

*Mr.* GEORGE  
BEDIAKO-APPIAH

1944 - 2024



MR. GEORGE BEDIAKO-APPIAH



**THE BEULAH METHODIST CHURCH,  
WEST LEGON**

**BURIAL, MEMORIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE  
FOR THE LATE  
MR. GEORGE BEDIAKO-APPIAH**

**OFFICIATING CLERGY**

Very Rev. Kwame Amoah Mensah  
Very Rev. John K.K. des Bordes  
Rev. Obed Gyamfi Ofosu

# ORDER OF SERVICE

## SATURDAY 21ST SEPTEMBER, 2024

### **PRE-BURIAL SERVICE**

Welcome courtesies and Opening Sentences

Opening Hymn - MHB 428

Prayer

Hymns and Filing Past - MHB 478, 50, 427 & 615

Tributes

Hymns and Filing Past - MHB 99, 503, 515 & 602

The Psalter: Psalm 23

Song(s) - Beulah Royals

Hymn - MHB 634

Prayer

Closing of Casket

### **BURIAL SERVICE**

Procession - MHB 671 - Choir/Sing Band

Sentences

Purpose of Gathering

Hymn - MHB 528

Prayer

Hymn - MHB 528

Witness - Biography/Tributes

Hymn - MHB 511

Scripture Reading - 2 Corinthians 5:1-10, John 14:6-27

Anthem - Beulah Methodist Church Choir

Hymn - MHB 649

Homily - Very Rev. Kwame Amoah Mensah

Affirmation of Faith - Apostles' Creed

Offering/Christian Charity - Beulah Singing Band

### **INTERMENT**

Sentences

Hymn - MHB 878

Prayer

Committal

Concluding Prayer

Vote of Thanks

Hymn

Dismissal with Blessing

## SUNDAY 22ND SEPTEMBER, 2024

### **THANKSGIVING AND MEMORIAL SERVICE**

Hymn - MHB 830

Thanksgiving

Prayer

Commendation

The Lord's Prayer

Announcement/Notices - Steward / Family representative

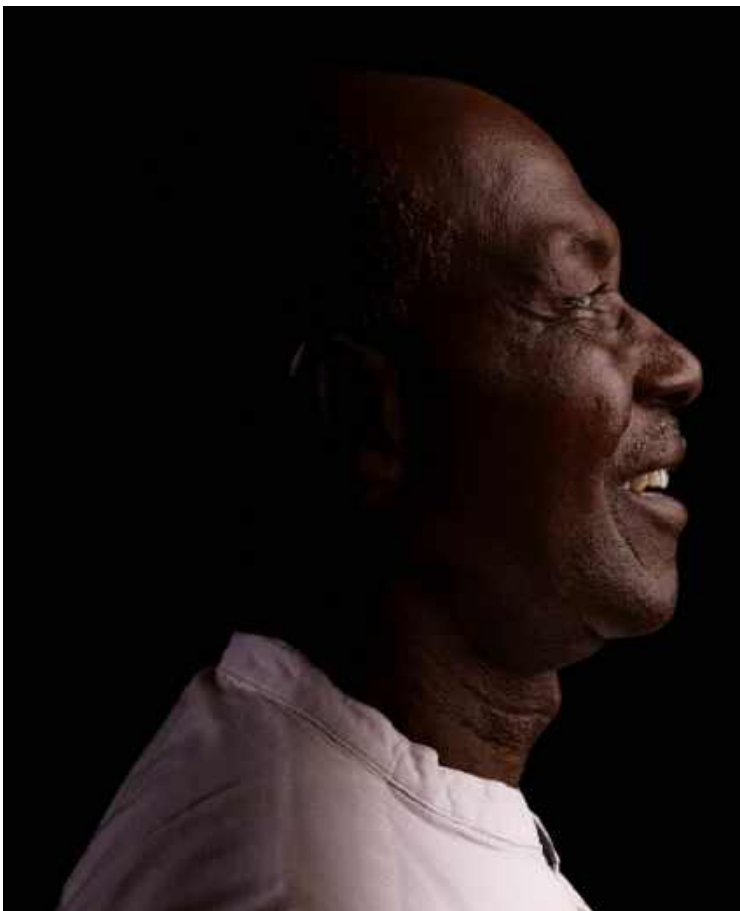
Hymn - MHB 411

Dismissal with Blessing

Recession - Choir/ Singing Band

# *Biography*

## MR. GEORGE BEDIAKO-APPIAH



### Early Life

The late George Bediako-Appiah, fondly known as Kwaku Appiah, was born in 1944 in Apinkra, a small town in the Bosomtwi District of the Ashanti Region. He was the third of five children born to Opanyin Kwabena Donkor, a cocoa farmer and Madam Akosua Panyin Kwartema, a trader –both of blessed memory. Kwaku's life was marked by brilliance and determination. His primary education began at the Assin Fosu Presbyterian Primary School, where his father lived. After completing his studies, he returned home to Apinkra and continued his education at the Nnuaso Apinkra Middle School, from 1950 to 1963.

Even as a young boy, Kwaku stood out. He was not only one of the brightest students in his class but also among the top three best students in the school. His teachers were so impressed by his intelligence that they often entrusted him with teaching. Kwaku's dedication and exceptional ability of assimilation during his school period left a lasting impression on both his peers and mentors. However, despite his academic promise, his dreams of further education were nearly dashed by financial hardship. His father, unable to support him, left Kwaku with a few options. Undeterred, Kwaku decided to work alongside his uncle, Asare-Bediako, on his cocoa farm to make ends meet.

Yet, the weight of the work wore heavily on him, and after some time, Kwaku mastered the courage to plead with his uncle for help to continue his education. Eventually, his uncle agreed to financially support his education. With renewed hope, Kwaku gained admission to Saint Paul's Technical School in Kukurantumi, where he thrived from 1965 to 1969. His leadership skills shone through when he was elected School Prefect in his final year.

His journey continued to Takoradi Polytechnic in 1970, where he obtained an Ordinary Technical Diploma (OTD) in 1971 from the department of Building and Civil Engineering. After graduating from the Takoradi Polytechnic, he went back to Saint Paul's Technical School to teach Building Engineering until he gained admission to the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology where he obtained a Diploma in Civil Engineering in 1973

### Career & Achievements

George's pursuit of excellence didn't end there. He

was awarded a scholarship to pursue a master's degree program at the University of Moscow in the then-Soviet Union. However, the ever-practical thinker, George found the program overly theoretical and therefore decided to abandon the program for a more hands-on training in Stuttgart, Germany. This decision shaped his future and honed his skills, and in 1980, George returned to Ghana equipped with a blend of academic knowledge and practical expertise.

That same year, he joined Ghana Water and Sewerage Corporation (GWSC) and was posted to the ATMA production region until he progressed to the position of Principal Technician Engineer at Accra East Region. George's work directly impacted countless lives in Accra, as he played a crucial role in extending and relocating major water pipeline infrastructure that deliver clean, safe water to countless homes today. His remarkable achievements earned him another scholarship in 1990 from the Republic of Germany, where he continued to advance his knowledge in drinking water supply before returning home in 1991.

