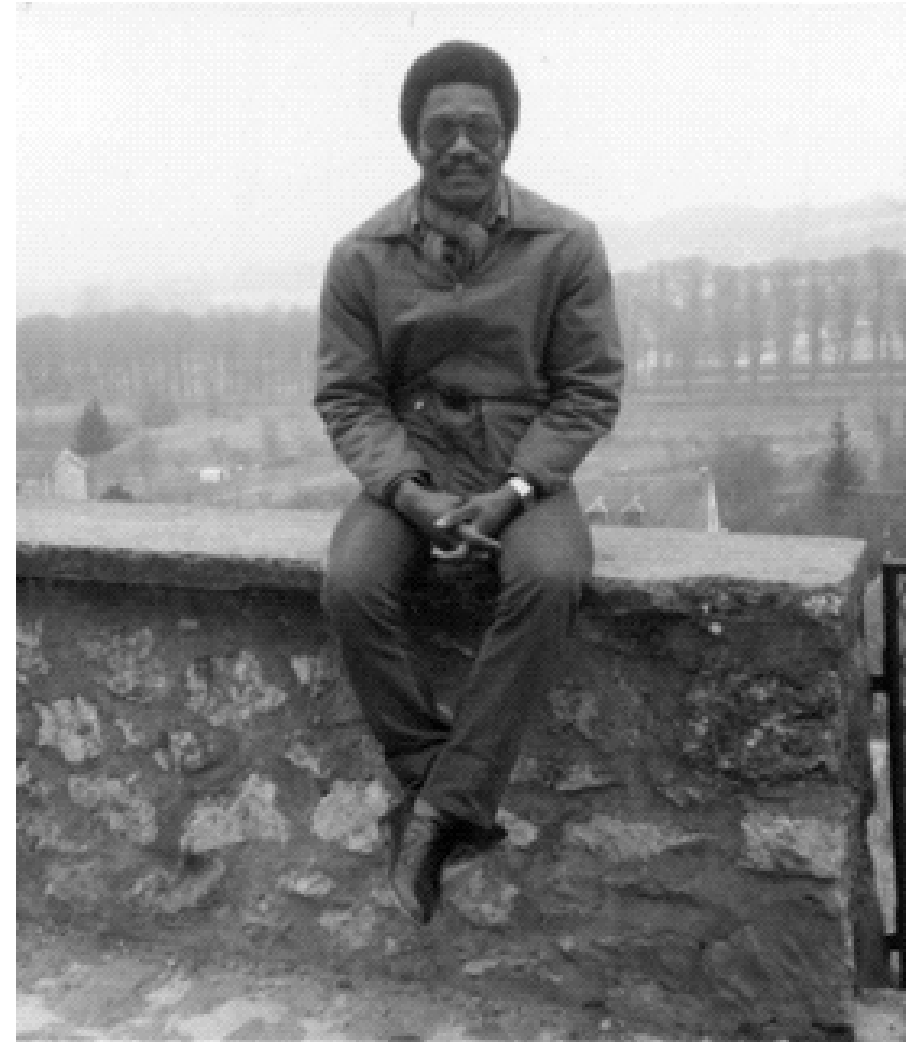
Yaw Paul was known to colleagues, family and friends as a thoughtful man with an infectious laugh. He was very affable and a gentleman who always spoke his mind without fear favour. He loved to tell stories, and engaged others in lively conversation. A regular at the Accra Lawn Tennis Club, he was an accomplished and competitive tennis player. He liked being active and enjoyed hiking and other forms of exercise, as well as listening to all types of music, particularly jazz, soul and highlife.

Above all, he was proud of his Ghanaian heritage and all that his country had accomplished, particularly being a model for other African nations with its spirit of tolerance and respect for the Rule of Law. In a 2011 speech in Sydney, Australia marking the 54th anniversary of Ghana's independence, he referred to Ghana as “the star of Africa” and urged his fellow Ghanaians to share in his pride and vision and strive to move the nation forward economically and politically.

