



IN LOVING MEMORY  
— WILLIAM KWABLA —  
**ADZRAKU**  
(1951-2019)





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## **OFFICIATING CLERGY**

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Officiating Minister: Rev. Samuel Wiafe-Asante – **ICGC Liberty Temple**

Ministers in Attendance:

Minister Angela Dwamena- Aboagye - **ICGC, Liberty Temple**

Rev. Ralph London - **ICGC, Eden Temple**

Rev. Dan Tagoe - **ICGC, Victory Temple.**

Rev. Samuel Kyei-Berko - **ICGC, Berekuso Assembly.**

Rev. Emmanuel Bediako - **ICGC, Seekers Temple.**

Pastor. Micheal Awadzi- **ICGC, Kitase Assembly**

## **ORDER OF SERVICE**

### **PART ONE -FAREWELL SERVICE**

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1. Prayer
2. Song of Praise
3. 1st Scripture reading { John Chapter 11: 11-27} – **Mr. George Attipoe**
4. Hymn 1 – What a Friend we have in Jesus {MHB 538}
5. 2nd Scripture Reading { 1st Thess. 4:13 – 18}- **Mr. Micheal Awuku**
6. Hymn 2- Jesus keep me near the Cross { MHB 199}
7. Autobiography of the Late William K. Adzraku- **Mr. William Agbakpe**
8. Reading of Tributes
  - *Wife, - Sons, - Family*
  - *George Washbourne Kodzo Dotse Attipoe*
  - *Retired Customs Officers Association ( RECOA)*
  - *Christian Methodist Secondary School-1974 Year Group*
  - *Anlo Welfare Association- Ashongman Estate*
9. Sermon – **Rev. Samuel Wiafe-Asante**
10. Offertory ( Songs of Praise) – **ICGC Springs of Liberty**
11. Prayer for family
12. Announcement
13. Benediction and Lifting of Coffin

### **PART TWO-AT THE GRAVESIDE**

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1. Opening Prayer
2. Hymn 3 - **Abide with Me (MHB 948)**
3. Scripture Reading **1st Corinthians 15: 51-58**
4. Prayer of Committal
5. Lowering of Casket
6. Prayer
7. Presentation of Wreaths
8. Vote of Thanks – **Family Member**
9. Benediction

# Prologue

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## **The Day God called you home.**

God looked around his garden  
And He found an empty place.  
He then looked down upon this earth,  
And saw your tired face.

He put his arms around you  
And lifted you to rest.  
God's garden must be beautiful  
He always takes the best.

He knew that you were suffering  
He knew you were in pain  
He knew that you would never  
Get well on earth again.

He saw that the road was getting rough.  
And the hills are hard to climb,  
So He closed your weary eyelids  
And whispered "*Peace be thine*".

It broke our hearts to lose you  
But you didn't go alone  
For part of us went with you  
That day that God called you home

**AUTHOR UNKNOWN**



# Autobiography

WILLIAM K ADZRAKU

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## EARLY CHILDHOOD LIFE

I was born in 1951 to Mr. Kofi Agba Adzraku and Madam Mary Ewi Gbekor Adzraku both of blessed memory at Anloga, Kpportorgbe in the Volta Region.

## ACADEMIC LIFE

As a young brilliant boy, I began my early childhood school days at the Evangelical Presbyterian School in 1959 at Kindergarten. Going through the basic school was so easy for me that in no time I found myself in form two (2) where I sat for the common Entrance Examination to secondary school in 1967. But alas! I could not enter into secondary school that year because funds to see me through were not available. I then had to continue to form three (3) and finally to form (4) in 1969 where I sat for the final school leaving certificate examination and was successful.

Talks with my father concerning my education at the higher level broke down due to financial problems. Looking at the situation I decided to travel to Accra to my elder sister Ablayo and her husband Dotse to see if they could be of any help. At that time, the first term of the school year had gone by and if there was any hope, I could only be admitted in the second term to begin school. Fortunately, they (my sister and her husband) bought into the idea and enrolled me into a private secondary school known as Accra City and Technical School at Abeka where I had to foot from Accra New town to the school. This I did for

two (2) terms before the school was relocated to Mataheko. I did not give up till I reached form two (2).