George returned to Apinkra to help improve the Apinkra Junior High School. He helped in the provision of uniforms for the teachers and donated textbooks to the school. He was also a great mentor to the students and always encouraged them to focus on their education and study hard. As a show of appreciation, the Unit Committee of Apinkra awarded him a citation.



## Family & Personal Life

In 1982, George married the love of his life, Vida. Together, they built a warm and loving home filled with laughter, respect, and endless memories. They were blessed with three beautiful children: Maame Kwartemaa, Wofa Yaw, and Akua Owusuaa. His children were the pride of his life, his constant source of joy. George was not just a devoted father and husband; he was a family man in every sense of the word.

## Hobbies & Interests

George was passionate about current affairs and politics. He was often seen listening to radio. He would tune in into either Voice of America (VOA) or the BBC World Service, absorbing news from around the world. This interest in global news kept him connected to the broader world, even as he created a deep sense of belonging within his own community. George also cherished his travels abroad, often recounting vivid memories of his experiences with friends and family. His stories, like George himself, were always full of life and warmth.

As a lover of music, George found joy in the rhythms and melodies that connected him to his roots. For him, as a pastime; it was an ever-present companion, filling his days with harmony. He would often play records from his favourite artistes - Jimmy Cliff, James Brown, Jim Reeves, Rod Stewart, Dolly Parton, Kenny Rogers, Whitney Houston and Professor Kofi Abraham.



## Retirement

George retired from active service in September, 2008. Even after retirement, his passion for civil Engineering remained strong. His expertise was sought after by many companies, and he continued to take on engineering assignments that challenged and inspired him. For George, retirement was not an end but a new beginning—another opportunity to contribute to the profession he loved so much.

## Final Journey

In January 2024, George's health took a turn, and he was admitted at the Trust Hospital, where he received treatment. Although his condition initially improved, complications arose after a few months, leading to another hospitalization. George spent two months in the hospital and was discharged in July 2024. Despite his hopeful recovery, his health quickly deteriorated again. George was readmitted to the Trust hospital, where he was referred to the Bank Hospital. It was there, on July 24, 2024, surrounded by love and peace, that George Bediako-Appiah passed away.

He leaves behind his beloved wife Vida, his children Maame, Wofa, and Owusuaa, and a legacy of strength, intellect, and kindness that will live on in the hearts of all who knew him.



# Tribute BY WIDOW

## VIDA ABOAGYEWAA ADU

Guide Me Oh Thou Great Jehovah  
Pilgrim Through This Barren Land  
I Am Weak But Thou Art Mighty  
Hold Me With Thy Powerful Hand

-By William Williams Pantycelyn

I never imagined that I would be standing here, reading a tribute to my beloved husband at this time. Preparing my heart and mind for this has been extremely difficult.

I met my cherished George in 1982, just after he returned from one of his many travels. We were blessed to share 42 years of marriage, during which we were gifted with three wonderful children: Maame Kwartemaa, Wofa Yaw and Akua Owusuaa, whom we were both very proud of.

Our life together was a tapestry of lively debates, passionate discussions, and shared laughter. We navigated the highs and lows with love and grace, and our marriage, though tested by many challenges, was preserved by our faith. As a God-fearing man, you contributed to making our home a place of love and peace.

Now, as I look to the hills, I ask, "Where does my help come from?" I find solace in knowing that my help comes from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth.

George, Agya Bediako as I affectionately called him, was a man of deep care and love. He took great pride in providing for our family and ensuring our comfort. He embodied a strong sense of discipline and intolerance to hypocrisy. He was never shy about standing up against rudeness, whether it was directed at him, his family or those around us. He taught our children many relevant values including being disciplined, hardworking and independent.

On July 19th, when you left for the hospital, I expected you to return home well. But the Lord had other plans, and He called you home.

Agya Bediako, my dearest George, my personal encyclopedia, my partner in all things. How could you leave me and the children so suddenly, without a word? Even though you were ill when you left for the hospital, there was no cogent sign that you weren't going to come back home. Who will I share my meals with? Who will I have our little arguments and political debates with? Who will tell me jokes and stories over breakfast? Your absence is a profound loss, and you will be deeply missed. I remember vividly the number of times we prayed to God for your healing. You and I were so hopeful that your health would improve in no time.

My heart aches, and my tears flow freely as I struggle to find the words to honor your memory. The world feels different, and life will never be the same without you. I pray for strength to endure this pain, and I trust that the Creator of the universe will give me the fortitude I need to soldier on, not just for myself but for our children.

You fought valiantly until your last breath. May God Almighty drench your soul in His mercy and enfold you in His loving embrace until we are reunited.

Rest peacefully, my love.  
Damirifa due.  
Due ne amanehunu.  
Till we meet again





# Tribute BY CHILDREN

To everything there is a season,  
A time to every purpose under heaven  
A time to be born, and a time to die  
A time to plant and time to  
pluck what is planted  
A time to weep, and a time to laugh  
A time to mourn and a time to dance  
Ecclesiastes 3:1-2,4

Today, we come together to honor a man whose presence was the very essence of our strength, wisdom, and unconditional love. Our father was more than just a parent; he was our rock and guiding star. From the earliest days of our lives, he was there, not just teaching us but shaping us with his unwavering support and care.

Dad, you were a noble man and a mentor in every sense. You gave us not only the best education but also the values we needed to face this world. Your belief in hard work and leading by example shaped who we are today. There were times when we thought you were too strict and stern, but now we understand it was your way of preparing us for a future you wanted so badly for us. You fought through all the challenges life threw at you and sacrificed so much of your own comfort to give us opportunities you never had, always reminding us of how fortunate we were.

You took immense pride in our achievements, sharing our successes with friends with such joy. We affectionately

called you 'Encyclopedia' because of your vast knowledge on almost every topic, be it football, music, history, world news or Engineering. Your stories, your detailed explanations, and your ability to recall the smallest details were gifts we cherished deeply. Even in your later years, people marveled at your intelligence. Your pet names for us brought endless laughter into our home, and your love for music was a thread that connected us. Your knowledge of every musician and songs from the 70s and 80s with just a few notes was nothing short of magical. In your last days, when you could barely speak, you still found the strength to mention our names, pose for selfies, hold hands with us and respond 'amen' whenever we prayed. These are memories we hold so dearly and will cherish forever.

As we reflect on the man you were, our hearts are heavy with gratitude and sorrow. Your legacy of resilience, hard work, bravery, honesty, and discipline is a part of us. These values have shaped us up and for that, we are forever grateful.

On July 19, 2024, you went to what



was supposed to be a routine appointment, and now here we are, reading this tribute. You fought through every challenge until your last breath, and we are so thankful that we could be there for you. Though our hearts ache with your loss, we find solace in knowing that you are now in a better place, watching over us with your loving smile.

We take this opportunity to thank the church and all friends and family who supported us in various ways when our dear father fell ill. We also thank the Lord Almighty for blessing us with an amazing father. This world is indeed not our home!

*From The Depths Of Our Hearts.....*

Maame Kwartemaa says,

“Daddy, if you can hear me, you know my love for you is beyond words. I will miss your laughter, our deep conversations about your days in Europe, and the times we shared listening to your favorite old-school music. Rest well, my hero and angel, until we meet again.”

