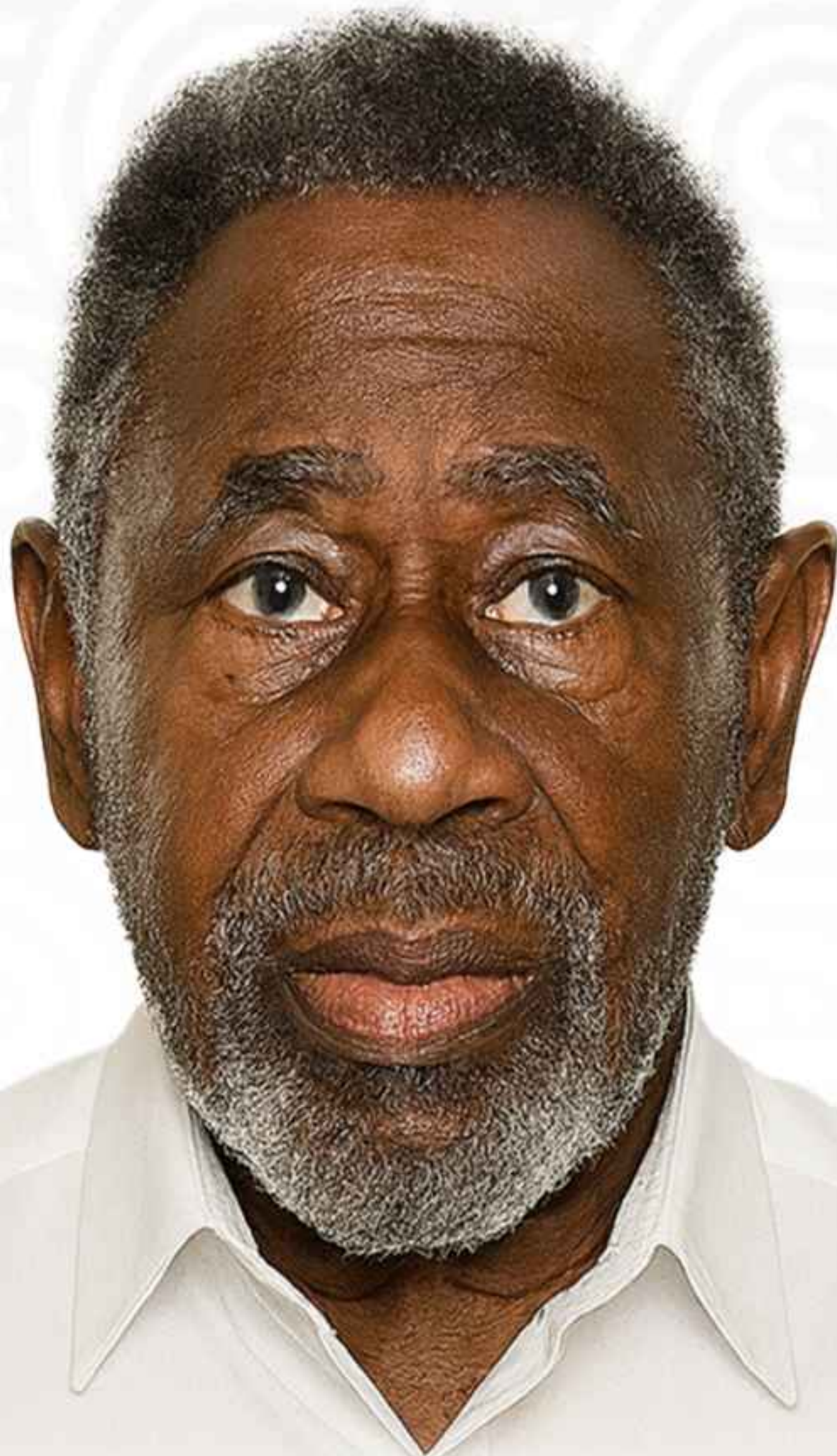


IN LOVING
MEMORY

BURIAL, MEMORIAL AND THANKS GIVING SERVICE



THE LATE

Mr. Martin Obubah ESQ

1936 - 2025





BURIAL, MEMORIAL AND THANKS GIVING SERVICE
OF THE LATE

Mr. Martin Obubak ESQ.

