BURIAL, MEMORIAL
AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE



of the late

ING. AUGUSTUS ARCHAMPONG

1946 -2026

MOMENTS. MEMORIES. LEGACY.

ORDER OF SERVICE

PROGRAMME FOR BURIAL, MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE LATE ING. AUGUSTUS ARCHAMPONG AT TRANSITIONS ON TUESDAY, 27TH OCTOBER, 2026 | 9:00 AM

OFFICIANTS

VERY REV. BENJAMIN ERIC K. CLOTTEY
REV. MARY NAA ADARKU SARBLAH
REV. ROSEMARY LARYEA
REV. JOHANNESS SACKEY
REV. DR. EMMANUEL AHIA CLOTTEY

STEWARDS

BRO RONALD ARYEH
SIS ELFREDA CLELAND
BRO HARRY BEN CRABBE

CHOIR MASTER / ORGANIST

BRO ADOLPHUS QUAYE
BRO ROBERT QUAYE

ORDER OF SERVICE
PART ONE

1. Processional Hymn - MHB 830
2. Sentences/Purpose of Gathering
3. Opening Hymns- MHB 428
4. Opening Prayer
5. Hymn - MHB 235
6. Biography/Tributes
7. Hymn - MHB 468
8. Scripture Readings:

a) Psalm 135:1-7, 13 - b) Revelation 7:9-17

9. Hymn - MHB 828
10. Sermon
11. Affirmation of Faith
12. Offertory

PART TWO MEMORIAL/ THANKSGIVING SERVICE

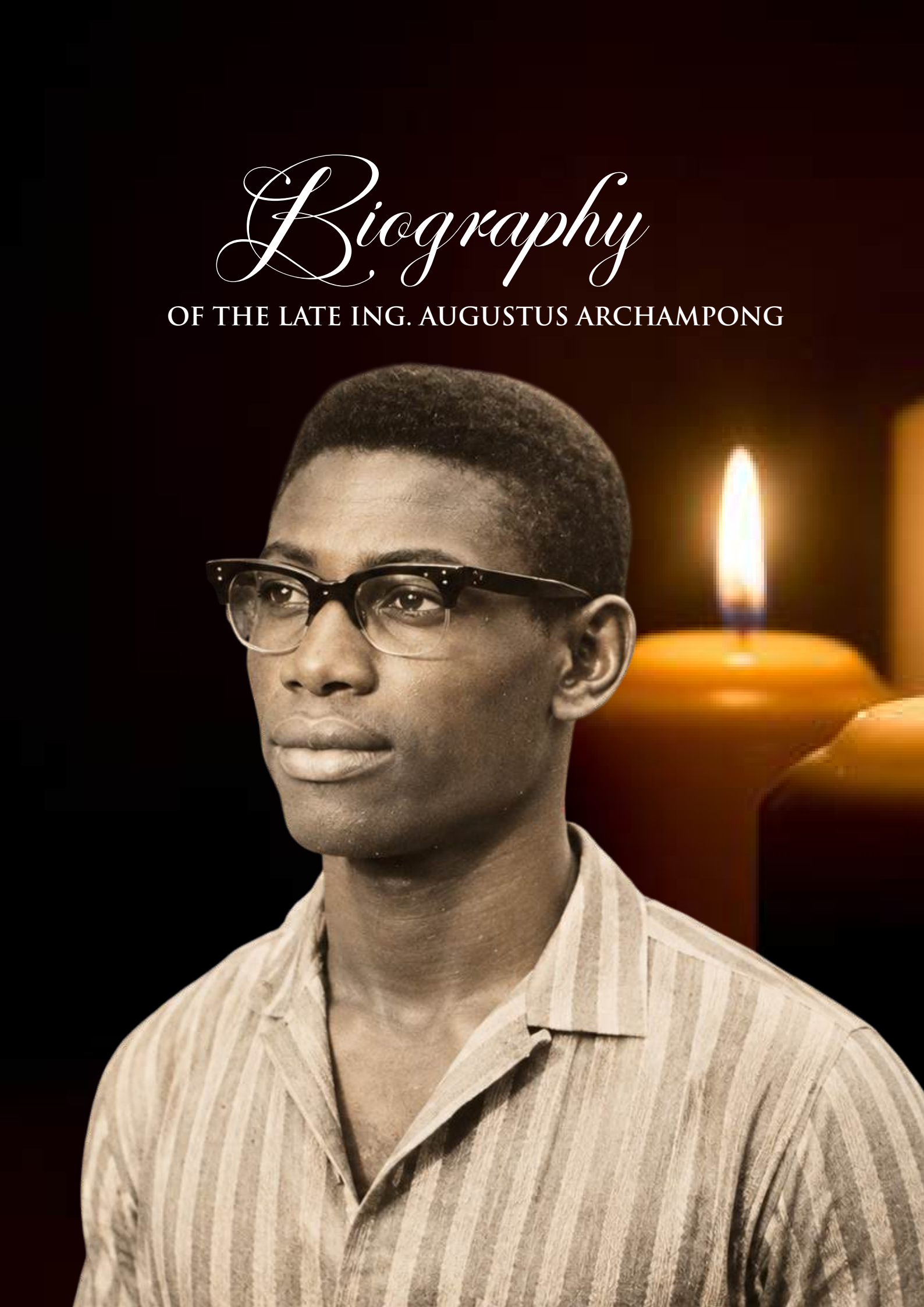
1. Thanksgiving
2. Hymn - MHB 658
3. Sentences/Prayer
4. Commendation
5. The Lord's Prayer
6. Announcement
7. Closing Hymn MHB 10
8. Recessional Hymn - MHB 492