The distance from home to the school was too much for me, therefore, I decided to look for a school near my home. Thus, I applied to the Christian Methodist Secondary School, which was then located at the Circle overhead. I was called to take part in a late entrance examination by the school authorities. I was one of the five (5) successful applicants. At this time my father had agreed to lend a helping hand but unfortunately, sickness could not allow him. He passed away in 1971. The mantle now fell on my mother who would undertake odd jobs in order to get all necessary items required to enable me continue my education.

My appreciation and gratitude go to the following friends, John Gatsiko, Felix Akorli, Samuel Amuzu and others who in one way or the other supported me and in June 1974, I sat for the GCE 'O' Level examination and was successful having credit in all the subjects I offered.

I was enrolled in Keta Secondary School the same year for the sixth form course to read General Arts for two (2) years. This decision to go to sixth form was the brain-child of my elder sister Adugba since I had earlier chosen to go to Post – Secondary School at the Saint Francis Teachers Training College in Hohoe.



## WORKING LIFE

I completed the sixth form in June 1976 and was successful. After this, life then became so unbearable that I had to travel to Accra once again to hustle.

In Accra, I was assisted by Mr. Davidson Kokuvi Abotsi for a teaching appointment in their school- New Era Preparatory School at Tudu. I started teaching in 1976 which lasted for one academic year. However, due to certain conditions there, I had to leave that school only to continue at New Nation Preparatory School at Nima in 1977. As fate would have it, towards the end of 1977 I had an appointment with the Head of Civil Service and was posted to the Regional Organization at Ho as an Executive Officer. Meanwhile my stay at Ho was short-lived since I was re-posted to the Kpando District Assembly where I worked from February 1978- 1980. In the same year, I returned to Accra for a new appointment at the then Customs Excise and Preventive Service (CEPS) as a Junior Customs and Excise Officer.

By dint of hard work, I rose through the ranks to the Rank of a Principal Revenue Officer in 2006.

Stations worked at were Head Office, Kotoka International Airport, James Town, Tema, Bawku (Missiga and Mangnori), Aflao, and finally retiring in Elubo in the Western Region.

## CHRISTIAN LIFE

In 1960, I was baptized at the Evangelical Presbyterian Church at Anloga and had my confirmation when I got the sixth form at Keta Secondary School at the Dzelukope Evangelical Presbyterian Church. That was around 1974/75.

Even though I was baptized and confirmed into Evangelical Presbyterian Church I had remained a Presbyterian till the latter part of 1980 when the historical disputes over leadership of the church began to rear its ugly head and this resulted in some members leaving the church. In 1998 together with my family, we joined the International Central Gospel Church (ICGC) at New Ashongman and started worshipping there till date.

## MARITAL AND FAMILY LIFE

I got married to Miss Monica Dorkpor who is now Mrs. Monica Adzraku in 1985 and had the marriage blessed on 14th February 1999 by Pastor Mensah Otabil, General Overseer of the International Central Gospel Church. Our union was blessed with four strong boys namely Carl, Gerald, Foster and Eugene.





T R I B U T E B Y

# Wife



**M**y dear, Willie, I remember the first day we met. I was then a trainee nurse at the St. Margaret Marquart Nursing Training College in Kpando. That warm afternoon, I was on duty at the Kpando Hospital and you had come to make some inquiries. I recall you as a well-spoken, kind and a handsome gentleman who was so caring and was always there to support and encourage me during my time at the nursing college. We became good friends, fell in love and the rest they say, is history.

My dear, Forty years we lived together, a thousand tears won't bring you back, I know because I have cried. In the good times, we rejoiced and thank the Lord. So, I have accepted this great loss and I thank God for your life and what He used you to do.

Daddy (as you were affectionately called at home), you loved our boys more than life itself and would do anything for them. You were an incredible father and the boys were proud to call you Daddy. Even when your job took you out of

Accra, you would often call to check on us, to ensure that everything at home was ok.

You were so many things to so many people, constantly giving selflessly to others. If we needed a reminder of this, we have it in the outpouring of love shown us since the day of your passing. We have had people from all walks of life, who have come to visit and sympathize with us, and this goes to show the weight of love and care that we have as a family, a family that you gracefully led all these years.

Your final days were that of sober reflections on the good times, as well as the tough and challenging moments we had on this journey, but I am confident that it was the Good Lord who made all these possible.

