


In Loving
Memory



MR. PETER
BENJAMIN YANNEY

— (BELLA) (1948-2023) —



"What we once enjoyed
and deeply loved we can never lose,
for all that we love deeply becomes part of us".

(Helen Keller)

ORDER OF SERVICE
FOR THE LATE PETER BENJAMIN YANNEY
ON THURSDAY, 14TH DECEMBER, 2023.

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

1. The Rt. Rev. Prof. Joseph M.Y. Edusa-Eyison
(Bishop, Northern Accra Diocese)
2. The Very Rev. Andrew Mbeah-Baiden
(Synod Secretary - Northern Accra Diocese)
3. The Rt. Rev. Dr. John K. Buabeng-Odoom
(Superintendent Minister, New Achimota Circuit)
4. The Very Rev. Isaac J. Aidoo
(Superintendent Minister, Mankessim Circuit)
5. The Very Rev. Piesie Shadrack Asiedu-Larbi
(Resident Minister, St. Peter Society)
6. Prophet Dr. Akwasi Agyemang Prempeh
(General Overseer, Ultimate Charismatic Centre, East Legon)
7. Rev. Dr. John B Ghartey
(Executive Pastor, Ultimate Charismatic Centre, East Legon)
8. Rev. Nana Dwomoh Sarpong
(Ultimate Charismatic Centre, East Legon)

IN ATTENDANCE

1. Sis. Adelaide Forson (Society Steward, St. Peter)
2. Sis. Dinah Forson (Society Steward, St. Peter)
3. Organist
4. Mr. Albert Sowah Prince Agbodjan
(Welfare Chairman, Ultimate Charismatic Centre)
5. Rev. Kingsley Avevor (Ultimate Charismatic Centre)
6. Rev. Emmanuel Tagoe (Ultimate Charismatic Centre)

PART 1: PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. Opening Hymn - **MHB 50**
2. Prayer
3. Scripture reading: **Roman 8:35-39**
4. Hymn - **MHB 511**
5. Tributes
6. Filing Past (MHB 99, 238, 402, 498, 503, 528, 235)
7. Closing of the Casket

PART 2: BURIAL SERVICE

1. Scriptural Sentences
2. Purpose of Gathering
3. Hymn - MHB 679
4. Prayer
5. Hymn - MHB 647
6. Biography
7. Tributes
8. Song Ministration - Jonathan Ghartey
9. Hymn - MHB 427
10. Scriptural Readings:
O.T. - Psalm 90:1-12
N.T. - John 14:1-6, 27
12. Hymn - MHB 602
13. Sermon
14. Affirmation of Faith
15. Prayer for Family - Rev Dr. John B Ghartey
16. Offering/Christian Charity

PART 3: THANKSGIVING AND COMMENDATION

1. Hymn - MHB 671
2. Prayer of Thanksgiving
3. Commendation
4. The Lord's Prayer
5. Notices, Introductions and Presentation
6. Hymn - MHB 831
7. Closing Prayer
8. Benediction
9. Recessional Hymn - MHB 651

PART 4: AT THE GRAVESIDE

1. Scriptural Sentences
2. Hymn - MHB 615
3. Prayer
4. The Committal
5. Hymn - MHB 428
6. Prayer
7. Vote of Thanks
8. Hymn - MHB 976
9. Benediction

BIOGRAPHY

OF THE LATE PETER BENJAMIN YANNEY
(BELLA)



We know life is not forever, that death is a natural part of life, our common fate, one and all. To die is as important as to be born, that the one is merely the completion of the other and that death is not merely the end of life but rather a crucial part of life. How can the dead truly be dead when they still live in the hearts of the loved ones they left behind?

Peter Benjamin Yanney popularly known as Bella or Uncle Kweku was born on the 26th of November in 1948 at Mankessim in the Central Region. His father was Opanyin Paul Obinim Yanney and Madam Mary Esi Gyanwah Anderson of Mankessim.

He was the fifth of six children of the marriage between his pre-deceased parents of Mankessim.

