

## Appreciation

We, the family of Kwaku Ansah, express our deep gratitude to God for his immense blessings, protection and guidance during this difficult time.

We profoundly appreciate everyone who has supported us in diverse ways, in this season, through prayers, words of encouragement, advice and attendance at this funeral.

It is our prayer that God will grant everyone a safe journey back home and shower you with His blessings.

*God Bless You.*



*Burial & Memorial Service*



1. Trials dark on ev'ry hand,  
and we cannot understand  
All the ways that God would lead us  
to that blessed Promised Land;  
But He'll guide us with His eye,  
and we'll follow till we die;  
We will understand it better by and by.  
Chorus:

***By and by, when the morning comes,  
When the saints of God are gathered home,  
We will tell the story how we've overcome;  
We will understand it better by and by.***

2. Oft our cherished plans have failed,  
disappointments have prevailed,  
And we've wandered in the darkness,  
heavyhearted and alone;  
But we're trusting in the Lord,  
and according to His Word,  
We will understand it better by and by.  
[Chorus]

3. Temptations, hidden snares  
often take us unawares,  
And our hearts are made to bleed  
for some thoughtless word or deed,  
And we wonder why the test  
when we try to do our best,  
But we'll understand it better by and by.  
[Chorus]



*Burial & Memorial Service*



# Celebration Of Life

## **Kwaku Ansah**

also known as OT

### Order Of Service

#### OFFICIATING MINISTERS

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- Apostle David Puplampu
- Apostle David Oware
- Rev. Emmanuel Awume

#### **PART ONE**

1. Filing past
2. Prayer
3. Praise and worship  
(David & Group)
4. Purpose of Gathering

1. Hymn - To God be the Glory
2. 1<sup>st</sup> Scripture Reading - (Millicent Ofosu)  
1cor. 15:51-58

3. Biography
4. Hymn - When peace like a river
5. Tributes - Bros. & Sisters  
Nephews & Nieces
6. Hymn - O My Hope is built on Nothing less

1. Song ministrations (by Cindy Bless)
2. 2<sup>nd</sup> scripture reading (Cecilia Bruce)  
- 1<sup>st</sup> Thes. 4:13-18
3. Sermon (Apostle David Puplampu)
4. Prayer for the bereaved family
5. Offertory (David & Team)
6. Hymn - Captain of Israel's host and guide
7. Announcements
8. Vote of thanks & Acknowledgments -  
(Rev. Mrs. Doris Puplampu)
9. Closing prayer and Depart to Cemetery

#### **PART TWO/ COMMITAL SERVICE**

1. Prayer
2. Hymn - When we walk with the Lord
3. Committal
4. Hymn - Trials Dark on Every Hand
5. Benediction

1. When we walk with the Lord  
In the light of His Word,  
What a glory He sheds on our way;  
While we do His good will,  
He abides with us still,  
And with all who will trust and obey.

***Trust and obey,  
For there's no other way  
To be happy in Jesus,  
But to trust and obey.***

2. Not a shadow can rise,  
Not a cloud in the skies,  
But His smile quickly drives it away;  
Not a doubt or a fear,  
Not a sigh or a tear,  
Can abide while we trust and obey.

3. Not a burden we bear,  
Not a sorrow we share,  
But our toil He doth richly repay;  
Not a grief or a loss,  
Not a frown or a cross,  
But is blest if we trust and obey.

4. But we never can prove  
The delights of His love,  
Until all on the altar we lay;  
For the favor He shows,  
And the joy He bestows,  
Are for them who will trust and obey.

5. Then in fellowship sweet  
We will sit at His feet,  
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;  
What He says we will do;  
Where He sends, we will go,  
Never fear, only trust and obey.



1. My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus Christ, my righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name. On Christ,  
the solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.

2. When darkness veils His lovely face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.

3. His oath, His covenant, His blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.

4. When He shall come with trumpet sound,  
Oh, may I then in Him be found;  
In Him, my righteousness, alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne.



## *Biography* for the late **MR. KWAKU ANSAH**

Mr. Kwaku Ansah, born on April 10th, 1940, was the second son of Mr. Wellington Ansah and Madam Cecilia Obontu Osae, both of blessed memories.

He spent his formative years in Adeiso, where his father served as a cocoa buyer and he was raised mostly by his step-mother, Grace Attawa Opare also of blessed memory.

The family later moved to Accra, and Kwaku began his education in the Osu Cluster of School. However, he diverged from the academic path, opting to pursue his passion for driving.

He started off as a driver's mate, learned the skills and later on with the help of our father, Kwaku and his older brother (of blessed memory) acquired a vehicle and started their own transport business running between Accra and the Volta Region.

However along the line, a disagreement with his brother prompted him to relocate to Kaira, where he helped his aged father with his poultry farm and palm plantation until his eyesight began to deteriorate.

Despite facing challenges with his vision, Kwaku insisted on maintaining an independent lifestyle. For example Kwaku insisted on doing his own cooking because he was particular about what he ate.

