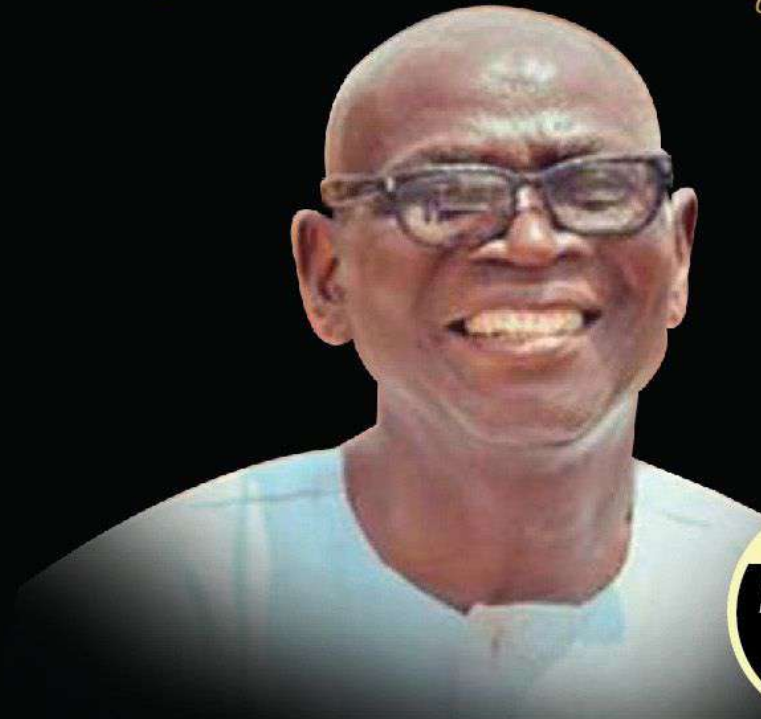


Burial, Memorial & Thanksgiving Service



AGED
73

THE LATE MR KWEI GYADU
OBODAI ANNAN

AT TRANSITIONS FUNERAL HOME HAATSO

ON FRIDAY 31ST MARCH 2023 AT 10:30AM

AND THENCE TO OSU CEMETERY FOR INTERMENT (PRIVATE BURIAL)

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

1. VERY REV. EMMNAUEL N.A. WILLINGTON,
(SUPT. MINISITER- ADABRAKA CIRCUIT)
2. REV. MARY NAA ADARKU SARBLAH
(CIRCUIT MINISITER- ADABRAKA CIRCUIT)
3. VERY REV ISHMAEL K. QUARTEY
(GBAWE SOCIETY)
4. REV. FATHER LAKAI (ANGLICAN CHURCH ACCRA)
5. REV. GIDEON ANIM (PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF
GHANA- APENKWA)

IN ATTENDANCE

1. EVANG. GEORGE BOTCHWAY
2. EVANG. JONATHAN L. MILLS
3. EVANG. BERYL BADGER
4. EVANG. REXFORD QUAGRINE

AT THE ORGAN

1. BRO. LOUIS ADENTWI-EYIAH(CHOIRMASTER/ORGANIST)
2. BRO. DAN O. MILLS (ASST. CHOIRMASTER/ORGANIST)
3. BRO. P.M.G. MENSAH (ASST. CHOIRMASTER)

ORDER OF BURIAL, MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE

PROCESSIONAL HYMN - M.H.B. 828
SENTENCES
PURPOSE OF GATHERING
HYMN - M.H.B. 50
PRAYERS
BIOGRAPHY/TRIBUTES
HYMN - M.H.B. 235
LESSON - (i) Rev. 7:9-17 (ii)John 14: 1-6, 27
HYMN - M.H.B. 468
SERMON/ADDRESS
THE APOSTLE'S CREED
(OFFERING)

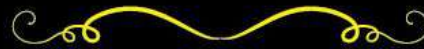
MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE

HYMN M.H.B. 831
PASSAGE OF SCRIPTURE
THANKSGIVING, COMMENDATION, CONCLUDING PRAYER
THE LORD'S PRAYER
ANNOUNCEMENT (IF ANY)
HYMN - M.H.B. 615
BENEDICTION
DEADMARCH IS SAUL
RECESSIONAL HYMN - M.H.B. 651

AT THE CEMETRY

PROCESSIONAL HYMN - M.H.B 977
AT THE GRAVEYARD - M.H.B. 975
COMMITAL AND PRAYERS
VOTE OF THANKS
CLOSING HYMN - M.H.B. 976
BENEDICTION

BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE MR. KWEI GYADU OBODAI ANNAN



*Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past,
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.
MHB 976*

Mr. Obodai Annan whose mortal remains lies before us today was born on 2nd January 1950 at Atukupai - Accra Central to Mr. Wilkinson Sai Annan of Osu Tetteh We, a master tailor and Madam Nora Darko a trader at Makola both of blessed memory.

FAMILY LIFE

He started his nursery school at Korle Workon at the age of four and by age five, he had started his primary education at Rev. Ernest Bruce Church School (Liberty Avenue) at Adabraka due to relocation by his mother to Kokomlemle.

In 1963 he moved to Hansen Road Methodist school where he had his middle school education. In 1965 whilst in Form 2, he sat for and passed the Common Entrance examination and was admitted to the West Africa College then located at Accra Newtown. After completion, he had his sixth Form education at the Accra Workers' College and later got admitted to Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology, Kumasi where he attained his Bachelor's degree in Chemistry in 1978.

In the course of his studies at the university, he went on practical attachments at the Institute of Aquatic Biology under the ambit of Council for Scientific and Industrial Research (CSIR).

He proceeded to do his national service at St. Thomas Aquinas Secondary School where he taught Chemistry and Elective Mathematics. He was given a permanent appointment as a science teacher after his national service at the school.

In the early 1980s, Mr. Obodai migrated to Nigeria. He was awarded a teaching contract by the Ondo State government, and he taught Science and Mathematics at St. Augustine Comprehensive High School in Ondo State.

He later proceeded to Sokoto State in Northern Nigeria where he taught at Goronyo Boys Secondary School. He later returned to Ghana and in the year, 1987 had a teaching appointment at Wesley Grammar School, Dansoman where he taught Chemistry for over 23 years before retiring in 2010.

Due to his hard-working nature and dedication to his work, he was given various leadership positions at school ranging from Head of the Chemistry Department to Senior House master.

He also took up part time appointments both at the West African Examination Council (WAEC) and School of Allied Health, Korle Bu where he was one of their external examiners for several years.

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE

He was blessed, baptized, and confirmed at the Rev. Ernest Bruce Memorial Church, Adabaraka and belonged to Brother Kwaku Duah's class. He has been a member of the church for the past 70 years until his demise.

OB or Kwei or Teacher, as he was affectionately called by his family and friends was a disciplinarian, loving, caring, principled and selfless person. He was very generous as well as a unifier in the family.

He was married to Monica Annan (nee Anim) and were together for the past 45 years until his demise. From the beginning of the year, he had a grim struggle with sickness till early morning of 22nd January, 2023 when it pleased the Lord to call him home to rest from his labors. He is survived by his wife and five children, grandchildren and several loved ones from both the paternal and maternal families.

OB: Yaawo Ojogban

You have done your duty to the family
God be with you until we meet again.

TRIBUTE BY *Widow*
MRS MONICA ANNAN



PSALM 27:1

The LORD is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The LORD is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?

REVELATIONS 21: 3-5

And I heard a loud voice from heaven saying, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people. God himself will be with them and be their God. And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes; there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying. There shall be no more pain, for the former things have passed away. Then He who sat on the throne said, "Behold, I make all things new." And He said to me, "Write, for these words are true and faithful."

On Sunday morning of 22nd January 2023, death laid its icy hands on my closest companion for the past 45 years.