Your only son Wofa Yaw says,

“As I reflect on your life, I am filled with both gratitude and sadness. You were a man of action, always

using your hands to create and fix, and you instilled in me the value of practical skills and hard work. Your unwavering concern for my wellbeing and future showed just how deeply you cared.

I will miss your jokes, your unique perspective, and your sense of humor that brought so much light into our lives. Your guidance and love have left an indelible mark on me, and though you are no longer here, your spirit will continue to inspire and guide me. Thank you for everything, Dad. Rest peacefully.

Akua Owusuaa says,

“Daddy, your statement that echoes through my mind and has been part of my life till date is ‘hard work does not break bones’. You were a disciplinarian who taught us to be self-reliant and independent. I’ll always remember your chastisement whenever I’m in the kitchen preparing soup ...”  
“Akua, ne momone nkwan yi, bue mpoma no nyinaa, ka wo ho’ (Akua and her momone soup, open all the windows immediately)”

May Your Gentle Soul Rest In The Bossom Of Our Lord Jesus Christ.





*Tribute* BY  
GRANDCHILDREN

**A** mighty tree has fallen. Upon hearing about grandpa's death, suddenly everything around us stopped. You have indeed left an indelible mark in our minds and hearts, but the Lord knows best. We know the Lord will keep you safe.

Grandpa (Mr. Bediako), we would have wished you to live longer and watch us grow and play a role in our upbringing. But who are we to question the ways of the Lord? Why have you left us so soon?

"NANA" as most of us would call him, gave us loving care, educated us and always made sure that there was peace and happiness and even extended it to others.

Though you were old, you'd chat with us as though we were age mates. And we will miss you dearly.

You were indeed a grandfather, doctor, teacher, advisor and friend to us all.

Even though we are sad you are gone, we give thanks to the Lord Almighty for your life. God knows best. All we say is farewell and may the Lord keep you till we meet again in his resurrection.

MAY YOUR SOUL REST IN PERFECT PEACE, NANA.

*Tribute* BY



**Hark the sound of holy voices chanting at the crystal sea. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! To the multitude which none can number, like the stars in glory standing, clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hands. (MHB 830)**

**T**he late George Bediako Appiah began his dedicated service with the then Ghana Water and Sewerage Corporation (GWSC), now Ghana Water Ltd, in the then Accra Tema Metropolitan Area (ATMA) jurisdiction in July 1980 as a Technician Engineer (Civil). Tasked with Monitoring and Supervision of the Water Treatment and Quality Control Section, George's exceptional performance quickly stood out. After eight years, he was promoted to Senior Technician Engineer in charge of Technical Operations.

Through hard work and remarkable skills, George rose to the position of Principal Technician Engineer, responsible for overseeing all water mains and project relocations within the Accra-Tema Metropolitan Area (ATMA). His impressive performance earned him sponsorship to Germany in 1990 for Advanced Training in Technical Operations in Water Supply. Upon his return in 1991, he was promoted to Principal Engineer and became the Head of the Planning and Development Division at the Accra East Region. After 28 years of dedicated service, George retired as Chief Technician Engineer in September 2008.

George was known for his friendly demeanour and passionate discussions about his work. Even in retirement, he continued to offer free advice to staff of GWL, particularly Engineers whenever there was an opportunity. Indeed, we have lost a gem.

We take solace in the scriptures, believing that George laboured gracefully for the Lord.

May the Lord keep him safe in His arms until we meet again.

George, da yie.  
Onyame mfa wo kra nsie yie.



*Tribute* BY  
THE BEULAH METHODIST  
CHURCH, WEST LEGON

Go, labour on; spend, and be spent:  
Thy joy to do the Father's will; it is the  
way the Master went; should not the  
servant tread it still? MHB 589(1)

**I**t is with great sadness that we mourn the demise of our Father and Brother George Appiah Bediako. Opanin Appiah Bediako joined the Beulah Methodist Church in 2014 and was a member of the James Bible Class.

Wofa Appiah, as his class members affectionately called him, was a very committed and diligent member of the church. His contribution to Bible Class meetings was excellent. He always made the lessons more practical by sharing his life experiences and looking at it from the Ghanaian and African perspective. He would always add, "we are Ghanaians and Africans". Even though his class was a youthful class, he respected the views of all and would not miss class meetings. Wofa Appiah was a calm person and had a cheerful personality. He accorded everyone with a lot of respect in all his dealings with them.

When the church was informed that he had been involved in a fatal accident, the church visited him at both the hospital and his residence. The church constantly visited and prayed for his recovery and supported him financially. Osofo and the provident stewards visited every 1st Sunday to give him communion. When he was admitted again at the SSNIT hospital, the Men's Fellowship visited him to share fellowship with him. The Women's Fellowship also visited him the following week at his residence

when he was discharged. The church was preparing to visit him on 24th July 2024 at the Bank hospital when he was admitted again but received a call that very morning that Wofa Appiah had gone to be with the Lord.

We will not forget the impact he had on all of us, especially his class members and those around him. He will greatly be missed by all.

As a church, we take consolation from Apostle Paul in Philippians 1:21 "For to me, to live is Christ and to die is gain" and we know and are confident that we will meet again. In remembering the life of our Father and Brother, George Bediako-Appiah, this prayer by W Harry Krieger comes to mind;

*"Teach me, O Lord, not to hold on to life too tightly. Teach me to hold it lightly; not carelessly, but lightly, easily. Teach me to take it as a gift, to enjoy and cherish while I have it, and to let it go gracefully and thankfully when the time comes. The gift is great, but the Giver is greater still. Thou, O God, art the Giver and in thee is the Life that never dies. Amen".*

Bro George Bediako-Appiah, may your soul rest in perfect peace.

Opanin George Bediako-Appiah,  
Damirifa due.  
Wofa Appiah, Da Yie.

*Dedicated* TO

MR. GEORGE BEDIAKO-APPIAH

By Kwamena Angelo

Till we meet again Dad...

There are a million more questions that  
we should be asking

Are we deaf...or are you not amongst us  
anymore?

Is your voice muffled on the other side  
of the heavenly door?

Or is this a dream or a nightmare or a  
scene in passing?

Who are we to judge God's will

And who are we still, to judge Him with  
human sense?

Where will your advice and persistence  
on us instill?

...now that you are on the other side of  
the perpetual fence...