As my heart bleeds, I am comforted by knowing that you finished your work on this earth and the Lord called you Home to rest in glory. As you are aware my dear, the Good Book has always been my companion and so, with Michael Smith I say;



*'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our affliction, so that we may be able to comfort those who are in any affliction, with the comfort with which we ourselves are comforted by God'*

**2 Corinth 1:3-4**

**Holy words long preserved for our walk in this world They resound with God's own heart. Oh, let the Ancient words impart.**

**Words of Life, words of Hope Give us strength, help us cope In this world, where ever we roam Ancient words will guide us Home.**

**Ancient words ever true Changing me, and changing you. We have come with open hearts Oh let the ancient words impart.**

Till we meet again, Willie, Hede nyuie!!!







TRIBUTE  
BY

# THE BOYS

**i**t feels surreal to be standing here reading the tribute of our late father Mr. William Kwabla Adzraku who passed away on 17th September 2019. It feels like he was here one minute and gone the next. Our family is humbled and touched by the outpouring of grief since the day he passed and also to see all who have come here to pay their respects to our beloved father. Everyone here will have their special memories of Daddy (as we affectionately called him) either as a father, brother or as a grandfather. To my brothers and I, he was above all, a gentle, caring and a kind father. He was thoughtful and honest...a man of strong principles. As we know, there are things only our Lord Almighty can comprehend that we cannot, so even though we are here to mourn his passing, we are also here to celebrate and thank God for the life that he was blessed with.

Growing up, we saw our Dad as very strict, but as we grew up, we realized that our Dad and our Mom were raising 4 strong-willed boys and as you can imagine, that can't be easy and many times we needed

that discipline to keep us in line. Daddy will always want to instil in us the sense of studiousness. This was reflected often when he returned from work to find us behind the television or engaged in one playtime or the other and he will ask "have u finished your homework? If your answer was yes, he would go on to say with a stern look on his face, "Go and learn". Often when he found us reading a maths textbook, He would say, "You don't solve mathematics by reading, you have to be on your feet in front of the blackboard". This resulted in all four of us using the same blackboard throughout our school years and this board can still be found in our home today.

We remember how Daddy will always go to the kitchen to add more meat to our food and ask Mum why she's not giving us more meat. Such was the nature of Daddy, He will always say yes to things that Mum would sometimes say no to. He will always do this to remind us that he wants his sons to have what he was not fortunate to have whiles growing up. This was his nature, always looking out for his boys.

As we became men, he eventually became more than just our father, but our friend and adviser. We didn't always agree but we respected each other; my brothers and I can agree that together, Dad and Mum influenced the men we have become today. Daddy, you left too soon and despite the emptiness and pain we feel at your passing, you will never be forgotten in our hearts and our minds.

— ● ● —  
*And I heard a voice from heaven saying, "Write this: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on." "Blessed indeed," says the Spirit, "that they may rest from their labors, for their deeds follow them!"-*

Rev 14:13.

You gave your entire life for us and we only hoped and prayed that you lived long enough for us to say thank you in the special way that you have always wanted. You denied yourself so much pleasure just to ensure that we all received the best in life including a good education. You have indeed created a huge vacuum in our hearts. But we thank God that you have given us so much to live for, including some of the timeless virtues by which you were known by your kith and kin. We take consolation in the fact that you indeed knew about such a day as this. We trust that everything happens for a reason, even when we are not wise enough to see it. More ultimately, we are consoled with the trust and hope that you have been called by your Maker who will give you Eternal Peace and Joy.

Thank you, Daddy, for all the wonderful times you have given us and the affection you have shown us. They are forever etched in our memory.

**Till we meet again Daddy, Continue to watch over your boys.**

**Rest Well. Amen !!!**





TRIBUTE BY  
**DAUGHTERS  
IN-LAW**

**W**e affectionately called you Opa Dome, a name popularized by your grandson, Nathan, to distinguish his paternal grandfather from the maternal one." Opa" is the German word for grandfather. When Nathan and his sisters - Eliana and Elicia in our company visited Ghana in June 2018, they got to know that you were a resident of Dome, in Accra, and so, they since preferred to call you Opa Dome. If the local adage that crabs can never bear birds as off springs is anything to go by then, I have had a glimpse of you in Carl -- passionate about your work and sticks to principles no matter the circumstances. Opa Dome, whatever tender loving care your grandchildren and I are having from Carl may be as a result of your contribution to parental guidance.

We will miss very much your phone calls on Sundays, especially, to inquire about how life was treating us. Now, the shouts of "Opa Dome! Opa Dome! from your grandchildren that greeted your calls have fallen silent since you left quietly without much signal.