Uncle Kweku was a very smart and intelligent young man at that time and commenced his primary education at the Local Council primary school in Mankessim. In 1961, he sat and passed the Middle School Leaving Certificate Examination and gained admission to Tema Secondary School (Temasco) in the year

1962, where he also developed on his passion for music and football. Uncle Kweku was a fantastic sportsman and a very reliable defender of the school's football team. After his O'level, because of his academic intellect, he furthered his education at the University of Cape Coast, where his nickname 'Bella' became very popular. It was here that Bella maximized his passion for music. He joined the Hooligans Pop Group with members such as Ambassador Kwesi Ahwoi and Kofi Oppon. While in the University, Bella also joined the Famous Flames Band of St. Augustine's College which was a very vibrant and successful music band at that time. This band was in very high demand during the time and they made a huge impact in Ghana's music industry. This group included members like Patrick Kodwiw, Henry Mensah-Brown, Augustine Owusu, Francis Baffour, Reginald Sawyer and Ben Brako who also shared the lead sing role with Bella.

After his tertiary education in Ghana, Bella moved to Britain where he lived with his uncle, Mr. Joseph Anderson and furthered his education at the Buckinghamshire College of Higher Education to pursue a degree in Export Marketing. He also worked with companies like Heinz while there.

Bella relocated to Ghana and immediately worked with the late Kofi Batsa who was a popular political activist. Being quite unsettled, he decided to take on a career in the 1980's which started him off lecturing in the West African region. He spent close to a decade teaching English and French in countries like Niger and Nigeria.

Bella relocated to Ghana again and immediately started working with the Ghana Export Promotion Council (now Ghana Export Promotion Authority) with the Market Development Division. This was at a time when Ambassador Kwesi Ahwoi had implemented strategies to restructure the export agency. He thrived very well in this department and embarked on trips to Germany and Saudi Arabia as part of a

strategy to boost exports in Ghana.

He set up Essibelle Company Limited which was a partnership between himself and his best friend George Essilfie. This company was setup as an export consultancy at a time where Ghana's export industry was now taking shape.

He went back to his first love, where he lectured in private university colleges such as the Jayee University College among many others until he finally retired.

His passion for teaching was so deep to the extent that even after retirement, he spent time teaching part-time students. He wasn't just passionate about teaching but also went the extra mile to spearhead certain job placements for some of his students.

He was selfless, hospitable and had affection for all those who came into contact with him. He was always full of humour and enjoyed good company.

Bella met Elizabeth whom he married in 1983 and was blessed with three children; Chantal, Peter and Carlotta.

He was christened in his early life in the Methodist Church and was called to glory on 31st October 2023.

Bella left behind a widow, 3 children and 3 grandchildren.

But they that trust in the Lord will be like Mount Zion which can never be removed and abideth forever.

May the Lord be praised!

Bella Da yie; Onyame mfa wo kra nsie.

Amen.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day and not to me only, but unto them that also love His appearing.

(2 Timothy 4:7-8)





TRIBUTES

TRIBUTE BY WIFE



Flowers grow and they wither, the sun rises and it sets, yes indeed, everything under the sun surely comes to an end.....

We met under the most unusual circumstances; call it fate or call it destiny. Bella would make me laugh all day and keep me smiling. It may have been his charisma from being an entertainer, Bella just knew how to make me happy. His smile was contagious and his sense of humour could light up any room.

We were joined together in marriage, yes we did have so many plans. Being smart and intelligent, Bella knew he wanted a great life and wanted same for his family. Together we made memories that will last forever; together we raised a beautiful family. As years went by and we had our kids, Bella was always there. Anyone could easily see how much he cared for and loved his kids. He would spoil them like it was no man's business.

He pampered the kids a lot and that made him their go-to parent all the time. Even when they were wrong, he would find a way to correct them lovingly.

Bella loved education and it was not surprising how much he enjoyed teaching. He would seize every opportunity to teach anyone who came along his way a new English word. The kids had their fair share of this passion. He never spared any opportunity to teach them; he made sure they never struggled with school as they would always come out with the best grades in class.

I will personally miss our scrabble games and family game nights. Bella was full of jokes which has now left us with many funny and pleasant memories.