He was predeceased by his wife, Eva Vida Quaynor, in 2009. Survivors include his five children: daughters Adwoa (Mustapha) Essel Rahman and Yaa Essel; sons Kojo (Abena), Kwaku (Nina) and Kofi (Kristin) Essel, and eight grandchildren.

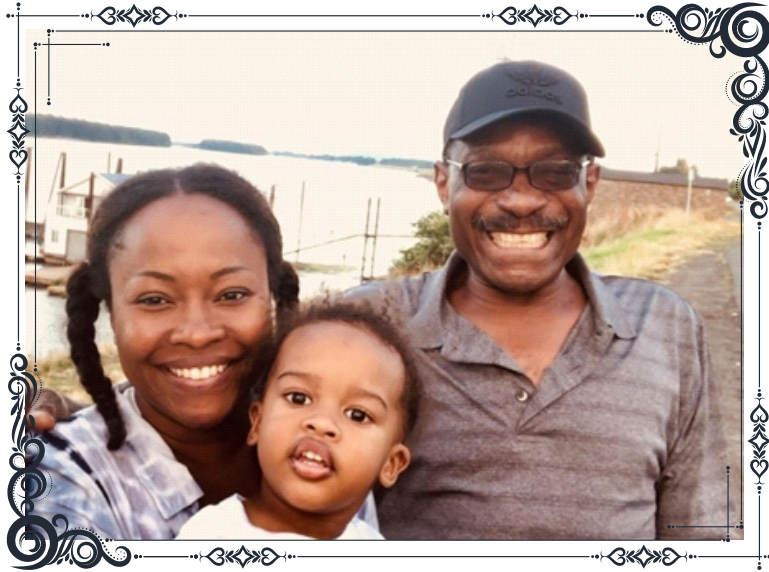
Yaw, may the owner of the spirit which was taken from you, grant you eternal peace and keep you safe in his bosom.

Rest in perfect Peace.



Tribute by Children

ADWOA

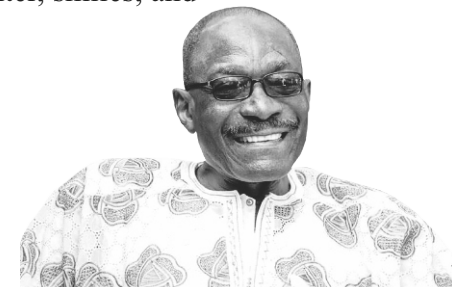


As we look back over time, I wonder if we thanked you for all you have done for us. All the times: you were by our side to help support and celebrate our successes. The end is nigh.

You accepted us for who we were and actively participated when you could. You taught by example the value of hard work, courage, good judgment, and integrity. Have we ever thanked you enough for the sacrifices you made? You were and will always be the life and soul of the party with your outlandish dance moves and quick wit.

If we ever forgot to show our gratitude for everything you did, we thank you now. Through simple things like laughter, smiles, and shared times.

Your filial daughter.



Tribute by Children

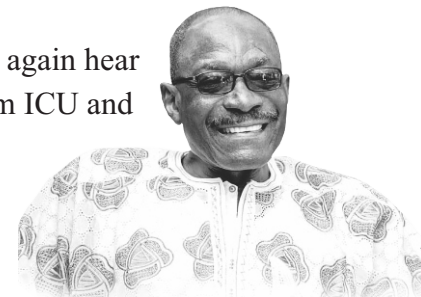
K O J O



Honestly, I don't really know what to say! Maybe I'll start by saying I love you so much and I miss you dearly. The relationship between us was never the best for reasons best known to you, You painfully spilt out some to me and I wished things could have been better as we grew older but it was a mind made decision to you.

Besides all that, the day I rushed home to find you lying unconscious in front of your room door, I couldn't have left you in such a condition but had to man up and rush you to the nearby clinic for care because my love for you was bigger than the pain within me.