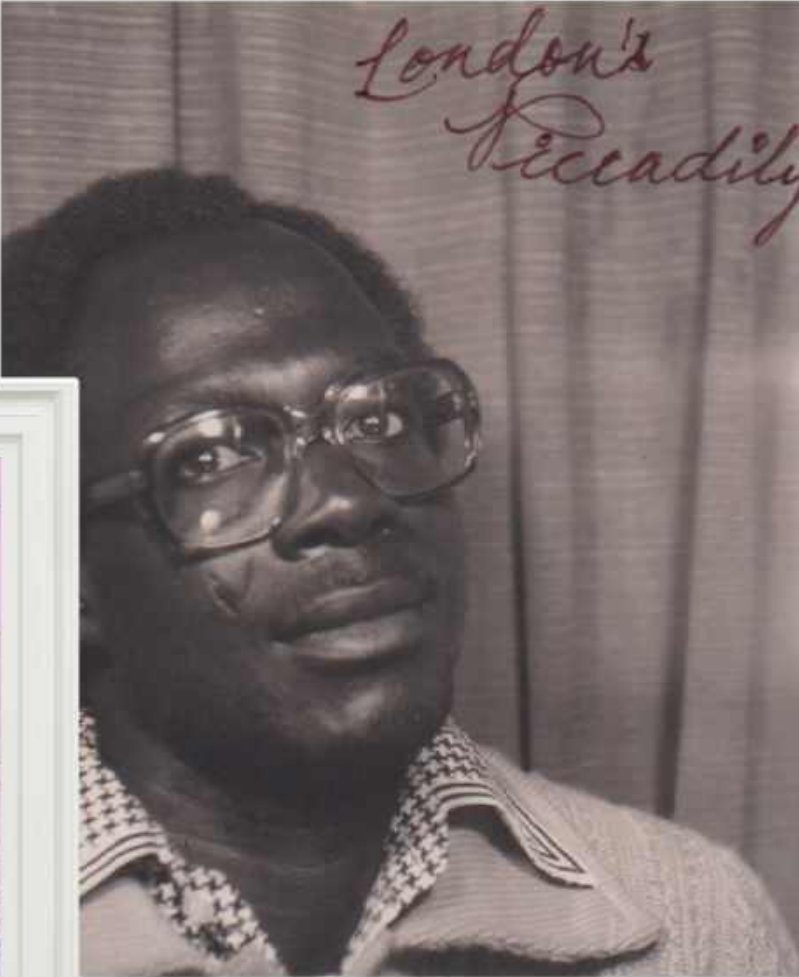
We miss the voice that announced your  
fatherly shadow

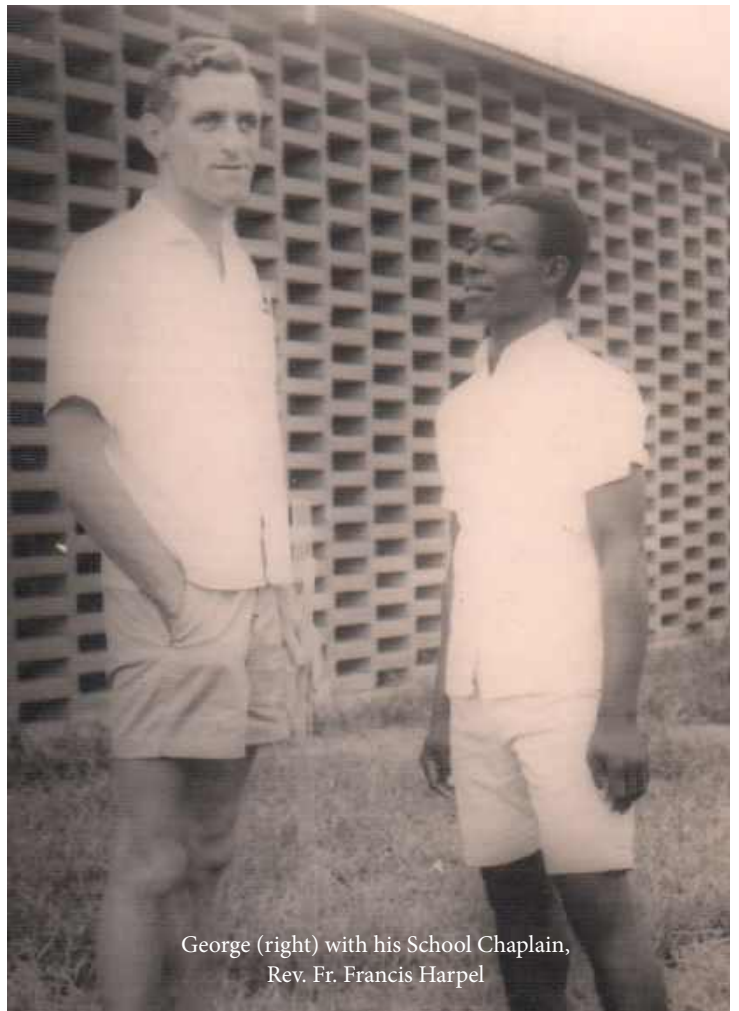
And we rue the days we couldn't spend  
time together

You've left a void and made our hearts  
hollow

Rest thee well our friend and doting  
father

*A Photo Is  
Worth A  
Thousand Words*





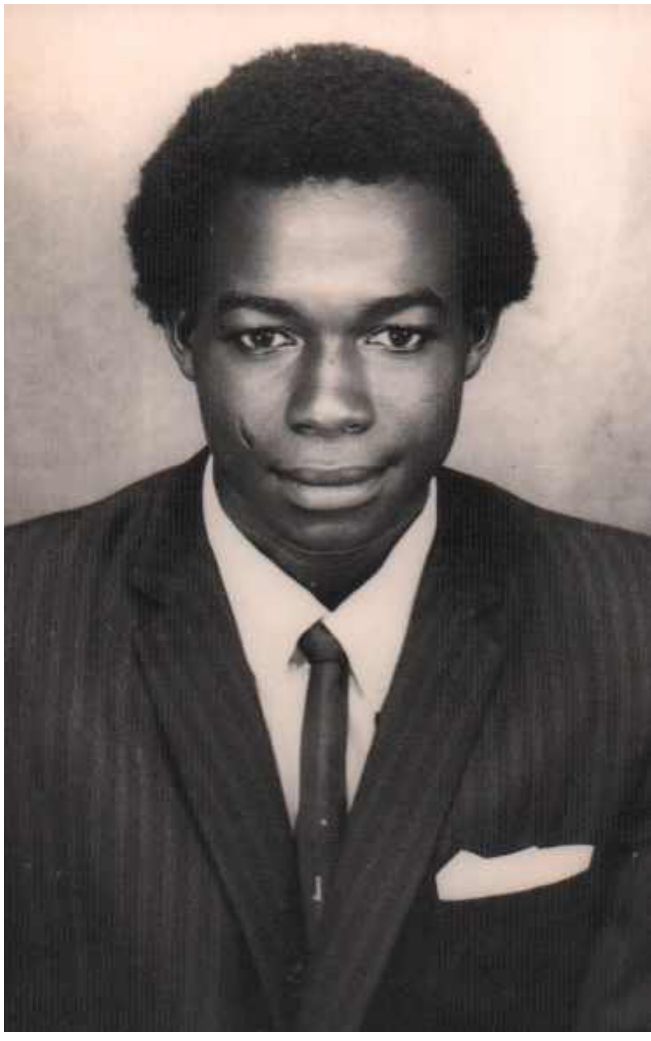
George (right) with his School Chaplain,  
Rev. Fr. Francis Harpel



