

— — — — —
**BURIAL, MEMORIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE
OF THE LATE**



MR. THOMAS COJO ABBAN

1941 - 2023

**THE CHAPEL, TRANSITION FUNERAL HOME,
ACCRA-HAATSO**

THURSDAY 9TH NOVEMBER, 2023

Order of Service

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rev. Vincent Adzika

PART 1: PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. Processional
2. Opening Hymn - MHB
3. Hymns - MHB
4. Filing Past Hymns - MHB
5. Tributes
6. Covering Of Casket

PART 2: BURIAL SERVICE

1. Sentence
2. Hymns - MHB
3. Prayers
4. Hymns - MHB
5. Biography
6. Tributes
7. Scripture
8. Hymns - MHB
9. Sermon
10. Apostle's Creed
11. Offertory

THANKSGIVING SERVICE

1. Hymns - MHB
2. Service of Commemoration & Commendation
3. Concluding Prayers & the Lord's Prayer
4. Announcements
5. Vote of Thanks
6. Closing Hymn
7. Benediction
8. Recession

PORTFOLIO

OF THE LATE

MR. THOMAS COJO ABBAN

**BANKER – TAX CONSULTANT –
TIMBER MERCHANT**

*For none of us lives to himself alone
and none of us dies to himself alone
if we live to the Lord and if we die,
we die to the Lord. So whether we live
or die we belong to the Lord*
" Rom 14:7-8

Late Thomas Cojo Abban Alias Barima Cojo Agyarko was a gentleman "par excellence"

-Humble- selfless- generous!
Was born on Monday 16th December 1941 at the mining town of Aboso, Western Region Father -Late Patriarch John Onibie Abban (Kweku Anko) Miner, Farmer Chief of local Fante Community migrated from Ajumako, Denkyira Central Region to work the Mines at the defunct T&A Mines, Aboso. Mother - Late Aba Nyarko (Mary Yalley) Baker - migrated from Princess Town/Axim, WR with parents to work and live at the Mining Town, Aboso, WR. 4th child born in the family of 8 siblings plus 7 step siblings born into Greater ABBAN FAMILY. Late Thomas ABBANS

formative years was spent in loving congenial large family environment with caring sisters and brothers. Late Thomas started education at the Methodist School, Aboso - Very intelligent and studious TC completed MSLC with distinction Proficient footballer, he was Captain of the School's football Team - also played with the local Hearts of Oak Football Club. Late Thomas continued further education at various Accra institutions and qualified a Stenographer Secretary. Late Thomas began working life with employment at the Registrar General Department, Accra Then GCB Head Office HR Dept. pioneer of GCB was involved in establishment, recruitment of GCB nationwide.



Ambitious and determined to succeed in life Thomas migrated to London where he combined work with further education at various British institutions. Late Thomas married a beautiful Lady Mrs. Dorothy Abban (Nii Flihal). The marriage was blessed with 5 Children – Dennis, Tyvella, Kweku, Nana, Dorothy & Late Thomas decided to return home after long studies, qualifications and achievements as an astute Banker, & Tax Consultant to take up employment at NIB Head Office, Accra.

A seasoned Banker popularly called 'TC' in banking circles resigned from NIB to take up employment, leading role for establishment and nationwide expansion of National Savings & Credit Bank (NSCB) as he did previously with GCB.

After many years of distinguished services in the Banking Sector TC decided to embark on another employment venture – career change into Timber Industry TC became a Timber Merchant by establishing Adehye Timbers a Limited Liability Company.

The Company enjoyed successful operations till major upheaval in the social, economic & political challenges in Ghana. Sadly untimely death of Mrs. Dorothy Abban, the rock of the Family was disastrous, the unfortunate destructive difficulties added to already challenging circumstances completely destabilised the Family.

After the dust had settled the grownup family decided to migrate abroad to – London, USA & Australia. TC later settled down with the beautiful Madam Rebecca Adwoba Abban, a faithful and reliable companion with whom they had a family. TC returned home four years ago and set up a retirement home at Fijai, Takoradi.

TC was also determined to support the completion of his loving last child Andrea in her University education which thankfully she successfully completed this year before his departure. TC was called to eternal glory after a short illness on Sunday, 8th October, 2023. Indeed he lived a good life, one to be proud of and we can only celebrate such a great man today.