The Bible makes us understand that in all things we should give God thanks and so even though my heart is saddened, I have joy and peace knowing that he knew his Maker before his sudden departure from this world.

Rest well Bella, Rest peacefully in the bosom of our Lord.

"He will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain anymore, for the former things have passed away." (Rev 21:4 ESV)



TRIBUTE BY
CHILDREN

They say death should be seen as a normal stage of life.... yet it is unusual and very strange. We cannot believe you are gone just like the wind. We know you are here and we feel you around, it is so weird we won't be able to hug you or see you or hear your voice anymore.

From our first steps to our present, you have always shown us how much you cared for us. Growing up as kids, you never missed any of our big moments; from singing to driving to our tennis games. You never failed to show how proud you were of us.

You always lighted our home with laughter; we will always be proud of you. You extended your love to all our friends; we would never forget how proud we felt when you picked us up from school.

Our dad was an educationist, getting top grades was not negotiable. It got embarrassing sometimes to the extent that we would hide our results and certificates. He was our walking dictionary and will always be remembered for all the words he taught us, even those that we made fun of.

We would miss our family game nights with you and waking up to hear you whistle your favorite tunes.

Growing up, Bella was the cool parent. We would always run to you to seek refuge and we knew we had your backing always.

No one can fill your shoes or take your place. You have left us fatherless.

Oh Bella agya y3n ho ntem dodo. We never saw it coming, we can't believe that it's been six whole weeks without hearing your voice. We can't believe that we will no longer have phone calls from you telling us how much you

miss us. Not for one day, did it cross our minds that you would be gone.

Thank you for the memories; thank you for the laughter; for the tears, and for the fights over very trivial things. We look back at those days today and can only laugh them off.

We know you are in a better place. You have made your mark and touched so many lives and we are grateful for all the experiences and lessons. You have given us a new perspective to life. We look back and we see that indeed, all is vanity.

We want you to know that we will always be a united family, and we will keep the love we share as siblings.

We know you are proud of us but we will make you even more proud.

We pray you find happiness in the world beyond.

Till we meet again, we want you to know we love you as we always have and we always will.

You will forever remain alive in our hearts. May each tear and each fond memory be a note of love rising to meet you.

Life and death are just a breath away and as your hearse disappears and your coffin descends, we are hurt but we pray your soul transcends and is free to soar, and finds that peace within, with bounties of blessings.

Rest well Daddy, Rest well.

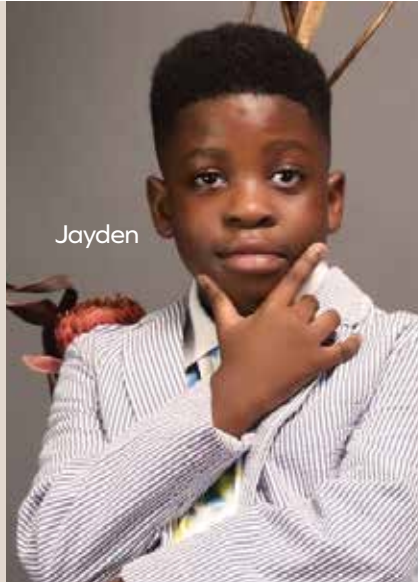


Carlotta

Chantal

Peter

TRIBUTE BY
GRANDCHILDREN



Jayden



Elisa



Ava



Bella as we affectionately called you, was a loving grandpa who would always buy us sweets even against mummy's instructions.

We had so many fun moments with you, from playing football, to riding a bike to all the drawing and writing we did together.

We will miss spending time with you but we know you are in a better place watching over us, as our guardian angel.

Coming to Achimota will never be the same again; we always looked forward to those visits.

Thank you for all the memories and your love towards us.

God be with you till we meet again.

Rest Peacefully in the bosom of the Lord

Jay Jay, Naa and Lisa Bebe

"You will always be in our hearts, because in there you are still alive."

TRIBUTE BY
FAMILY

We are gathered at a time of mourning over the passing of Peter Benjamin Kweku Yanney, son of the late Madam Esi Gyanwah to eternity. He was a celebrated family icon and the inspiration of our people over a lifetime commitment to justice, progress and reconciliation.