PART THREE
AT THE GRAVESIDE

1. Processional Hymn-MHB 977
2. Hymn - MHB 976
3. Committal and Prayers
4. Vote of Thanks
5. Closing Hymn - MHB 948
6. Benediction

Biography

OF THE LATE ING. AUGUSTUS ARCHAMPONG



BIOGRAPHY

OF THE LATE ING. AUGUSTUS ARCHAMPONG

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS AND FAMILY ROOTS

Ing. Augustus Archampong was born on 25 November, 1946 at Korle Gonno in Accra, Ghana, into the distinguished Archampong family. He was the son of the late Emmanuel Quarmine Archampong, formerly of the Posts and Telecommunications Corporation, where he served as a Postmaster, and the late Madam Mary Naayi Archampong. Augustus was the youngest of six siblings.

EDUCATION

Growing up in Korle Gonno, Augustus was nurtured in a family that placed great emphasis on academic excellence, discipline, service, and integrity. He began his education at Royal School in Korle Gonno and continued at Hansen Road Methodist Boys' Middle School in James Town.

He proceeded to Wesley Grammar School for his secondary education before gaining admission to the University of Science and Technology, Kumasi, now the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology (KNUST), where he pursued his undergraduate studies.

He later travelled to Canada for postgraduate studies and, in 1975, obtained a Master of Science (M.Sc.) degree in Agricultural Engineering from the University of Alberta. His thesis was entitled, "A Comparative Study of Three Methods of Scheduling Irrigations for Barley."

CAREER AND PROFESSIONAL CONTRIBUTION

After completing his master's degree, Augustus returned to Ghana in 1976 and joined the Department of Agricultural Engineering at KNUST as a lecturer, where he served for three years before returning to Canada.

He subsequently built a distinguished career with the Government of Alberta, Department of Environment, where he served as a Legislation and Regulation Specialist in Provincial Policy Coordination.

Through his professional work, Augustus became a respected contributor to water-resource management and environmental policy. He contributed to important policy and environmental initiatives, including the Alberta Water Council's Report on Water Conservation, Efficiency and Productivity (2007), as well as environmental assessments relating to the South Saskatchewan River Basin.

The Alberta Water Council report highlighted the collective efforts of Alberta's major water-using sectors to improve water-use efficiency and productivity. It also documented the implementation of the Water for Life strategy, including its target of improving water-use efficiency by 30 percent from 2005 levels by 2015—a target that was achieved.

These initiatives underscored the importance of responsible water management in the face of increasing demands arising from population growth, economic development, and climate change.

Augustus was therefore a pioneer in the field of agricultural engineering and environmental sustainability. His work reflected a deep understanding of the importance of protecting and responsibly managing natural resources, particularly water, for present and future generations.

His professional contribution was also aligned with the broader global pursuit of sustainable development and the principles embodied in the United Nations Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs).

Augustus remained in Canada throughout his professional career until his retirement. In 2010, he returned to Ghana, where he spent his retirement years.

FAMILY LEGACY

Augustus was married to Mrs. Comfort Komle Archampong, and together they were blessed with two children, Malaika and Augustus Jr.,both of whom have established themselves in various professions in Canada.
The Archampong family represents a remarkable Ghanaian legacy of education, professional excellence, public service, and pioneering achievement. The siblings included:

- Prof. Emmanuel Quaye Archampong – Pioneer in surgery and the longest-serving Dean of the University of Ghana Medical School.
- Ing. Ebenezer N. A. Archampong – Pioneer in water engineering with the Ghana Water and Sewerage Corporation, now Ghana Water Company Limited (1935–1990).
- Ing. Jonathan Asharku Archampong – Pioneer in Electrical and Electronics Engineering in Ghana (1939–1999).
- Julien Antieye Archampong – Educationist.
- Ing. Augustus Archampong – Pioneer in agricultural engineering and environmental legislation in Alberta, Canada (1946–2026).
- Madam Victoria Kowah Tackie (Mrs.) – Pioneer in stenographic secretarial work with British Tobacco Ghana Limited and the only surviving sibling.

