

CALL TO GLORY



Mr. Robert
**NANA
QUANSAH**

1950 - 2020



When I am gone, release me; let me go I had a wonderful life. You must not tie yourselves to me with tears be happy that I have had so many years with you. I gave you my love; you can only guess how much you gave in happiness. I thank you for the love each shown but knows is time I travel alone so grieve a while for me, if grieve you must then, let your grieve be comforted by trust that we will surely meet again so thank God for all the great thing he has done.

Mr. Robert Nana Quansah

MHB 832

Stanza 1
FOR all the saints who from their
labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world
confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

Stanza 2
Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress,
and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well
fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one
true Light.
Alleluia!

Stanza 3
O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true,
and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought
of old,
And win, with them, the victor's
crown of gold!
Alleluia!

Stanza 4
O blest communion, fellowship
divine!
We feebly struggle; they in glory
shine,
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are
Thine.
Alleluia!

Stanza 5
And when the strife is fierce, the
warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph
song,
And hearts are brave again, and
arms are strong.
Alleluia!

Stanza 6
The golden evening brightens in the
west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors
cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the
blest.

Alleluia!
Stanza 7
But lo! there breaks a yet more
glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright
array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

Stanza 8
From earth's wide bounds, from
ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the
countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy
Ghost:
Alleluia!

(MHB) 515

Stanza 1
THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

Stanza 2
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way

Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Stanza 3
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All. Amen.

(MHB) 468

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2
Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3
There let me see the sight,
An open heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

CALL TO GLORY | Mr. Robert Nana Quansah



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Tribute By The Good Shepherd Methodist Church, Tanokrom

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 labours, for their deeds follow them". Revelation 14:13.

The Late Brother Robert Nana Quansah joined the Good Shepherd Methodist Church in January 1998. He was sent to Bro. N. V. K. Zar's Saturday class and was later enrolled as a member of the Men's Fellowship of the church.

Due to his diligence, sense of duty and effective contributions at Class Meetings, he was appointed as Class Leader and Men's Fellowship secretary for four years, 2001 – 2005 under the chairmanship of Bro. E. A. Adjei. He was appointed as Leaders' Meeting secretary from 2005 – 2016.

He was so humble, kind, gentle, and God fearing person. He was also a disciplinarian and doesn't compromise on his integrity.

As we mourn his death, it is our prayer that the Good Lord will reward him according to his good deeds. Again we pray that the Lord will grant him eternal rest Bro. Quansah rest in perfect peace. Amen.



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So manfi me m'mofraese
Manhyia >haw ne bre ho guan ne amane;
>ko ne >pere?
Mannya nea me k>n d>;
M'ani anwie gye; enti mema ma'nan so na mentena ha menkye

PCG Twi Hymn 791:2

Biography

I recount to you the life of a man who has impacted the lives of many yet walked the earth for 70 years in humility.

Mr. Robert Nana Quansah was born to Opayin Kwame Wodow of Kona (Twafo) family of Ajumako- Kokoben and Obaapayin Efua Appiaa of Twidan Royal family; Ajumako- Babinso on 17th August, 1950. He was the second born of his father and first of his mother among seven siblings.

He was among the few fortunate ones during his time to have enrolled in school at Kokoben Presby School for his primary and middle school education. Unfortunately at age seven (7), he lost his father. His young mother remarried and moved to stay with her newlywed husband at akyem- Asuom in the Eastern region. Young Robert and two of his other siblings were left under the care and guidance of his grandmother, late Maame Ama Buah. It was under her care that young Robert got baptised and confirmed as a Christian at Wesley Methodist Church, Ajumako- Kokoben society though he was born a Presbyterian.

It was prudent for any intelligent young man in those years to pursue secondary education after a successful middle school in 1968. But same wasn't the story of young Robert, since he had to stay home for some time after middle school due to financial constraints.



But grace made a way and he got enrolled at Kaneshie Technical Secondary School (KATECO), Accra, for his secondary education. This made young Robert move from his hometown to stay with one of his uncles; Mr. Taylor who resided at Accra Arena. It was around this period of his secondary education, precisely 1971, that he met and dated his first Love Auntie Yaa Serwah of kwewu Pepease, Eastern region. A relationship that blessed Mr. Robert with his first Son Stephen Sakyi Quansah, in 1972. Robert wanted so much to seal that love with Auntie Yaa, but unfortunately the union didn't get the needed approval and they called it quit in that same year (1972).