May his soul rest in perfect peace!

Barima Agyarko Ebu Kodjo "TC"

Da bwe oooooooooo mediama

Nyame nfa wo kra nsie!

Tribute

BY WIFE

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 14:7-8. This passage reminds us Christians that neither life nor death will change our relationship with God.

My heart, hearts of our beloved children, grandchildren and loving family are broken nonetheless it's my honor to pay tribute to a humble thoughtful gentleman - my beloved husband Thomas Cojo Abban -

We all know that life is not fair sometimes. It's not fair that 'Cojo' was taken away from his loving wife, children and grandchildren after 82 fantastic memorable years. Our relationship began on a solid foundation, between matured couple, we both had children

from previous relationships nonetheless we navigated our relationship with mutual respect, sacrifices and reliance on Godly wisdom to accommodate each other's parental responsibilities. Cojo as I affectionately called him was a very intelligent, caring and responsible husband. It's often said that there may be no perfect partner since perfection belongs to the Almighty God alone, but an ideal partner can be found in someone who has developed certain ways that go beyond just looks and that was definitely Cojo. beyond just looks and that was definitely Cojo. My husband had a very good relationship with God, his God fearing nature was one to be proud of. One of the numerous things we both had in common was being Methodists, being born on the same day Monday and having Ampesi as our favorite meal. We both loved Methodist hymn.



No morning passed by without Cojo hamming trying to sing some hymns, I will sometimes query him on how he sang along every hymn word for word and asked if he was once a Choir Master, we would both laugh over it. Not forgetting how active he was on WhatsApp and all News platforms even at his old age, every morning he would send hymnal videos, the word of God and funny videos to everyone on his contact and complain about not having data afterwards, I would reply reduce the number of videos you send around and you would have more data. It wasn't about the data but how he wanted everyone to sing along hymns and read the word.

We have known each other for years and definitely knew how to understand each other. We had our little argument here and there but we always settled our issues amicably. One moment you would see us arguing and next would be we laughing together as if nothing happened. Adjo as he affectionately called me whenever he needed something. He was very disciplined, down to earth and very optimistic, everyone loved his charming demeanor. Cojo at his old age still loved driving and turned down anyone who wanted to drive him and oh you dare not be late for family gatherings because a long speech would await you because he would talk about it throughout the journey while driving because punctuality was an attribute he never joked with. When you fell ill, I had an unflinching hope you would overcome it in a short while but it turned out to be the opposite. From one hospital to the other just to seek medical attention because you deserved only the best landed us at UGMC where you spent your last moments with us your family. Even on the hospital bed you were so optimistic about everything in life. I would always cry because I couldn't stand to see you in pain on the hospital bed but you kept telling me everything will be fine in your favorite phrase, Nyame w h), bibia b3y3 yie. I am glad I remained by your side till your last moments, I have absolutely no regrets as you were an amazing husband and father to our children. Cojo you were my strength and my companion, who will now be there for me, who will call me Adjo in your voice again. Me dam Cojo wanea ba nea me a.) y3 si)mam nko Nyamel3 w) k3n. Your last words to me still echo in my ears, you said, I should be careful with human beings, trust God more and take care of myself and the children and that, I promise to adhere to. I shall seek solace in the Almighty God the creator of Heaven and Earth and in him I shall abide.

Mehu Cojo, medame Cojo,

Da bue3.

Rest peacefully in the bosom of the Almighty.

The children and I will forever miss you.

Your Dear Wife,

ADJO.

Tribute

TO MY BELOVED DAD

Epitaph by Nana Akumanyi Yarkwa Abban

A Great Oak tree has indeed fallen!

You held my hand when I was small....

You caught me when I fell as a toddler.....

You were the hero of my childhood and although in my latter years caught in-between a divide of partisan lines of different flavours of familyhood

It was difficult to bear that this sacrosanct relationship we shared had to be distributed.....

Daddy! Though now gone from sight and unable to contact you by any mortal means or medium as usual....

Your loving memory remains imprinted in my thoughts like quotes! That guide through each day

You were a quintessential epitome of a perfect gentleman.