Dad from that day and moment till your last day on earth 1st of November 2022, all I was wishing from you was to once again hear your voice call my name: Kojo, “what are you doing in my house” just as you asked me when we brought you home from ICU and then Stroke Unit and there was so much life in



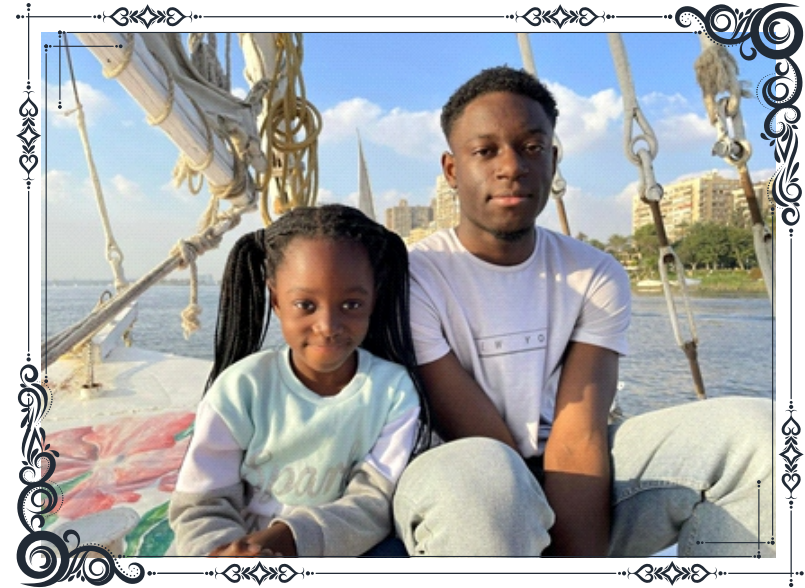
you and you were smiling so much with us (Me, AB, Kwaku and the nurses) when we called you with your nicknames like Boblee Bobtaana, Paulo Pee and the others and you were smiling and requesting for some of your favorite foods from AB and then you asked me: “what are you doing here Kojo” and I said to you “Dad I was here from the beginning and will be with you till the last day” like I told you before today and kissed your forehead... I love you and you will forever be in my heart and mind... May the good Lord keep you in his bosom till we meet again.

REST IN PEACE DAD



Tribute by Children

Y A A



Paul Yaw Essel, our Dad, was the life of the party. When you were around him, you knew there would be laughter.

He wasn't the easiest man to like but he was easy to love.

There is no one like him and he will be missed.

Good-bye Daddy, but now "you have Mum to look after you again."



Tribute by Children

K W A K U



Life is a long winding piece of art. Drawn, painted, sculpted over time. At the end, when the paint has dried, it is displayed in the gallery to be viewed. We assess each one's life, looking at their tapestry critically, seeing how it may speak to us. We are left with our feelings and its imprint on our souls. Alas, here we are, doing so for you Dad.....the sketches are painted over, vibrant color and deep dark colors; a complex piece that pulls on a range of emotions as I look and come back to the piece over and over again. A genuine article though, Mr Paul Yaw Essel.

My father was a presence, his laughter filled a room, a jokester and fun to be around. Behind the fun and bravado was a hardworking man of service; serving as a prefect at Mfantshipim, his time teaching and serving in the Ministry of Foreign affairs until his retirement. Don't let the laugh deceive you, my father was a disciplinarian. The imprint of boarding school lasted his entire life, my father never left his bed unmade in the morning, with meticulous corners. His shoes lined up neatly against the wall.



Fitness was important to Him. He was an avid tennis player. I remember his workout routines with the jump rope and stationary bike. My father was a strong man and when he was struck down by the stroke in July 2021, his inner strength showed further. When you see your superhero go down it is a shock. How can this be? And for those who knew him in his heyday - a fitness enthusiast - you are thinking this could never happen! Not to Dad, Yaw Paul.

The last year-and-a-half had been a time of evaluation and reflection. I am grateful I was able to be by his side. There are many things I took away from Dad and that I will hold dear. He was a man determined to provide his family with great opportunities to advance. We are left with his legacy, to continue to advance and make him proud!

My *super hero!* host of Talking Point! His Excellency - you are gone too soon! To a more restful place.

We will do our best to make you proud!