Robert Nana Quansah found love the second time in the eyes of the then Felicia Inkoom, now Mrs. Felicia Quansah in August that same year (1972), when he went to his home town; Kokoben, on a visit.

After a successful "O" level secondary education in 1974, he moved in with a family sister senior to him, Aunty Abena Nkrumah who lived at Labadi with her husband. This was to enable Robert further his education at Labonie secondary school for his "A" level certificate.

Like any young man who has completed "A" level, Mr. Robert started a job hunt. A process that saw him move to stay with his elder brother, the late Mr. Kweku Burah Senior. Heaven's smiled at him with an appointment from the then Ghana Cooperative Bank as a clerk in 1978. An appointment that was gained through the efforts of his uncle; Mr. Sampson with the help of his in-law, a German by name Mr. York.

By dint of hard work and dedication to duty, he got promoted in a few months to the position of an accountant and transferred from Accra to Takoradi to



“But I do not want you to be ignorant, brethren concerning those who have fallen asleep, lest you sorrow as others who have no hope.”
(1 Thessalonians 4:13)

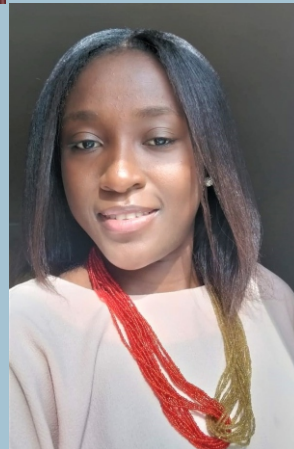
Death is indeed an intruder, a trespasser of peaceful life, and an inevitable sword that slays without warning. Death has deprived us the privilege of honouring our hero, confidant, friend and role model with the fruits of his selfless fatherhood. True is the saying that none can salvage that which death holds on to. Death has been too hard on us; all we longed for was for our father to at least leave us a word. But we refuse to be overwhelmed by the pain of your demise that causes us to sorrow, because we know as scripture says; you are only asleep and can even hear us as we speak. Daa, thank you for turning boys to men and your girl to a woman. Thank you for the discipline and morals you imparted in us which bestowed on you the title **“WUGYAF”**. Today we are able to fend for our families because by actions and exemplary life, you taught us to be hardworking, never succumbing to the

challenges of this world. You went from being a banker to taking up any menial job as long as it was legal, just to see us through school. When your colleagues invested in properties, you invested your all in our future, not even caring to think for once about yourself. Our success has been your source of joy. This was what you always admired right? Seeing us all together like this; you believed and championed unity. It is fulfilling to work in God's vineyard, no wonder you insisted on teaching us how. You didn't just celebrate us, but our partners and their families. Our pain was your pain. Aaaow, our lawyer; who will go before us and defend us out of any tight situation? We know you are holding that your pen that has explored many pages and you are busily editing this tribute of ours of all grammatical errors and making that semi-smiley face of yours. Its unfortunate none of us took after your writing skills but we proofed we were

your off springs with the grades we made in English under your tutelage. We have taken to heart every good moral you installed in us and will pass it on and on. You were a man of justice and integrity; so shall we be. You loved and cared for family; so shall we. Above all, you loved God and his ways; we are doing same and will do better in honour of you. These past four years, you taught us to endure pain for the sake of heaven. The list is endless. And so let it inscribed in the hearts of all present here today in goodwill, that we the children of Mr. Robert Nana Quansah choose not to mourn but rather celebrate his passing to glory. We celebrate; 70years of dedication to God 70years of purposeful living 70years of significance 70years of leadership Till we meet again, rest well Daa! Live on Wugyaf! And may the angels of God lead you home to your maker.



Tribute by Children



head the newly opened Takoradi Branch in the late 1978. Having secured a job, Mr. Robert performed the customary rites of his second love; Felicia Inkoom, making her his wife in 1979.

He held his position at the takoradi branch till 1983, when he was again promoted as an acting manager and transferred to Half- Assini branch. Early 1987 saw him promoted again, this time as a manager, bringing him back to Takoradi to head the Shama branch, where he served diligently for 2yrs. Asamankese branch was the last he served as a manager and the unfortunate happened; the bank was liquidated and Mr. Robert lost his job at the Ghana Cooperative Bank in 1991 when his last born, Barbara was only 3yrs.