TRANSITION FUNERAL HOME - HAATSO
20TH DECEMBER, 2025





Order Of SERVICE

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Officiating Clergy

Rev. Felix Agbodeka

Fountain Gate Chapel Love Pastures
Adjringano - East Legon.

Pastor Michael Awatey (MC)

Fountain Gate Chapel Love Pastures
Adjringano - East Legon.

PART 1: PRE-BURIAL SERVICE PROCESSION

- Opening Hymn - **1. IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL**
- Hymns - **2. JESUS, KEEP ME NEAR THE CROSS**
- Filing Past Hymns - **3. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE
IN JESUS,**
- Biography
- Covering of Casket
- Songs - LP Choir

PART 2: BURIAL SERVICE SENTENCES

- Hymn - **4. ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME**
- Prayers
- Hymn - **5. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR**
- Tributes
- Scripture Readings
- Sermon
- Apostle's Creed
- Offertory

Biography

— OF THE LATE —

MR. MARTIN OBUBAH

"Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted."

Matthew 5:4

*M*artin Obubah Esq. was born on 1st July 1936 in Kumasi. His father, Mr. Martin Tete Atweri, hailed from the Sakyikrom Royal Family. In the 1950s, Mr. Atweri served as a Court Registrar at the Asantehene's Court before becoming a Lay Magistrate. His mother, Obaapanin Beatrice Abena Gyamfua, was a Kumasi businesswoman from the Aduana Abusua of Goaso in the Ahafo Region. Both parents had passed away.

Mr. Obubah was the sixth child of his father and the third child of his mother. He received his basic education at Sunyani Government School in the Brong-Ahafo Region from 1945 to 1955, followed by Winneba Secondary School from 1955 to 1960. After briefly working with the Government Scholarship Secretariat in Accra, he pursued further studies at Holborn School of Law in London, UK. After his call to the Bar, he returned to Ghana and worked as a Legal Adviser and Managing Director at Kowus Motors in Accra. After the June 4th Revolution in 1979, he returned to London and worked as a private legal practitioner.



Lawyer Obubah was a beacon of love, a pillar of strength, and an unwavering source of support for the family and all who had the privilege of knowing him. His kindness and generosity knew no limits, and his presence in our lives was a blessing beyond measure.

Family was the cornerstone of everything he did. He firmly believed that no one should struggle alone and made it his mission to ensure that those around him never lacked. His love was evident in his actions: he gave without hesitation, helped without expectation, and supported without conditions. Seeing others succeed was his greatest joy, and he worked tirelessly to make that possible for so many.



For him, education was a powerful tool for transformation, and he was committed to ensuring that financial barriers did not stand in the way of those with dreams and aspirations. His selflessness extended far beyond the family; he touched the lives of many, offering support to those in need and making a lasting impact on the lives he encountered. He is survived by eight children: Ms. Akua Obubah, Ms. Rosemary Obubah, Mr. Martin Kwame Obubah, Mrs. Abigail Mckorley, Mr. Bernard Nana Boakye Obubah, Mr. Martin Obubah, Mrs. Abigail Serwaa Duku, and Ms. Natasha Obubah. He also left behind seventeen grandchildren. Lawyer Martin Obubah, your death is surely a gain for you as a Christian, but we, being human, will continue to mourn you for a long time to come. We shall continue to cherish your courage, truthfulness, exemplary leadership and the love you had for the family.

It is undeniable a noble man has been called home; a hard-working man has been put to rest; and a Godly man has been called to glory. We never doubted the great love you had for the family until your death. We would have loved to have you around, but unfortunately, this is not possible.

We can only console ourselves with the words of Apostle Paul in **Philippians 1:21**

"for me, to live is Christ and to die is Gain".

Martin Obubah Esq! May your soul rest peacefully in the Lord.

Amen.

*Forever
In
Our Heart*



Tribute BY CHILDREN

Eulogy for Daddy

Today, we come together not just in grief, but in love. We come together to honour a life that touched us all, a life that was lived with quiet strength, gentle humour, and a depth of wisdom that could only come from a man like my daddy. Even at 89 years old, it still feels too soon. Because when you care about someone the way we loved him, time never feels long enough. You always want one more conversation.

