



Kojo Bentsi-Enchill

3 April 1950 - 13 February 2021



ORDER OF SERVICE



PART ONE - 08:00 AM

1. Opening Prayer, Welcome, Filing Past
2. Tributes (1st Set)
3. Filing past continues
4. Tributes (2nd Set)
5. Moot Court
6. Final congregational filing past, Clergy, Family
7. Closing of Casket

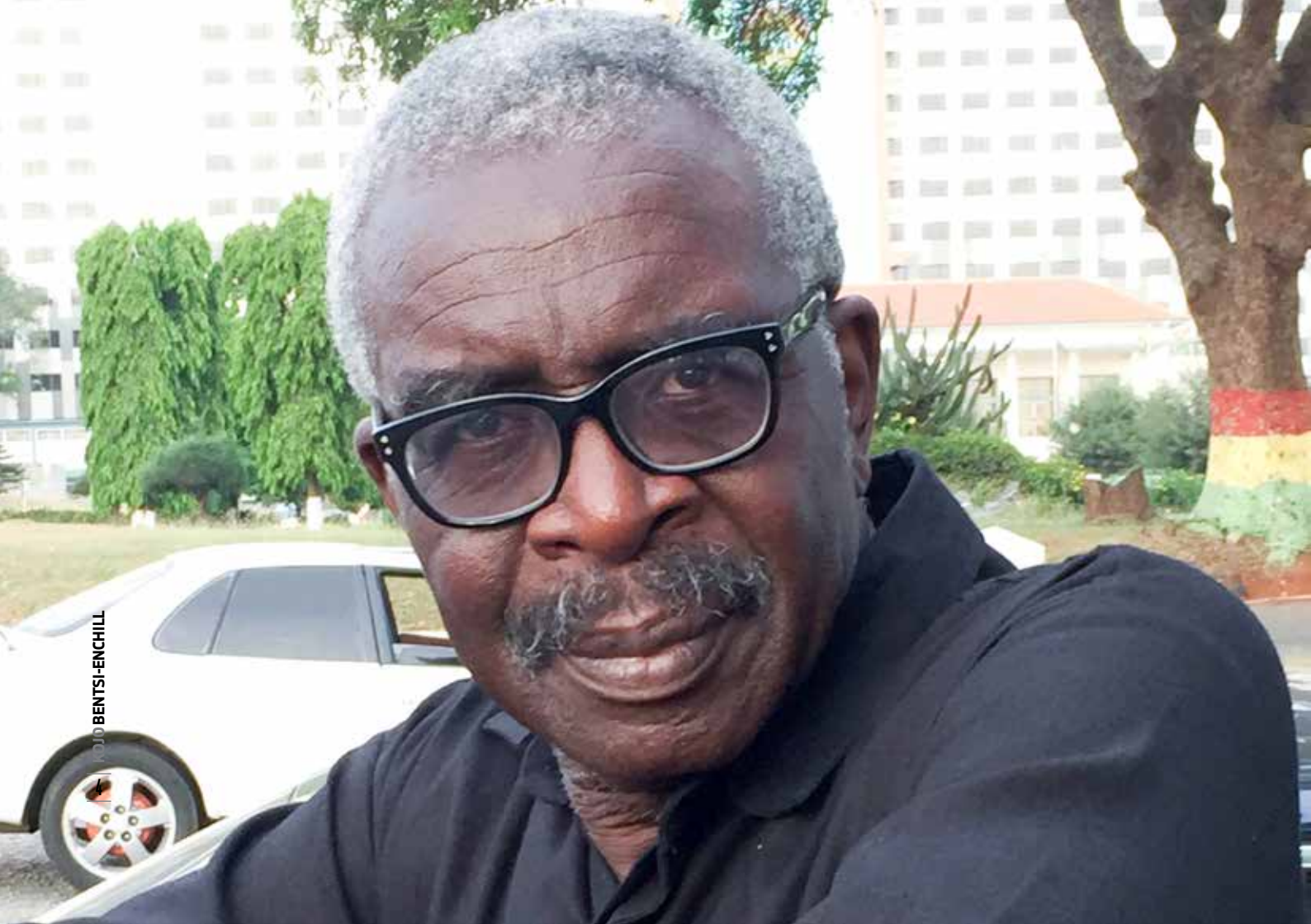
PART TWO – 10:00 AM

1. Opening prayer
2. Hymn - Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me (MHB 498)
3. First Scripture Reading - Revelation 14:12 – 13
4. Second Scripture Reading- 1st Thessalonians 4:13 – 18
5. Hymn - When I Survey the Wondrous Cross (MHB 182)
6. Biography
7. Special song - Ekow & Baaba
8. Tributes - Children, Wife, Siblings, BELA, UD-OLGC
9. Offertory - Song by Qodesh Hymns Choir
10. Sermon

11. Prayer for Family
12. Hallelujah Chorus- Qodesh Hymns Choir
13. Closing Prayer & Benediction
14. Recession- Dead March in Saul (Ace Ankomah)

PART THREE – PRIVATE BURIAL

1. Opening Prayer
2. Hymn- Lead Kindly Light
3. Scripture Reading - 1st Corinthians 15:51 – 58
4. Hymn - When Peace Like A River
5. Committal
6. Prayer
7. Song - Because He Lives
8. Presentation of Wreaths
9. Vote of Thanks
10. Song - Soon and Very Soon
11. Closing Prayer
12. The Grace



WORLD BENTSI-ENCHILL

BIOGRAPHY OF Kojo Bentsi-Enchill



*Precious in the
sight of the Lord
is the death of
his saints.*

Psalm 116:15 ESV



Kojo Bentsi-Enchill was born on 3 April 1950 in Accra to Wilhelmina (née Coleman) and Kwamena Bentsi-Enchill. He was the second of five siblings. He entered Achimota School early before going to William H. Ray Elementary School in Chicago (United States), Leighton Park School (England), the University of Ghana, Legon, and Cambridge University (England).

At Legon, Kojo graduated in political science and in law before qualifying for the Bar. At Magdalene College, Cambridge, he did postgraduate research on Gold Coast and Ghana mining concessions law and was awarded a J. Donaldson Bye-Fellowship. Kojo then worked as an Assistant Program Officer in International Human Rights at the Ford Foundation in New York. He



joined the global law firm Shearman & Sterling, also in New York, as a Foreign Associate working on international liquefied natural gas arbitration, and then bank finance. Kojo returned to Ghana in the late 1980s and set up ABSC (Accra Business Services Centre), a pioneering provider of desktop publishing and office services.

In 1990, he set up the law firm Bentsi-Enchill & Letsa with his Legon friend, debating partner and hallmate, Divine Kwaku Letsa. Until 2010, Kojo was Managing Partner and head of the Corporate Department. Over this period, the firm became Bentsi-Enchill, Letsa & Mate (BELM) and then Bentsi-Enchill, Letsa & Ankomah (BELA). Kojo stepped down in 2010 from Managing Partner to a Senior Partner position and until 2018,

led the firm's Energy & Natural Resources Practice Group. From 2019, he led the Energy & Infrastructure Practice Group until his retirement in 2020, after which he served as a Consultant to the firm.

BELA moved from its original premises on Oxford Street, Osu, to occupy first one wing, then another wing on different floors of the Teachers' Hall Complex in Adabraka. It shared the premises with Trustee Services Limited (TSL) and DataCenta, two more of Kojo's visionary and successful ventures. While TSL offered a full range of company secretarial and compliance services, DataCenta set out to "provide a quantum boost to the development of Ghana's legal information culture" by digitizing

all of Ghana's published legal materials. These included laws, statutes, law journal articles, law reports and regulatory notices. Kojo's aim was to "make law more accessible than ever before."

As business and staff numbers grew, Kojo visualized BELA having its own building and mobilized his partners and associates around a 10-year plan to finance and construct it. On BELA's 25th anniversary in 2015, the modestly sizeable building was commissioned by Ghana's then Chief Justice, Theodora Wood. By then, BELA was a leader in commercial and corporate law and remains unquestionably one of the very best law firms in Ghana. It is a member of prestigious international legal associations

and partnerships. In 2020, the International Financial Law Review named BELA the Ghana Law Firm of the Year and gave Kojo a Lifetime Achievement Award.

Kojo served on several boards and professional bodies including the Ghana Bar Association and the Examinations Board of the General Legal Council. Among two dozen



**If we live, we live for
the Lord, and if we die,
we die for the Lord.
Therefore, whether we
live or die, we belong
to God.**

Romans 14:8



publications, public lectures and seminar papers, his last paper was 'The Regulation of Law Practice in Ghana, 1853-2018'. It is a chapter in *Mobilising the Law for Ghana's Future – Appraising to Revolutionise*, published last year by the University of Ghana School of Law to mark its 60th anniversary. Kojo continued working throughout 2020 to expand this chapter into a book.

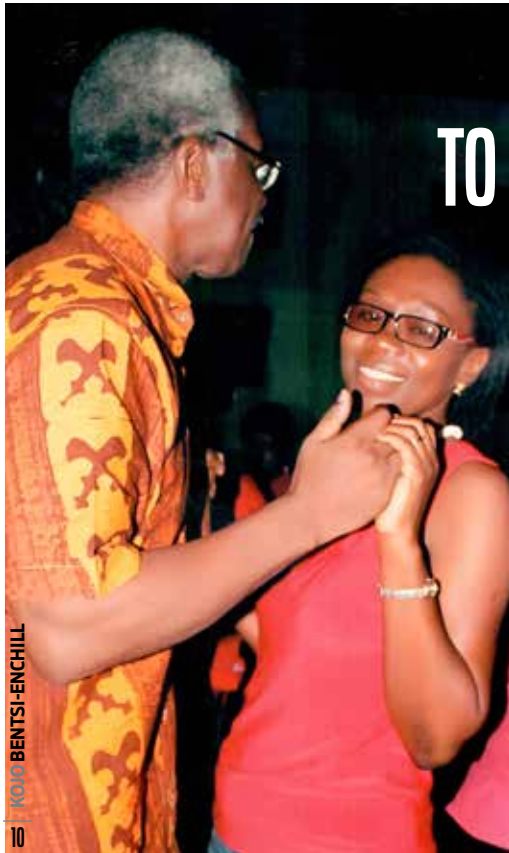
Kojo always had a broad range of interests. In the early 1970s, he worked with Wole Soyinka when the literary *Transition* magazine was based in Accra. He was a fine photographer and outstanding in different sports, including tennis. He once played Junior Wimbledon, and later trained for a period with Ghana's national team. He led the Mensah Sarbah team for

annual debates between halls and between Legon and the University of Ibadan. Kojo was an active member of the church now known as the United Denominations-Originating from the Lighthouse Group of Churches (UD-OLGC), regularly playing the piano for the hymns choir. Besides the piano, his abiding hobby was chess. Kojo was a quiet philanthropist – among other good works, he helped set up school music programmes and donated music books and instruments. He also provided free and discreet legal advice and other support to extended family and friends.

Kojo says farewell to his beloved children Kwamena, Baaba and Ekow and his beloved wife Mercy, who looked after him in health and in sickness with surpassing love and devotion. May he rest in perfect peace.







TO NANA BENTSI, MY LOVE

BY WIFE
MERCY BENTSI -ENCHILL

When life seems a blur,
And I can't quite believe
That I'm living without you
And you were taken from me,
I sit back and think
Of the memories we shared,
All the laughs that you gave me
And the times that you cared.
'Til death do us part.
That's true in our case.
I miss you so much,
Your voice and your face.
Time is a healer.

I can't say that it's true,
But life does go on,
Which means without you.

When it all gets too much
And I wish you were here,
I feel thankful that I met you,
And I hold you close, my dear.

'Til death do us part.
That's true in our case.
I miss you so much,
Your voice and your face.

Source: <https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/til-death-do-us-part-2>



“

I sit back and think
Of the memories we
shared, All the laughs
that you gave me
And the times
that you cared.

”



MY SOURCE OF STRENGTH AND COURAGE IN MY LIFE

KWAMENA BOSOMTWE
BENTSI-ENCHILL - SON

My Dad has always been a source of strength and courage in my life. He has steered and helped me through the more volatile periods of my health. He was always calm in the face of panic. "Let cooler heads prevail" pretty much sums up his temperament. My most treasured memories of our time spent together usually have no dialogue, funnily enough. Spontaneously saying, "Hey man! let's go for a drive!" up and

down the rough Teshie-Nungua road while listening to the second Mary Mary album – I could hit high notes back then which led to me being the sole male soprano in the J Church Choir (much to my chagrin); spending half the night in his study in Popscof just listening to classical music or the free sample CDs from the Jazziz subscription he had; the time he made me turn up “Changes” by Tupac while I was listening; the moment I realized he was humming the melody of “Do For You” by Tupac almost every weekend because it was on rotation at that horrendous nightclub next door – granted, he loved the Bobby Womack sample more, but still; the jubilant clapping when he realized I may have some potential at tennis; watching him make those elegant forehands where sometimes one

could swear he was on his tiptoes at the beginning of the stroke.

Hearing turbulence in the water behind me in the pool signaled that the other KBE had initialized his furious crawl aimed right at me, so I’d better move it or lose it. He was also a very patient person. Even when being a disciplinarian, it wasn’t in his nature to do it for its own sake. He would make you understand fully what you had done irresponsibly and give you the motivation to do better next time.