Together, they exemplify a family whose members made significant contributions to Ghana and beyond in medicine, engineering, education, administration, and public service.

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND SOCIAL LIFE

Augustus was a staunch Christian who lived an exemplary life of faith, humility, service, and devotion. His Christian values had a profound influence on his younger siblings and those around him.

In Canada, he served as an executive member of the Edmonton Ghana Friendship Association, an organization that brought Ghanaian families together and organized activities for children and the wider Edmonton community. Through the association, he helped promote Ghanaian history, culture, and traditions.

He also served for many years as a Sunday School teacher for teenagers at an Anglican Church in Edmonton, investing his time and experience in guiding and encouraging the younger generation.

Outside his professional and community commitments, Augustus enjoyed playing the piano and tending his garden. Gardening was particularly close to his heart and remained one of the activities through which he found peace and fulfilment.

He was a loving and devoted husband and father, a caring family man, a faithful Christian, and a gentleman whose quiet and gentle manner endeared him to many.

HIS LEGACY

Augustus Archampong will be remembered for many things: his love of gardening, his unwavering Christian faith, his commitment to education and professional excellence, and, most importantly, his encouragement of the next generation to aspire to greater heights.

His life was one of quiet achievement and meaningful service. Through his professional contribution to environmental legislation and water-resource management, his involvement in the Ghanaian community in Canada, his service to the Church, and his devotion to his family, he left a legacy that will continue to inspire those who knew and loved him.

We join his two children, grandchildren, the entire Archampong family, and his beloved widow, Mrs. Comfort Komle Archampong, in mourning the painful loss of a gentle, well-mannered, and honourable gentleman who brought pride to his family, friends, community, and Church.

Augustus lived a life of purpose, service, faith, and quiet dignity. Though he has departed from this earthly life, the memories of his kindness, wisdom, encouragement, and devotion will remain with all who had the privilege of knowing him.

A Poem for Augustus

Calm in his slumber as an infant's sleep,
But he shall wake no more to toil and weep:
Him is a perfect rest, secure and deep.
Good-bye, Augustus. Good-bye.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, we will remember him.

Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon the Saviour's breast.
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best.
*Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! **

May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest peacefully with the Lord.



TRIBUTE TO ARCHIE

MY HUSBAND





Psalm 116:15 " Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his faithful servants"

Augustus my husband, at this moment; I have a lot to say but my challenge is that - How to start it and where to end. Can the tongue truly say what the heart actually feel and know? Though the Word of God says in ***Matt 12: 34b that "For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks"....*** Words will not be enough to fully express the depth of my gratitude to God for the man you have been and the blessing you have been to my life.

You are more than a husband to me; you are my Companion, Protector, Encourager, Confidant and one of the Greatest Gifts God has ever given to me.
Behind the smiles you wear every day is a man who has carried the burdens silently; made sacrifices without complaining and worked tirelessly to ensure that his family is cared for.

In a foreign land, I see your efforts, the early morning, long days, the responsibilities you carry and the countless times you put our needs before your own.

I see the moments when you were tired but you kept going, when things were difficult but you refuse to give up. And today I want you to know that your sacrifices have not gone unnoticed.

My dearest husband, as says the Bible in ***Col 3:23 " Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as working for the Lord"*** and truly you are a man who worked with all his heart for his family. Your commitment, diligence, and determination are a testimony to the kind of man you are to us and a legacy for us.

You have taught me that love is not only spoken words. Love is providing when resources are limited. Love is standing firm when storms come. You started our journey with unconditional love and God has ended it all with His Divine Love. I give Him all the Glory.
Archie the years of battle of sickness and pains have taught me true faith, trust in God and answer to prayers. A lesson to Medical Doctors that it is indeed only God who rules in the affairs of men and that " the word He has spoken shall surely prevail". For He holds our lives in His Hands.

My husband, now ; you are a victor as ***2 Tim 4:7-8 states " You have fought the good fight, finished the race and going for your crown of glory"*** I celebrate your victory my husband. And I sing with the Poet laureate in MHB 511 stanza 4 " Since all that I meet shall work for my good. The bitter is sweet, the medicine food. Though painful at present, t'will cease before long; And then oh how pleasant the conquerors song! "





TRIBUTE FROM DAUGHTER

MALAIKA AYI

One of the biggest blessings I have received in this life is being given the parents that I have had. I never thought about a world without either of them in it. I accept that loosing those that we love is an inevitable part of life's journey; but I never, ever wanted to imagine a world where my wonderful father did not exist in it with me.



I don't know how to say goodbye to a man who taught me the meaning of unconditional love, who was my role model, my trusted advisor and my friend.

My Dearest Daddy you helped to shape me into who I am. Your faith in God, your positivity, encouragement and determined spirit have been woven into the fabric of our lives. You taught me to believe in God first and then in the blessings that the Lord had put within me.