Oh, Opa Dome, you know how we had been planning to get you to visit us in Bonn. In fact, our first attempt was disrupted by the death of your elder brother and as a result you had to attend to that funeral. And now, here we are Opa Dome, to pay you yourself our last respect, after you shockingly left us on 17th September, 2019. Since then, Nathan has been asking me questions: "Why does Opa Dome not call these days?" I have told him you have travelled to Heaven. 'But why didn't he tell us he was going to travel to Heaven? When will he return?

Opa Dome, it is indeed my hope that you will be resting in the bosom of the Lord.

**Ruhe in Frieden Opa Dome**  
Fare thee well, till we meet again.

*Audrey-Josephine*



**t**he sudden home-call of my beloved father-in-law has created an unimaginable emptiness in all of us. I still can't believe you are no more with us here Daddy. It's with grief and a deep sense of loss that I pay my last respect and tribute to your memory. Knowing that I will no longer come home and see you in the sofa where you always sat watching TV and playing with your grandchildren.



I can recall when Kofi was born he was nicknamed Grandpa's son because of the striking resemblance from birth till date. It was though you gave birth to him. I've known you to be a disciplinarian and you inculcated moral values and discipline in your sons and grandchildren. I will miss our little conversations about my future plans and aspirations as well as your advice. It has been a joy and pleasure to have you as a father in-law and those memories of you will live with me forever. Rest well in the arms of our Lord Daddy.

Till we meet again.

**Hede nyuie !!!**

*- Flora-Jane*

**Daddy,** I remember the first time we met, I was sharing a meal with Foster when you called Aunty Monica aside and I overheard you ask, "Who is she?", I became nervous, and the food I was eating couldn't find its way into my mouth. Time really does fly.

Five years down the line, I came to appreciate you as my father-in law. Simple and soft-spoken, yet very strict. You once shared with me your journey through life and how you strove to ensure that your boys had what they needed while growing up, I will miss these little chats and how you always believed in putting family first, hard-work and respect for others.

I recall our last conversation over the phone when you asked that I say a prayer for you so that you will recover in time for my impending visit. I did say a prayer for you, yet God's will was done.

We are sad to see you go and we will forever miss you.

Fare well Daddy.

*Nana Dodya*



TRIBUTE BY  
**GRANDCHILDREN**

*"Sorrow comes in great waves... but it rolls over us, and though it may almost smother us, it passes and we remain." - Henry James.*

*Grandpa, we miss you so much. The emptiness of the space you have left is so deep it will be difficult to fill without saying goodbye we peer longingly into light and darkness hoping for a last glimpse so that even as you rest in peace, we may also find peace.*

*You were always willing to help us to do our assignments from school no matter how tired you were and will always come back from town*

*with goodies for us. The way you used to carry us around the house lovingly and always making us laugh while eating will always remain in our memories.*

*In paying tribute to grandpa, we sincerely wish to praise the name of the almighty God for a wonderful grandpa. We will remember you as a living, a vital presence and your memory will bring refreshment to our hearts and strengthen us in times of trouble.*

*Grandpa, your grandchildren say:  
 Rest in perfect peace  
 We will meet one day in Heaven.*





# TRIBUTE FROM Adzraku F A M I L Y



**i**t is our painful duty to pay this Tribute to the memory of our Beloved son, in the person of Willia! Kwabla Adzraku whose mortal remains lies before us this solemn morning.

To be frank, Tuesday, the 17th of September, 2019, would remain a red-letter day to the family. A black Tuesday, as we lost one of our pearls in the family. A very promising personality. Words simply are not enough to describe our emotions on your loss. His presence was always felt due to his towering, imposing and pleasant personality. William was very colourful and exciting, full of life, which he had lived to the fullest He felt proud belonging to the family. As such, he took great interest in family issues. William was very compassionate and firm. He was of quiet-disposition. However, on the flip-side he was a unifier, a magnet around which the family rallied around-both nuclear and extended. Panza was full of fellow-feeling. He was an inspiration,sages say "the only certainty in Man's Life is death, but when it is sudden and unexpected it is devastating.

A great tree has fallen and a huge vacuum has been created in the family, making us uncertain, if it shall ever be filled."

However, we are certain of one thing, that you are resting in the Lord's Holy Garden "our death is not an end if we can live on in our children and the younger generation. For they are us, our bodies are only wilted leaves on the tree of life " (Albert Einstein)

Finally, we thank you for passing through the family, having played your destined role, as they say, "Life is a marathon and death is a junction, a transition".