He always made time for us. Even when it seemed like he was unimaginably busy, he would show up at a school-related function, hospital appointment or music recital when you least expected it. I also loved that there were



Dad was a generous and kind person. He always wanted to encourage and motivate people to succeed or better themselves.



certain skills he liked to teach in a “trial-by-fire” sort of fashion. I had been learning to swim for just two weeks and one day he asked the instructor at Tesano Sports Club to teach me in the deep end from then on – 20 feet deep, mind you. I had always been on the smaller side of small. It was daunting to

say the least. However, thanks to that experience I actually seek out the deep end wherever I swim now. Another memory is of when I was learning to use the Underground system in London. He had been researching old Ghana law records and history at the Public Records Office (PRO) and he asked me to come and take digital pictures of what he needed for his work. "You are the navigator now". Seeing him smiling as he met me approaching the PRO after successful solo navigation was really meaningful to me.

Dad was a generous and kind person. He always wanted to encourage and motivate people to succeed or better themselves. Unlike most, he took the further step of helping said people achieve their goals in whatever way he

could, especially if they were motivated. He always made me feel like I can be the best version of myself no matter how unwell I'm feeling. He didn't do this in an imposing or overbearing way, which I really valued.

For the people he has left behind, I would like to think that what he would want for us, above all is to be happy, well and safe. In his own words, we should concern ourselves with "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness". He usually said this in jest, but looking ahead to the rest of our lives, I think it rings very true.

Love you Pater, sine cera.



HE URGED ME TO BE A1. HE PUSHED ME TO BE A GOLDEN BOY

EKOW OGOE
BENTSI-ENCHILL - SON

On the 13th of February, the world lost one of its greatest lawyers, the church lost one of its oldest pillars, and I lost the most important person in my life. Whenever I think of him, I remember trivial things, like me and my sister bounding down the steps to meet him whenever he came back home from work. Or him tickling me so much that one day I got up and

decided I would never be ticklish again. I also remember the not-so-trivial things, like him sitting next to me on the piano bench, making sure I learned my pieces and my scales slowly.

“Sloooooowly,” he would say in his deep, cultured, voice, “so slowly that you cannot make a mistake.”



“

He encouraged me to be deep in the things I was interested in. He provided for me.

”

Daddy also sat next to me behind the computer. He taught me how to plan my essays before I started writing and would sit with me through draft 1, draft 2, draft 3, draft 4 and draft 5. To date, I cannot write an essay without a detailed plan.

Daddy was there during my rebellious years, when my teachers would say, “his grades are good but his behaviour leaves much to be desired.” Year after year he would scrutinize my report cards in search of any disapproving comments. He stressed that my character was more important than my grades.

He urged me to be A1. He pushed me to be a golden boy. He encouraged me to be deep in the things I was interested in. He

provided for me. When I wanted to learn piano, he bought me a piano. When I wanted to learn guitar, he bought me a guitar. When I wanted to learn music production, he bought me Ableton, Logic Pro headphones and a sound card. When I wanted to become a serious Christian, he bought me a Makarios. He kept me accountable. Always asking for updates. Always sending me links to articles about music. Always making suggestions on how I could improve myself.

Growing up, I remember an ad on TV in which a child would go around the streets of Accra telling everyone “my Mommy is the best cook in the world” because of some tomato product with a (so-called) secret ingredient.

Well, my Daddy really was the best Daddy in the world. Everything I am is because of him. I will miss his wisdom, his advice, his dry humor and his intense love and desire for me to do well in everything. I thank God for him.

Although I miss him, I know that he’s in heaven, fellowshipping with the great cloud of witnesses. And that thought gives me more energy to throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entangles, so I can run with perseverance the race marked out for me.

I can see him now, with his tender eyes and cute smile, urging me on. I can’t wait to see you again Poppy #1.

From Sonny #2,
Ekow



MY MISSION IS TO MAKE YOU PROUD, AND I'M GLAD I TOLD YOU SO WHEN I SAW YOU FOR WHAT TURNED OUT TO BE THE LAST TIME.

BAABA ANOWA
BENTSI-ENCHILL - DAUGHTER

Our bond started when I was very young. In my mother's 18-month absence during her Masters, I slept next to my daddy. He taught me the months of the year by counting them down with me whenever I was missing her. My daddy was my teacher. We were often checked during meals for poor table manners and posture. Daddy so doggedly set out to make me "proper" that he would even hang his lower lip and show me how I would end up looking if I kept leaving my mouth open. Even though it broke my heart to, I had to admit to him one day that it embarrassed me when he did it in public. He never did it again, but the message was ingrained by then, in my memory

at least, if not my habits. That was my daddy - a true gentleman. He welcomed openness and honesty too, always wanting to know what I was thinking.

For a little while, we grew apart. By "we" I mean it was me who began to misunderstand and judge him - a very silly stance to take for someone with 50 years less life experience. He was no longer perfect in my eyes, but he was my superman because he rescued me from missing out on the blessings of a good father-daughter relationship by actually attempting to bridge the gap I created. He would say, "We used to be close," or, "What's on my daughter's mind?"

In boarding school, distance began to make my heart grow fonder.

We partnered on many essays and assignments, through which he taught me to cite my sources as I write instead of afterwards, and to make the process easier by planning. In university, we would just be on the phone with nothing in particular to say. The greater physical distance made my heart grow even fonder, and we became friends. I enjoyed making witty remarks until he cried with laughter.

Trying to condense the 20 years and 60 days of my life that I had him into a few paragraphs has proven very difficult, but I will end here with my gratitude. Thank you, Daddy, for freely signing off on my desire to serve God on campus on condition that my grades stay high. The gift of a father who lets

you love the Lord is priceless. I remember coming home one night and telling him I had witnessed to the Uber driver and led him to Christ. He was so genuinely proud of me and I will always cherish that stamp of approval. His love in many ways has made me understand God's attitude towards me: gracious, unconditionally loving, and desirous of the best possible outcome for me.

Thank you, Daddy, for the time management tips, being interested in my crushes, being the number one supporter of my artwork and for threatening to stand up, point and scream "THAT'S MY DAUGHTERRRR!!" at any function I happened to be a part of. Thank you for taekwondo, ballet and piano lessons. Thank you for your

patient discipline, for rubbing my back and washing my face with cold water on difficult school mornings, for trying to teach me the best way to hold a pen. Thank you for eating everything I cooked or baked and supporting my dream of becoming a chef. You would have sent me to culinary school at the drop of a hat if that dream hadn't been crushed by other well-meaning relatives. Thank you for being the whole reason I ended up in a top university. Thank you for allowing us to stay long hours after church and get used to giving God after-school hours for meetings and rehearsals. Thank you for working hard to provide for us and teaching me that contentment is greater than riches. Thank you for introducing me to tennis and for endlessly

explaining the scoring system to me. Thank you for broadening my horizons through the path your life quietly and honestly blazed through this corrupt world. Thank you for teaching me to appreciate myself the way God made me.

The words you shared with Dr. Kwesi Amisah-Arthur upon the loss of his father are the same ones I can hold on to today, and it's all because of what you put into me and the path of excellence you, by the grace of God, carved for me:

"In some small corner of your gloom, in the wake of a sudden shocking departure, reserve a small light of satisfaction from one source: it is not given to every father to see his children grow, flower and flourish. You



have amply given your father that profound joy!"

My mission is to make you proud, and I'm glad I told you so when I saw you for what turned out to be the last time.

You will be missed Daddyo.
Love, your darling daughter.



FAREWELL LETTERS FROM SIBLINGS

FIFIA, MAMAA, ATO & NII K.

“

*“O death, where is your
victory? O death, where
is your sting?”*

1 Corinthians 15:55

”

Fifia

Nana Bentsi my younger brother always introduced me as his little sister and occasionally reminded me that I was vertically challenged. Of my brothers, he teased me the most. Whenever I visited, he would remind me to go straight home and not check out any nightclubs.

I have memories dating from when I was 2 years old in Nyankumasi through to Horse Road, Merry Villas, Castle Road, Asylum Down, Osu, Chicago, Reading, London, Lusaka...

Nana worked hard at everything, relentlessly. Seeing people succeed was one of his many passions. His love of classical music was unquestionable – he

played the piano at all hours – and usually had something playing in the background while he was working.

Nana often looked very serious, but when he smiled or laughed, his eyes shone and crinkles appeared in the corner of his eyes. Whenever we grouped for a photograph, he would suddenly burst out laughing with a deep voice, which would put the required smile on the faces of all concerned. There are so many things to remember. The very first time he met my boys, he introduced himself as their 'idiosyncratic uncle'. Later, one of them quietly asked what the word meant.

How can I thank Nana for all that he did for me? I could confidently send my children over from The Gambia because I knew he would

oversee their progress; which he did, admirably. He sought after my wellbeing when I relocated and made several suggestions as to what I could do.

Nana didn't like to be thanked or praised for anything he did; he would always downplay his role. Indeed, once at an interview, he told the facilitator to end the accolades or he would leave, and proceeded to rise from his chair.

The void his passing has left cannot be filled. I have been warmed by the evidence of his far-reaching influence. I thank God for giving him to us for this length of time. I am eternally grateful for the rest he has found.

Nana Bentsi, da yei. God be with us till we meet again.

Mamaa:

It's so hard to encompass all we love and respect about Nana. His character attracted friends of high calibre who we enjoyed meeting.

Despite his sometimes forbidding exterior, in some ways resembling our Dad, he had a soft, sensitive, kind, humour-loving heart. After one holiday in The Gambia with Fifia and her sons, nephew Egya wrote to me, 'Uncle Nana played the fool with us EVERY DAY!' That is commitment.

He always gave great advice with clarity and simplicity and wanted the best for me and my siblings. This is the high-achiever who was as adept at changing nappies as at negotiating difficult passages

of Brahms and Beethoven. I remember him bringing home a different musical instrument each summer holiday – mandolin, guitar, viola – before settling on the piano. So disciplined and systematic was he that in later years he humbly went back to ABRSM Grade 1 and worked all the way back up to pass Grade 8. He loved research and I assisted him in Accra during my holidays, just as years later, Kwamena was his able assistant at the Public Records Office in London, a place he took every opportunity to visit.

He was not given to effusive language but was unstinting in his praise and appreciation of Mercy who he called "an excellent wife." Recently, I read the following: "Love seeks excellence, and seeks what is best for another person."

This made me think of Nana who, I am sure, could have highlighted in his Bible: "And this I pray, that your love may abound more and more [displaying itself in greater depth] in real knowledge and practical insight, so that you may learn to recognize and treasure what is excellent [identifying the best, and distinguishing moral differences], that you may be blameless until the day of Christ [actually living lives that lead others away from sin] Phil 1: 9, 10 AMP.

Deep pain at your passing Nana, great joy in your eternal repose.

Ato:

When our father died in 1974, Nana did a great job keeping the five of us together at a very

difficult time. We have all been greatly influenced by his deeply embedded ethos of doing the right thing. One of my fondest memories is of Nana Bentsi's love of tennis and him wanting me to learn to play properly. I would go with him and Nii K to the Accra Lawn Tennis Club where they played with the skill I desired but lacked. I soon discovered with joy that I outperformed them at table tennis. He was a great big brother.

Nii K:

Nana was deeply generous. He never stopped thinking about others – even while dealing with his own issues – and not only made perceptive suggestions to improve their welfare but also checked on progress. He had his share of





Blessed are those
who mourn,
for they will be
comforted.

Matthew 5:4



youthful scrapes, adventures and rebellion, including being punished frequently at Achimota.

He grew in personal and professional stature, competitive but also cooperative, able to see and broaden the big picture, to innovate and also focus on detail. He was honest and direct, sometimes severe, and “a leader, not just a boss.” He believed in

grit, bootstraps, thoroughness and foresight. He was a straight shooter, sometimes from the hip, always well-intentioned, challenging you to improve and excel. Nana could be quietly controversial, but remained restrained, composed and dignified. His was pride without vanity, assurance without pomp, and achievement without vainglory.

His often stern appearance belied an amazing capacity for tolerance, forgiveness, sympathy and empathy – he quickly saw and voiced what was poignant in a difficult and delicate situation. These qualities made him a loyal friend, genuine confidant and selfless advisor who provided moral (and in some cases quiet financial) support.

Nana was a classics scholar who passed through political science

into law. He was socially conscious, a scholar of imperialism and perceptive critic of African self-sabotage. He was an avid reader with an acknowledged addiction to chess. Nana loved a good joke, beating the desk or table in silent laughter, and he could really fool around, even if only briefly. He threatened violence only if you insisted on trying to tickle him. He was a really good dancer, with graceful spins that came out just right. He brought blues, jazz, R’n’B, soul and gospel into the house along with classical music. Most of all, Nana loved, supported and encouraged his siblings, family and friends. He blended strength and determination with kindness.

Nana, you will always be an inspiration.

May you rest in perfect peace



TRIBUTES BY
**NEPHEWS
AND NIECES**

A TOWERING FIGURE IN GHANAIAN LAW

BUT WAS ALWAYS GENEROUS IN OFFERING ME HIS TIME

YOOFI BENTSI-ENCHILL
NEPHEW

Uncle Nana was a towering figure in Ghanaian law but was always generous in offering me his time, wise advice, support and mentorship. His passing has left a big hole in my life. I am truly grateful for the time we had together, especially when Jared and I got to spend quality time with him over the 2020 Christmas holidays. Uncle Nana you are an inspiration, you were a fantastic uncle and we will miss you greatly.

May you rest in perfect peace.

HIS LEGACY IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION WILL ALWAYS MAKE ME PROUD TO BE HIS NEPHEW

JARED BENTSI-ENCHILL
NEPHEW

Uncle Nana's legacy in the legal profession will always make me proud to be his nephew. At crucial moments in my life, he made time to talk with me and give me advice, and he would approach even the most serious discussions with a sense of humour. I will always cherish these conversations and the time we spent together. Uncle Nana, rest in peace.