George (right) in his Cadet uniform



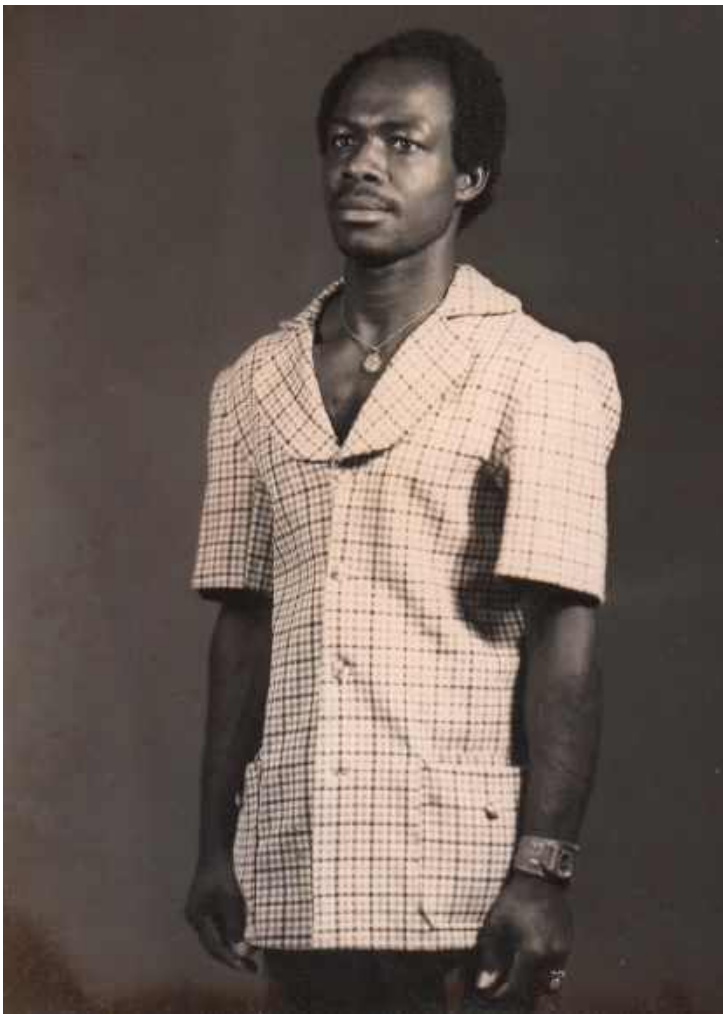




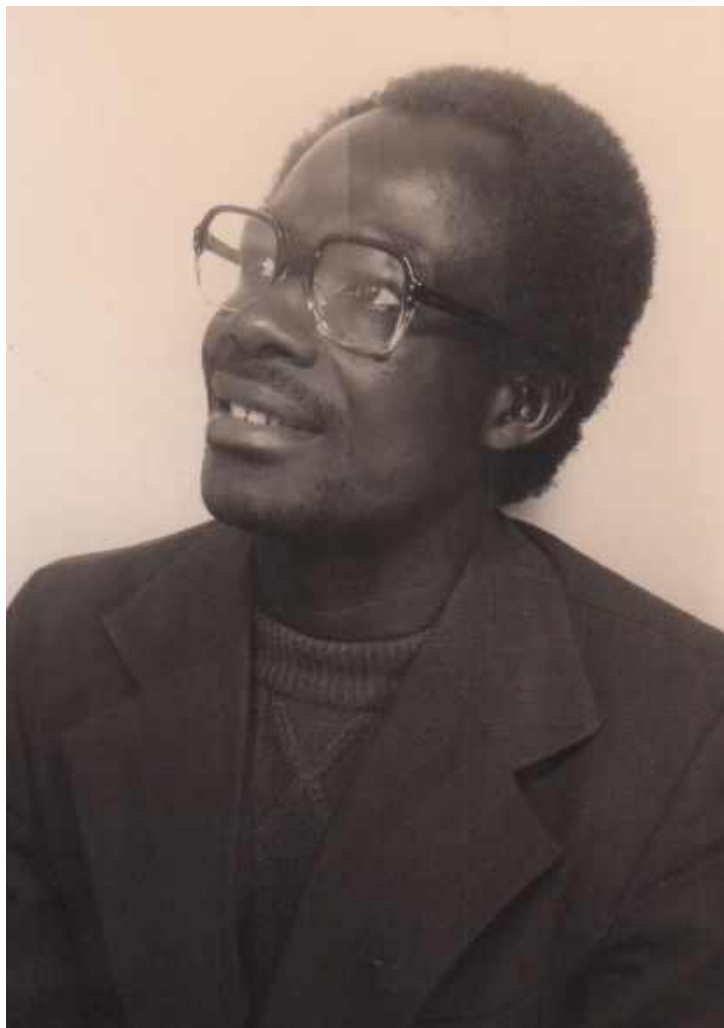
George (left) with his friends at St. Paul's Technical School, Kukurantumi