The family's consolation, solace and wishes are:

**" May the angels bear thee to the land,  
Where the towers of Sion rise.  
Safely lead thee by the hand,  
To the fields of Paradise.  
Father, in their gracious keeping  
Leaving we now thy servant  
sleeping ".**

Panza, you are always in our hearts, your memory lingers on....

Hede Nyuie! Do Agbe! Amen!!!

## **THOSE WE LOVE**

*'Those we love,  
Must someday pass.  
Beyond our present sight...  
Must leave us and the  
World we know.  
Without their radiant light,  
But we know that like a candle;  
Their lovely light will shine,  
To brighten up another place.  
More perfect.....more divine.  
And in the realm of Heaven,  
Where they shine,  
So warm and bright.  
Our loved ones live  
Forever more in God's  
Eternal Light*



# Eulogy

GEORGE WASHBOURNE KODZO DOTSE ATTIPOE



***“Farewell, beloved one!  
In heaven we shall meet;  
Then why should we still mourn?  
You’re safe at Jesus’ feet!  
And we await the moment when  
We’ll meet and never part again.”  
Catholic Hymn No. 367***

**I**t was the greatest blessing for me to know William Kwabla Adzraku intimately. As we go through this busy life, sometimes callous to the feeling of others – it is remarkable to meet a man like Sancho Panza, as we affectionately call him.

Panza, was more than a brother to me, a man of principle and well accommodating. I remember how we grew together, shared our aspirations together and offered our services as hired laborers for shallot-farming at Kportogbe, Anloga. In the same way, we wrote our O’level certificate examination in the same year 1974. However, he came up best among his peers to continue his 6th Form Education at Keta Secondary School.

Panza had the love for people and an immense respect for the worth and dignity of the individual. He was a man of noble heart ready to share whatever he had with others.

Relatively, I remember too that on my return to Ghana in 1984 with sickness from a sojourn in Nigeria, Panza, per the biblical corporal works of mercy, sheltered me, clothed me and fed me.

While at Anloga seeking cure for my sickness, Panza on one of his visits came to our house. Upon seeing my speedy rate of deteriorating health, told me I had to join him in Accra, promising to take care of me. He never forgot about our relationship and togetherness.

I honored the invitation to join him in Accra. However, it was a surprise to me that I was to share a single living room apartment he was occupying with his wife, Monica, in Accra New Town. It was a sign of selfless respect for the life of others. The family well accommodated me. His late elder brother, of blessed memory Efo Clemence was always appreciative of this kind gesture of the brother towards me.

To make life more comfortable for me, he took me to the Accra Sports Stadium for the first time in my life to watch a football match. He also ensured that I registered with Anloga Union, New Town Branch. Although a Catholic, he encouraged me to attend the EP church at Accra New Town. He introduced me to many of his friends and people in Accra. We visited many places like Ho, Hohoe, Peki and Kpando. He was passionate about my recovery.

As fate will have it Panza was one of the men who occupied the quadrangle of my life till this day. I may not have the opportunity like this to appreciate these people, therefore, permit me to mention them. They are Lawrence Hiamadey (Pokiny), Bensa



Kumeko (Fella), William Adzraku (Sancho Panza) and Christian Agbezudor (Zanda).

It is also worth mentioning that it was during my stay with Panza that I got employment with Council for Scientific and Industrial Research (CSIR) before moving to New Times Corporation and finally, Ghana Commercial Bank as an Assistant Manager.

Furthermore, whilst living alone at Dansoman Last Stop, one day without any prior information, Panza knocked on my door and behold he brought my wife and my child from Anloga to join me. He told me, “Man shall not live alone.” Oh what a brotherly concern he had shown to me.

By that singular act of Panza, many lives were changed for the better. My family and I stand deeply thankful for the chance to have had him.

The only thing I can say in concluding is to repeat the words of Philip James Bailey:

*“We live in deeds, not in years, in thoughts, not in breath;*

*In feelings, not in figures on a dial,*

*We should count time by heart throbs*

*He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest acts the best”.*

By those standards, no life was fuller than William Kwabla Adzraku, aka Panza.

Sancho Panza till we meet again on the resurrection morn. Hede nyuie na dzudzor le nutifafa me.