Tribute by Children

K O F I



Growing up, I spent most of my time with my mother but a few months ago coming home to see my dad made me start thinking back to the memories I have of him and I.

Some time in early Fall of 2003, in New Rochelle, NY, I came home from getting my ears pierced. I was 17/18 at the time and was very nervous about how Dad would react. To my surprise he was unfazed and didn't mention them until a week or so later.

There were similar moments like that I appreciated. Moments that showed his openness to me expressing myself. I reflect back on those moments that later led to me pursuing fashion as a career without the weight of my parent's influence.

My mother was instrumental in emboldening my creative pursuits but my father never applied any pressure to change that direction and I'm thankful for that.

Dear father, may you rest in peace.



Tribute by **ABENA**



Life with you at home was never regrettable; your jokes, smiles, and encouragement to advance in my policing career so that I could have subordinates who would serve under me will remain with me forever, and I promise to keep good on those promises. It was a devastating blow when you became ill, but I hoped and trusted God for your healing.

Rest well Dad; I know you're safe in God's bosom.

AB loves you.



Tribute by SIBLINGS



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

We write the tribute, for Yaw Paul, with a lot of pain in our hearts. Never in our wildest imagination did we think that you would be in so much pain and suffering prior to your passing; bed-ridden, motionless, unable to speak, eat or drink for more than a year. The last 14 months of your life tested our faith in our Maker. So when on November 1st, 2022 the good Lord ended your pain and our pain, all we could say was thank you lord for listening to our prayers and supplications.

(give thanks in all circumstances for this is God's will for you in Christ Jesus)

Growing up in a poor, large family in the “tough” neighborhood of Asawase and Aboabo in Kumasi and later in Tamale was no mean task. You succeeded by dint of hard work

and under the nurturing and guidance of parents who never spared the rod, especially our mother. You can't imagine the joy and pride you brought to the family when in 2009 you were appointed Ghana's High Commissioner to Australia.

In spite of your busy schedule as a diplomat you found time to visit your siblings, children and grandchildren, scattered around the globe; Nigeria, South Africa, The United Kingdom, Canada and the USA. And whenever you were around it was all jokes and laughter; there was never a dull moment with you around. Your great sense of humor was unparalleled. Because you were bilingual you could sometimes unconsciously switch to the french language despite our protestations. Your

“special seat” in the patio of “big bro” Man Kojo's house has remained empty since you fell ill.

You were a sports enthusiast and you could spend countless hours watching football and especially tennis. Your knowledge of the game at the global level was unsurpassed. No wonder you were a member of the Accra Lawn Tennis Club.

We will always love you and you will be sorely missed. Rest thee well, Yaw Paul.

May the Lord's Perpetual light shine on you

“Dampirifa Due”

“Due ne Amane Humu”



Tribute by **UNCLE SAMMY**

*LORD, how long will I live?
When will I die?
Tell me how soon my life will end?
PSALM 39 verse 4*

Whenever the icy hands of death snuff out the life of a being, we are always left distraught and confounded. This is because we humans can never come to terms with losing parents, siblings, family members, friends and loved ones.

Disinii, I am broken by your demise, yet I thank God for giving you to this family and as believers of Jesus Christ, our Lord and personal Saviour, I know He has taken you at this time, as said in the good books, Ecclesiastes, to go and meet your creator in peace.

Yaw Essel was a quiet and reserved person but his presence was never missed in a gathering. He believed in living life to the fullest and as such made it a point to see the good of everything and celebrate it even in the storms. He would constantly say amidst laughter that this is the life and you ought to make a merry for life is short and must be lived.

Disinii, as we called ourselves, a name coined from an experience shared in our childhood days, was caring. He was with the school of thought that not everyone will appreciate you and what you stand for, regardless the little you can do, do it, not bearing in mind the opinions of people. As a result, Paul was free a spirited.

The Lord blessed me with a cousin turned best friend and twin brother (based on our resemblance...he was tall and I depreciate in height) and today myself and the entire family give you back to the Lord; yet as the Lord did not lose you in giving to us, we also have not lost you in your return to your creator.

