

A portrait of Gabriel Kofi Akyen Taylor, a Black man with glasses, wearing a white shirt and a colorful shawl. The background is dark.

IN LOVING MEMORY *of*
*Gabriel Kofi
Akyen Taylor*



BURIAL SERVICE | BIOGRAPHY | TRIBUTES



The Late
**Gabriel Kofi
Akyen Taylor**

14TH NOVEMBER, 1953 -
3RD DECEMBER 2023

Officiating Clergy

Apostle Nanabenyin Ato Yankey
(Head Pastor,
Higher Praise Ministries, Accra)

Rev. Alexander Bruce Ghartey
(Uncle Ato)

Rev. Emmanuel M. Ahlijah
Senior Pastor,
Community Bible Church (Madina)

Very Rev. D. D. Nunoo,
Retired Methodist Minister, Accra.

Pastor Samuel Srigebor
KCC (Accra)

Assisted by
Elder Osei-Duah
formerly of Morning Star School
Accra

Moderator
Rev. Emmanuel M. Ahlijah

Organists
Mr. Willis Ampiaaw, Ato Ampofo
& David Ampofo

In Attendance
The Minstrel

PRE-BURIAL SERVICE
10:30AM - 11:00AM

1. Opening Prayer

Elder Osei-Duah

2. Hymn

MHB 50 (The Lord is my shepherd)

3. Filing Pass

(Music at Background)

4. Musical interlude

The Minstrel

5. Musical interlude

Rev. Ato Ghartey (Uncle Ato)

6. Closing Hymn

MHB 651 (Hark, Hark my Soul)

BURIAL SERVICE ORDER
11:00AM - 12 MIDDAY

1. Opening Prayer

Elder Osei Duah

2. Call to Worship

Rev. Ato Ghartey
backed by The Minstrel

3. Biography

Family

BURIAL & MEMORIAL SERVICE

TRANSITIONS
ATOMIC - HAATSO, ACCRA
FRIDAY 12TH JANUARY, 2024

4. Hymn

- MHB 110 (Jesu, lover of my soul)

5. Tributes

- Wife, Children and Family

6. Hymn

- MHB 615 (Guide me O, Thou Great
Jehovah)

7. Anthem

The Minstrel

8. Scripture Reading

David Ampofo

9. Solo

Rev. Ato Ghartey (Uncle Ato)

10. Sermon

Apostle Nanabenyin Ato Yankey

11. Offertory

Rev. Ato Ghartey
backed by The Minstrel

12. Prayer for Bereaved Family

13. Announcement

Family

14. Closing Prayer & Benediction

Pastor Samuel Srigebor

15. Dead March in Saul

PART - 2 GRAVE SIDE

1. Hymn

MHB 651 (Hark Hark my soul)

2. Exhortation

Apostle Ato Yankey

3. Committal

Apostle Ato Yankey

4. Hymn

CAN324 (Da yie dcfo fonafu)

5. Vote of Thanks

Family Member

6. Benediction

Apostle Ato Yankey





Biography

Gabriel Kofi Akyen Taylor

“Death smiles at us all, all a man can do is smile back.”

We gather here today, not to mourn the passing of a beloved Son, Brother, Husband, Father, Grandfather and Friend, but to celebrate the life we were privileged to share in.

Gabriel was born on the 14th of November 1953 in Saltpond, to the Late Mr. Taylor of the Anona Ebusua of Saltpond in the Central Region and Madam Evelyn Efua Kakraba Nkabi, grand daughter to the Late Reverend and Mrs. James Dunn Reynolds of Saltpond, Asafa and Abeadze Kyeakor.

CHILDHOOD

Kofi had his early childhood in A14, Etsifi, Saltpond, with his Grandmother Janet Atta Reynolds, in the vibrant home of his Late Great-grandfather, the Reverend Reynolds. He personally admitted to being a headstrong chap who could do no wrong in the eyes of Grand-Mum Janet. He neither ‘feared the Police’ nor backed down from controversy.