The family has strong ties with the enormous roles he played in support of education, social values and individual responsibilities. Our thoughts, feelings and sadness are with him as he has been laid this day to rest and we thank you for sharing him with us.

It is true in our family history that we are united in grief about the passing of a leader of this stature. He nurtured the struggle to lay a good foundation for the family, inspired us, served as the conscience of the family and eventually through his words and his actions transformed our generation in his right.

He did not dim the light of hope that he ignited in our hearts, nor did he extinguish the burning passion in his own spirit to continue fighting for a just and equitable family. Many of us who grew up with his earlier stories and can recount of his kindness thought that he would live a little longer.

His words ring remarkably through this time as we honour his memory and reflect on his contribution. "You have a limited time to stay on earth", he argued. "You must use this time given to you for the purpose of transforming this family into what you desire it to be".

We believe these words are very suitable for us as we stand at our own critical juncture in transforming the family after our hearts' desire. We therefore firmly believe that the most profound way in which the family can honour the legacy of Peter Benjamin Kweku Yanney is to continue to follow his example and proceed with the fundamental transformation of our family.

But in pursuit of his exemplary life, Peter Benjamin Kweku Yanney cares for the poor and the vulnerable. He wanted to expand opportunities and bring people who have been excluded in the past, closer to economic and social activities.

The memory of Peter Benjamin Kweku Yanney will not fade after we have laid him to rest this day. We will remember him every time we have family meetings and get together; he will be embedded in our consciousness through his foot print, charismatic appearance and his usual jokes.

For us as a family, it will require a period of adjustment to know that we will no longer be able to draw from his knowledge and wisdom on a regular basis. We are however, going forward, strengthened by our experience and comforted by our memories.

We thank you.

May your gentle soul rest in peace.

TRIBUTE BY
SON IN-LAW

TRIBUTE TO MY LOVING FATHER-IN-LAW (BELLA)

For if we live, we live to the Lord; and if we die, we die to the Lord.
Therefore, whether we live or die, we are the Lord's".
(Romans 14:8 NKJV)

You received me wholeheartedly and immediately took me as a son. I
remember how much you cried as I took your first fruit to be my wife
and that will be a constant reminder of how much your family meant to
you.

Your love for me was an indication and part of my overall marital
happiness.

You always had a broad smile anytime i visited with your daughter and
your grand children .

I miss your jokes and laughter.

As a father-in-law and a father figure, your absence has left a deep
wound in my heart. It is sad to feel that you are no more with us on
earth, but your love and peaceful memories are still our guide.

Your death brought peace, warmth, closure and prosperity to the
family. Your endless love will continue to bind us together as a family.
One day I believe we will rejoice with you when God calls us home.

Rest in Peace Papa, Rest in peace Bella.

Till we meet again

Your son-in-law
Daniel

TRIBUTE BY
**ST. PETER METHODIST CHURCH,
NEW ACHIMOTA**

Begone unbelief, my savior 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.
(MHB 511)

Mr. Peter Yanney, whose mortal remains lie before us, joined the St Peter Methodist Church, New Achimota, in the year 2021.

The first time he attended Leaders' Meeting, to be given a Bible Class, one could tell his eagerness and preparedness to become a full member of the church.

He attended church regularly, until he had a challenge with his eyesight which made it difficult for him to attend church services and programmes regularly.

Living quite close to the church, some members took it upon themselves to pay him regular visits, to have fellowship with him, and even ran errands for him. Some organizations also visited and presented provisions, sang hymns and prayed with him. He appreciated these Christian virtues and gestures tremendously to the extent that, he was moved sometimes to shed tears. At this point, he had to be served with communion at home.

By God's grace, his eyesight improved remarkably which made it possible for him to attend church service again.

Unfortunately, this was short lived as he informed the stewards of severe pains he was suffering in his legs which made it uneasy for him to participate in church activities.

We were taken aback and saddened by the news of his demise. Our trust and faith in God teaches us to be thankful to Him in all things, with the assurance of a better place for us when we depart this world as faithful servants in His Vineyard.