***Rest In Perfect Peace.***

***Amen.***





# Eulogy

By GODWIN BANINI  
(CHAUCER)

**S**o, on Tuesday, the 17th of September 2019, after the winds had blown and settled, we realised that our beloved Panza had suddenly and sadly gone with the wind, a personality so precious to the family.

The moments of birth, the times of death and the modes, these are the great mysteries of life. However, between the books of life, it is the individuals who chronicled the incidents, conflicts, events and dreams that make life very exciting, adventurous and fulfilling. As such, our lives are like a book or a play to write, life as a journey, death a transition reflect on us, the role we played as usual, it's those who write their books or it's those who cover their lives journey well, who reach their destination, and it is those who play their roles well who get recognition. Panza was one of such.

I came to know Panza in the late eighties. Our lives crossed each other. Gradually our relationship grew stronger and deeper. Even through I was his maternal uncle we did things in common and moved on together. We respected and recognized the relationship-Uncle and Nephew. We teased, joked, advised, cautioned, corrected and counseled each other whenever necessary. We discussed our personal problems, family issues as well as politics, to the extent that, when on phone our call credits would get finished and we would

— ● ● —  
*"Which way does the wind blow?*

*And where does it go?*

*It rise over the waters*

*It rises over the snow*

*It blows and tosses the leaves from the trees  
as when you look upwards, you will plainly see*

*But from whatever place it comes*

*To whatever place it goes, no one can tell and  
there is no one it knows."*

— ● ● —  
go in for top-up,so as to resume our chats until we got tired. This phenomenon lasted for so many decades.

Two weeks to his final hospitalization, he called me saying, "Chaucer. I have not been well". I replied "Panza I know". He continued "we are there for each other, ***Nenye melio la menya be megbe nye wc ge nenema ke ne melio la mawc megbe wo nyuie***" this sounded very strange- like a covenant this has been rigging in my mind, when he was on admission- any time Panza saw me he would weep. The last time I visited him was the same Tuesday he passed. I left his hospital-bed exactly 5:00 pm together with his wife, Monica and his son, Foster. Two hours later, Monica called and said "Panza ku (Panza has passed on), I asked what happened. There was dead silence"

***"Do not stand at my grave and weep***

***I am not there, I do not sleep***

***I am a thousand winds that blow***

***I am the diamond glints on snow***

***I am the sun on ripened grain***

***I am the gentle autumn rain***

***When you awaken in the morning's hash***

***I am the swift uplifting rush***

***Of quiet birds in circling flight***

***I am the soft star shine at night***

***Do not stand at my grave and cry***

***I am not there, I did not die"***

**Mary Elizabeth Frye, 1905-2004]**

As I put this eulogy together, there are so many nice things about you but did not know where to start from. But like I promised, I would do my possible best to give you a befitting funeral. Panza my nephew as you took the lead,

“I know there are no errors  
In the great eternal plan  
And that all things work together  
For the final good of man.  
And I know when my soul speeds onward  
On its grand eternal quest  
I shall say as I look back earthward:  
Whatever is ..... is best .....

Panza! As I drop my pen on this eulogy my heart bleeds. But my only consolation for your great loss is in the following lines:

### ***ADIEU***

***In your memory I live on  
Remember not my fight for breath:  
Remember not the strife  
Smile at my memory and remember  
It is not the end, but a new beginning  
So, do not dwell upon my death.  
But celebrate my life, for I am with the lord  
Weep not for me, I am alive with my maker.***

***Panza! Panza!! Panza!!!  
Good night but not good bye.  
Fare thee well! Amen! Amen!***

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TRIBUTE BY RETIRED  
**CUSTOMS OFFICERS**  
**ASSOCIATION**  
( R E C O A )



*“Good people die and no one understands or even cares. But when they die, no calamity can hurt them. Those who live good lives find rest in death”*  
*Isaiah 57: 1- 2*

With deep sense of sorrow and sadness, we pay this tribute in memory of our colleague, the Late William Adzraku.

*“Though human and fallible yet kindness and generosity personified, Forgiving, not letting the sin set on your anger”*

Efo Willie, as most colleagues addressed him, was employed by then Customs, Excise Department in 1980 (now Ghana Revenue Authority). He served at the following collections/duty stations diligently during his thirty- five (35) years’ service; Headquarters, Kotoka International Airport, James Town, Tema, Bawku, Aflao and retired honorably at Elubo as a Principal Revenue Officer in 2015. He was a good team-player, hardworking, ready to learn and accept his mistakes.