Your short but meaningful sayings, peppered with humour and wisdom, portrayed the attributes of a beautiful soul, that has left an indelible mark on the hearts of many even after your passing

I know you have been with me throughout my quest to get to the root cause so to speak in causation of the contributory negligence and gross disregard to human life, limb, medical negligence and ethics which led to your less chances of survival.

A holistic question still comes to play! That though then a human being, bound to tendencies of human errors.....

Did we remember to thank you enough for our lot with you? For all the times you were by our sides to help and support us in our independent encounters and capacities with you, during youthful era's and the latter.

To celebrate our successes, to understand our problems and accept our defeats?

Or For teaching us by your example, the value of hard work, good judgement, courage and integrity. For making things possible especially in your Bank Managing and Timber Merchant days?

We wonder if you were ever thanked enough for the simple things like; Good sense of humour, laughter smiles and times and moments shared whether good or bad.....

We'll always remember that special smile and persona, that caring heart, that warm embrace and assurance you always gave us.

I hope any beneficiary present at this gathering could attest to the fact that you were a benefactor who looked for the very best you could ever offer even in invitations to treat.

As your sweetie pie always concurred with you not to stop doing good.....

I am glad that God had so designed and orchestrated for me to be physically present with you till your very last breath.....

It took me right to memories of Mummy's sudden demise Mrs Dorothy Flihalá Abban!

Where she died in my arms and again on this occasion, taking you to the Mortuary on my own, it had begun to dawn on me as a ripple of her case scenario.....

And I know that you might have by now met in divine unison with your late wife Dolly!

I also hope that dialogues with you about the Holy ghost who is the resurrection power of the Godhead, and eternal life years before and during your passing fell on fertile ground and that we could boldly ask this question together both here and where you are as iterated by the Apostle Paul in his epistle that.....

Oh! Death where is thy sting?

Oh! Grave where is thy victory?

For the corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass, the saying that is written.....

Death is swallowed up in victory....

Oh! Death where is thy sting?

Oh! Grave where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.....

So therefore may we say together,that may he who is the resurrection and the life,the person Jesus Christ receive Agya T.C (Thomas Cojo)Agyarko Abban by his side,and may you have rest and peace everlasting with the Prince of Peace! Our Lord Jesus Christ in Paradise to reign victoriously in everlasting glory!

Daddy! As your saying always went that;

One should strive to do all that they had to do whiles alive,because when one dies would have all the time in the world to rest!

I say R.I.P(Rest in Peace),in the bosom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

Daddy! T.C! Jo! Obarima JoJo!

DAMIRIFA DUE!

DAMIRIFA DUE!

DAMIRIFA DUE!

Tribute

TO OUR BELOVED DAD BY REMAINING CHILDREN

Epitaph to Daddy: Daddy was a self-made man. Eerily enough we had this discussion shortly before his abrupt passing.

He had extremely difficult and humble beginnings and to achieve what he did from where he came from is nothing short of legendary. His position as director of major banks in Ghana was a source of great pride and inspiration for us to follow. Daddy was really charismatic but even more so very generous.

He gave and gave to people who took and took from him. He always had a calm demeanour even in the most adverse situation. Daddy left us with a broad restful smile on his face.

That is Daddy, our father, the peaceful great man who always gave to help people. Daddy, we can no more discuss black stars as we always did, or receive the daily "have a nice day" message you always sent, but those messages remain in our hearts, our minds, always, and we will miss you fondly. We can no longer crack jokes about "What are you buying", or for you to tell us your funny stories of "Mr Trouble", or how many times we should watch Mary Poppins. The words "I love you" and you replying "I love you more" will forever remain in our hearts.

.....Farewell Daddy, your beloved sons and daughters,

Kuu,

Dennis,

Tyvella,

Dorothy &

Andrea.

Please Rest In Perfect Peace.