MY MORAL COMPASS, MY ANCHOR IN THE STORM AND CALM

EGYA JALLOW
NEPHEW

Nearly three decades ago on a ride to ABSC, Uncle Nana asked me what I'd say about him when he died. My immediate thought, which I dared not express, was to wonder what was going on in his mind. I never thought that day would come. I mean, we are talking about Uncle Nana, whose gaze was like putting a spotlight on my innermost secrets. It's not so much what I would say about Uncle Nana, but how I felt about him.

Uncle Nana was my moral compass, my anchor in the storm and calm. I swerved a lot or tried to, and almost unconsciously. It became a joke, but the reality was that we were never far apart. When I took up a new challenge, he backed me to the hilt, celebrated progress and guided me in tough

moments. He was always with me, "gentle encouragement" he called it and even the severity of a reprimand did not hide his love. He either started a call with "Egyaaa..!" which was great, or "Heh, Egya!" which wasn't good at all. Uncle Nana wasn't only a great professional but a wonderful human being. Being showy, razzmatazz, wasn't his thing. He taught me that discretion is better than valour; that being able to look at yourself in the mirror is more important than platitudes from others; that being respected starts with respect for yourself. The pillar that is Uncle Nana will not fall with his transition.

For me, Uncle Nana will always be here. This is not goodbye, more like, "Catch you later guy", as he always said to me.

YOUR SMILE SO WARM AND YOUR LAUGH DISTINCTLY ARISTOCRATIC.

NAADU BENTSI-ENCHILL
NIECE

You are not supposed to be gone.

You've been trash talking about how you'd beat me in a dance battle.

"Come on! Put on your shoes and show up. Uncle Nana, can you even move your hips?"

"Yes dear Naadu, of course, and I can break dance, so watch your back...and your leg. I can break a leg"

You were witty and surprisingly silly. Your smile so warm and your laugh distinctly aristocratic. Your expressive eyebrow when you teased or cracked dry jokes was hilarious. I would like to hear you play piano again, or berate me for not knowing how to play chess. I would very much like to not be writing this.

So, I'll switch my style:
As the grey storms pass
I hope for memories to last

Your aristocratic laugh
Witty digs
Mischievous eyebrows and
talking trash

Your smile so warm
Advice face so stern
Your eyebrows so silly
My heart is so torn
As I write this, I have yet to
mourn

No! It cannot be
I wish this time would have
some decency
Instead of this pain and tragedy
Your soul should be here
Playing chess and teaching me

What about our dance battle?
You always claimed you would
win
But now I'm left rattled

And I'm sobbing deep within
My hopes for bonding as creatives
can never begin

The joy you'd express when I called
I haven't touched on at all
It lifted my spirits but made me feel
guilty and made me feel actively
loved
My stand-in grandpa, my uncle, a
mentor
My heart is with you above.

Come back and laugh your laugh
again
Tease my dad and I again
Boost my confidence again
Advise me
Check-in with me to see where I've
reached
Come back to see where I will reach

I love you so deeply
I cried when you said you loved me

too for the first time in my life last
year
So stern, you see?!
I cried when I was told you were
impressed by my art
The acknowledgement alone went
straight to my heart

Uncle Nana your presence was
fierce

I can only, and luckily, imagine
how your anger could pierce

The respect you commanded
instilled some fears

Of inadequacy and inability to
cross tiers

But that pushed and drove me in
my career

Striving to continue to build the
revered Bentsi-Enchill name for
the coming years.

Rest in perfect peace.

You did your due diligence and
your rewards await you.

Rest in perfect peace

I love you and I miss you.

Rest in perfect peace

I hope this poem gets through.

**Your one and only Big Niece,
Naadu**



Come back and
laugh your laugh
again, tease my
dad and I again
Boost my
confidence again



“THE LAWYER” WAS JUST PART OF WHO HE IS.

NII ATO BENTSI-ENCHILL
NEPHEW

Person X (after learning my name): “Bentsi-Enchill, eh? Are you related to the lawyer?”
Me: “Yes, he’s my uncle.”

I can’t tell you how many times I’ve had this exchange, including as recently as early February this year. The fact of this recurring exchange is a wonderful testament to the reputation built by Uncle Nana. Many know him

as “The Lawyer,” and yes, he did indeed try to convince my cousins and I to become lawyers during our teenage years, with only partial success, despite his great skill. But I know that he’s trained nearly 200 lawyers over the course of his career and they are part of a legacy which will endure.

“The Lawyer” was just part of who he is. To me, he will always be my uncle with the greatest

sense of humor and razor-sharp wit to match. My favorite memories consist of listening to his conversations with my father, like verbal fencing matches with witty retorts flying back and forth that kept me laughing. He was a merciless teaser, but his good nature and warm heart allowed him the grace to get away with it. Uncle Nana was equal parts intelligent, caring, funny, and serious. The best of us have these characteristics in abundance and in balance. Uncle Nana was certainly one of them and I will miss him dearly. I love you and I miss you Uncle Nana, and I know that you will be watching over us with both sage advice and jokes at the ready.

May you rest in peace, and rest in power.

I AM VERY GRATEFUL FOR THE INTEREST HE TOOK IN MY EDUCATION.

STEPHEN BENTSI-ENCHILL OGBUELI NEPHEW

I remember Uncle Nana used to compliment my smile. As a socially awkward teenager, he made me understand that there was more in me than I was projecting. He hated idleness. Uncle Nana took me with his family on holiday trips to Cape Coast, Kumasi and Takoradi.

I am very grateful for the interest he took in my education. He and Uncle Nii K actually made a trip to two learning centres before deciding where I should go. He encouraged me to read and even play the piano. Unfortunately, my lack of interest in the latter did not stand me in good stead.

The name Uncle Nana will always remind me of many things, one of them being a voice calling me 'Stevo' when I was in his good books, or a firm 'Stephen' if I had fallen short. I will remember that he always expected me to do well.

Uncle Nana, I was saddened by your illness. Now you are free and at rest.



Before dust returns to the earth as it was before and the life-breath returns to God who gave it.

Ecclesiastes 12:7



HE TOOK CARE OF ME AS THOUGH I WAS HIS CHILD.

TIDJAN JALLOW NEPHEW

I was in a bad place. I was a bum. Going nowhere. After failing my A-levels I had no future. There is a YouTube video that says, "No GCSE? No A-levels? You will end up in McDonalds!" The truth is I would have ended up in a very bad way.

My Mom sent me to Uncle Nana. In addition to putting me through school, university and even looking for a job for me, my Uncle took me to his church. This church.

He stabilised my life. He encouraged me to read. He made me improve my vocabulary. He helped me work on my university application and make it better. Far better. He told me to learn to touch

type. He played chess with me and won every single game.

Uncle Nana continued to take me to church. He sent me to university. When I got married, he came for the wedding. Even recently he told me about where to get a better job. He asked me if I wanted to be a pastor.

Uncle Nana took care of me as though I was his child. He was a father to me.

By taking me to church, my life eventually became better. By educating me, today I have a job.

I am what I am by the grace of God because of Uncle Nana.



TRIBUTES BY
IN-LAWS

KOJO WAS A BULWARK OF THE FAMILY.

ALWAYS PRESENT, ALWAYS DEPENDABLE, ALWAYS
FAITHFUL, ALWAYS KIND.



*I assure you, whoever believes has
eternal life. I am the bread of life.*

John 6:47-48

ABOAGYE FAMILY



We affectionately called him Uncle Kojo, just as our children did. He was much more than just a brother-in-law. He was a beloved brother and friend whose emphasis on togetherness as an extended family was a model for us all and showed the importance of valuing each individual and what they bring to the family as a whole.

Uncle Kojo entered into our lives in the late 1990s, when he was dating

our sister Mercy. I remember the first time we met in 1999, when he came to the US on a business trip. He gave us a call asking to come and visit. Somehow, we knew that this little side-trip was more than just a visit, but rather his way of “showing himself” to the potential in-laws. This conscientious detail, we would later learn, was wholly consistent with Kojo’s character as the perfect gentlemen. He wanted his future bride’s siblings to get to know him beforehand. Of course

we fell in love not only with his calm demeanour, mild manner and kindly disposition, but also his keen intellect, wise insights and “wicked” sense of humor. Our children also took instantly to Uncle Kojo, and over the last two decades, were always excited to see him whenever he could be with us when he visited the US. It was a terribly painful experience breaking the sad news to them that their Uncle Kojo was no more.

Kojo was a bulwark of the family. Always present, always dependable, always faithful, always kind. Over the last decade or more, we have always arrived at the airport with Kojo there to welcome us and take us home. Through the loss of both our mother in 2009 and our father in 2017, Kojo was indispensable in his kindness and care. Seeing him up close and personal, one could not help but appreciate him as a person who created the context for a whole lot of people to be well taken care of, whether they were close or extended relatives, domestic workers, professional employees, colleagues and even strangers. And he did it all with the characteristic humility that, according to the Scriptures, exemplifies true greatness.

Kojo Bentsi-Enchill's name may be carved on a tombstone, but for us, his name will forever be etched in our hearts.

FROM AKWASI ABOAGYE

ETERNITY

Rock me to Sleep, ye waves, and drift my boat
With undulations soft, far out to sea.
Perchance, where sky and wave wear one blue coat,
My heart shall find some hidden rest remote.
My spirit swoons and all my senses cry
For ocean's breast and covering of the sky.
Rock me to sleep, ye waves, and, outward bound,
Just let me drift far out from toil and care,
Where lapping of the waves shall be the sound
Which, mingled with the winds that gently bear
Me on between a peaceful sea and sky,
To make my soothing, slumberous lullaby.
Thus, drifting on and on upon my breast,
My heart shall go to sleep and rest, and rest.
Kojo may you rest in peace, you gentle soul.
You will be missed fiercely forever so.

An adaptation of a late 19th century poem in *The path of dreams*
by George Marion McClellan (1860-1934)



NANA BENTSI

FOUGHT A GREAT FIGHT AND RAN AN EXCEEDINGLY GOOD RACE!

DELALI BENTSI-ENCHILL
IN-LAW

“

*When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest forevermore.*

MHB with tunes 975

”

Nana Bentsi fought a great fight and ran an exceedingly good race! He assiduously performed well in whatever he set his mind to. From the many hours spent in the Public Records Office in Kew Gardens, London, to working towards his music exams. He was the epitome of diligence! I particularly remember the times he spent with us in London whenever he visited the UK. He loved his coffee and was always sipping away as he read and scribbled in his notepad. He would then leave half-drunk cups of coffee all over the house.

He was always such a witty gentleman, with a quick come-back for anything you would say. He nicknamed me 'Delightful' when I commented on the very 'proper' way the Bentsi-Enchill men conducted themselves. The children could count on Uncle Nana for warmth and generosity and he was equally sure to rebuke when necessary.

Our Christmas gatherings will never be the same. We will miss you popping round whenever you are in Asylum Down. As Tess Gerritsen said, "Only the forgotten are truly dead." Your legacy lives on.

Rest in perfect peace, in the bosom of our Maker.





TRIBUTES BY

RELATIVES
& FRIENDS

HE MADE A GREAT IMPACT ON OUR FAMILY AND IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION IN GHANA

THE APPIAH-ADU FAMILY

Uncle Nana Bentsi was a first cousin of my father Professor Egya Amonoo-Neizer. I always referred to myself as his favourite niece and that always brought a smile to his face. My memories of him go back to the mid-1970s, when he came to Kumasi to do his national service at the Land Administration Research Centre (LARC) on the KNUST campus. He always showed interest in my education and that of my siblings and followed up to find out how we were doing in school. In the legal profession, he was my mentor and was always concerned about my career development. In music, he was a pianist and a mentor to our three children who are also pianists. Uncle Nana Bentsi regularly attended our children's recitals and was a source of encouragement to them. The last time I saw him was on 17 October 2020, the day after our mother's demise, when

he and other family members came to my father's residence to console us. I noticed that he was walking slowly and had a brace on his neck, but had no idea that his health had deteriorated. Therefore, I was shocked to learn about his demise. Nevertheless, it is comforting to know that he died in the Lord and is blessed in accordance with Revelation 14:13 (NKJV) "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on. Yes, says the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works follow them."

Uncle Nana Bentsi made a great impact on our family and in the legal profession in Ghana and indeed his works will follow him. We celebrate his life and thank God for his achievements.

**Nana Kegya Appiah-Adu
(née Amonoo-Neizer).**

Uncle Nana Bentsi was a true friend of our family. He was instrumental in the development of our children's musical gifts. He was a special guest at our annual classical concert, and was always the last performer because his pieces were highly sophisticated. He provided our children with ABRSM theory and practice books, past questions and marking schemes, and today, all the three children hold advanced ABRSM qualifications thanks to his support and encouragement. He advised our children to practise their pieces daily, a piece of advice they took seriously, and thank God today, all of them are confident classical pianists.

Uncle Nana Bentsi's love for our children was amply demonstrated when he purchased for them

keyboards with all the hallmarks of a grand piano – 88 fully-weighted keys; touch sensitive; with sophisticated digital features – to inspire our children to aspire to greater heights in music. The piano, which still looks new, will serve as a memorial to a gentleman who had a special relationship with and was dearly loved by us. Uncle Nana Bentsi, fare thee well till we meet again in heaven.

Kwaku Appiah-Adu Snr.

“

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on. Yes, says the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works follow them.

Rev. 14:13 (NKJV)

”

YOU BECAME
INCREASINGLY
A STRONG AND
WELL-RESPECTED
PRESENCE
IN THE BENTSI-
ENCHILL FAMILY



I have fought the good fight. I have finished the race. I have kept the faith.