You filled our lives with laughter, and purpose and you challenged us to do everything we could to become the best versions of ourselves possible. I can never thank you enough for teaching me what love looks like in practice. You are part of me Daddy; and in that way I thank God that you will never be truly gone from our lives. I see you in the smiles of your grandchildren. You are an integral part of the happiest and most important memories of our family and friends. You lived your life with joy and it made you a joy to be around.

You cultivated in me a love of music. I will never forget our Saturday morning playlists that covered: High Life, Calypso, Church Hymns and Motown; finished off with Classical music and 70's Country hits. You have brought so much happiness to my life and I am so lucky to have had a father and a friend in the same person. You were always a teacher at heart; from teaching students during your years at Tech. in Kumasi, to teaching youth in Sunday school in Edmonton, to teaching and helping Junior and I at home. You were always sowing seeds of knowledge and faith into the next generation. Your kindness, patience and integrity will never be forgotten.

You impressed upon me the importance of family and connection. You instilled in me a love of nature and a respect for God's creation and our stewardship of it. Right now my heart is heavy and I will always miss you; but I take solace in the fact that you are with our heavenly Father, and that you can now enjoy your well-deserved rest in paradise.

TRIBUTE FROM SON

AUGUSTUS JR. ARCHAMPONG



Whenever someone asks me what my name is, I say Junior. Inevitably they ask me why, and I respond my father is the senior so that makes me Augustus Junior. You will always be a part of me. The one major lesson I learned growing up in our household was pride.

Mom taught me to have pride in everything I do. And you taught me to have pride in our name. We are Archampong's, and we are champions. But of course that is only a tiny fraction of what I have learned from you. You taught me how to be a man. You showed me what it means to be a father. Words cannot express how grateful I am to have had you in my life to shape me, and mould me into the man I am today.

I will always remember you as the strong, and loving leader of our household. I will never forget the many lesson you taught me. It breaks my heart that I can't share with you all the future blessings that are yet to come, but I am truly happy that you are now in place where there is no more pain. I love you Dad; and as long as my name is Augustus, I will always carry with me your spirit and pride, everywhere I go.

TRIBUTE FROM

GRANDCHILDREN

Dontae's Message

Dear Grandpa, I wish I could be there now, but I know you'll always be with me. It feels like yesterday we were in the basement, and you were helping me improve my handwriting and teaching me cursive.

Thank you for always encouraging my education and pushing me to be better than I was yesterday. I'm so grateful to have had you in my life because I know I wouldn't be the man I am today without you in it. I'll continue to succeed because I know you'll be watching and cheering me on. I love you, Grandpa.

Our beloved grandpa, Mr Augustus Archampong was a remarkable man. We the grandchildren miss him quite dearly. Fortunately we have all had the privilege to know our grandpa before his stay in Ghana.

Shared memories between us and our grandpa are innumerable. We believe that this speaks to his ardent belief that family was above all else, the most important thing. He was a caring man filled with love and who was proud of each and every one. Our grandpa, a truly amazing, loving, wise and family oriented man, will be forever missed and forever held in our hearts.

Your memory lives on in our hearts, and we will remember you now and always. Goodbye grandpa, we hope that you will watch us from above and pray for us always.

TRIBUTE FROM

GRANDCHILDREN

Zion Nii Ayite Ayi,

Dear Grandpa, I am so grateful to have met you. All my memories of you are happy and warm. I remember when I was little and you would read to me. You spent time with me playing games and talking to me. One of my earliest memories is spending time with you when you and Grandma renewed your wedding vows in Las Vegas. We had so much fun and it was so nice to see you and Grandma so happy. You were such a kind and gentle person. You made me feel safe and happy. I love you and will miss you very much.

Shiloh Naa Dedei Ayi,

Dear Grandpa, Mom always told me how hard you worked and the wonderful experiences she had with you. You always inspired me to work hard and do my best just like you would have done. The thought of you always makes me feel strong and loved; and I wish we would have had more time together. I thank you for bringing our family to Canada, without you I wouldn't have been able to experience the wonderful things I have; and as I move forward in life I will keep you in my heart.

Nazareth Nii Tetteh Ankamah Ayi,

I love you Grandpa. Thank you for holding me when I was a baby and thanks for being my buddy.

GRANDCHILDREN



DONTAE QUAYE ARCHAMPONG



JUSTICE MARK BANAFO ARCHAMPONG



ZION NII AYITE AYI



SHILOH NAA DEDEI AYI



NAZARETH AYI

A TRIBUTE TO MY

BELOVED BROTHER AUGUSTUS

BY YOUR SISTER, VICTORIA



MRS. VICTORIA TACKIE
His only surviving sibling

We were six children born to our late parents, Quarmine and Mary Archampong.

Emmanuel came first, followed by Ebenezer. Then myself Victoria, followed by Jonathan, Julian, and finally you, Augustus, our beloved last born.