**Bro. Peter Yanney, rest peacefully in the Lord.
Amen.**

TRIBUTE BY THE HOOLIGANS

TRIBUTE BY THE LIVING MEMBERS OF THE HOOLIGANS POP GROUP OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAPE COAST. - (Ambassador Kwesi Ahwoi and Kofi Oppon)

All good things must come to an end.

As we celebrate the life of our dear friend and classmate, we remember the laughter, the love, and joy he brought into our lives.

We are deeply saddened by the passing of Mr. Peter Bella "Jagger" Yanney, affectionately known as Bella to most of us.

We met at Cape Coast University in 1967 and became friends thanks to our love for music.

It was the time when school bands were "hip". We then decided to form a group named "The Hooligans"!! You wouldn't believe we were anything other than that. But we were young, wild, free-spirited and definitely thought we knew better than our elders.

Bella was our lead singer and was a real "showman". You should see Bella on stage singing Otis Redding's "Mr. Pitiful" or Wilson Picket's

"Midnight Hour", then you will understand why we refer to him as a showman! Other members of the group were Kofi Oppon - Lead Guitar, Kwesi Ahwoi-Bass Guitar / Vocals, Fella Kwatchey (Drums), Magnus Danquah (Bass guitar). On some occasions we were jammed by Ernest Honny (Twani) from Augustus on the keyboard.

Bella was in Oguaa Hall and the rest of us were in Atlantic Hall.

Since leaving the university we have kept in contact with Bella all this time where we would reminisce about our time in Cape Coast, especially our nights sharing the stage with Benya Beats in Elmina (I bet the young ones will be wondering who Benya Beats were). Bella still spoke about us forming a band at this age of ours and reviving some of the old songs we used to play.

You know the saying "old soldiers never die". Oh Bella, we shall never forget you as you always brightened our meetings with your singing and jokes. But all good things come to an end.

Da yie Bella.

Someday we'll meet and be together. Nyame Mfa wo nsie.

TRIBUTE BY

FAMOUS FLAMES OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE

A TRIBUTE TO PETER BELLA YANNEY - A MAN WHO LOVED TO SING

Many times, in our lives we do not anticipate to be called upon to write a tribute for someone who is not a member of your family on their passing into glory or with whom you have not had any contact for a considerable period of years. On the other hand, there are certain individuals whose memories you know will stay with you all your life no matter what happens. All it takes is a mere mention of their name and the past suddenly rolls back into gear.

Peter Bella Yanney was one of such adorable individuals. And I am grateful for the opportunity to pay this tribute to Bella whose company was so infectious because he had a very infectious personality. He was one of those who would do anything for you because you happen to be a friend. I remember, someone making a comment that Bella was not capable of getting angry because he took every criticism as if it was his name. He never kept record of wrongs or unkindness. He simply had a wonderful spirit of empathy.

Bella was an undergraduate student of Cape Coast University then, but somehow found himself spending most afternoons at St Augustine's College as a member of the Famous Flames Band that had been newly formed out of an inter-college pop competition in Cape Coast, at a time when college bands were the in-thing at college campuses. He was a founding member of the band and his singing genre was fashioned on Mick Jagger the lead singer of the world-renowned Rolling Stones pop band. Members of the Famous Flames, undoubtedly the most dynamic and admirable pop band ever in that era were: Patrick Kodwiw - organ and harmonica, Francis Baffour - Drums, Augustine Owusu (Willis) lead guitar, Henry Mensah-Brown- Rhythm Guitar and lead guitar for high life music, Reggie Sawyer- Bass guitar, Ben Brako and Bella Yanney - vocalists. In emergency situations we

had to have stand-in or cover with the likes of Glenn Warren Jnr being part of our group.

Bella Yanney was a prolific singer and he loved to sing especially wherever there were female admirers.

Remembering our late teenage years, I recall the long vacation break from college and away from our parents, when The Famous Flames band decided to embark on a cross-country trip playing at various dance venues with borrowed musical instruments. Bella being a bit older than most members of the band became our spokesperson and he showed maturity and patience as he sought to bring calmness into any situation.