2 Timothy 4:7

THE BENTSI-ENCHILLS,
NORTH KANESHIE

Cousin Kojo, it was with deep sadness and shock that we learned of your passing. With some of the older generation being called home, you became increasingly a strong and well-respected presence in the Bentsi-Enchill family and we certainly did not expect to be saying goodbye so soon. For those of us who did not see you as much as we would have liked, we remember with fondness each opportunity in recent years to grow our “cousinship”, thanks in large part to the family Christmas gatherings (so ably led by Fifia and all of you). We are comforted in the knowledge that you are at peace, leave behind a wonderful legacy and will continue to live on in the hearts and minds of all your loved ones. On behalf of ourselves and Ma (Auntie Kate) we extend our warmest condolences to Mercy and the ‘children’ Kwamena, Baaba and Ekow, and to Fifia, Nii K, Esi and Ato.

Kojo, Nantsew Yie, na Nyame mfa wo nsie asomdwee mu!!

WE NICKNAMED NANA BENTSI “PROF” DUE TO HIS ACADEMIC PROWESS

THE COLEMANS AT TEACOT

We were aware of Cousin Nana Bentsi’s health challenges but the news of his passing still came as a shock to us. Yes, we are blood relatives – our father and their mother being siblings – but the relationship goes much deeper than that. We lived with the Bentsi-Enchills briefly in London in the late 1960s and a few years later, they were back in their family house Popscot in Adabraka and were regulars in our home, Teacot, which was maybe 200 meters away.

We nicknamed Nana Bentsi “Prof” due to his academic prowess and indeed, he could have become a Professor at any time if he so wished. He showed particular interest in our progress in life, especially in his relationship with the younger members of Teacot – Naana, Araba and Mansa. As Paa Kojo and KB were studying accountancy at the time Nana Bentsi set up his practice and DataCenta, he gave them the opportunity to design accounting procedures for the two ventures.

He was an unassuming, simple man who had a mission which he achieved before his sad end. Napoleon Bonaparte is quoted as saying “Great people are meteors designed to burn so that the earth may be lighted.” This we believe applied to Nana Bentsi and today we mourn with Mercy and the kids and with Fifia, Nii K, Esi, Ato and indeed the whole family.

Rest in Perfect Peace “Prof”.

ARABA COLEMAN:

In my formative years, Uncle Nana Bentsi introduced me to French and paid for me to take classes. He encouraged me to read and grammatically corrected all my letters to him when he lived in New York. Uncle Nana Bentsi, you will be missed and thank you for encouraging me to enjoy my education.

MANSA COLEMAN

I remember the last time I saw you like it was yesterday. It was Christmas Day three years ago and I came with Mummy to drop off your Christmas jollof. You were surprised to see me because it had been a few years and I had not been diligent about staying in touch. That's one of the things I truly regret. For the impact you had on my life, I should have done better to speak to you more. The tears stung my eyes when many of my cousins reached out on the news of your passing because they remembered my 'favourite uncle' from when I was much younger.

But it goes beyond that. You see, the reason I am a chemical engineer today is because of you. Those Saturdays you spent with me when I was growing up, taking me to the bookstore and patiently walking the aisles as I waded through books

did so much to expand my mind. I moved from mostly picking up Nancy Drew novels to being stuck in the science section. Thanks to you, I was never one of those kids who was worried about maths or science. Instead, those subjects reminded me of fun Saturdays at the bookstore with you and the rewarding burger after our toils when I would give you a breakdown of what I had read. I was not surprised when one of my cousins, in a voice note to me, shared her own stories of how you poured into her as well.

Your legacy lives on through all of us. I can only dream of making you proud by excelling in my field the way you did in yours and paying it forward with my nieces and nephews.

Da yie, Uncle Nana. I will never forget you.

A DEAR COUSIN AFTER MY HEART

COUSIN LONGI AYANSU

What is all this?! My wife Theresa and I are in a state of shock. Nana was a dear cousin after my heart. We maintained a warm relationship peculiar to us. That's a mighty tree that's fallen: quiet, reserved, self-effacing but an effective, family-conscious and people-centred person. What a way to bow out: with all the fanfare of international awards et al.

May the good Lord grant us all courage to bear this sad loss.

May the good Lord grant him eternal rest in his bosom.

I REMEMBER KOJO BEING VERY COMPETITIVE AND QUITE THE INTELLECTUAL.

FROM RACHEL CAMPBELL
(NÉE TEAGUE)

Seems like I've known the BEs since forever. I first met their father in England and when we came back to Ghana in 1967 we got to know each other well and grew up together. I used to go to Legon and hang out with my uncles Kojo and Nii K who were already in university. I remember Kojo being very competitive and quite the intellectual. I am grateful for the time we spent together, especially our conversations about making Ghana a better place. He will be missed.

SOMEONE WHO HAS BEEN PART OF MY LIFE, WHO HAS SUPPORTED, INFLUENCED AND AFFECTED ME IN ALL SORTS OF WAYS

MYMA BELO-OSAGIE
(NÉE BENTSI-ENCHILL)

The act of writing, the act of remembering forces me to acknowledge that someone who has been part of my life, who has supported, influenced and affected me in all sorts of ways, someone whose mere presence I have come to count on, is no longer physically accessible. Until that realisation hits, it is just about possible to pretend the person is on a long journey and somewhat difficult to reach.

Writing this tribute is one of the few ways in which I can honour Nana Bentsi, given his own love of writing. I will miss a very dear

cousin whose clarity of thought and purpose, whose wit and wisdom, whose honesty and integrity I have come to count on over the years. I cannot believe he will no longer be at the end of a phone using one of my less favorite given names to 'greet' me; or a few minutes' walk away, ready to make teasing but supportive comments on my issues and concerns.

We have to accept God's plans and purpose – but this hurts! I will simply remember dear Nana Bentsi fondly and pray that he continues to rest in God's perfect peace.

Much love Nana. Rest well.

NO WONDER HE GREW UP TO BE AN ACCOMPLISHED PIANIST

**OBAAPANYIN CHRISSIE EFFIE DADSON (MRS.)
ON BEHALF OF THE ADDISON SIBLINGS**

Nana Bentsi, as I affectionately call him, was a serious, studious boy. Even from the early stages when we stayed at Popscot in Adabraka, he showed signs of being a very brilliant student. Whenever my piano teacher arrived for lessons, Nana would tag along and also learn how to play the piano. No wonder he grew up to be an accomplished pianist.

Growing up, Nana always had a good sense of humour. He always teased me about so many things I'd rather not mention here. My siblings and I, have fond memories of Nana joining

us in laughter, and counselling us in whatever we do. Nana was a great pillar in the family.

When my uncle Kwamena, Nana Bentsi's father, had to take up an appointment in the United States of America, I was left to take care of the little ones at the Herne Hill home in London till their mother arrived. It was such a pleasant time bonding with my cousins. In later years, I was impressed by Nana's love for family. He attended all the family meetings and on occasion, would come and visit my mother, Mama Eunice Addison, his father's sister.

I called him on the Sunday and also on the Wednesday when he had just returned from the hospital. I didn't like the sound of his voice and I mentioned this to Nii K and Fifi; even though he was still teasing us, being his usual self. The following Saturday, when that unfortunate call came through, I had a sinking feeling in my gut before I answered the call. I am really short of words.

Nana rest in perfect peace. I know you fought a good fight so, the Lord whom you served, will keep you till we meet again on the resurrection day. Da yie, atse.

FROM THE ADDISON NEPHEWS AND NIECES

Uncle Kojo was such a charming uncle. Every moment spent with him was worth every second. He was so caring and knowledgeable, and had a great

sense of humor. He always saw the glass as half full. Despite his world-class achievements and education, Uncle Kojo never made you feel intimidated around him. His home was always open to us – he and his beautiful wife Aunty Mercy would say, “Oh no need to call, just pop in at any time”.

Uncle Kojo was very eloquent and a true gentleman. He loved his Creator and so we are comforted that he is resting peacefully in the arms of Christ. We are also comforted in the legacy he has left for us to follow: to strive for excellence always, and value all relationships.

You overcame your adversities; you thrived and shared your life with us. We thank God that He blessed us with your life, for a season. We will forever cherish the memories. Sleep well in the bosom of the Lord, dear Uncle Kojo. Rest in perfect peace.

FROM EUNICHARLES INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL (ECIS)

“Reading is essential for those who seek to rise above the ordinary” –
Jim Rohn

We write this with gratitude and such regret. Gratitude that you were given to us in service as Board Chair (2014-15), during which time we learned a lot from your meticulous execution of your role. Regret, because we had wanted you to witness the transformation you had inspired to move ECIS to a higher level of excellence.

Lawyer Bentsi-Enchill, as he was quietly known, gave counsel that was always clear and realistically sound, often delivered with humour that made even the most painful fact easier to absorb.

His love for books was infectious and we are thankful for his keen interest in the setting up of the library in the Kwamena Bentsi-Enchill Block, and the donation of hundreds of books to the school. We will ensure that the library thrives and continues to be a child-friendly environment that enhances children’s love for learning, through reading. Excellence is one of our core values and for us, you exemplified excellence so, we will honour your impact on the school by ensuring that we execute service with love and continuous excellence.

“Praise we the wise
and brave and strong,
Praise we the great
of heart and mind,
Praise we the peaceful men of skill
Who builded homes of beauty,
And, rich in art, made richer still
The brotherhood of duty.”

HIS REPLY WOULD BE, “HELLO MY DARLING NIECE”

ALICE ENCHILL AMAKYE



“Nana Bentsi” was what I called him and his reply would be, “Hello my darling niece”.

I would then give all the reasons why he could not be my uncle and we

would laugh it off! From Cambridge (where my father would take us to visit him) to Mitcham (where he would come for his hair cut) to Herne Hill to Adabraka (where he set up Nzuri Books, which I ran for a while), Nana and I talked about anything and everything.

This one hurts!

Sleep well dear Cuz, till we meet again.

HE TOOK INTEREST IN MY CAREER AND ALWAYS TOLD ME HOW PROUD HE WAS OF ME

K.K. BENTSI-ENCHILL



I called him my big cousin and had a special relationship with him. I remember one of his visits to my dad when we were kids and how we loved him teaching us to play Monopoly. He corrected me as I struggled to pronounce

Leicester Square. Fast forward to how he took interest in my career and always told me how proud he was of me. He would often send me articles he came across on medical waste management. My trips to Ghana always involved visits to him in his beautiful home. I will surely miss him.

Rest well Big Cuz Nana Bentsi.

KOJO WAS A RATHER
PRIVATE PERSON, PERHAPS
**THE EPITOME
OF THE “QUIET
GENTLEMAN”**

**COUSIN RACHEL
PHILLIPS AND FAMILY**

“
*For I have no pleasure
in the death of anyone,
declares the Lord God; so
turn, and live.”*

Ezekiel 18:32
”

My cousin Kojo was a rather private person, perhaps the epitome of the “Quiet Gentleman”. He was principled, always obliging, very thoughtful and in all ways an admirable man. Kojo was conscientious and as such, unfailingly helpful to the family, particularly in dealing with legal matters, despite the numerous calls on his time, and invariably on a pro-bono basis. He was a great example of integrity, kindness and caring.

He was my children's uncle though he was much closer to them in age than to me. They knew his younger siblings better because when they were young, Kojo was abroad.

I admired my cousin Kojo so very much. He will be sorely missed. May God grant him peaceful rest.

A SOLID ROCK, WHO WORE HIS HEART ON HIS SLEEVE...

THE AMONOO-NEIZERS

Dear Nana, a solid rock, who wore his heart on his sleeve...silently, discreetly but with the utmost efficiency in responding to requests by family. In reciprocating, we could have done more, indeed we should have done more but we failed to realise time was not on our side. Dear dear Nana, you are at rest. You are at peace. You will forever remain in our hearts.

I LOOK BACK OVER THE FIVE DECADES OR SO OF OUR FRIENDSHIP AND MARVEL AT HIS QUIET PERSEVERANCE

FRANCIS DANIELS

My first memory of Kojo is from September 1969 or 1970 at the Afahye festival in Cape Coast. He seemed an older cousin to me. I learned that he was my father's first cousin. He joked that his first memory of me was of a four-year-old sulking because my father had rebuked me for some misdeed or other. He threatened to tell my kids so that they would not take my rebukes

seriously. Subsequently, when I was at Achimota and Kojo was at the University of Ghana, I loved my occasional weekend trips to visit him at Legon.

By the time I arrived at Legon, Kojo was at Cambridge University. He returned to Ghana for some of his research, giving us opportunities to discuss our work. As I look back, from Legon to when I moved to

Washington DC and Kojo was in New York, he was in my corner. As I learned the craft of corporate lawyering, if I found a legal tome that impressed me on some aspects of corporate law, I would mention it to Kojo and vice versa. Kojo loved classical music and was a fine pianist himself. We would talk about various recordings of great concert pianists. He directed me to YouTube video recordings of great piano recitals and concerts and other Internet-based sources of recordings. One musical present, in particular, encapsulated Kojo's desire for classical music to take root in Africa. He sent to me William Chapman-Nyaho's wonderful "Piano Music of Africa and the African Diaspora". We would often recommend books to each other. His last

recommendation was a riveting book about the role of local traders in 18th century slave trading on the Gold Coast. Inevitably, we spoke about our families and children; we spoke about current affairs and politics.

I look back over the five decades or so of our friendship and marvel at his quiet perseverance. Sometime in 2020, he told me that he had looked at his unfinished writing and research projects and realized that he could have completed several more papers if he had not focused on perfection. Yet, what he finished was good.