Your Sister Peace recounts an incident where everyone in A14 was required to fetch firewood from the bush. One day, on your way back from this errand, the group got to a hill. Rather than climbing, you set your firewood down, sat on it and refused to move. Since child-labour was not an issue back then, a few well-placed slaps should have sorted you out, but, your elder Sister Peace voluntarily carried her load, as well as yours up that hill. Such was the latitude you enjoyed in the A14 household; it is therefore no wonder that to your dying day, you still considered yourself a native of the ‘Republic of Saltpond’.

EDUCATION

Kofi began his lower primary education at the Ahamadiya Basic School in Saltpond. He later transferred to Tema to join his Late father and was enrolled at the Oninku Government Mixed School at Community 1, where he successfully completed his Standard seven (7) examination in 1967. He had passed his Common Entrance examination in that same year and was enrolled in the Sunyani Technical School to pursue a course of study in automotives. Between 1971 and 1975, he continued his education at the Kumasi Polytechnic where he pursued further studies in Mechanics with automotives as his major.

After graduating from Kumasi Polytechnic, he secured employment as a Tutor at the Kekam Technical Institute in the Western Region, where he taught until he was fortunate to secure a scholarship from the Government Scholarship Secretariat to pursue advance studies in Automotives in the UK.

SOJOURN ABROAD

Kofi left Ghana in 1979 for further studies abroad. Typical of many young Ghanaians that sojourned abroad, Kofi was completely at sea in his early years in London. To survive, he combined evening school with multiple odd jobs. It was so bad he would come to classes exhausted and with bloodshot eyes. It is said that he waged a constant war against sleep in those evening classes. One of his leading teachers famously declared him incapable of passing his exams. Unfortunately for the Tutor, that sort of challenge was the exact tonic a dye-in-the wool Saltponite like Kofi needed, to prove himself. And so it was, that against all odds, Kofi not only completed his studies but much more, passed with flying colours.



After graduation, he went for a long period without securing the dream job his qualification should have engendered. That notwithstanding, he worked hard at several odd jobs to keep body and soul together until he landed an automotive contract with RENTICAL Limited, a company with nation-wide clientele across UK that specialized in inspecting and ensuring that organizations maintain certified standards in the shops, the products and services that are offered to customers. By dint of hard work, dogged discipline and continuous professional improvements, Kofi rose from an entry-level Officer to senior management position. He worked with the Company for 27 years and distinguished himself as a competent, safe and reliable per of hands. He retired from the company in 2018, at the age of 65.

FAMILY LIFE

Kofi met and fell in love with Ms. Susan Kukua Biney in 1981 and after a whirlwind romance, the two got married and have been blessed with five (5) handsome young men, namely: Robert, Gabriel Harry, James Reynolds, Gabriel Kwesi and Edward Nana Akyin. It is a tribute to Kofi and Susan, that in a city that's known to be tough and unforgiven on Black children, they succeeded in raising their children and educating all five of them through to the Uni.

In the forty-plus-years of marriage the pair managed to hold the Family together against all odds, never divorcing even if there were a myriad of reasons for one or the other to take a walk. It goes without saying that "Success in marriage does not come merely through finding the right partner, but through being the right partner as well." Such was the stature of the Man we bid farewell today.


CHURCH LIFE & HIS PASSING

Kofi was a baptized and confirmed Methodist and worshipped at the Central Methodist Church in London throughout his sojourn in the UK.

He had not been feeling well in recent times and after several medical consultations, he requested to be brought home to Ghana. Sadly, on the night of 3rd December 2023, a week after his arrival, Brother Kofi was called home by his maker. He was a good Man and he will be sorely missed. Until we all meet again, Fare Thee Well, Brother Kofi.







Tribute by
Wife
Susan Kukua Taylor

My husband, my love, my friend, my treasured Partner, my companion and safety for over forty-three years.

KOFI, my Fii, you are one of the greatest decisions of my life and even if I could have anyone in the world, I would still choose you. Even though you entered my life with a bang and succeeded in destabilizing my quite life in the early years, I am grateful every day for the man I married. You are my soul mate and my forever love, Fii. God sent you to be my best friend, my boyfriend, my lover, my husband and the father of our five (5) sons.