One more laugh. One more moment to sit beside him and feel the calmness he carried so effortlessly. Our daddy... he wasn't just a presence in our life – he was a foundation. A steady, unshakeable anchor that taught us not just how to live, but how to be. How to be kind. How to be thoughtful. How to stay calm even when the world is loud. How to love without conditions. He taught all this not through speeches or big gestures, but through the simplicity of who he was every single day.

He was funny in that gentle, disarming way. The kind of humour that wasn't loud or attention-seeking, but perfectly timed, perfectly subtle, and always delivered with that quiet smile that said more than the joke itself. He could diffuse tension with a single comment, make you laugh even when your heart was heavy, and bring warmth to moments that felt cold.

He was gentle – not because he was weak, but because he was strong enough not to force anything. Strong enough to choose kindness every time. His calmness wasn't a lack of emotion; it was a depth of wisdom, a stillness that came from understanding life more deeply than most people ever do.

And oh, his knowledge. I still don't understand how one man could know so much. You could sit with him and talk about the world, history, politics, people, family – anything – and he would offer a perspective so grounded, so wise, that it stayed with you long after the conversation ended. He didn't speak to impress; he spoke to guide, to teach, to help you understand. That was one of the things I loved most about him... he was a walking library of wisdom, and every conversation felt like a gift.

One of the memories that will forever live inside me are the long conversations we had when I lived in London. Hours and hours of talking – sometimes about life, sometimes about nothing in particular, but always meaningful. It didn't matter what the topic was; what mattered was the connection. Those conversations were a lifeline, a comfort, a reminder that no matter how far away I was, I had a home in him. I didn't realize then how sacred those moments were, how they would one day become the memories I hold onto the tightest.

If I could go back, I would stretch those hours even longer. I would listen even more deeply. I would record every word, every laugh, every silence. But I take comfort in knowing that those conversations shaped me – they shaped the man I am today. And that is something death can never take away.

Daddy lived a long life, but what made it truly remarkable wasn't the number of years – it was the quality of his heart. The way he treated people. The way he moved through the world with humility and grace. The way he found peace without ever needing the spotlight. The way he gave love without ever demanding anything in return.

He was the kind of man you don't just remember – you feel him. In the lessons he taught, in the warmth he shared, in the way he made life a little more gentle just by being in it. His legacy is not in what he owned or achieved, but in the people, he shaped, the lives he touched, the love he poured quietly and steadily into his family.

Daddy, thank you. Thank you for being the example of everything good I know. For your calmness that steadied us. For your humour that lifted us. For your wisdom that guided us. For every phone call, every conversation, every life lesson you didn't even realize you were giving. Thank you for loving us in that soft, consistent way that never needed to be loud to be felt.

We will miss you more than words can ever express. I will miss the sound of your voice. The warmth of your laughter. The comfort of your presence. The depth of your knowledge. The way you made everything feel manageable, even when life was hard.

But I will carry you with me – always. In the way I think. In the way I listen. In the way I love. Your spirit is part of me now, woven into who I am, into every decision I make, every value I hold, every bit of kindness I try to give to the world.

You may no longer be here in body, but you are not gone. You live in everything you taught us. You live in the stories you left behind. You live in the love you gave so generously. You live in my heart, and in all of us who were blessed enough to know you.

Rest peacefully, Daddy. Rest knowing you lived a beautiful life, touched countless hearts, and left a legacy that will stand for generations. Rest knowing you were loved deeply – more than you ever knew.

We will honour you.

We will remember you.

And we will love you for the rest of our lives.

Your Children!

Tribute BY HON. DANIEL DUKU (SON IN LAW)

*I*n the words of Dr. Myles Munroe, "The greatest tragedy in life is not death, but a life without purpose." Daddy, Mr. Martin Obubah Esq., you lived with purpose every single day. On 19th September 2025 you left us, but you did not leave empty-handed; you left having poured love, wisdom, and kindness into every one of us who were fortunate enough to call you father, mentor, or friend.