Kojo was a person I admired. I benefited a great deal from his exemplary integrity, gentleness, concern for others, and wide interests. I know he is at peace after a life well lived.



NO FAREWELL WORDS WERE SPOKEN; NO TIME TO SAY GOODBYE.

FROM THE BENTSI-ENCHILL COUSINS (TAKORADI)

If tears, could build a stairway and memories were lanes, we would walk right up to heaven and bring you back home again.

No farewell words were spoken; no time to say goodbye. You were taken away before we could catch our collective breaths and only God knows why. Our hearts still ache in sadness, and subtle tears flow whenever your name is mentioned.

To lose you is gut-wrenching. I am told you were eagerly waiting for me (Myma) to arrive home from the hospital when I was born. You have been in my life ever since, from infancy through adolescence

into adulthood. There was never a trip you made out here to the United States that you didn't reach out to me. Your love, kindness, generosity, inspiration and support always filled me up.

All of us – Aunt Alice, Ekuba, Kobby, Chief and KK – had a different and uniquely personal relationship with you. One sure thing we all agree on is that this loss is insurmountable, and we can only take comfort in the fact that you are resting in the arms of the eternal love of our Lord.

Love, Alice, Ekuba, Kobby, Chief and KK



A LIMB HAS FALLEN FROM THE FAMILY TREE...



*A good name is better than precious ointment,
and the day of death than the day of birth.*

Ecclesiastes 7:1



MAAME WINFUL

A limb has fallen from the family tree that says, grieve not for me.

Remember the best times, the laughter, the fun times, the good life lived while I was strong.

(Anonymous)

Oh Nana Bentsi my dear cousin and friend! Your sudden demise has left me speechless and so sad.

When my parents and I returned to Ghana from the UK, you were at Legon and you would call me on

Fridays to let me know there was a party on campus on Saturday and I would drive over to go and have fun with you. I think we also combed through most of the discos (as they were known then in the 1970s) in Accra. We had loads of fun.

I looked forward to my birthday days as you would call to wish me and ask where I would love to go for lunch. We did a few rounds including Novotel and then you upgraded to Tang Palace. I had planned to treat you to lunch on your birthday this year as you had

fully retired and we would not have to rush so you could go to the office. Alas, it was not to be. Nana, your kindness and generosity was unparalleled and I thank you so much for all that you did for me.

My husband Panyin and I pray the good Lord will spread his protective hands over you and your family till we meet again in eternity. Rest peacefully in the Lord.

ADJOA KAKRA WINFUL:

Uncle Nana, the news of your death has shocked me to my core. I remember during my undergrad studies, while studying law, I would always reach out to you to help me with some of my essays and you always gave me the best insights and actually made some of the topics I didn't quite understand so

simple! Whenever you saw us, you always greeted us with a smile and genuinely cared to know what was going on with us. I am sad I didn't get a chance to say goodbye and although my heart breaks knowing when I come to Ghana you will not be there, I am comforted knowing you are at peace. Goodbye is never forever so I know we will meet again. Rest well Uncle, you will always be in my heart. Love always.

ADJOA PANYIN WINFUL:

Uncle Nana Bentsi, your passing was a big shock to me and I am heartbroken. But I can rest easy knowing that the Lord has you in his arms. Every time you saw me, you took your time to ask how I was doing, what I wanted to do with my life and you were always

so encouraging. You genuinely showed interest in my plans. You had such a calming voice and you were also so gentle with us. You shall be missed terribly and I know that life won't be the same but I pray one day we shall meet again. Da yie Uncle Nana

“

I looked forward to my birthday days as you would call to wish me and ask where I would love to go for lunch.

”

NANA BENTSI WAS A TRULY LOVELY HUMAN BEING AND WE SHALL ALL MISS HIM TERRIBLY.

STELLA BENTSI-ENCHILL

Nana Bentsi has been in my life since the mid-1950s. I remember him and Fifia as younger playmates in the rather quaint Accra of pre-Independence Gold Coast. Nana Bentsi's parents, Uncle Kwamena and Auntie Mina, were great favourites of my parents (Sir Charles and Lady Maria Tachie-Menson), so there were frequent visits between the two households, especially after the Sunday Service when they lived at Merry Villas in the heart of Accra, at a time when most lawyers lived and worked in the very centre of Accra!

We later attended the Demonstration School of the Department of Education, of the University College of the Gold Coast, firstly at the Achimota campus and subsequently at Legon. Nana Bentsi was super bright and not surprisingly, he joined us at Achimota School, the Grey City on the Outlaws Hill, when he was just 10 years old! Because of his obvious gifts, he was chosen to take part in a Speech and Poetry Reading Competition and was given "The Lamb", written by William Blake, an 18th century

English Romantic poet. As Nana Bentsi recited the poem, it was clear that he thought the words really funny. Luckily for all, he was able to complete his rendition without collapsing into outright giggles!

In later years, after his Uncle Yewku and I got married, Nana Bentsi was always there, quietly giving us support in our various ventures, mending broken relationships in the wider family whenever the need arose. In 1997 when Uncle Yewku died, Nana Bentsi was

a pillar of strength to me, Kofi and Susan, in his usual kind but authoritative manner, stepping in and organising the funeral programme with the clergy, editing, printing and publishing the funeral brochure and funeral announcements.

Nana Bentsi was the consummate gentleman and took a great interest in the careers and wellbeing of Kofi and Susan. They, on their part, loved him and were immensely proud of all his achievements, as indeed we all were. In 2005, when Susan and Baffour got engaged, he sent Susan this heartwarming email:

“Dear Susan, absolutely thrilled by the news of your engagement.

I wish you and your fiancé a truly happy fruitful married life. My sister Fifia, after staying with me a few weeks, said to me, you have a peaceful home. Quite how she came to that verdict with the children (particularly Ekow Ogoe) raucous-ing around, I do not know. But it was a marvelous testimony. Thus I wish for you a peaceful time as well in the sense my sister meant it. Kojo”

Nana Bentsi was a truly lovely human being and we shall all miss him terribly.

May his soul rest in perfect peace. Amen.

SUSAN ASANTE-ABEDI (NÉE BENTSI-ENCHILL)

Nana Bentsi was a kind man and generous family member. My father had been particularly fond of him and he returned the compliment with numerous visits, thoughtful support throughout Daddy’s funeral and sweetly giving his second son the same middle name, Ogoe. After our father passed, we will never forget the efforts he made to take Kofi and I out for lunch, with discussions on potential career paths and politics. We were blessed to know him, to call him a family member and to learn so much from him over the years. We treasure our memories and wish him peace.

A FITTING TRIBUTE FOR COUSIN NANA BENTSI WOULD BE A BOOK ON ITS OWN

THE YAWSONS

A fitting tribute for Cousin Nana Bentsi would be a book on its own and hopefully this time, devoid of the infamous red ink. Thank God, one of us had the opportunity to express our gratitude to Kojo personally at the inauguration of BELA's new offices a few years ago. In typical Nana Bentsi fashion, he smiled, big eyes wide open and quipped, "Flattery, flattery will get you nowhere". You influenced us in so many ways and your legacy will influence generations to come.

Michael, Angela, David, Andrew and Yvonne

Nana Bentsi, my cousin, my boss, my mentor. There are many people you taught and affected with your work ethic. For those of us you worked with at ABSC

(Accra Business Services Centre), developing the first product of DataCenta and naming it Solon, we cherish the way you taught us not to settle for the ordinary and we came to understand the boundary-pushing ethic, and your systematic way of collecting ideas and information from people to make and confirm your ideas. All these have given us a different perspective on management which we currently apply in practice, and for some, in the lecture halls. Words cannot express our loss. You will forever be missed.

David Yawson (first ABSC general manager; project manager at DataCenta) on behalf of all former ABSC employees.

HE WAS AN INSPIRATION TO PEOPLE WHO CAME INTO CONTACT WITH HIM.

**FROM EWURABA RUTH BRAKO
(ON BEHALF OF COUSIN RUTH AND MY SIBLINGS)**

I met my Uncle Kojo, an avid tennis player, at the Legon tennis court near Commonwealth Hall. Kojo, as I knew him then, was the second seed of the men's team and the whole tennis team was very small so we were quite close. I didn't know that he was my mother's cousin then. I knew him as Nii K's big brother, thus, my cousin. We both had a passion for tennis but I always approached him with distinct respect, quite

unlike my easy relationship with Nii K, who also played tennis.

Even then, Uncle Kojo was very principled, focused and hardworking. He was an inspiration to people who came into contact with him. One day when I was in his office, I told him I had always been in awe of him and it so took him by surprise that he went silent for a bit! A long bit! Uncle Kojo was not one to shout, but you knew

you had to toe the line and behave in his presence. He didn't change much as he aged. I really saw his soft spot when he was with his children.

Uncle Kojo B, you were always the quintessential, principled and focused gentleman. I still stand in awe of you. God will definitely have a place prepared for you in His Kingdom, because you knew Him and worshipped Him. Rest in peace, my gentle uncle.

HE WAS A MAN OF SYMPATHY, WHO ENCOURAGED OTHERS TO TRY JUST A LITTLE HARDER

TONY AND LIZZIE MENDS

Kojo was Lizzie’s cousin and we’ve been proud to call him our friend from our Legon days, when we were all a little footloose and fancy-free. Our relationship blossomed in our later, wiser years when we swapped favours and philosophical ideas. He called Tony “Rousseau” and Tony called him “Philosopher”. Lizzie just called him me nua banyin.

Kojo guided all of us to think a little more deeply. He was a man of sympathy, who encouraged others to try just a little harder

and when they did, suddenly they had a brilliant outcome. Kojo was a man of excellence. In all things he aspired so much to fill the big shoes left by his father, Professor Kwamena Bentsi-Enchill. His father was always his guide post. When we consider all that Kojo was able to achieve, particularly his legacy to the legal profession in Ghana, we can conclude that he has left even bigger shoes for his own wonderful children to fill.

Kojo was religious but did not pretend to know the mind of

God. He accepted God’s guidance. When he was successful, he gave thanks to God. His shortcomings to him were signs that he needed to listen better. We shall miss our dear friend greatly.

May he rest in peace.



Our relationship blossomed in our later, wiser years when we swapped favours and philosophical ideas.



KOJO'S PASSION WAS LEGAL HISTORY.

FROM W.C. EKOW DANIELS (COUSIN BRONYI) AND FAMILY

In spite of the 20-year age difference between us, as the oldest son and second child of Auntie Wilhelmina, my mother's youngest sister, Kojo was my first cousin. I recall when Auntie Wilhelmina and her two oldest children, Fifia and Kojo, returned from the UK, they stayed with us for a time at Coronation Street, Cape Coast.

Many years later, Kojo became my law student at the University of Ghana and followed his father's footsteps into the noble profession. In the years since, we have built a mutual professional respect.

He graced the occasion of my 90th birthday a couple of years ago. A few weeks later he attended my book launch (*The Law of Family Relations in Ghana*) and bought a copy at the auction. We both went to the reunion of his University of Ghana law class (class of '73) on 13 December last year.

While I specialised in family law, Kojo's passion was legal history. We discussed the drafts of our individual chapters in *Mobilising the Law for Ghana's Future - Appraising to Revolutionise* which was published last year by the University of Ghana School of Law.

“
*Lord, now you are
letting your servant
depart in peace,
according to your word:*

Luke 2:29

”

Outside of professional life, for the most part Kojo was a quiet unobtrusive gent, with a cutting sense of humour. I was shocked and deeply saddened by his passing.

Kojo, da yie

SARAH DANIELS:

My first memory of Kojo was at one of Uncle Yoofi's legendary Xmas parties in Ringway Estate, where he and his four siblings performed a carefully choreographed dance number that left me open mouthed. The Jackson Five had nothing on them! In the late 1970s, I stayed with the Bentsi-Enchills in Herne Hill, London for a few weeks, I remember he was so kind to me, making sure I was

warm and properly fed, in between teasing me mercilessly. I always thought there would be plenty of time to catch up in our later years but it was not to be. Kojo, you will be sorely missed by many.

ANDREW DANIELS:

As a young adult, I first remember Kojo in the early 1990s when I spent a few weeks being introduced to IT skills at Kojo's DataCenta which was ahead of its time in digitising Ghana's legal documentation. Fast forward to 2015 – as a young law student, my daughter Emma Jane interned at Bentsi-Enchill, Letsa & Ankomah (BELA). Kojo promised he would make an unannounced visit to my home outside Accra but sadly that threat never materialised. As the circle of life

continues to turn, he has touched the lives of three generations of lawyers in the Coleman Ayansu family and has left behind so much to remember him by.

“

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

”

YOU WERE MY FRIEND, MY COLLEAGUE AND MY BROTHER

KOFI HAGAN
FRIEND

Kojo, you were my friend, my colleague and my brother, three blessed relationships in my life. You were so loyal a friend and selfless a brother, to a fault. I recall you rushed to visit me in Kumasi on a day-return trip the very next day after I sounded distressed during one of our regular telephone conversations. I remember your “full-bodied” handshake as a reflection of your true friendship.

We first met in the 1980s when you came to the KNUST campus as a Research Fellow at the Land Administration Research Centre. Our friendship was almost instant. Then

followed our exciting 14-year joint venture with Charles in business services in Kumasi into the 1990s. Our friendship grew even stronger in the 2000s when my family and I moved to Accra. Your warm demeanour bolstered by unflinching confidence and boldness, your warm and unpretentious smile backed by strict insistence on truth and integrity, and your natural display of empathy sustained by your commitment to fairness were but a few of the fruitful values I quietly learned from you. You will truly be missed Kojo. Farewell my brother! Farewell my friend! Rest in peace in the Lord.