You ensured a stable home for the boys and me. You ensured that they would be properly brought up and educated; you ensured that they would grow up with a strong sense of identity. In a London that could sometimes mess the mindset of Black children, you made sure our boys would be comfortable in their skins and hold their own as Ghanaians.



The home you've left behind is never going to be the same without you. You were our rock and a stickler for ensuring scheduled maintenance, meeting all manner of appointments and ensuring that financial obligations are met. You were an action man, Fii. You simply got things done.

I miss you terribly and though surrounded by many; I still feel lost.

Much as I miss you however, I am also conscious of the suffering you've endured these past few years, as a result of your ailment. Your usual refrain of 'I'm alright... can't complain' could not mask the constant pain you were in. You are now at rest with your maker. At rest from the tortuous pain and from the numerous hospital appointments.

Till we meet again, Sleep well my darling, my friend, my husband. May the earth rise to meet you and may the soil rest lightly on your remains as you join the ranks of all the ancestors who have gone ahead of you.



Tribute by
Children

When we think of our father, the stand out quality for us was his dependability. You could rely on him; we mean really rely on him. If he said he would be there at a certain time, he would. If he said he would do a certain thing, he would; no 'ifs' or 'buts'. And it was what he would constantly instill in us. His voice echoes even now, as he would alert us to "make sure you set off early", or "if you said you're going to do it, you can't not do it now".

Harry remembers you as Chairman, his commander-in-Chief, who instilled in him a level of self-belief that's made him the man he is today. Robert, James and Edward express similar sentiments. Kwesi fondly remembers the year 2012, when you spent 5 weeks on a vacation in Ghana. He remembers you, laughing at the different encounters with the different people you met, particularly he remembers how the car exhaust of the car you were using literally fell off and after retrieving it, you spent what seemed like an age laughing.

Dad, you had a knack for bringing the right amount of levity to difficult situations. You were measured, stoic in nature, and gifted with exceptional equanimity which was best illustrated during your recent health struggles. Although we could sense your pain and despair, your constant refrain was "I'm okay son" or "not too bad" when asked how you were doing. Your strength of character was boundless.

He loved Ghana and his hometown of Saltpond dearly and was very proud to be one of the now many, but at your time of travel, few to represent this country on the international stage. It also gives us great solace to know that the last breath you took, was of Ghanaian air because we are certain you'd deem that as a mission accomplished.

We could go on and on, but as you already know, it is impossible for us to sum up our father's life in the little time we have and with the few words we know.

Instead, we take this opportunity to share our gratitude and say thank you Dad for what has been an all-encompassing lesson of life.

Rest in Peace Dad.

We would like to thank everybody who has taken time out of their lives to pay their respects. God bless.



Robert



Gabriel Harry and family



James



Gabriel Kwesi and family



Edward and family

Tribute by Family

*...when you see how fragile and delicate life can be,
all else fades into insignificance. All die.*

The Family is deeply saddened by the loss of our Kofi Akyen. Even though seventy years is a good number, we were hopeful that your retirement from active service would allow you time to give more thought to family matters. Family is the greatest wealth that we will ever possess and while we do grow in different directions as individuals, yet our roots remain as one. We argue, we fight; we even stop talking to each other at times, as is to be expected. But in the end, family is family and the love will always be there. It is such a love that brings us together today, to mourn the passing of one of our own. It pleased the LORD that Gabriel Kofi Akyen Taylor should belong to this family.

He started his life's journey with us, at house number A14, Etsifi, Saltpond in the family home built by the Reverend James D. Reynolds, our great-grandfather. It was in that home that the traditions of Methodism were handed down to us all. We learnt of faith in God and His providence, without which our best efforts could flounder. The A14 household taught us the discipline of hardwork, integrity, service to humanity, fellow feeling, the beauty of laughter and humility. Kofi imbibed these values well and they stood him in good stead in his life's

journeys from Saltpond to Tema to Accra to Koforidua to Sunyani to Kumasi to Kekam to London and all around the world. He made the most of life's opportunities and leaves behind a legacy that we can all witness and be proud of.