Growing up, our parents raised us with discipline, but ours was also a very happy childhood. Our mother, Moda, as she was affectionately known, made sure we lacked for nothing. Her love and devotion kept our family together.

I had the special privilege of caring for you, a responsibility I cherished and never took lightly. From that little boy I watched over to the fine man you became, I have always been proud to be your sister.

Your studies in Agricultural Science eventually took you to Canada, where I was fortunate to visit and spend precious time with you and your dear wife, Comfort. Those memories will remain with me forever.

Over the years, we shared so many beautiful moments — laughing, talking, reminiscing about our childhood, and simply enjoying being together.

Then came the difficult days of your illness. Watching you become unwell and decline was heartbreaking. Losing you on the 30th of September left a deep pain in my heart. Yet, through that pain, I remain grateful to God for the years we shared and for the precious memories you left behind.

I will always love you and carry you in my heart, my dear little brother.

May you rest peacefully in the loving arms of the Lord, until we meet again.

Rest well, Augustus. You will always be loved, always be remembered, and forever remain my little brother.

TRIBUTE TO
AUGUSTUS ARCHAMPONG

BY COUSINS

Brother Augustus or Bra-Fo, as we affectionately called you

You guided us through our formative years, sharing your experiences with us when we were living together in Korle Gonno

You came home from the university and showed us leadership by example. You were gardening with us, building fish pond in the Korle Gonno house, teaching us to be patient, to work with our hands, to love the land.

You guided us on healthy living, on higher education, and taught us to be hardworking to achieve greater heights in life.

You were a staunch Christian, and your exemplary Christian life had a great impact on all the younger ones in the house. Your words about the importance of education still echo in our lives.

We remember you for your love for gardening, your love for knowledge acquisition, and your love for the family.

You lived well. You served Ghana. You served your family.

You will be greatly missed, but your legacy lives on in all the cousins you raised and inspired.

Rest in perfect peace.

From your younger cousins in the Archampong House, Korle Gonno_

TRIBUTE BY

IN LAWS

(QUARSHIE-DOKU FAMILY)

"And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are they which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works follow them" Revelations 14:13.

It is with a very heavy heart that we write this tribute to bid farewell to Uncle Archie as the Quarshie-Doku Family calls him. It is also very sad to lose a dear one, it leaves us empty for a long time thinking and mourning.

He was a man of few words .As In laws we find Uncle Archie to be very honest, reliable, trustworthy and unique Engineer. He was a very soft spoken and a gentleman at heart and we always had a wonderful time together when he comes on holidays from Canada. What a pity to now write a tribute to say goodbye to a pleasant husband to our beloved Sister Mrs. Comfort Archampong and their dear Children and Grandchildren. Uncle Archie your demise and unexpected departure to eternity has left a deep void in our hearts.

Who is going to treat us kindly with love so real. We together as families will celebrate your life which will forever linger in our hearts. Uncle Archie rest in peace in the bosom of Our Heavenly Father till we meet again. Uncle Archie Yaawo Ojogbaa ye Nunsto le mli.

TRIBUTE FROM

SON-IN-LAW

NII OKAI AYI



Condolences to the entire Archampong family. I remember our trip to Los Vegas, where you renewed your wedding vows, it was a wonderful time and you were so generous, I do not believe you allowed Malaika or I to pay for anything the entire time we were there. You worked so hard always providing for your family so the times we travelled together stand out for me because on holidays you could relax a little, we would sit around the table and you would talk and joke and laugh and sometimes tell beautiful stories about your childhood in Ghana or early days in Canada.

When I think of you one word that comes to mind is dedication, whether to your family or your job. Always willing to give your time and energy to what was important. Willing to sacrifice of yourself for what mattered.

I thank you for enduring those cold Canadian winters to raise your family. I thank you for raising Malaika into a beautiful, talented and capable woman. I thank you for being a fantastic grandfather. I thank you for the time we spent together.
We will miss you

A TRIBUTE TO OUR
BELOVED UNCLE AUGUSTUS

FROM AUNTY VICTORIA'S CHILDREN

Some people leave footprints on our hearts that never fade
— Uncle Augustus, you were one of them.A

Emma.

When our family returned from the United Kingdom to Ghana in the late sixties, you were one of the people who helped us adjust to our new life.

You teased us, chased us around the Korle Gonno block when we were naughty, disciplined us when necessary, and, in between it all, worked on fun projects with us. I still remember your fish tank in front of the house at Korle Gonno. When you left for Canada to study, it broke my heart to see you go. But when you returned, we had wonderful times together at the University of Science and Technology in Kumasi, when I spent my holidays with you and Auntie Comfort.

Then, once again, you were off to Canada.

Fortunately, I was able to visit you in Edmonton, and those were such memorable times. I remember eating freshly caught crabs with kenkey, making beer, and driving across the Rockies and down to the must-see beauty of Banff.