“

We are confident, I say, and would prefer to be away from the body and at home with the Lord..

2 Corinthians 5:8

”

A DEVOTED FAMILY MAN, WITH A DEEP CHRISTIAN FAITH

MARK KEATLEY
FRIEND

What a tragedy to lose our dear friend Kojo. I had the honour to know him for over 40 years. My wife Rosemary and I got to know Kojo at Cambridge University in the UK, where he was undertaking doctoral research on the land law of Ghana. From the start he impressed us undergraduates with his natural gravitas and his disarming modesty.

Subsequently we both worked in the US, where he practised at

a leading Wall Street law firm. He shared with me his vision to create a new law firm in Ghana that would espouse the principles of true partnership, international excellence, and meritocratic promotion, and would thereby continue beyond the founders. The success of Bentsi-Enchill, Letsa & Ankomah today is the proof that he did indeed realise that vision.

In my business career and in our family affairs, we frequently sought Kojo's legal advice, which was always reliable, insightful and delivered with integrity. We also

benefited from the support of his partners and of the many talented younger lawyers they attracted to the firm. It is a fitting tribute that in the final year of his earthly life, BELA was judged the top law firm in Ghana, and he was honoured with the Lifetime Achievement Award by the International Financial Law Review.

Kojo was a devoted family man, with a deep Christian faith. In both of these qualities, he was well-matched with Mercy who is a great mother and stepmother to his children, and who supported him calmly and courageously during his final illness.

Kojo also served as godfather to our daughter and he performed his duties with care, never failing to mark significant milestones in her

life, and providing wise advice to all our children.

He loved music and played the piano with his customary sensitivity. His children inherited this talent as well as his other many gifts. We will cherish the memory of the afternoon we spent with him and Mercy last Christmas Eve, when our respective children gave an impromptu carol concert. Despite the pain and discomfort of the illness that would sadly curtail his life a few weeks later, Kojo was in fine form, sharing incisive comments on world affairs, and visibly enjoying the family occasion. May we all live our lives with such dignity and end them surrounded by so much love and affection. May Kojo rest in perfect peace.

HE WILL BE SORELY MISSED

KWEKU AND ESTELLE APPIAH FRIENDS

Kojo was someone we knew individually before Kweku and I got together in the mid-1970s. The nexus we had with Kojo was something we nurtured and built on over the years. Our friendship spanned the US and the UK and finally Ghana. For Kweku, his friendship deepened when he was part of a trio – with Kojo and Chuks Mbanefo – who came from the UK to the University of Ghana. For me, we were united as members of the legal profession. As professional colleagues I would consult Kojo and very much valued and respected his opinion. He will be sorely missed and at this time we pray for the comfort of the loved ones he left behind. Kojo rest in peace, you are fondly remembered.

I HAD ALWAYS EXPECTED HIM TO GO INTO POLITICS BUT UNDOUBTEDLY, THE LAW WAS HIS GREAT LOVE

TONY BALDRY
FRIEND

It was a great privilege knowing Kojo. In September 1963, we started secondary school together at Leighton Park in Reading, England. During our five years together at this small Quaker school (300 pupils at the time), I saw a lot of Kojo. He was an outstanding student and an outstanding guy – charming, humorous, with a quick wit, but inherently kind, never one to mock another, clear and brave in his views. He represented the school on the rugby, tennis, squash and basketball teams and was good at chess.

It was no surprise when in due course, he was made head of his boarding house and Senior Prefect of the school, effectively Head Boy. At the time, his leadership of the school seemed unremarkable but

I would not be at all surprised if Kojo, in 1967/1968, was the only Head Boy of colour of any English boys' public school. At the end of each school year, parents came to collect their children and see their academic work and pastimes on Hobby Day. The final event was the Jonathan Backhouse Hodgkin Speech Competition, with a select few boys making a prepared speech in front of the Headmaster, Governors, staff and parents. At the end of his Lower Sixth year, Kojo won this competition hands down.

It was also not surprising when the next year he was offered a scholarship to Cambridge University. Kojo turned down that opportunity and I can remember him explaining to me that he felt that as a young Ghanaian, it

was now his duty to return to Ghana to qualify there as a lawyer and to make a contribution to Ghana's future, which is exactly what he did.

I'm glad to say that Cambridge University persisted and after Kojo graduated in law from the University of Ghana, Legon, he took up a Postgraduate Research Fellowship at Magdalene College. I had always expected him to go into politics but undoubtedly, the law was his great love, following the example of his father. None of us who knew Kojo were surprised that he built up an extremely impressive law practice in Ghana.

I hope it will be of some small consolation for you to know that from a very early age, Kojo was much liked and well respected by all who knew him. He has made a marked and worthwhile contribution to civil society in Ghana. May he rest in peace.



AN INTELLECTUAL IN THE SENSE OF A PERSON WHO ENJOYED THE WORLD OF IDEAS AND BELIEVED THAT IDEAS MATTER.

KEEM BELO-OSAGIE - FRIEND

My first meeting with Kojo will forever remain etched in my mind. Cambridge University. Africa Society. A tall, slim, suitably dressed man asked the invited speaker a series of questions with the politeness and lucidity of an individual secure in his own intelligence. I was impressed and went over to him after the session. He introduced himself as Kojo Bentsi-Enchill and invited me over for a meal the next day. There started one of the two or three closest, most enduring and complete relationships in my life, and also led to marriage to his cousin Myma.

The main outlines of his character were clear in those first few days. A highly intelligent person. In fact brilliant. An intellectual in the sense of a person who enjoyed the world of ideas and believed that ideas matter. A perfectionist. Life was to be lived fully. Goals were to be achieved.

A person very dedicated to law, the institutions of law, concerned with how law was developed and in whose interests. A person who loved research. Burrowing through records. Reinterpreting the way we

had hitherto thought that things were. His eyes always lit up after a visit to a records office or a library where he had discovered some rare letter or memorandum.

A person of grace, well-mannered behaviour and exact speech. Restrained. Generous. A deep sense of responsibility for his friends and family. A moral person in the sense of thinking at length of what was the right thing to do. He was self critical, constantly judging himself by the highest standards. Keem..., he would

say, on this matter I was not at my best.....

A friend, family member and professional colleague of unquestioned loyalty. Deep recognition of the enormous potential of family members and friends and plans for realizing that potential. Full of generous praise for mentors and seniors. Uncle Yewku in particular.

There was a certain melancholy about him. Kojo greatly mourned his father, whom he revered, and who passed on tragically at 55. There was a sense that it was important he fulfill many of his father's expectations, sadly in his absence. Time should not be taken for granted. And as he came to terms with his father's passing away, another side of Kojo emerged, or returned. The melancholy faded and what remained of it was used positively.



Now fully revealed was his great sense of humour. The subtle joke delivered with a twinkle in the eye. Witty. Funny. There were so many fun discussions on all matters, often over lovely meals at Cambridge, often cooked by him. And of course a superb sportsman. Tennis, a favourite.

Then there was his love of music and chess. I was a teasing witness at his chess matches with Alo. He and Alo introduced me to smooth jazz.

Summer 1978. Bob James. Earl Klugh. Memories, of course, of the smooth jazz cruise that he finally made, and of the jazz cruise that he missed and swore that the plane left Kotoka airport early.

That Kojo became one of the finest professional lawyers of his generation in West Africa is not a surprise. That he built one of the outstanding law firms in the region and did so much for the profession is also not a surprise.

That he did so much in putting together records and data for future generations is also not a surprise. That the academic in him still found the time to impart knowledge, to teach best practices, to mentor and develop younger lawyers is no surprise. And his old man was surely up there all along, smiling, chuckling, “....that’s my boy.”

Nana the family man was devoted to his children and to Mercy and spoke so often to me about her. She reciprocated his deep love and devotion in every conceivable way. It had to be that he passed on peacefully in her presence.

Nana, I miss you dearly, as we all do. I had dreams and plans for us in our 90s in our rocking chairs. Listening to smooth jazz. I would have recorded your chess game with Alo. Pawn to King 4. God willing, that game will still happen, recorded by me, at another time, in another place.

THE BEST FRIEND A PERSON COULD EVER HAVE

FROM KOJO YELPAALA - FRIEND

Kojo was the best friend a person could ever have. Our friendship was forged in Mensah Sarbah Hall at the University of Ghana, Legon. Although Kojo was studying political science and I was in the Faculty of Law, the universe brought us together and our very strong bond was forged, getting stronger over time.

In life, we tend to make only a few true friends. A true friend is someone who places no judgment on missteps, is tolerant, kind, generous and provides gentle guidance when needed. Kojo was all of these and more. He was a man of incredible intellect, integrity and reliability. In the Dagaaba traditional system, trust is the cornerstone of friendship and Kojo arrived with unshakable trust and reliability. He was the brother I never had!!

Kojo played a significant role in many of my life decisions. In one example, in the early 1970s, I was an Assistant State Attorney facing a decision whether or not to pursue graduate studies abroad. After several discussions with Kojo, he suggested that I seek guidance from his father, then a Justice of the Supreme Court of Ghana, an intimidating idea for me at the time. He arranged the meeting and that discussion clarified my options for an MBA and put me on the trajectory to be who I am today. No value can be put on Kojo's willingness to have his father share his wisdom with me.

The practice of law is very demanding yet Kojo found time to pursue some of his passions. One of these was publishing. He talked

a long time back about his interest in publishing which he brought to fruition through the digitization of the laws of Ghana, an incredible feat. Another passion was the history of the legal profession. He first pursued this through an exploration of the contributions of Mensah Sarbah to the profession. He also made an in-depth critical analysis of the history of the legal profession in Ghana from the late 1800s to the present. He tracked down sources including newspaper publications in the Gold Coast in the 1800s. After reading a draft, I informed him it should be required reading in all law schools in Ghana. He, however, was not satisfied and continued to polish the article after my return to the US last March. Kojo had an incredible drive for excellence and perfection.

It is clear that Kojo has left huge shoes to fill. He was an icon in the legal profession, with immense integrity; a consummate professional! He will be greatly missed but his memories will provide a guiding light for those left behind.

“

The practice of law is very demanding yet Kojo found time to pursue some of his passions

”



FONDLY REMEMBERED
BY A GRATEFUL BELA
FAMILY FOR HIS
**LEADERSHIP,
COURAGE AND
SACRIFICE**

FROM BENTSI-ENCHILL, LETSA
& ANKOMAH (BELA)

*We thank God for every day He allowed us to
work together*

*For every vision we have nurtured and
accomplished*

*Every challenge we have faced and
surmounted*

*Every argument we have had and resolved
For a name and reputation that are here to*

stay

Yes, we, the BELA family give thanks for the life of Kojo Bentsi-Enchill or 'KBE' or 'Kojo' as we affectionately called him. We celebrate the inspirational leadership of a man who delivered everything expected of him and more. He was a lawyer's lawyer, a businessman, husband, father, friend, uncle, brother, mentor, coach, inspirer, visionary, challenger and exemplar who in just 70 years has left an indelible footprint in the sands of time. We wish this

tribute could have been delivered at a retirement party we planned for him last year, so that he could hear the toasts and tributes from the grateful hearts of the 200+ lawyers who had the rare privilege of working with and sharing part of his life and ideals. And we can guess what he would have done. He would have squirmed uncomfortably, grabbed the mic afterwards and poured cold water on all the praise.

Long before founding BELA in 1990, Kojo envisioned a law firm in Ghana, modelled after Shearman & Sterling, the law firm in New York where he worked for some time as a Foreign Associate. That new law firm would change the face of law practice in Ghana and endure as a living enterprise, long after its founders had retired and passed.

This was the vision he shared with Kwaku (DKD) Letsa, a friend from Mensah Sarbah Hall and classmate at the University of Ghana Law School.

Kojo returned to Ghana from New York in 1988, in his words 'with [just] a suitcase and a piano' to his name. But he was armed with much more: ideas; vision; sheer tenacity. He tells the story of how the primary reason for returning to Ghana did not really work out. He cast an eye over his late father's practice Naoferg Chambers (named after his great-grandmother Naomi Ferguson), but wanted to do something else and differently. So, instead of his dad's practice, he started something new with a table and chair in his mother's kitchen. What you see today grew from a loving father's house and doting mother's kitchen.

Soon, his files were crowding out the kitchen. He moved to a small 'one-man office' on Oxford Street in Osu, sharing the space with his other business, the Accra Business Services Centre (ABSC), a pioneer in computerised publishing and computer literacy that trained hundreds of people. He located Albert Allotey, his late dad's then retired secretary from his University of Ghana days, and hired him to work in the new practice, introducing him to computers and new ways of doing secretarial work. Mr Allotey worked with the firm for a further 25 years before retiring (again) in 2015.

In 1990, DKD joined him to set up and incorporate Bentsi-Enchill & Letsa (BE&L). When Kwabena Mate later joined the partnership in 1993,

it became Bentsi-Enchill, Letsa & Mate (BELM). When Kwabena relocated from Ghana, it resumed the name BE&L until 2006 when, six years after they had admitted Ace Ankomah to the partnership, the firm became Bentsi-Enchill, Letsa & Ankomah (BELA). The first lawyers hired were Innocent Akwayena (who now runs his own niche law firm that specialises in Kojo's pet area, natural resource law) and Amelia Aidoo (who is now a reverend minister with Lighthouse Chapel International).

Quickly, the law firm took over more and more of ABSC's office space. One evening, Kojo thought about what all the ABSC computers were doing after 5 pm when the staff had closed and gone home. Ever the one to be uncomfortable with unutilised

potential, he dreamt of using those computers to literally type out and digitise Ghana's statutes, law reports and law journal articles. Thus, the combination of the law firm and the computerised publishing and literacy centre, became the progenitor of DataCenta, the law database company that has digitised all of Ghana's laws.