The loneliness and emptiness we feel by your passing is unbearable. Home will never be the same to us anymore especially me. We really did

understand each other. You finally took with you the magnetic attraction that brought us together from time to time.

Brother, you have given me a compelling reason to be lonely once again reminiscing on our hay day imaging you laugh and your teasing spirit. I miss you already, Disinii.

My twin, my friend, Your Excellency, Paul Yaw “Disinii” Essel, as you join your ancestors, in sharing the glory of God, it is my prayer that the Good Lord of life whose unceasing love extends to all his creations, vouch-safe you peacefully into everlasting rest.

DAYIE!!!



Tribute by **MOBA 67-YEAR GROUP**

Writing a goodbye message for a dead friend can be like a dream. Especially, scanning through the walls of memories and being reminded of the things you have been through together make this irreversible situation more painful. The reality that you are only left with memories of your loving friend is traumatizing.

Paul Yaw Essel, popularly known as Adele Mara, is very much alive today, perhaps smiling at us and telling us as a poet would say cheerfully: “Do not stand at my grave and weep, I am not there, I do not sleep, I am a thousand winds that blow,Do not stand at my grave, I am not there, I did not die.”

We were 105 tiny kids in September 1962 when we were freshly enrolled at Mfantsipim School in Cape Coast. By the time we left in 1969, Adele had grown into a giant of a man. A few of us in Balmer-Acquaah House with him saw him as a bit quiet and principled mate who, though did not tolerate "nonsense", was also kind. With such qualities, some of us were not surprised when he was selected as the Grounds Prefect in our last year. In a purely Boys School like Mfantsipim, you needed a 'Wasra' boy to bring sanity to our surroundings every time.

Adele was born a Fante but spent most of his vacations in Tamale where his parents lived during the Kwabotwe days. He learned to speak Dagbani, the language of the Dagombas in Tamale, and Hausa in addition to English and French at school. He became an exceptional polyglot. Those who did French with him at A-Level found him easygoing but at the same time very serious when it came to doing the work assigned to him. You would then see the real Yaw Paul who would be stuck with paying attention to detail in every respect.

Yaw Paul continued extending his joviality towards his mates even after school. He hosted some of us at Ghanatta Secondary School where he taught for a while. It was an exciting weekend for those who attended, interspersed with jokes from the future Diplomat who eventually became Ghana's High Commissioner to Australia.

We remember him, while he was well and retired, having long chats on WhatsApp at his residence, little did we know that he will soon be no more.

“You meet people who forget you. You forget people you meet. But sometimes you meet those people you can't forget. Those are your friends” (Mark Twain).

REST IN PERFECT PEACE, ADELE MARA.



Tribute by

ACCRA LAWN TENNIS CLUB

Registered with the Accra Lawn Tennis Club as Paul Yaw Essel, he joined the Club in the late 80's and became a General Secretary of the club the early part of 1993.

He loved his Tennis but never played to the highest level probably due to his frequent postings outside Ghana.

Because of his affable nature he was liked by members and the ball boys and had a special relationship with each and every one.

He was a man of principles and was prepared to defend his position to a fault. Even in later years when he hanged up his Racquet, he still maintained his membership and was regular on Tuesdays, Thursdays and the weekends.

He was a lover of music and will never miss the chance to show off his dancing skills at any function. He was full of knowledge probably from his previous experiences as host of the famous TV show: "Talking Point" and brought that to the fore anytime the need arose.

The Club will sorely miss him and we wish him God's Grace on his eternal journey.

Yaw Paul "Damirifa Due".



Tribute by

FRITZ BAFFOUR

“Bob Lee, Bob Tanner.....etc”

For over two decades and more, that was the rhyme and dance my bosom friend affectionately known as Yaw Paul and I greeted each other regardless of the setting and company we were in, much to the amusement of those present. In fact, especially at the Accra Lawn Tennis Club where we met often to chew the fat, carouse and engage with fellow members in wholesome comradeship, colleagues who on seeing the two of us would cheerfully encourage our unique display of friendship and bonhomie!