Mr. Quansah, having to stay without a job for some time, but never quitting in efforts to rise again, secured an appointment to work as a cashier for just a year for an entrepreneur whose company was a subsidiary of Pioneer Tobacco Company (PTC), in cape coast.

From Cape Coast, H.M. Stores (an entrepreneur) in takoradi employed him as an accountant for some years. He is credited for writing a business proposal that secured the company a huge construct leading to its expansion. Whiles there, he also audited the accounts of Dandiga instruments and the stores of one Mr. Agyeman as a par time job.

Dandiga Instruments made him a permanent employee as an accountant till late 2016, where he had to quit due to ill health.

Mr. Robert Nana Quansah was a religious man and took the things of God serious. He lived most of his life at Tanokrom, Takoradi where he fellowshipped with the Good Shepherd Methodist church. He dedicatedly served the church

in various capacities; men's fellowship secretary, church leaders' secretary and Saturday class leader. And to be right with God in all things, he blessed his then 35 years of traditional marriage with his wife at the altar of God on 31st December, 2010.

If you have wondered why he is seen in a traditional cloth in most pictures, it is because Nana Quansah was a typical Fante family man who held his culture dear to his heart. It is for this same reason that he is laid in state in a cloth not a suit. He is probably the only manager that never liked wearing suits. You will agree that it is only a traditional man that will name all his children after someone of honour from his family line;

He named Stephen Sakyi Quansah after his (Robert) uncle; Opayin Kofi Sakyi, Ernest Wodow Quansah after his father; Opayin Kwame Wodow. Evans Fenning Quansah was also named after his (Robert) uncle; Nana Fenning and Barbara Maami Apiaa Quansah bore his mother's name; Obaapayin Efua Apiaa. Wofa Yaw, as he is known in family circles lead a life worth emulating and so it

doesn't come as a surprise that many children have been named after him; both males and females. He is going to be remembered for his commitment to education. This is evident in the fact that all his children have at least a first degree in their field of study.

His love for writing was exceptional and he did it with so much flare. He was mostly seen writing or reading during his leisure. He had this habit of recording every event (good or bad) in a diary. A practice his children dreaded when they did something wrong while growing up. In fact, at some point during his ill health, he communicated through writing. Even one third of his matrimonial bed was dedicated to his books.

Mr. Quansah as he was referred to by many during his last years, was principled, disciplined, hard working, responsible and well coming to all who uncounted him.

The family has indeed lost a treasure for he was the bond that unified us. That notwithstanding, we are consoled in the fact that he has finally found rest after

4 long years of ill health. His unfortunate demise happened on 8th September, 2020 in Mankessim, where he was receiving treatment.

He left behind a widow; Mrs. Felicia Quansah, 4 children and 7 grandchildren.

Daa, you will be sorely missed.

Rest from your toils. May the good Lord hide you in His bosom till we meet again.



Tribute By Nieces And Nephews

God saw you getting tired and a cure was not to be, so he warmly put his arms around you and whispered "come to me". With this, we know you are in heaven watching over us.

We remember our Uncle by his strong commitment to family matters. He was ready to solve any problem whenever the need be. He was a father to the fatherless. He championed the family house building which serves us whenever we come home. He was always at the forefront on most family events and made sure it was a success.

Our grief is unfathomable. We have lost someone who is irreplaceable. His absence will be intensely felt for the rest of our lives.

So, what could death have won? – Only a pyrrhic victory.

We take solace in the fact that when life separates us, it is only our soul saying goodbye.

To this end, 1 Thessalonians 4:14 provides that God will bring with Jesus those fallen asleep in him.

SLEEPWELL UNCLE!

Fare thee well and may the Christ of Resurrection grant you eternal rest!!

Tribute By Grandchildren

*“Oh death where is your victory?
What can the grave do to us?
For Christ has risen from death's prison;
God has spoken, hell is broken;
And the lord has set us free.”*

But for 8th September, 2020 we never knew men could cry the way we kids do. For the first time in our young lives, we saw our daddies cry in pain while our mommies watched on sorrowfully, with tears rolling down their cheeks uncontrolled, yet none uttered a word. With a boldness we believe we inherited from you, we enquired and were told you had gone to heaven forever. We kept telling them to be happy for God has set you free and you have found rest but to our astonishment, they cried louder, like men without faith in resurrection when they are the very people teaching us about Jesus and heaven.