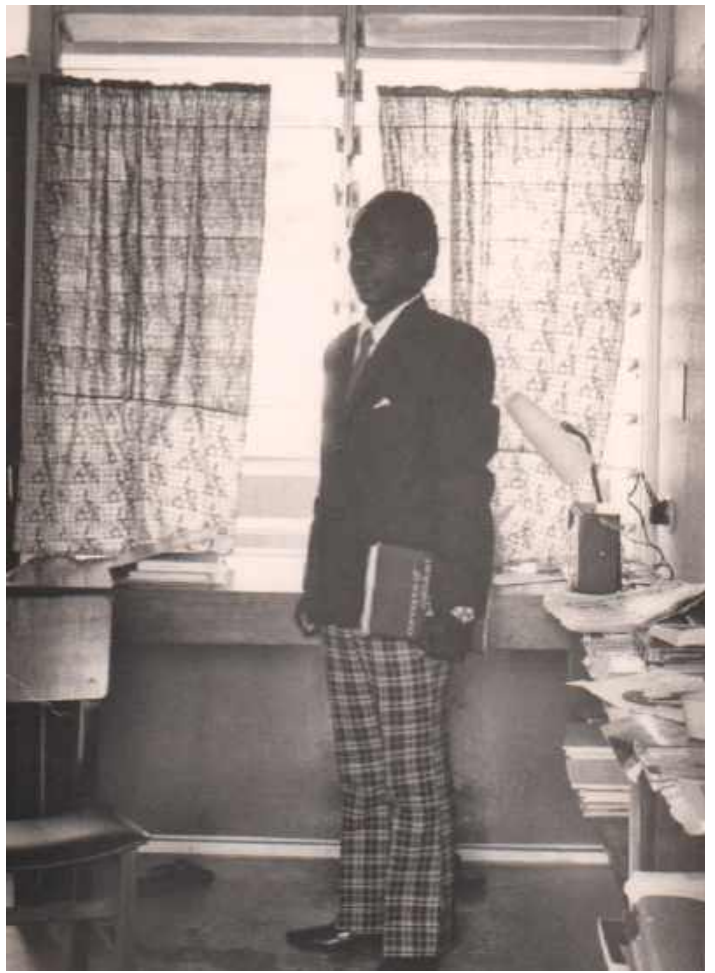


George working on his Uncle's farm in Apinkra



George (middle) with his friends during their graduation at Takoradi poly





George in Moscow



MR. GEORGE BEDIAKO-APPIAH



George (middle) with his friends in Moscow, Russia





George (left) with friends in Germany



George with his friend on the streets of Moscow



George receiving an award in Hamburg





George with his friend in Moscow



Study trip to Germany



George with the late Mrs. Grace Williams-Baffoe at Gloria-Deo Nursery School



George with his close friends at GWCL event



GWCL event



George and his daughter, Maame with a friend at a wedding

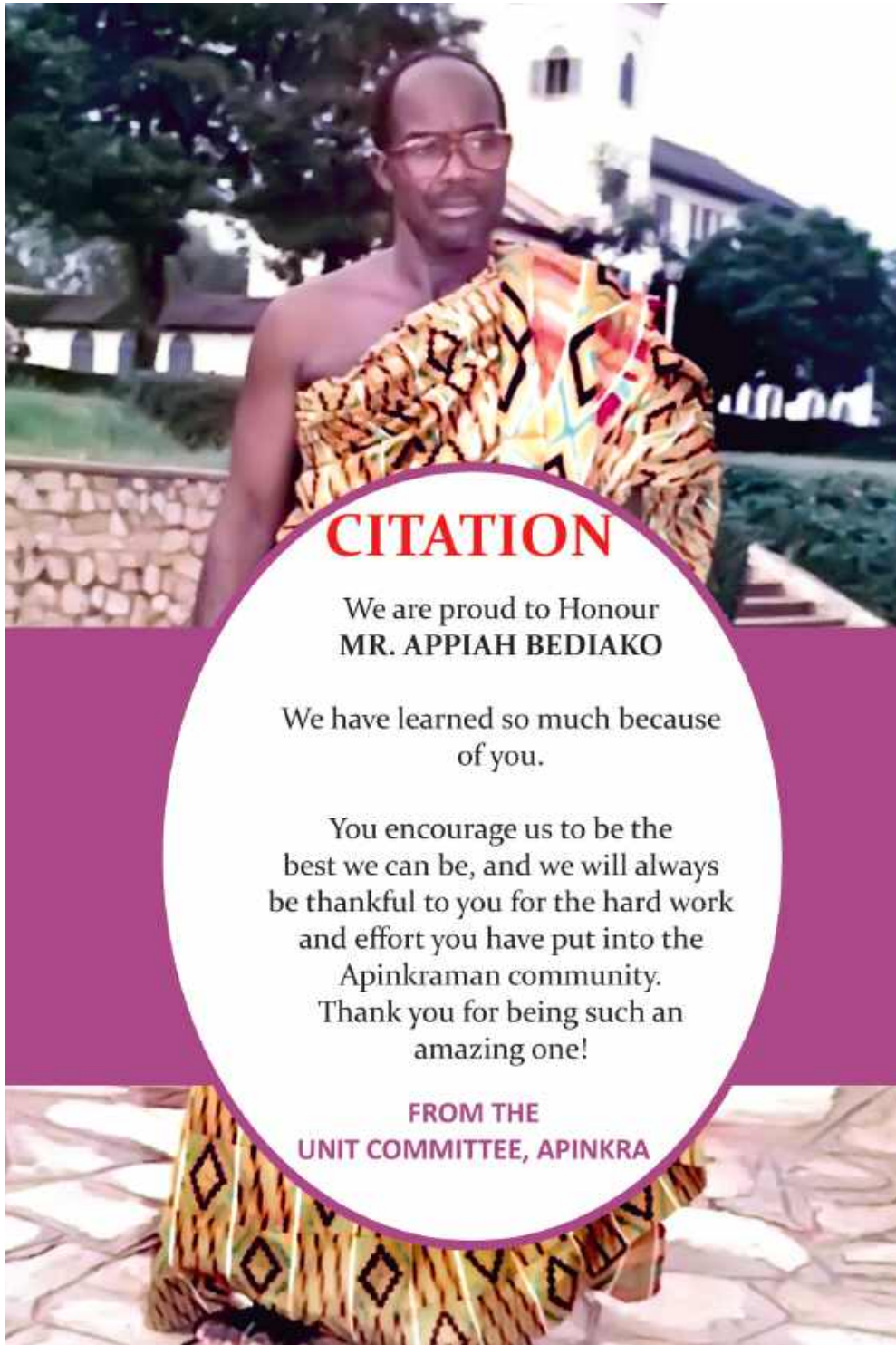


George's wife, Vida with their children  
Maame Kwartema and Wofa Yaw





George with his son Wofa Yaw



## **CITATION**

We are proud to Honour  
**MR. APPIAH BEDIAKO**

We have learned so much because  
of you.

You encourage us to be the  
best we can be, and we will always  
be thankful to you for the hard work  
and effort you have put into the  
Apinkraman community.  
Thank you for being such an  
amazing one!

**FROM THE  
UNIT COMMITTEE, APINKRA**



# *Hymns*



#### MHB 428

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath,  
and when my voice is lost in death,  
praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs;  
my days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
while life, and thought, and being last,  
or immortality endures.

2. Why should I make a man my trust?  
Princes must die and turn to dust;  
vain is the help of flesh and blood:  
their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,  
and thoughts all vanish in an hour,  
nor can they make their promise good.

3. Happy the man whose hopes rely  
on Israel's God; He made the sky,  
and earth and seas, with all their train;  
His truth for ever stands secure;  
He saves th'oppressed, He feeds the poor,  
and none shall find His promise vain.

4. The LORD hath eyes to give the blind;  
the LORD supports the sinking mind;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
the widow and the fatherless,  
and grants the pris'ner glad release.

5. He loves His saints, He knows them well,  
but turns the wicked down to hell;  
thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;  
let every tongue, let every age,  
in this exalted work engage;  
praise Him in everlasting strains.

6. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;  
and when my voice is lost in death,  
praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs;  
my days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
while life and thought and being last,  
or immortality endures.

#### MHB 478

1. O Thou, our Savior, brother, friend,  
Behold a cloud of incense rise;  
The prayers of saints to Heaven ascend,  
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2. Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;  
Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad;  
Thy gifts abundantly increase;  
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3. Before Thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,  
And guide into Thy perfect will;  
Cause us Thy hallowed name to know,  
The work of faith in us fulfill.

4. Help us to make our calling sure;  
O let us all be saints indeed,  
And pure, as Thou Thyself art pure,  
Conformed in all things to our head.

5. Take the dear purchase of Thy blood:  
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow;  
Present us sanctified to God,  
And perfected in love below.

#### MHB 50

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll 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 dark  
vale  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

4. My table Thou hast furnishèd  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil annoint,  
And my cup overflows.

5. Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me,  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.



**MHB 427**

1. Through all the changing scenes of life,  
in trouble and in joy,  
the praises of my God shall still  
my heart and tongue employ.  
Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
till all that are distressed,  
from my example comfort take  
and lay their griefs to rest.

2. O magnify the LORD with me,  
exalt his holy name;  
when in distress to him I called,  
he to my rescue came.  
The hosts of God encamp around  
the dwellings of the just;  
deliv'rance he affords to all  
who in his promise trust.

3. O taste and see that he is good;  
experience will decide  
how blest are they, and only they  
who in the LORD confide.  
Fear him, you saints, and you will then  
have nothing else to fear;  
make serving him your sole delight,  
your wants shall be his care.