His Excellency Paul Yaw Essel was until his sad demise one of my dearest friends for over thirty years. A consummate diplomat, multi-linguist, raconteur, intellectual and patriot coupled with a magnificent sense of humour, Yaw was much loved by all who knew him, for he interacted favourably with the young and old alike and eschewed any form of snobbery despite his social and professional attainment and status as one of Ghana's top diplomats.

From his biography, all present will be acquainted with his antecedents and life story but what was left unsaid is more remarkable because his kindness, generosity and wisdom can hardly be encapsulated in a few words. I remember when one of his grandsons lived with him for a few years and the care and love he showered on the young man, he adored his family and was always in the best of spirits when they were around him.

As I write this tribute, the memories of our high jinks, sharing a beer, having heated debates on every subject under the sun and his many

forays into exquisite French to illustrate whatever he was saying at the time.

Oh *“Bob Lee”* our song and dance is over for now but I am sure that it will begin again when we meet on eternity's shore.

Rest in Peace my brother and friend
“Yaawo Odzogban”

We will miss you dearly!

Rest peacefully in the Lord's bosom till we meet again!

“Bob Lee, Bob Tanner.....”



Gallery of

H.E. PAUL YAW ESSEL



MR. & MRS. ESSEL ON THEIR WEDDING DAY



H.E. TRAVELING ON A BUS IN A FOREIGN LAND



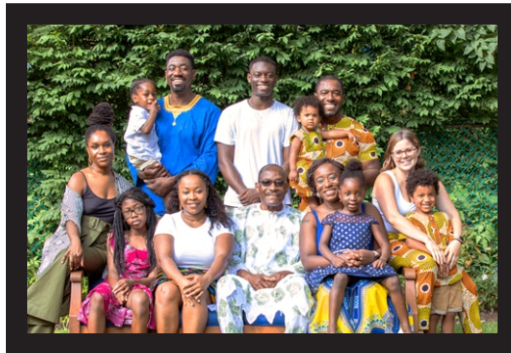
**MR. ESSEL AND HIS FAMILY IN HIS
EARLY YEARS**



MR. & MRS. ESSEL AT A PROGRAM



H.E. PAUL YAW ESSEL AT A FAMILY GATHERING



**H.E. PAUL YAW ESSEL WITH THE CHILDREN
AND GRANDCHILDREN**



H.E. WITH FAMILY



**H.E. PAUL YAW ESSEL ON ONE OF HIS
AMBASSADORIAL TRIPS**

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah,

1. 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;

Bread of heaven,

Feed me now and evermore.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,

Whence the healing waters flow;

Let the fire and cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through.

Strong Deliverer,

Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

Strong Deliverer,

Be Thou still my strength and Shield.

3. 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;

Songs of praises, I will ever give to Thee.

Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me,

1. let me hide myself in thee;

let the water and the blood,

from thy wounded side which flowed,

be of sin the double cure;

Save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Not the labors of my hands

Can fulfill thy law's demands;

Could my zeal no respite know,

Could my tears forever flow,

all for sin could not alone;

Thou must save, and thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,

Simply to the cross I cling;

Naked, come to thee for dress;

Helpless, look to thee for grace;

Foul, I to the fountain fly;

Wash me, savior, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,

When mine eyes shall close in death,

When I soar to worlds unknown,

See thee on thy judgment throne,

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in thee.

Captain of Israel's Host, and Guide

1. Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace, our rule,
Thy Word;
Our end, the glory of the lord.

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

3. We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
aspiring to the plains of light;
Jerusalem the saints 'abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

Abide with Me, fast falls the eventide

1. 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 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

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

Note

A series of ten horizontal dashed lines spanning the width of the page, intended for writing notes.

Note

A series of ten horizontal dashed lines spanning the width of the page, intended for writing notes.

Appreciation

We wish to say thank you to the innumerable people who sympathised with us and supported us through this difficult period. Your love and efforts are truly appreciated.

God bless you all.

*Funeral Planned & Coordinated by:
R&A Funeral Services 0553012707*