But we now understand, that they wept not for the lack of faith, but in the fact that they have lost their mouth piece and guardian.

It is now our turn to cry, because we miss your affectionate smile and your tender loving care. Who would teach us to write and read like you did with flare? You believed in education and so we make this promise to you Grandpa; to strive for excellence in academia through Christ who strengthens us. For you gifted us great treasures; packed in great men and women we call our parents.

Rest on grandpa and may your legacy live on in us and generations to come.

We love you, but God loves you more.

Tribute to my beloved



*“migyina ekyir nyinsu eguar m'
Munntum mma m'enyi do w> sor
Wo na ihu me yaw nyina
Me Nyamkp>n, hu me mb>b>r”
Verse 3*

112 Sankundwom/ MHB 350

Wofa Yaw, you haven't been fair to me. I always told you to wait for me to go first, because you're the only person I could trust with our children when I am no more. Why have you left me in the middle of nowhere; a world so lonely without you? You fought with might for anything you believed was just and human but you have failed to keep your promise of fighting this illness. Without a word you have left me unattended. My only source of strength during these past trying 4 years was the hope that I could hear you say my name again.

Wake up R. N. (a way he loved to be referred to by friends and colleagues) and see all your loved ones gathered to mourn you. They say I should tell them about us. Where do I start from? How do I summarise an adventurous 41 years of marriage in 3 paragraphs? How do I explain our kind of love we shared? You were the English Man, not me. Why didn't you write it down when you planned to leave? Hmmmm, I understand; you fought to stay with us the best way you knew, not compromising your faith at any point. I guess your best wasn't good enough. You deserve this rest.



I recall with fond memories, how we met that faithful 11th day of August, 1972 in this very town when you were then a student. I still remember the city boy who hired a friend to “toss” me for him. It didn't come as a surprise when we got engaged in 1975 and traditionally married in 1979, because we shared a great bond. No wonder the anniversary of our birth is only 2 days apart.

Yaw Quansah, I now buy prepaid oo, and I haven't still mastered the art of closing the windows at night; something you did with care. Losing your job at the Ghana Cooperative Bank never stooped or limited you in executing your responsibility as a husband and father. It still remains a mystery how we managed to train all our kids through to tertiary, looking out for everyone's needs but yourself. You did very great for our kids and it hurts to know you didn't live to enjoy the fruits of your labour.

I will hold dear to my heart, the memories of 31st December, 2010 when our then 35 years of marriage was blessed at the altar of God. You loved me in your own unique way only I could understand. I miss your “romantic tone” with which you called for me, a trademark you have passed on to our boys. My ear holds to the echoes of your voice, while my heart yearns for one more call at my name.

I know we shall all have a taste of death some day, and I thank God you choose salvation in pain till that faithful Tuesday morning, 8th September, 2020 when you passed on in my arms; a memory that will never fade but will heal with God's grace.

Tribute By Daughters Inlaw

“Precious in the sight of the lord is the death of his chosen ones”

Let the winds carry with it, these words of ours to the ends of this town and beyond, that on this day, we pay homage and tribute to a man we each found a father in not an in-law. Our husbands and wife were the strangers in the family not us; you defended us with every flitting breathe. You welcomed us with all our flaws and diversities. You wasted no time in rejoicing in our successes and were the saddest when we were challenged with unexpected crisis.

You integrated us into every family tradition. Oow! How we miss competing to be the first, or second, or third to call you on your birthday and fathers' day just to get our names recorded in your diary.

We are grateful the disciplined and God fearing husbands and wife you carefully groomed for us. But please tell your sons to slow down on the trademarked Quansah men “romantic tone” they inherited from you.

Daa, your passion for education and the desire for success is second to none and will forever be a guiding principle. This we would undoubtedly pass on to our children. We will work to maintain and sustain the spirit of oneness your passing has awakened in the family.

We wish you a peaceful rest in the bosom of your maker.

DAA QUANSAH; DAYIE

Daughters & Son In-laws



You fought a good fight, you finished your race and you are victorious in Christ. Your legacy lives on in these children God gifted to us. When you get to heaven, tell our twins I miss them. Your second wife (**books**) still occupies its position on our bed and I promise to let them be, just in memory of you.

I will choose you over, and over and over again in our next life. Till we meet again, keep smiling in the bosom of the almighty.

Yaw Quansah; Journey on.... Wofa Yaw; demirefa due..... my husband, my father, my love; Rest in peace.