You and Auntie Comfort even travelled all the way to Chattanooga to see us when Emma Jnr was born. We enjoyed so many talks, walks, laughter and precious moments together. I was so looking forward to spending more time with you when you finally returned to Ghana. Sadly, that too was cut short far too soon. I shall miss your deep laughter and beautiful smile, your loving care, your mischievous nature, your advice, your projects, and that constant yearning to do more, create more and experience more.

Thank you for the memories, the lessons, the laughter and, most of all, for the love you gave so freely.

Rest peacefully, dearest Uncle Augustus.
You will be deeply missed and forever remembered with love.

Mary

I still remember growing up, how you always checked in on me to make sure all was okay. That quiet, caring way you had of looking out for me meant the world.

I will never forget when Grandpa died. I was too scared to watch his burial, and you held my hand through it all. Your strength became my comfort.
I cherish the memories of your visit to London with Aunty Comfort. You both loved to travel the world, and I loved sitting and listening to your wonderful stories about Canada. Your laughter filled the house.

Over the years, your visits to Ghana were so memorable. Eating coconut together, laughing until our stomachs hurt — those simple moments are now my most treasured memories.

It was so difficult to watch you become unwell. Every time I travelled home to Ghana and came to see you, it broke my heart to see you decline, but we tried to make the most of every moment we had together until your passing on the 30th September.

Paa T

Tribute to Uncle Augustus

Uncle Augustus lived his life with a kindness and curiosity that made every conversation feel like a gift. He and Auntie Comfort were unwavering pillars during my years away in Missouri, checking in, encouraging my academic journey, and even making that long trip from Edmonton just to surprise me on campus. Those moments weren't small; they shaped the confidence and resilience of a young man navigating life far from home. He always assured Sista Vic, as he fondly called my mom, that he was keeping an eye on me and not to worry.

I still have several emails over the decades, chronicling messages of guidance, humor, and gentle wisdom. They captured my ups and downs, helped me understand the complexities of our big family network, and reminded me to always strive for my best. They are a treasure I will hold onto forever.

And who could forget the treats? The cashews, the assortment of nuts, the little delights Auntie Comfort packed for every trip. Our adventures to Akosombo with Junior and Malaika singing Alberta tunes, and Uncle Augustus chiming in with jokes and sing-alongs, those memories glow. His bright, unmistakable Archampong smile made every moment warmer. You could feel how deeply he cared for all of us. He will be missed more than words can carry.

Rest well, Uncle Augustus.

OT

"Well done, good and faithful servant."

Those words from the Methodist hymn "Servant of God, Well Done" echo in my heart as I remember Uncle Augustus — a man whose life embodied devotion, humility, and steadfast service. He lived his faith not in grand declarations, but in quiet, consistent acts of love. He served God, family, and community with a sincerity that never asked for recognition. Uncle Augustus, I will never forget you.

He was the kind of man whose presence warmed a room before he even spoke. His smile — those dark gums and bright, shining white teeth — was unforgettable. It wasn't just a smile; it was a welcome, a blessing, a reassurance that everything would be alright. When I first met him during my formative years, something clicked instantly. It felt like meeting someone who already knew you, already cared for you, already held space for you in his heart. That connection was real, and it stayed with me.

Even when I left home for school in the United States, separated by borders and oceans, he never let distance become silence. He made a conscious effort to reach out, to check on me, to remind me that family travels with you no matter where you go. His calls, his messages, his simple "How are you doing?" carried more weight than he ever knew. They grounded me. They reminded me that I was loved, remembered, and rooted — no matter how far away I was.

I am profoundly grateful for Aunty Comfort — a remarkable woman whose devotion illuminated his final years. She ensured he lacked nothing: not love, not care, not joy. She stood by him with grace, tenderness, and unwavering strength. She was his companion, his anchor, his comfort. May the Good Lord bless her and keep her safe, for she embodied the very love that Uncle Augustus so freely gave to others.

Uncle Augustus was beloved not because he tried to be, but because he simply was. Kind without effort. Present without condition. Loving without hesitation. His legacy is not only in what he did, but in how he made us feel — valued, supported, and seen. He taught us that gentleness is strength, that faith is action, and that love is a daily choice.

Poem — White Bird Fly High
White bird, fly high
Into the quiet sky where memory softens.
You showed us how the impossible bends
when we dare to try.

Now we watch your wings fade into the dusk,
a gentle ache settling where your laughter lived. Still,
we will soar —
chasing the example you left behind,
carrying your light in our own trembling flight.

Rest, rest, rest in perfect peace, Uncle Augustus.

TRIBUTE BY THE CHILDREN OF

THE LATE EMERITUS PROFESSOR EMMANUEL Q. ARCHAMPONG

ELIZ NAA ARCHAMPOMA, RUTH NAA AKUSHIA, DAVID KWAME, TIMOTHY NII AKUSHE AND EMMANUEL NII ASHIRIFI

We remember Uncle Augustus with great fondness as Daddy's youngest brother, the last of the five Archampong brothers, and the last-born of the 6 children born to our grandparents, Papa Nkpa and Moda, as we fondly called her. Some of our earliest and happiest memories of him go back to when he was at "Tech", the University of Science and Technology. Whenever he visited Accra, he would stay with us. He would spend his days going about his work and visiting relatives, including his parents, Papa Nkpa and Moda, and then return home to us in the evenings.