He was a very intelligent individual who was always ready to share his knowledge with anyone on many subjects and our band loved him for his generosity. He was loved wherever he went and especially at various dance venues many female fans got endeared to him and I think one of the reasons was the fact that he was always prepared to let a fan get into the venue without paying a gate fee or pretending to be a bandsman. Many fans just loved his joyful personality. The world of popular music in Ghana has lost a giant.

Over the years, life took us in different directions. Careers, families, and responsibilities meant we couldn't spend as much time together as we once did.

Today, as we mourn the physical absence of Peter Bella Yanney, let us also celebrate the spirit that continues to live on in our memories.

Goodbye, dear friend. Our paths will cross again. Until then, we continue to carry you in our hearts, cherishing every moment we shared. Rest in perfect peace Jagger.

By Rev Henry Mensah-Brown
For and on behalf of The Famous Flames of St Augustine's College.

TRIBUTE BY
'THE FAMOUS FLAMES'



From the left: Bella Yanney, Henry Mensah-Brown, Francis Baffour, Augustine Owusu (Willis), Patrick Kodwiw, Ben Brako and Reggie Sawyer

We were young and adventurous. We met at St. Augustine's College in the mid-60s. Music was one of many ingredients we spiced our studies with. It was the period of pop, soul, blues, jazz, and flower fashion. Motown was the in thing. We followed the music chats like crazy, idolizing music bands like The Beatles, Rolling Stones, Otis Redding, Sam Cooke, Isaac Hayes, and of course, Booker T and the MG's and not forgetting Wilson Pickette and the almighty James Brown.

The Famous Flames came to life when student bands were sprouting all over the secondary schools, especially in Cape Coast. 'Augusco' was vibrant with extracurricular activities, including pop bands, as they were called. Bella joined The Famous Flames in 1966. 'The Flames' were invited to an "Afternoon Jam" at the Cape Coast University, where Bella was studying. He came on stage and requested to sing a James Brown song: 'Papa's Got a Brand- New Bag.' His performance got the crowd to its feet.

He joined the band thereafter, and the rest, as we say, is history. The Famous Flames

became the undisputed school band of St. Augustine's College. For over 3 good years the original 'Flames' represented the school on many occasions with its scintillating repertoires of popular jazz and soul music, near to perfection. The long vacation holidays were filled with live performances in Accra, Kumasi, Secondi/Takoradi, and on two occasions, in Lomé, Togo.

Bella was a true copy of his idol, James Brown. He'll dress, sing, dance, and mimic JB's antics like no other, bringing the crowd roaring for more. He was funny, almost comical, and always with a joke or two on his lips. We were out there with Bella having fun and not knowing we were creating a part of Ghana's music history and culture.

We, members of The Famous Flames, and old students of St. Augustine's College, (APSU) will forever hold fond memories of you Bella, our friend, and mate.

Rest well with your Maker.

TRIBUTE BY
**GHANA EXPORT PROMOTION COUNCIL
(GEPC), 1989-2001.**

When I joined the GEPC, now renamed Ghana Export Promotion Authority (GEPA), in 1989, Bella was already on the staff of the agency. This was when the innovative Mr. Kwesi Ahwoi had embarked on the campaign to restructure and rebuild the agency into an effective national instrument which would have the capacity to lead the country away from an import-dependent economy through an export-led growth strategy. To achieve this objective, Mr. Ahwoi recruited a number of fresh, competent and dedicated young people to beef-up the capacity of the agency. Bella and I were among the newly recruited staff, though Bella got there ahead of me. Some of the others were Mr. Adu-Mensah, Mr. Nyarko-Mensah, and Mr. Kofi Kwakye, Sammy Ayensu, to mention a few.

We were a disparate group of young people, plucked from different spheres of endeavor with different backgrounds and experiences, pressed into service to deliver the mandate of the agency. The genius of Mr. Ahwoi, as a manager and a leader, was that he succeeded in melding this diverse group of young people into a highly motivated team dedicated to the infusion into the consciousness of the Ghanaian body polity the idea that the economic growth of Ghana is predicated on an export-led growth strategy. It was within this context, at the work place, that I got to know Bella better. His positive character came shining through. What a blessing this was for team building.