BELA soon gained attention for the sheer quality of its legal work, especially on the corporate, transactional and advisory side. Clients poured in. Work grew. More and more lawyers were hired. It was at this point, in 1992, that Kojo identified Ace, a 24-year-old, fresh-out-of-school, eager talent.

The Oxford Street offices became too small also because the firm





had created another subsidiary, Trustee Services Ltd (TSL), which provided company secretarial services mainly to our corporate clients. So it was that BELA moved, with DataCenta and TSL to the Teachers' Hall of the Ghana National Association of Teachers off Barnes Road at Adabraka.

At first, the law firm, DataCenta and TSL occupied the West Wing of the first floor at Teachers' Hall. Soon the space was not enough. Thankfully, another tenant left the building and the firm quickly rented the East Wing to cater for all its needs, DataCenta and TSL included. But the exponential growth in clients, lawyers and administrative staff at Teachers' Hall signalled that BELA should have its own permanent

accommodation. Thus, for the next decade or so, KBE led the labour of love and thrift, encouraging and inspiring partners and associates alike to fire on all cylinders to realise the vision. The result is the BELA edifice, a Temple of Law, as it were.

But Kojo's leadership and vision that we celebrate today does not rest on the physical edifice. Rather, it is found in BELA's innovative approach to law practice and management style of 'ascertaining what the client wants,' 'discovering the theory of the matter,' 'providing the client a solution instead of a regurgitation of the law,' and 'being the best that can be' based on the following core principles:

- fearless and principled defence of the client's interest;

- unwavering integrity;
- development of legal human capital;
- uncompromising moral and ethical conduct;
- innovation and constant refinement of the vision;
- rewarding performance, not longevity;
- impeccable knowledge of the law; and
- respect for human dignity.

KBE deployed many tools to ensure that the practice of law in BELA was a different experience from the status quo. He led the charge in creating at BELA a first-class law research facility, fully computerised and stocked with books and legal materials that made research easier and less cumbersome. He encouraged

mastery of the law – starting with the area of legal practice that was opening up very fast: corporate and investment law.

He asked the firm to assemble all existing legislation (substantive and subsidiary) case law, text and commentaries, and law journal articles as the basis for preparing BELA's in-house guide to corporate and investment law and practice. Every department in the firm now has digitised precedents, standard checklists and transaction 'bibles' that show how to address any question the firm has addressed before. We don't reinvent the wheel; we seek to make it better and smoother for the client first, and then for whoever does the next job on the same topic. Thus, under his leadership, BELA

was recognised as a leader in corporate and investment law practice, natural resources, energy and mining, infrastructure, telecommunications, financial institutions and so on.

We will not list here the numerous accolades that came in thick and fast from international publications like the International Financial Law Review (IFLR), Chambers & Partners and Legal 500. Last year, IFLR gave Kojo a Lifetime Achievement Award and also named BELA as Ghana Law Firm of the Year. Invitations from foreign firms for best-friend relations and from associations of law firms for membership flowed in. For a while, BELA was the Ghana partner of Denton Wilde Sapte (now Dentons), the largest

law firm in the world by number of lawyers. BELA is also the Ghana associate of Lex Mundi (the world's largest association of independent law firms). Currently, with Kojo's push and encouragement, Ace serves on the board of directors of that association. BELA is also the Ghana associate of Lex Africa, arguably the African equivalent of Lex Mundi.

Although the early practice focused more on corporate, transactional and advisory work, the firm maintained a litigation practice. In 2001, Kojo and DKD once again pushed Ace and asked him to reform and lead that aspect of the practice. When Ace resisted because he felt he was not cut out for it, the two encouraged him to bring to the



litigation practice the methods he had studied under them from other aspects of BELA's practice. Today, the Disputes Department is the largest in the firm, with five partners, five associates and three sub-departments.

Another tool in Kojo's box was the knack for identifying and recruiting talented lawyers. He became their teacher, trainer, coach and mentor; he readily gave his time and resources for them to grow as lawyers. He identified Adjorkor Kumapley, who now heads the Corporate & Commercial Department, as well as Seth Asante, who is now not just the Managing Partner, but runs two departments and a subsidiary.

Seth is the third Managing Partner

of the firm. The fact that Kojo lived to see two successors is testimony to his generous far-sightedness. He could have remained Managing Partner for his entire life. But he voluntarily retired from management in 2010 after he and DKD led the partnership to elect Ace as his successor. At the end of 2020, Ace retired from management, with Seth already identified as Ace's successor. Kojo and DKD were not scared to groom talents and then hand the running of what was originally their firm over to them and retire in peace.

Kojo always insisted and taught that leading lawyers was just like 'herding cats,' a venture that required skill, patience and dexterity. He therefore devised and implemented a management

style that made this possible – each lawyer was made to see the benefits of applying moral values, skills for personal management, work management, time management, team work, taking pride in work, and the essence of going the extra mile, persevering to become 'the best that you can be.'

Kojo also taught writing skills. In whatever coloured pen was on his desk, he would heavily mark up a legal opinion, article or any writing that was delivered to him. He was unrestrained in his reviews and critique and could not stand repeated mistakes from the same person. When he made a correction once, that was to be it. His mark-ups left nothing untouched – grammar, diction, punctuation,

construction of sentences, presentation of an argument, statement of the facts, application of legislation, case law, setting out of issues, conclusions and general discussion – and nothing escaped his notice and his pen. Associates called a first experience of this exercise ‘the baptism of fire.’

On occasion, he would require an Associate to argue or rehearse a case before him prior to appearance in court. That (un)fortunate Associate would be subjected to a Socratic-style drill of questions and answers that revealed holes in preparation and the corrections to be applied before appearing in court. Aside from personal attention, KBE saw to it that deserving Associates benefitted from courses, seminars and other intellectual and practical

education in Ghana and abroad, and ensured that there was cross-fertilisation of knowledge and practice within the firm. Going to the LexMundi Institute in California, especially with the picturesque Monterey Beach, trips to Point Lobos and Pebble Beach, and that unforgettable closing dinner at Carmel-by-the-Sea, was every Senior Associate’s coveted prize. Some in the firm have certificates from the Judge Business School in Cambridge University through this focus on training, training, and more training.

Probably unconsciously, Kojo wanted everyone to be like him – resourceful, hardworking and principled. That was the foundation of qualities on which you built your own innate talents and skills. Always the innovator,

ever the inspirer, he loved work and worked hard, as an investment in the next generation. He would transfer skills to anyone willing to learn. Yes, he could be tough, unrelenting, demanding and rigorous; yet he was careful not to overplay his hand. He would seek ways to help an Associate make up for a deficiency: ‘Is more training required?’ ‘What personal qualities will bring out the best?’ Through appraisals, assessments, and personal development initiatives, Kojo made every Associate and administrative staff count.

He was very alert to his and the firm’s social responsibility. He led the formation of what became yet another subsidiary of the firm, Right To Read, which invests in and maintains a community library for

the basic school in the immediate catchment area where the law firm is located in Adabraka.

Kojo was uncomfortable under spotlights and actually shunned publicity. He honoured carefully selected speaking engagements. He once calmly threatened to leave a live radio interview when the host got a little too intrusive about his personal life. And he had been dragged kicking and screaming to that interview in the first place.

He loved his piano and played with his beloved hymns choir at Lighthouse Chapel. Kojo was passionate about the political and economic history of Ghana. He spent an enormous amount of time researching the history of mining and legal practice in Ghana. He was

an expert on Mensah Sarbah. He always said he wanted to spend his retirement doing research at the British Library at Kew Gardens. His last published work was a chapter titled 'The Regulation of Law Practice in Ghana, 1853-2018'; in the book, *Mobilising the Law for Ghana's Future – Appraising to Revolutionise*, published by the University of Ghana School of Law to mark its 60th anniversary.

Kojo treasured his and the firm's good name. Although he was not afraid of a fight or controversy, Kojo would rather yield, if engaging the controversy would have an adverse effect on his and the firm's reputation. In one instance where a 'dissatisfied client' was throwing tantrums, Kojo said, 'We have a good case, but once smeared with

falsehood, it is hard to explain your case in public and you cannot take the smear out of their minds, so let it pass.'

That was how he fiercely protected his name and that of BELA. A good name is certainly better than riches. He would not approve any spending on what is euphemistically called 'facilitatory expenditure' or 'rent,' or simply put, bribes to public officials. No way. We will not pay. Let the work or application join the queue. We would prefer explaining to the client that the work will take two months rather than paying any money for it to take two days. Taking a cue from him, lawyers at BELA have guarded both their personal and BELA's reputation jealously. We even have an in-

house Anti-Bribery and Corruption Policy to which we all subscribe. It is as if Kojo was echoing Samuel of old when he concluded his service thus: 'Here I am, testify against me; whom have I defrauded or crushed? From whose hand have I accepted a bribe?' (1 Samuel 12:3)

Kojo's retirement was bittersweet in more ways than we could have reckoned. The huge party that we were planning behind his back – we knew he would veto it if we let him in on it – got swallowed up by the pandemic and the lockdown in that period. His passing has now deprived us of the opportunity to spoil him in retirement, shower him with love and affection in response, as debtors, to a gift from him that we can never repay – the opportunity to know him and to be

affected by him, who he is and all he is.

The tributes that have poured in from all over the world, the conversations and testimonials recounting how Kojo deeply touched people, are real and true. We have had an unforgettable experience with an unforgettable man.

Speaking through Marc Antony, Shakespeare said it is only the evil that men do that lives after them and that 'The **GOOD** is oft interred with their bones.' Then he added 'So let it be with Caesar.' Yes, maybe Caesar, but that can never be said of Kojo. His **GOOD** can never be interred or entombed with him. That **GOOD** is a legacy that will endure. That law firm he

founded in Ghana, its worldwide name and solid reputation, the 10 partners and 27 associates and pupils he left behind in the firm, each of whom were recruited straight from school, the 210+ other lawyers he trained and raised (and that is not counting hundreds of interns and summer associates, because we literally lost count and cannot trace them all), the incalculable cohorts of other staff that have worked in the firm, ABSC, DataCenta, TSL and Right to Read, the six BELA-internal marriages that have produced 11 BELA grandkids at the last count (remembering how he used to actually encourage marriages within the firm with the words 'let the love flow'), and the countless number of people whom his life touched and affected with sheer

and raw generosity, are altogether a **GOOD** that cannot be laid to rest with his mortal remains.

Kojo, it is from these inestimable earthly hosts that we now commend you 'unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.' Hebrews 12:22-24.

To him can the words of Paul in 2 Timothy 4:7-8 be applied with ease: he has fought the **GOOD**

fight. He has finished his race. He has kept the faith. All that remains in store for him is the crown of righteousness, which none but the Lord, the righteous Judge, will award to him on that day—and not only to him, but also to all who have longed for the Lord's appearing.

In the coming weeks, the firm will be writing to the University of Ghana to request that an award be instituted in Kojo's name for the best student in Natural Resources Law, which will come with a cash prize and an opportunity to intern with BELA. The firm will be instituting the Kojo Bentsi-Enchill Annual Lectures to provide a platform to promote Kojo's varied research interests and as an

annual celebration of the huge contribution of this phenomenal man.

We identify with the words of John Ellerton, which are captured in Methodist Hymn Book #976, that now this labourer's task is over and the battle day is past. This voyager has landed at last upon the farther shore, where earth's tears are dried, hidden things made clear, and life's work is tried by a judge who is more just than our law lords temporal. That is where penitents who have turned their dying eyes to the cross learn of Jesus' love at his feet in Paradise. Truly, we can calmly say the words 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes and dust to dust,' and leave him to rest in trust, till the day of resurrection.

Fare thee well, our learned senior, friend, boss, brother, father, uncle and grandpa. Your good name will live after you, not only because of what you did and achieved, but simply because what you did and achieved were actually who you were. Your legacy is a flame of fearless integrity and unselfish giving that you lit, and that will never go out.

Da yie, Nyame nfa wo nsie!





A LOYAL FRIEND TO CONTACTS OF ALL AGES

LAW CLASSES OF 1973 AND 1975

On 29 December 2018, a group of us from the University of Ghana and Ghana School of Law Classes of 1973 and 1975 met at the seaside residence of our mate, Ambassador Kwesi Quartey, to reconnect and generally have fun. The occasion was enriched by the presence of some of our teachers, namely, Professor Emeritus W.C. Ekow Daniels, Professor Emeritus Albert Fiadjoe and Professor E. V. O. Dankwa.

Those of us who made it to that memorable reunion were Kojo Bentsi-Enchill, Nana Ato Dadzie, Kathleen Quartey Ayensu, Kojo Essah, Colonel Kofi Danso, D.K.D. Letsa, Ruth Nyakotey, Kofi Adu Labi, Anthony Akoto Ampaw, Betty Adu, Felix Ntrakwah and Yaw Osei.

We had a lovely time, merrily reminiscing. Our teachers were delighted to be remembered in the way we did. We parted company and Kojo Bentsi-Enchill readily

offered to host the next reunion. Somehow, this did not happen before the advent COVID-19.

Kojo joined our second-year LLB class in the 1971/72 academic year along with Nii Osah Mills and they fitted in effortlessly, making lifelong friends such as Divine Letsa and the late Dr. Ike Minta.

Kojo was studious and pensive, a scholar and researcher, soft spoken, very caring and kind. He had a passion for excellence and

felt a call to make a significant contribution to the law in Ghana. He was particularly interested in land law, land administration, oil and gas and legal education.