Those evenings were special. Uncle Augustus was a wonderful storyteller, and we would sit spellbound as he told us Kwaku Ananse stories. He brought the characters and their adventures to life, and we hung on his every word. When one story ended, we always made the same request: another one! He kept us entertained until bedtime, and those simple childhood evenings have stayed with us all these years.

Uncle Augustus spent much of his adult life in Canada, so there were years when distance separated us. We nevertheless have fond memories of the times he returned to Ghana with his family, and we were all together again. We especially remember the chance to spend time with Malaika and Junior and renew those family bonds.

The storyteller in him never disappeared. As we grew older, the Kwaku Ananse stories gave way to stories about growing up in Korle Gonno, life in Canada and the people and places he had encountered along the way. We remember especially how vividly he spoke about Banff in Alberta, a place he loved. He could describe it with such precision and enthusiasm that you could almost see it through his eyes.

When Uncle Augustus and the family eventually relocated to Ghana, the distance that had separated us for so many years was gone, and we could visit and spend more time with him. We watched, too, as he faced the challenges of his later years with remarkable strength. Uncle Augustus was a strong man. He fought the good fight, and we take comfort in believing that he is now at peace, resting in the arms of the Most High.

His passing also marks the end of an era for our family. Daddy and all his brothers are now gone, leaving their one and only sister, our aunt, as the surviving sibling of that generation. There is something deeply poignant about that. One by one, the five brothers have completed their journeys, leaving behind their children, grandchildren, stories and memories. For us, Uncle Augustus will always be part of those precious childhood memories: an uncle coming home in the evening, children gathered around him, laughter in the room, and one more Kwaku Ananse story before bedtime.

We will miss him dearly, but we are grateful to have those memories to keep. Rest well, Uncle Augustus. Rest peacefully alongside your brothers who went before you. Till we meet again.

TRIBUTE TO UNCLE AUGUSTUSNII OSEKU BANAFO ARCHAMPONG

FROM EBENEZER ARCHAMPONG (PAPANII), ELIZABETH ARCHAMPONG (MAMA) AND BARBARA BRAM ANNOR (AKUSHIA)

"Uncle Augustus, Canada" — that was our name for you. Although you were in Ghana when we were toddlers, you moved to Canada before we were old enough to really get to know you.

Our first opportunity to truly get to know Uncle Augustus and his family was when they all came home for a visit in the late 1980s. We remember the candies and books he brought, especially Norman Vincent Peale's bestseller, The Power of Positive Thinking. During that visit, Uncle Augustus shared the message of the book with us, emphasising how positive thinking could be a game changer in life.

We lived with Moda, our grandmother, at the time, and it was great fun watching Uncle Augustus pester her about doing daily stretches and other exercises. Here was an elderly woman who firmly believed she was well past the age of such exercise! You can only imagine the lively arguments between the two of them. Those moments still bring a smile to our faces.

Uncle Augustus' visits to Ghana were always wonderful opportunities for reconnecting. He was warm, engaging and a fun and interesting conversationalist. There was always something to talk about and something to learn from him. When Elizabeth (Mama) gained admission to pursue further studies in Canada, Uncle Augustus supported her visa application. Following her arrival in Canada, he sent her a ticket for the four-hour flight from Toronto to Edmonton so that she could spend her first Canadian Christmas with family. It was a wonderful reunion. Uncle Augustus and Auntie Comfort were gracious and generous hosts. They drove her to Banff to experience the magnificent Canadian Rockies and thoroughly spoilt her with many goodies.

Years later, when Mama got married in British Columbia, Uncle Augustus was there to walk her down the aisle. It was a deeply emotional moment as he lovingly stepped into the place of his late brother, our father, Ebenezer Nii Aduam Archampong. His presence on that special day meant more than words could express.

Uncle Augustus' advice and guidance over the years have been a blessing to Mama and her husband, Louis. His many phone calls and his visit to their young family in Toronto left them with cherished memories. In time, both Uncle Augustus and Mama returned to settle in Ghana, and the warmth of their family relationship continued until his passing.

The courage and bravery with which Uncle Augustus faced a challenging health condition were an inspiration to us all. He persevered and never gave up, with his dear wife, Auntie Comfort, faithfully by his side.

Uncle Augustus, we are grateful for the memories, the guidance, the laughter, the kindness and the love you shared with us. We will miss you dearly.

Rest peacefully, dear Uncle Augustus.

"Now the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is done;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping. Amen."