**MHB 615**

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 99**

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
in a believer's ear!  
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,  
and drives away our fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole  
and calms the troubled breast;  
'tis manna to the hungry soul,  
and to the weary, rest.

3 O Jesus, shepherd, guardian, friend,  
my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
accept the praise I bring.

4 How weak the effort of my heart,  
how cold my warmest thought;  
but when I see you as you are,  
I'll praise you as I ought.

5 Till then I would your love proclaim  
with every fleeting breath;  
and may the music of your name  
refresh my soul in death.

**MHB 503**

1. God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea



and rides upon the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines  
of never-failing skill;  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
and works His sov'reign will.

3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
the clouds ye so much dread  
are big with mercy and shall break  
in blessings on your head.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
but trust Him for His grace;  
behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

5. His purposes will ripen fast,  
unfolding every hour;  
the bud may have a bitter taste,  
but sweet will be the flow'r.

6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
and scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
and He will make it plain.

#### **MHB 515**

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
however dark it be;  
lead me by thine own hand,  
choose out the path for me.

2. Smooth let it be or rough,  
it will be still the best;  
winding or straight, it leads  
right onward to thy rest.

3. I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not if I might:  
choose thou for me, my God,  
so shall I walk aright.

4. The Kingdom that I seek  
is thine; so let the way  
that leads to it be thine,  
else I must surely stray.

5. Take thou my cup, and it  
with joy or sorrow fill,  
as best to thee may seem;  
choose thou my good and ill.

6. Choose thou for me my friends,  
my sickness or my health;  
choose thou my cares for me,  
my poverty or wealth.

7. Not mine, not mine, the choice  
in things or great or small;  
be thou my guide, my strength,  
my wisdom, and my all.

#### **MHB 602**

1. Father, I know that all my life  
is portioned out for me;  
the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see:  
I ask thee for a present mind,  
intent on pleasing thee.

2. I would not have the restless will  
that hurries to and fro,  
seeking for some great thing to do  
or secret thing to know;  
I would be treated as a child,  
and guided where to go.

3. I ask thee for the daily strength,  
to none that ask denied,  
a mind to blend with outward life,  
while keeping at thy side,  
content to fill a little space,  
if thou be glorified.



4. In service which thy will appoints  
there are no bonds for me;  
my secret heart is taught the truth  
that makes thy children free;  
a life of self-renouncing love  
is one of liberty.

**MHB 634**

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,  
when the clouds unfold their wings of strife?  
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,  
will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

Refrain:

We have an anchor that keeps the soul  
steadfast and sure while the billows roll;  
fastened to the Rock which cannot move,  
grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!

2. Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear,  
when the breakers roar and the reef is near?  
While the surges rage, and the wild winds blow,  
shall the angry waves then your bark o'erflow?  
[Refrain]

3. Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,  
when the waters cold chill your latest breath?  
On the rising tide you can never fail,  
while your anchor holds within the veil. [Refrain]

4. Will your eyes behold through the morning light  
the city of gold and the harbour bright?  
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,  
when life's storms are past for evermore? [Refrain]

**MHB 671**

1. Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,  
O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise  
An endless Alleluia.

2. Ye next, who stand before th' Eternal light,

In hymning choirs re-echo to the Height  
An endless Alleluia.

3. The Holy City shall take up your strain,  
And with glad songs resounding wake again  
An endless Alleluia.

4. In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice  
To render to the Lord with thankful voice  
An endless Alleluia.

5. Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,  
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,  
An endless Alleluia.

6. There, in one grand acclaim for ever ring  
The strains which tell the honour of your King,

An endless Alleluia.

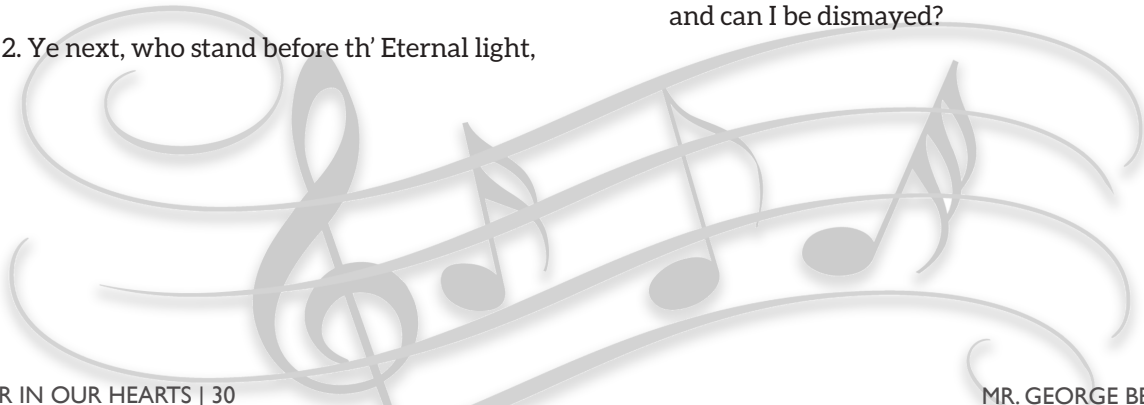
7. This is the rest for weary ones brought back;  
This is glad food and drink which none shall lack,-  
An endless Alleluia.

8. While Thee, by whom were all things made, we  
praise  
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays  
An endless Alleluia.

9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing  
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring  
An endless Alleluia.

**MHB 528**

1. In heavenly love abiding,  
no change my heart shall fear;  
and safe is such confiding,  
for nothing changes here:  
the storm may roar without me,  
my heart may low be laid;  
but God is round about me,  
and can I be dismayed?





2. Wherever he may guide me,  
no want shall turn me back;  
my Shepherd is beside me,  
and nothing can I lack:  
his wisdom ever waketh,  
his sight is never dim,  
he knows the way he taketh,  
and I will walk with him.

3. Green pastures are before me,  
which yet I have not seen;  
bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
where darkest clouds have been;  
my hope I cannot measure,  
my path to life is free;  
my Saviour has my treasure,  
and he will walk with me.

#### **MHB 649**

1. There is a land of pure delight,  
where saints immortal reign;  
infinite day excludes the night,  
and pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting spring abides,  
and never-withering flowers;  
death, like a narrow sea, divides  
that heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
stand dressed in living green;  
so to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
while Jordan rolled between.

4. But timorous mortals start and shrink  
to cross the narrow sea,  
and linger shivering on the brink,  
and fear to launch away.

5. O could we make our doubts remove,  
those gloomy doubts that rise,

and see the Canaan that we love  
with unbeckoned eyes;

6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
and view the landscape o'er,  
not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
should fright us from the shore!