He never ate goat meat and wanted to be sure nobody tricked him into eating what he didn't want. From Kaira, he moved to Kpalime Duga, staying close to his bank. Concerned about his well-being, his siblings later arranged for his relocation to Accra.

In the city, Kwaku resided in various areas, including Kaneshie, before settling in East Legon for the last few years of his life. During the final year and a half, when he became bedridden, he exhibited remarkable resilience.



Despite physical challenges, Kwaku retained his sense of humor and hearty appetite, leaving behind a legacy of strength and independence.

Mr. Kwaku Ansah's life is a testament to his unwavering spirit, determination to live life on his terms, and the influence of his step-mother, Grace Attawa Opare, in shaping his early years.

***Rest Well OT  
Till we meet again  
Hede nyuie***



1. Captain of Israel's host, and Guide  
Of all who seek the land above,  
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,  
The cloud of Thy protecting love;  
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy  
Word;

2. Our end, the glory of the Lord.  
By Thine unerring Spirit led,  
We shall not in the desert stray;  
The light of man's direction need  
Or miss our providential way;  
As far from danger as from fear,  
While Love, almighty Love, is near.



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!"

It is well with my soul!  
It is well, it is well with my soul! Though Satan

2. Should buffet, though trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—  
My sin, not in part, but the whole,  
Is nailed to His Cross, and I bear it no more;  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4. For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live;  
If dark hours about me shall roll,  
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life  
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.



## *Tribute by* **Sisters** **TO OUR DEAR BROTHER MR. KWAKU ANSAH**

Our dear Uncle Kwaku, affectionately known as O.T., which humorously stands for Old Testament, was not just a brother but the second-born in our family. Despite the simplicity of his life, Uncle Kwaku was a remarkably kind soul, always sharing the fruits of his farm whenever he visited from the village.

Recalling our upbringing in Kaneshie, I fondly remember his protective nature towards his younger siblings. He often emphasized the importance of education, saying words like "you have to finish your education" and "you are going to be the lady of the house." His guidance shaped our lives in profound ways.

In 1999, Uncle Kwaku began experiencing problems with his eyes, and despite efforts, preserving the remaining 30% of his sight proved challenging. For a significant period, he lived with his sister in Dzorwulu and later relocated to Kaira. These years were filled with cherished memories, especially watching him play with the children.

The last two years of his life posed immense challenges, yet Uncle Kwaku never wavered in his love for cars and music. He will be forever remembered by all who cared for him, particularly the nurses who affectionately addressed him as "Chairman." Remarkably, his memory remained sharp until the day before he passed.

Uncle Kwaku's love was unconditional, and his impact on our lives is immeasurable. May he Rest in Peace, and may God cradle him in His bosom until we meet again.

***Rest on our Dear Brother  
Till we meet again  
Hede nyuie***



# *Tribute by* **Nephews & Nieces** **TO OUR DEAR UNCLE MR. KWAKU ANSAH**

In memory of Uncle Kwaku, a man of simple grace and unwavering presence. His remarkable ability to recognize voices reflected his keen attention to detail, a quality that left a lasting impact on us all.

From his days "babysitting" in grade 5 to the joyful moments spent playing games with children, Uncle Kwaku, despite failing eyesight, dedicated himself to spreading joy and laughter.

His protective nature, rushing to our rescue, turned into a cherished game. Yet, in moments of disagreement, his calm demeanor became the glue, offering a voice of reason that transcended disputes.

With a laid-back approach to life, Uncle Kwaku brought smiles to everyone's faces. A seemingly self-sufficient man, he resisted the allure of the bustling city, remaining true to his core as a peaceful soul.

His connection with nature, as evidenced by his unique way of attracting small animals to his farm, revealed a man whose spirit thrived in simplicity. Uncle Kwaku's

request for roofing sheets for his farm hut speaks volumes about his modest needs and the profound connection he maintained with the land he loved.

In honoring his memory, let us reflect on the lessons of love, simplicity, and the beauty found in life's details that he so gracefully imparted to us all. May Uncle Kwaku's journey beyond be as serene as the peaceful life he lived.

May the gentle winds guide him with the same grace that characterized his presence. May he find rest in the embrace of eternal tranquility, surrounded by the beauty that mirrored his simple, cherished existence. Safe travels, dear Uncle, and may your spirit continue to inspire the warmth and kindness you so effortlessly shared with us.

***Rest on Uncle OT  
Till we meet again  
Hede nyuie***



## *Hymnals*

1. To God be the glory, great things He hath done, So loved He the world that He gave us His Son, Who yielded His life our redemption to win, And opened the life-gate that all may go in.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
Let the earth hear His voice;  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord  
Let the people rejoice;  
Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son, And give Him the glory; great things He hath done.

2. Oh, perfect redemption, the purchase of blood, To every believer the promise of God; The vilest offender who truly believes, That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son; But purer, and higher, and greater will be Our wonder, our transport when Jesus we see.