A Life in Pictures



















A Life in Pictures













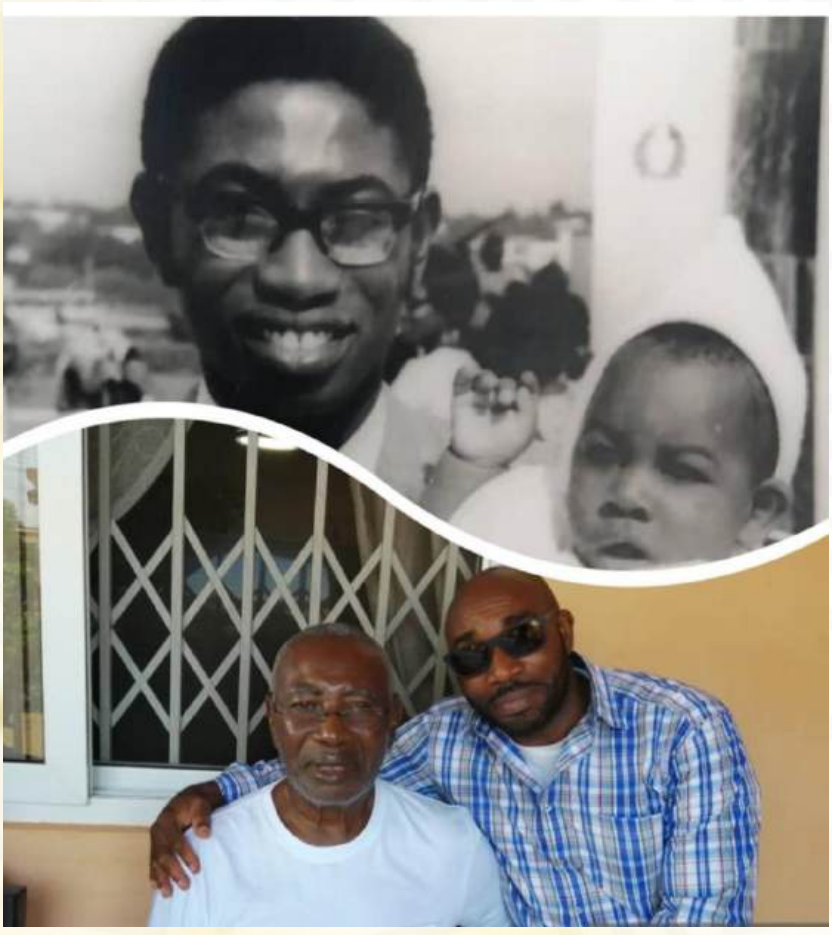






A Life in Pictures







HYMNS

MHB 830

1: HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee;
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

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

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

4: God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of light, Immanuel,
In Whose body joined together
All the saints forever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fullness
That we may forevermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

MHB 428

1: MY God, my King,
Thy praise I sing,
My heart is all Thine own;
My highest powers,
My choicest hours,
I yield to Thee alone.

2: My voice awake,
Thy part to take;
My soul the concert join;
Till all around
Shall catch the sound,
And mix their hymns with mine.

3: But man is weak
Thy praise to speak;
Your God, ye angels, sing;
'Tis yours to see,
More near than we,
The glories of our King.

4: His truth and grace
Fill time and space;
As large His honors be,
Till all that live
Their homage give,
And praise my God with me.

HYMNS

MHB 235

1: I KNOW that my Redeemer lives-
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head.

2: He lives, to bless me with His love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3: He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to lead me safely there.

4: He lives, all glory to His name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

MHB 492

1: 'I THE good fight have fought',
O when shall I declare?
The victory by my Saviour got
I long with Paul to share.

2: O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past!
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last.

3: This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gained
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained."

4: The apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

MHB 828

1: TEN thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2: What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3: O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4: Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Savior, come.

HYMNS

MHB 658

1: FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
Tis immoratality.
Here in the body pent, Absent from Him I roam,
Yet night pitch my moving tent
A day's march near home.

2: My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3: For ever with the Lord!
Father , if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfill.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

4: So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twin,
By death I shall escape from death
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that throne:
For ever with the Lord!

MHB 10

1: NOW, thank we all our God,
With hearts, and hands, and voices;
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mothers' arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2: .O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With eve- joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3: All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in the highest heaven:
The one, eternal God,
Whose earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

HYMNS

MHB 977

1: SAFE home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck;
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er!

2: 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 victor-garland on.

3: No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly he had failed
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4: 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.

MHB 976

1: 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.

2: There the tears of earth are dried,
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

3: There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.

4: There the penitents who turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in paradise.

5: There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.

6: Earth to earth, and dust to dust!
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.

MHB 948

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

The Family of

ING. AUGUSTUS ARCHAMPONG

The family sincerely thanks everyone for
your prayers, love, and support.
May God richly bless you all.



MOMENTS. MEMORIES. LEGACY.