I will never forget meeting you for the first time in London, when my then-fiancée told me her dad wanted to meet me. I remember fondly, how nervous I was... I was unsure of what to expect; You walked in, smiled, shook my hand firmly and pulled me into a warm hug, and every fear disappeared. From that first day, long before I officially became your son-in-law, you treated me like your own son. You welcomed me, laughed with me, and quietly taught me what it means to be a man, a husband, and a father. You said, "Daniel, in a home there cannot be two masters; sometimes the stronger one must choose to submit so that peace can reign." You also told me, "There will never be a time when a man regret exercising useful patience; patience is the key to everything in life." Those two pieces of advice have guided me more times than I can count.

Today, as we celebrate your remarkable life, my heart is grateful. Thank you for every gentle correction, every proud smile, and every lesson you lived. Thank you for showing me what it means to be a man of peace, purpose, and quiet strength. I will miss your voice, your presence, and your kindness, but the values you instilled in me will continue. I owe it to you and to God our maker to not only live by these lessons and virtues, but to also pass them on to your grandchildren and all the other souls my life can touch in one way or another.

As Maya Angelou said, "People will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel." Daddy, we will never forget how you made us feel. We felt loved, useful, seen, and better for having known you.

I, your son-in-law, Daniel Duku, will forever honour you.

Rest well, Daddy... Rest well in the bosom of our Maker.

Tribute BY NEPHEWS AND NIECES

"In every conceivable manner, the family is a link to our past, a bridge to our future." -

- Alex Haley

*I*ndeed, to us, Uncle Martin was that bridge, connecting us to the wisdom of the past while inspiring us to walk boldly into the future. For some of us, we called him uncle today and daddy the next day, a reflection of the multiple roles he played in our lives. His life was a thread that bound us together, weaving love, faith, and resilience into the fabric of our family story.

He reminded us that family is not only about shared blood, but about shared values, shared memories, and shared responsibility. Through his example, we learned that the strength of a family lies in its unity, and that unity is built on love, patience, and faith.

Uncle Martin welcomed us with warmth and treated us not as distant relatives but as his own children. He had the rare gift of making each of us feel special, reminding us that we belonged to something greater than ourselves. His generosity was not only in what he gave materially, but in the time, attention, and encouragement he offered freely. He remembered our milestones, celebrated our successes, and stood by us in moments of difficulty. In him, we found not only an uncle but a mentor and a friend, someone who believed in us.

He guided us with patience, teaching us to strive for excellence and to live with integrity. He spoke of perseverance when we felt discouraged, of humility when pride tempted us, and of faith when doubt clouded our hearts. His faith reminded us of the importance of living with purpose, and his prayers were a covering over us all. He believed in the power of example, and through his humility and resilience, he showed us what it means to live a life of meaning, a life that touches others and leaves them better than before.

We admired his ability to balance strength with gentleness, and wisdom with humility. He was a role model who demonstrated that true greatness lies in service and that the measure of a man is found in the lives he touches. Uncle Martin's life was a tapestry woven with love, service, and faith, a legacy that extends beyond his immediate children to all of us who were privileged to call him uncle. He was the elder who reminded us of our roots, the mentor who encouraged us to reach higher, and the friend who stood beside us with unwavering support.

Though he has gone to rest, his memory remains alive in our hearts, and his example will continue to shape our paths. We celebrate his life with gratitude and honor, knowing that his impact will endure for generations. His legacy is not just in the family name but in the values he instilled and the love he shared across generations. We, his nephews and nieces, are proud to carry his memory forward, ensuring that his influence continues to ripple outward. His story is now ours to tell, and his example is ours to live.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on...
they will rest from their labor, for their deeds will follow them."

- Revelation 14:13

This verse captures the essence of Uncle Martin's journey. His labor was not in vain, for his deeds continue to follow him in the lives he touched and the generations he shaped. His rest is now eternal, but his influence remains alive, a blessing that endures beyond his years. His memory will not only be cherished but sanctified, becoming a source of strength and inspiration for us all.

Today, his life reminds us that the blessed leave behind more than memories; they leave behind a living inheritance of faith, love, and service that continues to guide those who remain.

Tribute BY GRANDCHILDREN

*G*randpa, every moment we were fortunate enough to share with you was a rare blessing that we appreciate today. The times we spent in your presence, whether during family gatherings, festive occasions, or quiet visits, have become memories that continue to shape us in ways we are still discovering. Even the shortest conversations carried wisdom that will continue to guide us after today, as we pay our last respect to you.