Bella served in the Market Development Division (MDD). That Division was responsible for organizing and arranging the agency's work involving trade fairs, exhibitions, and other events involving the public at large. In spite of all the difficulties at the time (financial, logistics, etc.), Bella and his colleagues delivered again and again. This was so much so that we would take it for granted that they would deliver, regardless.

I am convinced that the brilliant performance put up by the MDD during his time hinged on the positive contributions that Bella brought to bear on their work. When subsequently, I was appointed to succeed Mr. Ahwoi as Executive Secretary, I received great support from all my colleague staff members and from Bella in particular. He remained a friend and a colleague until I left the agency in 2001.

Mr. Peter "Bella" Yanney's positive outlook on life was both infectious and invigorating. It is an honor to have had the privilege to serve with Bella on the same team at a point in time. Death is a reality, we know. Yet we feel the loss when a dear one passes on. But for those of us left behind in this world of tribulations and sorrows, we can take comfort in the knowledge that "Bella was here; he blessed us, in his life, with his joyous, positive and happy disposition; this was a privilege for which we are grateful!"

Now to the wife, children and family of our dear departed colleague and friend, on behalf of all the members of staff of the GEPC, previous and current, I offer you sincere condolences. May the good Lord himself comfort you in this time of distress. May you be blessed with the strength to take hold on life and live it in joy, as I believe Bella himself would have wanted it.

So then, dear Bella; "So long, farewell, goodbye!"

May you find rest in the bosom of the good Lord, until we meet again.

"Blessed are they that mourn;
For they shall be comforted."
(Matt. 5: 4)

By **Tawia Akyea,**
Ghana Export Promotion Council (GEPC),
1989-2001.

HYMNS

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 511

1. Begone, unbelief,
My Savior 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 hath spoken
Shall 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. Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His Word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.
5. How bitter that cup
No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up,
That sinners might live!
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer,
And shall I repine?
6. 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, oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

MHB 99

1. How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear,
And drives away his fear,
And drives away his fear,
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest,
And to the weary rest,
And to the weary rest,
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,

HYMNS

And to the weary rest.

3. Dear Name! the Rock on which we build;
Our shield and hiding-place;
Our never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace,
With boundless stores of grace,
With boundless stores of grace,
Our never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
4. Jesus, our Savior, Shepherd, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring,
Accept the praise we bring,
Accept the praise we bring,
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring.
5. Weak is the effort of our heart,
And cold our warmest thought;
But when we see Thee as Thou art,
We'll praise Thee as we ought,
We'll praise Thee as we ought,
We'll praise Thee as we ought,
But when we see Thee as Thou art,
We'll praise Thee as we ought.
6. Till then we would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And triumph in that blessed Name
Which quells the pow'r of death,
Which quells the pow'r of death,
Which quells the pow'r of death,
And triumph in that blessed Name
Which quells the pow'r of death.

MHB 110

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.
2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

MHB 238

1. My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior Divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
2. May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,

HYMNS

Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4. All thru life's transient dream,
Until death's sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, with Thy love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Make me Thy grace to prove
Transform my soul.

MHB 402

1. Faith of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
And blest would be their children's fate,
If they, like them should die for thee:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!
3. Faith of our fathers, we will strive
To win all nations unto thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Mankind shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!
4. Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

MHB 498

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All could never sin erase,
Thou must save, and save by grace.

3. Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

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 sovereign 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 flower.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;

HYMNS

God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

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 235

1. I know that my Redeemer lives.
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead.
He lives, my ever-living Head.
He lives to bless me with his love.
He lives to plead for me above.
He lives my hungry soul to feed.
He lives to bless in time of need.
2. He lives to grant me rich supply.
He lives to guide me with his eye.
He lives to comfort me when faint.
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
He lives to silence all my fears.
He lives to wipe away my tears.

He lives to calm my troubled heart.
He lives all blessings to impart.