Tribute

BY SIBLINGS & FAMILY

OUR BELOVED BROTHER LATE THOMAS COJO ABBAN ALIAS COJO AGYARKO EBU COJO "TC"

Today our family, this family is traumatized, our hearts are broken at the sudden death of yet another dear beloved brother. Two and a half years ago we were gathered at a funeral to bury our eldest brother late Francis Kwamena Abban – May his soul rest in perfect peace. The funeral was led by our dearly beloved brother whose mortal remains lies before us today – Late Thomas Cojo Abban, Barima Cojo Agyarko – sad isn't it? But that's life! Difficult that maybe Let us as Christians take consolation in our Lord in the Book of Ecclesiastes 3:1-2:

- 1. For everything there is a season, and a time for every activity under heaven.*
- 2. A time to be born, and a time to die, and a time to plant, and a time to harvest.*

Our late Father Patriarch John Onibi Abban's Motto was 'NIL DESPERANDUM – NEVER DESPAIR

Our late Mother's was 'NSO NYAME YE'

Ebu Cojo's absence in person but he lives on by children he was blessed with, grandchildren, great grandchildren etc. that will be born in infinitum

Greatest achievement is indeed the joy that late Thomas Cojo Abban died in the Lord he was a staunch Methodist, a Christian therefore we agree with Apostles Paul's written words recorded in

I Thessalonians 4: 13-17:

[13] And now, dear brothers and sisters, we want you to know what will happen to the believers who have died so you will not grieve like people who have no hope.

[14] For since we believe that Jesus died and was raised to life again, we also believe that when Jesus returns, God will bring back with him the believers who have died.

[15] We tell you this directly from the Lord: We who are still living when the Lord returns will not meet him ahead of those who have died.

[16] For the Lord himself will come down from heaven with a commanding shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trumpet call of God. First, the believers who have died will rise from their graves.

[17] Then, together with them, we who are still alive and remain on the earth will be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. Then we will be with the Lord forever.

Therefore we have hope that we shall

Definitely meet again at the Resurrection!

Farewell onua dofo Gentleman

"Par excellence" THOMAS COJO ABBAN "TC" BARIMA AGYARKO!

Da Bowoe ooooooooo –

Nyame nfa wo kra sei!





Hymn

The Old Rugged Cross Song by Alan Jackson

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross
The emblem of suffering and shame
And I love that old cross where
the dearest and best For a world of lost
sinners was slain

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross
(rugged cross) Till my trophies at last I
lay down I will cling to the old rugged
cross And exchange it some day for a
crown

To the old rugged cross I will ever be
true It's shame and reproach gladly
bear Then he'll call me some day to my
home far away Where his glory forever
I'll share

And I'll cherish the old rugged cross
(rugged cross)
Till my trophies at last I lay down
And I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

MHB 615:

1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven! Feed me now and
evermore.

2. Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer! Be Thou still my help
and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid
my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side: Songs
of praises [Will ever give to Thee

C.H.B 339

1. God be with you till we meet again; By
His counsels guide, uphold you, With
His sheep securely fold you; God be
with you till we meet again. Refrain: Till
we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at
Jesus' feet; Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

2. God be with you till we meet again;
Neath His wings protecting hide you;
Daily manna still provide you; God be
with you till we meet again. [Refrain].

3. God be with you till we meet again;

MHB 948

1. ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide! When other helpers fail, and
comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O
abide with me.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
pass away; Change and decay in all
around I see; O Thou who changest not,
abide with me

3. I need Thy presence every passing
hour; What but Thy grace can foil the
tempter's power? Who like thyself my
guide and stay can be? Through cloud
and sunshine, O abide with me.

4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness; Where is death's sting?
Where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still.
If Thou abide with me.

5. Hold Thou Thy Cross before my
closing eyes; Shine through the gloom,
and point me to the skies; Heaven's
morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows tie: In life. In death, O Lord,
abide with me

Just as I am C.H.B 166-1,2,3,6

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But
that Thy blood was shed for me, And
that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O
Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2. Just as I am, though tossed

3. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of
God, I come, I come.

4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt
welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb
of God, I come, I come.

6. Just as I am, of that free love The
breadth, length, depth, and height to
prove, Here for a season, then above, O
Lamb of God, I come, I come! shared
from The Catholic Hymnbook



Appreciation

The entire family of Mr. Thomas Cojo Abban wish to express their profound appreciation and gratitude to all who, in diverse ways, have helped them throughout their difficult time caused by the loss of their dear one.

May you be bountifully rewarded for your expression of Christian love and charity.