What others might see as ordinary moments became extraordinary because of the way you touched us with your presence.

You revealed to us the meaning of patience, courage, and humility in ways that were simple yet profound. Patience was seen in the calmness with which you approached life, courage in the strength you displayed when challenges arose, and humility in the way you treated everyone with kindness and respect. These values you lived out in your actions, leaving us with lessons that remain etched in our hearts. You showed us that true wisdom is not loud or boastful, but quiet, steady, and enduring. In those moments with you, we learned that life's greatest virtues are often demonstrated in silence, in resilience, and in love that does not demand attention but leaves a permanent mark.

Grandpa, you had a gift for making each grandchild feel noticed and valued. A smile given and a gentle word said at the right time reminded us that we were important to you. You rejoiced in our small achievements, encouraged us when we faltered, and covered us with prayers that gave us confidence. Your love reached each of us differently, yet it was always complete, always genuine, and always unforgettable. Even in brief encounters, you assured us that we belonged and that we were part of something greater, a greater family, as we can witness today.

We admired your quiet strength and the faith that anchored your life. You stood as a bridge between generations, carrying forward values that now inspire us to build our own futures, despite some of the unforgiving challenges we might encounter in this life. Today, looking back at the encounters we had with you, we are reminded that your legacy will not only be about what you left behind, but also about what continues to live with us, those who value the impact you had on us individually and collectively. You were a living testimony that faith and family are the pillars upon which life must be built. Your presence reminded us that our roots are deep, our heritage is rich, and our future is bright because of the foundation you helped lay for us.

Now that it's time for you to rest at the other side of the grave, we promise that your memory will remain alive in us. We celebrate your life with thankfulness, knowing that your influence will continue to shape the way we live, the choices we make, and the love we share. The times we spent with you may have been occasional, but they were profound, leaving marks that will never fade.

Your advice and impact have become the inheritance we now carry, guiding our steps and inspiring us to live with the same devotion you showed. They are not just recollections of who you were, but living principles that continue to breathe through us, ensuring that your legacy transcends generations to come.

We conclude our tribute with Psalm 103:17

“But from everlasting to everlasting the Lord’s love is with those who fear him, and his righteousness with their children’s children.”

Grandpa, this verse is our testimony of you. The love of God that sustained your life to the age of 89 now flows through us, your grandchildren. Your messages and impact will not only be remembered but also embodied in the way we live, becoming a living legacy of what you dream and wish for us.

May the good God grant you a better resting place until we meet again.

Hymns

1. IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

When peace like a river, attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well, with my soul

It is well
With my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should
come
Let this blest assurance control
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul

It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

2. JESUS, KEEP ME NEAR THE CROSS

Verse 1

Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
In the cross, in the cross
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptur'd soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

Verse 2

Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the Bright and Morning Star
Shed His beams around me.
In the cross, in the cross
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptur'd soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

3. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS,

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Blessed Savior, Thou hast promised
Thou wilt all our burdens bear;
May we ever, Lord, be bringing
All to Thee in earnest prayer.
Soon in glory bright, unclouded,
There will be no need for prayer—
Rapture, praise, and endless worship
Will be our sweet portion there.



Hymns

4. ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME

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

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands
Could my zeal no respite know
Could my tears forever flow
All for sin could not atone
Thou must save, and Thou alone

Nothing in my hand 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

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

5. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

I need Thee every hour
Most gracious Lord
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford

I need Thee, O I need Thee
Every hour I need Thee
O bless me now, my Savior
I come to Thee

I need Thee every hour
Stay Thou nearby
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh

I need Thee, O I need Thee
Every hour I need Thee
O bless me now, my Savior
I come to Thee

I need Thee every hour
In joy or pain
Come quickly and abide
Or life is vain

I need Thee, O I need Thee
Every hour I need Thee
O bless me now, my Savior
I come to Thee
O bless me now, my Savior
I come to Thee





Thank You

The Children and the entire family of the late Martin Obubah extend their sincere appreciation for your show of love during their period of loss.

Your presence, prayers and support during these challenging times were invaluable to us.

Thank you very much and may the good Lord bless you.