3. He lives, my kind, wise heav'nly Friend.
He lives and loves me to the end.
He lives, and while he lives, I'll sing.
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
He lives and grants me daily breath.
He lives, and I shall conquer death.
He lives my mansion to prepare.
He lives to bring me safely there.
4. He lives! All glory to his name!
He lives, my Savior, still the same.
Oh, sweet the joy this sentence gives:
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"
He lives! All glory to his name!
He lives, my Savior, still the same.
Oh, sweet the joy this sentence gives:
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

MHB 679

1. PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O! my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fulness, God of grace!
2. Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.
3. On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee:
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

HYMNS

MHB 647

1. Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live:
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
2. If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To welcome endless day?
3. Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
4. Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!
5. My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

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.
2. Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
3. The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.
4. Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
5. Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;

Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

MHB 602

1. Father, I know that all my life is portioned out
for me,
And the changes that are sure to come I do
not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind intent on
pleasing Thee.
2. I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, through
constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles, and to wipe
the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and
sympathize.
3. 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 I go.
4. Wherever in the world I am, in whatso'er
estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts to keep and
cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do for the Lord on
whom I wait.
5. So I ask Thee for the daily strength, to none
that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life while
keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space, if Thou be glorified.
6. And if some things I do not ask in my cup of
blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more with
grateful love to Thee,
More careful, not to serve Thee much, but to
please Thee perfectly.
7. There are briers besetting every path that call
for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot, and an earnest
need for prayer;

HYMNS

But a lowly heart that leans on Thee is happy anywhere.

8. In a service which Thy will appoints there are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth" that makes Thy children "free"
And a life of self-renouncing love is a life of liberty.

MHB 671

1. Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of Heav'n; O sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.
2. Ye powers, who stand before the 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. To 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 will still be this,
An endless Alleluia.
6. There, in one grand acclaim, forever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.
7. This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.
8. While Thee, by Whom were all things made,
we praise
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays,
An endless Alleluia.
9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory forevermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

MHB 831

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
2. Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
3. I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
4. They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

MHB 651

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

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome
the pilgrims of the night!
2. Darker than night life's
shadows fall around us,
And like benighted men
we miss our mark:
God hides Himself,
and grace hath scarcely found us,
E'er death finds out
his victims in the dark.

HYMNS

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome
the pilgrims of the night!

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

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome
the pilgrims of the night!

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

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome
the pilgrims of the night!

5. Rest comes at length:
though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn,
and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end
in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven,
the heart's true home,
will come at last.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome
the pilgrims of the night!

6. Cheer up, my soul!
faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast
of life's most troubled sea,
And it will cheer
thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs

which angels mean for thee.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome
the pilgrims of the night!

7. Angels, sing on,
your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments
of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end
the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows
break in cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome
the pilgrims of the night!

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, bread of heaven,
feed me till I want no more;
feed me till I want no more.
2. Open now the crystal fountain,
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through.
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
be thou still my strength and shield;
be thou still 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 give to thee;
I will ever give to thee.



HYMNS

MHB 428

1. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
2. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th'oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.
3. The Lord has eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
4. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

MHB 976

1. Now the laborer's task is o'er;
now the battle day is past;
now upon the farther shore
lands the voyager at last.

Refrain:
Father, in thy gracious keeping
leave we now thy servant sleeping.
2. There the tears of earth are dried;
there its hidden things are clear;
there the work of life is tried
by a juster Judge than here.

Refrain:
Father, in thy gracious keeping
leave we now thy servant sleeping.

3. There the sinful souls, that turn
to the cross their dying eyes,
all the love of Christ shall learn
at His feet in Paradise.

Refrain:
Father, in thy gracious keeping
leave we now thy servant sleeping.
4. There no more the powers of hell
can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
he who died for their release.

Refrain:
Father, in thy gracious keeping
leave we now thy servant sleeping.
5. "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
calmly now the words we say;
left behind, we wait in trust
till the resurrection day.

Refrain:
Father, in thy gracious keeping
leave we now thy servant sleeping.



“

SOMETHING
THAT IS LOVED
IS NEVER LOST

Toni Morrison

”

We are Grateful

The entire family would like to extend our sincere gratitude to you for your prayers, encouragement, donations and diverse support during our bereavement and the final funeral rites of our beloved.

God Richly Bless You!