We were not surprised by his bold decision to start a digital publishing house for Ghana's laws and law reports. This was unprecedented and made a quantum leap in ease of access to legal information for lawyers, judges and students. The law firm he started with Divine Letsa has grown to become internationally respected and the largest chambers in Ghana outside the Office of the Attorney-General.

Kojo was a loyal friend to contacts of all ages. He was a mentor, keen to pass on his knowledge to younger colleagues. He insisted on excellence in legal writing and

ensured that all young lawyers who crossed his path took steps, through practical and structured sessions, to improve their legal writing skills.

It was not a surprise that he was appointed to a committee of the General Legal Council advising on, and handling, aspects of legal education in Ghana. His contributions, in that regard, have been worthy.

Kojo was an encourager, always on hand to support his colleagues in times of sorrow and personal troubles. He also got many to believe in themselves when they felt incapable of carrying out certain tasks.

Right up to a couple of weeks before his passing, some of us

were in regular touch with Kojo, finding him ready as ever to offer counsel and guidance on matters professional or otherwise. It was clear that to the very end, he held firmly onto the faith he had come to find in our Lord Jesus Christ.

We shall miss our telephone conversations with Kojo and his assuring presence. We extend our heartfelt condolences to his wife Mercy, his children, his siblings and the entire family.

May Kojo rest in peace and rise in glory.



HE BECAME A FAITHFUL MEMBER OF THE LIGHTHOUSE CHAPEL INTERNATIONAL

QFC, THE QODESH;

A MEMBER OF THE UNITED DENOMINATIONS
ORIGINATING FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE GROUP OF
CHURCHES (UD-OLGC)

“

*And I heard a voice from
heaven saying unto me,
Write, Blessed are the
dead which die in the
Lord from henceforth:
Yea saith the Spirit that
they may rest from their
labours; and their works
do follow them.*

Revelation 14:13

”

The year was 1991. Mr. Kojo Bentsi-Enchill was a guest at a Breakfast Meeting outreach of the Fellowship of Christian Business People and Professionals held at the Pearl of the East Restaurant, Osu. Bishop Dag Heward-Mills had just formed the Fellowship of Christian Business People and Professionals (FCBPI) as an evangelistic outreach to that target group. As the

sermon was delivered, this astute lawyer with a sharp inquiring mind took copious notes, punctuated with probing questions. At the conclusion of the sermon, Bishop Heward-Mills threw an invitation to all who wished to make peace with God. Suddenly, Mr. Bentsi-Enchill dropped his notes and drawn by God's Holy Spirit, walked to the front and surrendered his life to Jesus Christ. He became a

faithful member of the Lighthouse Chapel International and the FCBPI.

As he embraced his newly found faith, Kojo had many questions to which he sought answers from his spiritual tutors, and during meetings of FCBPI at The Loom. He matured in the Lord and eventually became the Vice-President of FCBPI, serving under its President, Pastor (now Bishop) Emmanuel Nterful. Bishop Nterful recalls numerous visitation trips to members of FCBPI with his assistant Kojo. Besides his active ministry work with FCBPI, lending his support for the breakfast meetings and inviting people to the meetings, Kojo became legal counsel to a number of the members of the young group. After his tenure as

Vice-President, Kojo maintained good and close relationships with subsequent presidents of FCBPI. He nicknamed one Saint Ko (Saint Koye) and he was also nicknamed Saint Ko (Saint Kojo).

During the construction of our premier Cathedral at Korle-Gonno in the early 1990s, Kojo joined Bishop Dag, pastors and church members to help at the building site by carrying pails of sand for the basement – all hands were on deck, God being no respecter of persons.

Kojo was also the church's lawyer when the church purchased the over a million dollar property at North Kaneshie which became the Qodesh. Bishop Dag often recalls when he asked Kojo for the church's bill. Kojo eventually faxed



the bill, which looked like a whole ream of paper! Bishop Dag invited Kojo to his office and explained that the church had hoped that he would do that work pro bono, so Kojo took back his bill. This incident became a point of comic relief between the Presiding Bishop and Kojo in ensuing times.

Kojo subsequently became a member of the Business Elders Board of the church in 2005. The Board was to help partly fund the hosting of church conferences and conventions with visiting ministers. Board members remember that 'Kojo was quiet but affable, reticent but giving, conscientious but appreciative, serious but witty and comical, candid but teachable, calm but stubborn... he had these and many more fine qualities... This was the Kojo Bentsi-Enchill

we loved, fellowshiped with and enjoyed. We had many tea times together, many Bible studies, many fasting and prayer retreats in the mountain. We shared our joys and sometimes our challenges.'

Friends from the Hymns Choir recollect: "Uncle Kojo was a founding member of the Qodesh Hymns Choir in 2007. He was our shepherd, father, brother, friend and the very first keyboardist of the choir, accompanying the choir on most of our ministrations. He was a very remarkable person, yet had a down-to-earth disposition. He always encouraged us, in our walk with God and regarding various spheres of our secular lives. He had a great sense of humour, yet, was firm and disciplined. He was very dedicated to the choir; despite his busy schedule, he was

a regular and punctual attendee of choir meetings, rehearsals and ministrations, including all-night sessions.

"We remember with fondness how he would listen keenly to every heated discussion during meetings, reserving his comments until everyone had their say. His comments were bound to be insightful, and good enough to settle whatever topic was under debate. He contributed immensely to the choir and the lives of others. His love was unconditional; his care without restriction, and his love for God was evident in his actions. Thanks to him, the choir became proud owners of three professional keyboards and a combo, which he donated. In addition, he was quick to extend his generosity to individuals in diverse ways. We in

the choir knew that underneath the serious demeanor was a kind, devoted man who was ready to help with a smile.”

“Uncle Kojo, your life was a blessing and your memory, a treasure. You will be missed by so many and it is so sad we have to say goodbye to you on this earth, but we know you are up in Heaven and happier in the bosom of your Maker. No more pain, no more worry, no more suffering. You have fought the good fight of faith to the end.”

Kojo and his dear wife Mercy raised the children in church – Kwamena, Baaba and Ekow were with us from their tender ages. Baaba and Ekow remain very active, stalwart Christian youth on the campuses of British Columbia University and Yale University respectively

as members of the First Love Church (a new denomination for the youth).

During Kojo’s illness, the church made many pastoral visits to his home and prayed for him. A few days before Kojo passed on, Bishop Dag and his wife spent time with him reminiscing. Bishop Dag enumerated all Kojo’s contributions to God’s church to him, including also his quiet help with donations to the church’s Orphanage. Though in pain, Kojo was in good spirits and cheerfully participated in the conversation. He remarked that Bishop Dag had taught about Remembrance in his sermons before he authored a book on the subject. They prayed with Kojo. That was to be the last time they would see him in his earthly home.

Mrs. Adelaide Heward-Mills, recalls: “To you I was “my elegant First Lady” and even on your sickbed when Bishop and I last visited you, you had to say that to me in the midst of your pain. Kojo, you are sorely missed but we know that death is just a transition – a mandatory bridge that takes you to the other side where you are reunited with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

Dear Kojo: Bishop and Mrs. Heward-Mills, Bishop Nii Adjeidu Armar your pastor at the Qodesh, all the Bishops, Reverend Ministers, Pastors and church family you warmly interacted with, bid you farewell. Rest peacefully in the bosom of our Lord until we meet again on the Resurrection Day. This is our blessed hope. Rest in perfect peace.















HYMNS



MHB 498

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME

1. ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from Its guilt and power.
2. Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow.
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me. Saviour, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgement throne:
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

MHB 182

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

1. When I survey the wond'rous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that
charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.
3. See from his head,
his hands, his feet,

Sorrow and love flow
mingled down!
Did e'er such love and
sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose
so rich a crown?

4. His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
5. Were the whole realm
of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom;
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

WHEN PEACE LIKE A RIVER

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
when sorrows like sea billows roll;
whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.
Refrain:

It is well with my soul,
it is well, it is well with my soul.

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
let this blest assurance control,
that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
and hath shed his own blood for my soul.

(Refrain)

3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

(Refrain)

4. And, Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
the clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
the trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
even so, it is well with my soul.

(Refrain)

BECAUSE HE LIVES

1. God sent His son,
they called Him Jesus
He came to love, heal and forgive
He lived and died to buy my pardon
An empty grave is there to prove my savior lives

(Refrain)

Because He lives, I can face tomorrow
Because He lives, all fear is gone
Because I know He holds the future
And life is worth the living, just because He lives

2. How sweet to hold a newborn baby
And feel the pride and joy He gives
But greater still the calm assurance
This child can face uncertain day, because He lives

(Refrain)

3. And then one day, I'll cross the river
I'll fight life's final war with pain
And then, as death gives way to victory
I'll see the lights of glory and I'll know He reigns

SOON AND VERY SOON

Verse 1

Soon and very soon
We are going to see the King
Soon and very soon
We are going to see the King
Soon and very soon
We are going to see the King
Hallelujah hallelujah
We're going to see the King

Verse 2

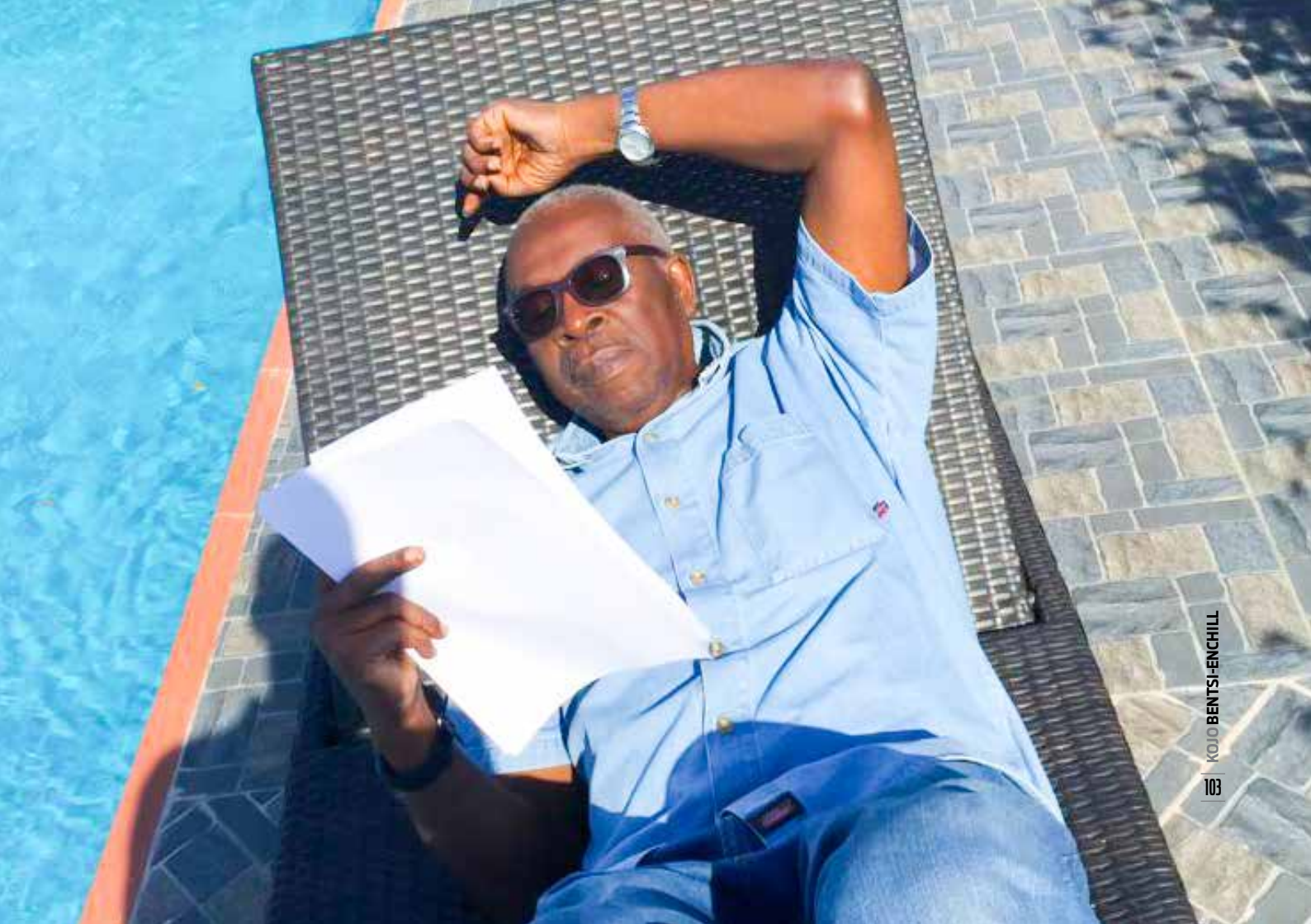
No more crying there
We are going to see the King
No more crying there
We are going to see the King
No more crying there
We are going to see the King
Hallelujah hallelujah
We're going to see the King

Verse 3

No more dying there
We are going to see the King
No more dying there
We are going to see the King
No more dying there
We are going to see the King
Hallelujah hallelujah
We're going to see the King

(BRIDGE)

Should there be any rivers we must cross
Should there be any mountains we must climb
God will supply all the strength that we need
Give us grace till we reach the other side
We have come from ev'ry nation
God knows each of us by name
Jesus took His blood and washed my sins
And He washed them all away
Yes there are some of us
Who have laid down our lives
But we all shall live again on the other side




Appreciation

The family of Kojo Bentsi-Enchill wishes to express deep gratitude for your kind prayers, thoughtfulness, sympathy and generous support in our time of bereavement.
May God bless and reward you all.

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