Our family has been a circle of strength and love and with every crisis faced together, our Family bonds grow even stronger. So it is, that faced with death, the Family has today rallied to bid the Son of Aunt Efua Kakraba and brother to Sister Peace and Monica, farewell. As a family, we wish to assure you Sister Kukua, his wife, and Robert, Harry, James, Kwesi and Edward, his sons, that we stand with you in your hour of pain. Do not be strangers, for though we may not have it all together, TOGETHER we have it all.

May the earth rise to meet you; May the soil rest lightly on your remains. Eternal rest; grant unto our brother, Kofi, O LORD; and let perpetual light shine upon him.

Nantsewye, Breda Kofi.
Dzi fie kan kotwe3n h3n.



MHB 50

(The Lord is my Shepherd)

1. *The Lord's my Shepherd, I shall not want; He makes me down to lie In pastures green; He leadeth me The quiet waters by*
2. *My soul He doth restore again, And me to walk doth make Within the paths of righteousness, E'en for His own name's sake.*
3. *Yea, though I walk in death's darkvale. Yet will I fear no ill; For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me comfort still.*

MHB 110

(Jesus lover of my soul)

1. *Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly, while the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high; hide me, O my Savior, hide, till the storm of life is past; safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!*
2. *2. Other refuge have I none; hangs my helpless soul on thee; leave, ah! leave me not alone, still support and comfort me. All my trust on thee is stayed, all my help from thee I bring; cover my defenseless head with the shadow of thy wing.*
3. *Plenteous grace with thee is found, grace to cover all my sin; let the healing streams abound; make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the fountain art; freely let me take of thee; spring thou up within my heart, to all eternity.*

MHB 615

(Guide me O)

1. *Guide me, O my great Redeemer, pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but you are mighty; hold me with your powerful hand. Bread of heaven, bread of heaven, feed me now and evermore, feed me now and evermore.*
2. *Open now the crystal fountain, where the healing waters flow. Let the fire and cloudy pillar lead me all my journey through. Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer, ever be my strength and shield, ever be my strength and shield.*
3. *When I tread the verge of Jordan, bid my anxious fears subside. Death of death, and hell's Destruction, land me safe on Canaan's side. Songs of praises, songs of praises I will ever sing to you, I will ever sing to you.*



MHB 651
(Hark, hark, my soul)

1. Hark, hark, my soul!
Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and
ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those
blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall
be no more.

.....Refr
ain:
Angels of Jesus, Angels of
light,
Singing to welcome the
pilgrims of the night.

2. Onward we go, for still we
hear them singing:
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus
bids you come;"
And through the dark, its
echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads
us home.

.....Refr
ain:
Angels of Jesus, Angels of
light,
Singing to welcome the
pilgrims of the night.

3. Far, far away, like bells at
evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er
land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands
meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their
weary steps to Thee.

CAN 324:
DA YIE, DOFO FONAFO

1. Da yie, dɔfo fonafɔ,
W' edwuma abɔ adze;
Ahomgye pa, siar mbordo
Na dɛw mapa nye wodze.

Da yie, da yie, Nyame mfa w' nsie,
Adzesaa ahye sum, da yie!

2. Nyinsu bɔnsam' kwantunyi
Hom fi yaw na suro nsa,
Hom mbre su na mbusu nnyi,
W' akwantu ber no asa.

Da yie, da yie, Nyame mfa w' nsie,
Adzesaa ahye sum, da yie!

3. Twer Jesu N' abaw mu kɔmm,
Nyame dɔ nkata wo dɔ;
Sun W' Agyenkwa No bom' sɔnn,
Mbre bɔn biara nnkehaw wo.
Da yie, da yie, Nyame mfa w' nsie,
Yebehiam' afebɔɔ, da yie!

4. Kwantunyi bèrɛfo dɔfo,
W' akwantu abɔ adze;
Atsew esian nyina mu,
Efi awèrhow wiadze.
Da yie, da yie, Nyame mfa w' nsie,
Dzi fie kan kɔtweɔn hen, da yie!

Gaddiel R. Acquaaah, 1884-1954



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

*The entire family of
GABRIEL KOFI AKYEN TAYLOR
express our sincere gratitude to you
for your prayers and support.
God richly bless you.*