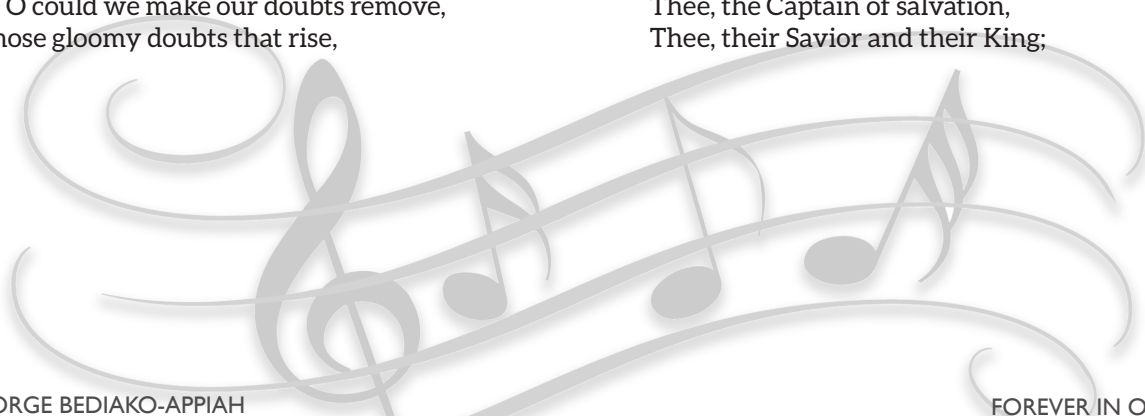
#### **MHB 830**

1. Hark! the sound of holy voices,  
chanting at the crystal sea,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Lord, to Thee;  
Multitude, which none can number,  
like the stars in glory stand  
Clothed in white apparel, holding  
palms of victory in their hand.

2. Patriarch, and holy prophet,  
who prepared the way of Christ  
King, apostle, saint, confessor,  
martyr and evangelist;  
Saintly maiden, godly matron,  
widows who have watched to prayer  
Joined in holy concert, singing  
to the Lord of all, are there.

3. They have come from tribulation,  
and have washed their robes in blood,  
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;  
tried they were, and firm they stood;  
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,  
sawn asunder, slain with sword;  
They have conquered death and Satan  
by the might of Christ the Lord.

4. Marching with Thy cross their banner,  
they have triumphed, following  
Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
Thee, their Savior and their King;







Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;  
gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;  
And by death to life immortal  
they were born and glorified.

5. Now they reign in heav'nly glory,  
now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river,  
holy bliss and infinite:  
Love and peace they taste forever,  
and all truth and knowledge see  
In the beatific vision  
of the blessed Trinity.

6. God of God, the One begotten,  
Light of light, Emmanuel,  
In Whose body joined together  
all the saints forever dwell;  
Pour upon us of Thy fullness  
that we may forevermore  
God the Father, God the Son, and  
God the Holy Ghost adore.

#### **MHB 876**

1. O God, our Help in ages past,  
our Hope for years to come,  
our Shelter from the stormy blast,  
and our eternal Home.

2. Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
and our defense is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood,  
or earth received its frame,  
from everlasting Thou art God,  
to endless years the same.

4. A thousand ages in Thy  
sight are like an evening gone,  
short as the watch that ends the night  
before the rising sun.

5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream  
bears all its sons away;  
they fly forgotten, as a dream  
dies at the op'ning day.

6. O God, our Help in ages past,  
our Hope for years to come,  
be Thou our Guard while life shall last,  
and our eternal Home!

#### **MHB 511**

1. Begone, unbelief,  
My Saviour is near,  
And for my relief  
Will surely appear;  
By prayer let me wrestle,  
And he will perform;  
With Christ in the vessel,  
I smile at the storm.

2. Though dark be my way,  
Since he is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey,  
'Tis his to provide;  
Though cisterns be broken  
And creatures all fail,  
The word he has spoken  
Will surely prevail.

3. His love in time past  
Forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last  
In trouble to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer  
I have in review  
Confirms his good pleasure  
To help me quite through.

4. Since all that I meet  
Shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet,  
The medicine food;  
Though painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long.



And then O how pleasant  
The conqueror's song!

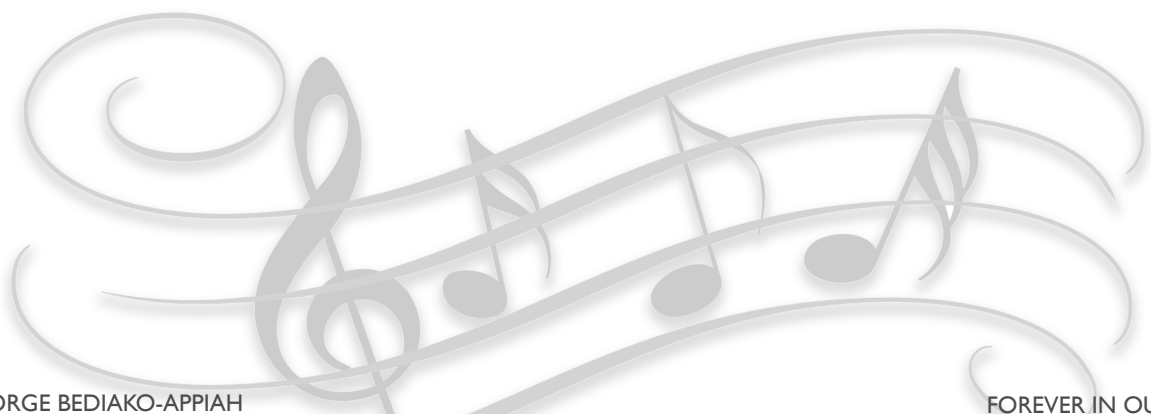
**MHB 411**

1. Head of Thy Church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore Thee;  
Till Thou appear, Thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory:  
We lift our hearts and voices  
With blest anticipation,  
And cry aloud, and give to God  
The praise of our salvation.

2. While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing through the fire,  
Thy love we praise Which knows our days,  
And ever brings us nigher:  
We lift our hands exulting  
In Thine almighty favor;  
The love Divine Which made us Thine,  
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3. Thou dost conduct Thy people  
Through torrents of temptation;  
Nor will we fear, While Thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation:  
The world, with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes;  
Through Thee we shall Break through them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.

4. By faith we see the glory  
To which Thou shalt restore us,  
The cross despise For that high prize  
Which Thou hast set before us;  
And if Thou count us worthy,  
We each, as dying Stephen,  
Shall see Thee stand At God's right hand  
To take us up to heaven.





## CONSOLATION

THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL JOURNEY AWAITING US ALL,  
AN ADVENTURE THAT IS BRAVE AND FREE, ON A SHIP  
THAT SAILS SWIFTLY AND SURELY ALONG TO A  
HARBOUR OUR EYES CANNOT SEE.

THERE, OUR LOVED ONES ENJOY ONLY PEACE AND CONTENT.

THERE, SOFT WINDS BRING THE BALMIEST WEATHER,  
AND THOSE WHO HAVE SAILED ON WAIT FOR THOSE LEFT BEHIND,  
KNOWING SOMEDAY WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN.

GEORGE BEDIAKO-APPIAH,  
REST IN PERFECT PEACE TILL WE MEET ON  
THE BEAUTIFUL SHORES SOMEDAY.

REST IN PERFECT PEACE.

**WITH GREAT APPRECIATION**

**Your kind expression of sympathy, your prayers and  
your generous donations are all deeply appreciated  
and gratefully acknowledged by the family of  
George Bediako-Appiah**

*Thank  
You*