Upon retirement he joined the Retired Customs Officer Association. He was always noticed during the Association’s general meeting because he communicated with colleagues. Secondly he would like to know the progress of colleagues/members wards. Our hearts and thoughts go with the family. Your loss is **RECOA** loss.

Colleague, Brother, Friend, Willie, fare thee well. We shall all rise on the day of resurrection and rejoice. Amen.





T R I B U T E   B Y  
**CHRISTIAN METHODIST  
SECONDARY SCHOOL**  
(1974 YEAR GROUP)



We met Willie when we entered form one, in Chrismesco  
in 1969, as classmates.

He was a very simple, humble, soft spoken fellow, very  
affable and jovial, he had not a stern word for any of us.

Willie attended a few of our year group meetings until he  
got ill, and therefore could not attend meetings anymore.

It was not until the announcement of his demise that we  
learnt of his illness.

Farewell Classmate! Willie The memory of your simple,  
unassuming life of truth and integrity will encourage us to  
be good and true.

Farewell Willie Adzraku. May God be with us till we meet  
again and may He in His mercy comfort the aching hearts  
of those who mourn.

**Willie, Rest in Perfect Peace.**

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T R I B U T E   B Y

# ANLO WELFARE ASSOCIATION, NEW ASHONGMAN



**W**e pay this tribute with so much pain in our hearts. For we never expected your sudden departure. Our prayers and supplications to the Lord on your behalf was for a fast recovery, so that you continue with your invaluable support and contribution. But this is the irony of life. Your Lord rather knew the best for you.

This is one Association you had demonstrated your devotion and commitment to in diverse ways. Your doors were not only opened to the Audit Committee that annually audited our accounts but you were important to this association, especially the streamlining of its finances your priority and left no stone unturned for this purpose.

Your punctuality at meetings and your wise contributions will be missed. You never missed any opportunity to offer counseling to the executives out of your experience and professionalism.

Today, there lies your mortal remains. You are no more one of us. It is a heartache for us. Oh yes! You are gone by responding to your Creator's call. But the Association that you sacrificially served will forever remember your deeds. These deeds are clear testimonies and legacies left behind.

The Executives and the entire association are saluting you and will continue to do so. Though bodily absent, you are immortalized by your deeds.

Fare you well and rest peacefully in the arms of the Almighty God.

**Hede nyuie!!!**











# Hymns

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## HYMN 1 - WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

All our sins and griefs to bear  
And what a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer

1. Oh, what peace we often forfeit  
Oh, what needless pain we bear  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer
2. Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged  
Take it to the Lord in prayer
3. Can we find a friend so faithful  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness  
Take it to the Lord in prayer

## HYMN 2 - JESUS KEEP ME NEAR THE CROSS

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross,  
There a precious fountain;  
Free to all, a healing stream,  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Refrain:

**In the cross, in the cross  
Be my glory ever,  
Till my raptured soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.**

2. Near the cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the Bright and Morning Star  
Shed His beams around me. [Refrain]

3. Near the cross! O lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day  
With its shadow o'er me. [Refrain]

4. Near the cross! I'll watch and wait,  
Hoping, trusting ever;  
Till I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river. [Refrain]

## HYMN 3 - ABIDE WITH ME

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, oh, 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 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





# Epilogue



## **His Journey's Just Begun**

Don't think of him as gone away  
his journey's just begun  
life holds so many facets  
this earth is only one.

Just think of him as resting  
from the sorrows and the tears  
in a place of warmth and comfort  
where there are no days and years.

Think how he must be wishing  
that we could know today  
how nothing but our sadness  
can really pass away.

And think of him as living  
in the hearts of those he touched...  
for nothing loved is ever lost  
and he was loved so much

**BY ELLEN BRENNEMAN**



## APPRECIATION

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*Maybe you have brought us flowers,  
Maybe you have wept at our sorrows  
Maybe you have sent as a card.  
Maybe you have given the seed-money  
Maybe you sat with us quietly  
Maybe you have even sung  
Whatever you have done to ease our sorrow*  
The ADZRAKU/DUNYO/GBEKOR/WEMEGAH/DORKPOR FAMILIES

*Thank you most sincerely  
and may the Good Lord reward you abundantly  
Safe journey to your various destinations*  
**Akpe na mi!!**

FARE THEE WELL  
— WILLIAM KWABLA —  
**ADZRAKU**  
(1951-2019)