Obodai, no words or actions can adequately express the deepest grief your untimely and unexpected exit from this world has caused.

A thousand tears won't bring you back, I know. I have cried. In the good times, we rejoiced and thanked the Lord. So, I have accepted this great loss and thanked God for your life and what he used you to do.

God has been good to us as a family, and you always testified of God's goodness in our lives. You were so many things to so many people, constantly giving selflessly to others. If we needed a reminder of this, we have it in the outpouring of love shown us since your demise on the 22nd of January, 2023. People from all walks of life have come to visit and sympathize with us.

If ever there lived a man who was so deeply concerned and devoted to the upbringing of his children, then it was Obodai. He made sure the children lacked nothing and had everything they needed. He was also helpful to other children who needed help, especially in their studies.

OB always showed faith and hope in God. As a strong Methodist, he was always punctual to bible class meetings. He joined other Christian fellowship for early morning devotions at places we stayed.

His faith and hope in God helped him to courageously face many

adversaries he met in his lifetime, especially painful sicknesses he encountered.

From the beginning of the last year, he had a grim struggle with sickness till early morning of 22nd January 2023 when it pleased the Lord to call him home to rest from his labors.

The way you were called by the Lord is befitting of how you conducted your life. You left your mark - a simple, honest, principled, and hardworking man of integrity. I am proud of you and especially for the many lives you touched.

The children and I cannot stop shedding tears, but we know you are in a better place resting in the Lord's bosom.

Thank you so much for all your selfless sacrifices you did for the family. We are forever grateful to you Obodai.

Rest peacefully with the Lord my love.

Till we meet again.

Obodai: Yaawo Ojogban



TRIBUTE BY Children



MHB 428

***I'll praise my Maker while I've breath:
And when my voice is lost in death
Shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past:
While life and thought and being last:
Or immortality endures.***

Today, we the children of the late Mr. Kwei Gyadu Obodai Annan stand before this church filled with family, friends, and sympathizers to pay tribute to our dearest Dad whom we affectionately called Dada.

Our Father, Obodai Annan, was a great man who held his children in high esteem. He taught us the values of life including, but not limited to, the acts of kindness, forgiveness, hard work and resilience which he practiced throughout his stay on earth. Dada, your sudden call by your maker, of whom you worshipped earnestly, has brought upon us an unimaginable pain and a sense of deep loss. But according to Job 1:21 "The Lord giveth and the Lord hath taken away". Whom are we to question the Lord? It is hard and heartbreaking but by the resilience you instilled in us, we are comforted that this pain shall also not be permanent.

We remember fondly your love and care for us throughout the years. Our father taught us to depend on God and acknowledge him as our creator and provider. Our childhood recollection of our dad was that of a strict parent never hesitating to crack the whip when necessary to ensure we grew to become honest, disciplined, and well-mannered people.

Dada sacrificed all he had to make sure we had the best of education and went all out to provide us with our needs and wants. He would always say, and I quote, "the best inheritance you can give your children is to educate them to the highest level" of which Dada did and we are forever grateful. Even at our various ages with kids, Dada still encouraged us to further our education and be self-actualized.

OB or Numoi as we affectionately called him was always there for us throughout the various changing scenes of our lives be it in joy or trouble. He was our utmost confidant and we shared most of our dreams with him. He used to say "silence is golden, meaning it is often better to remain silent than to speak.

Now that you are no more, we would no longer hear.

"Maatee play me some Methodist hymns or classical music, Hey Akweley Amakye, Maafio"

Our loving father taught us a lot and that has made us who we are today as individuals. He was not just a father to us but was a father to a lot of people.

As we bid you farewell, we your children, Torgbor (Tee), Francisca, Akweley (AK), Akuokor (Maafio), and MaaTee (Tee) together with every individual you have impacted wish to express our deepest gratitude for your countless sacrifice, abiding love, profound affection, great support and most of all, for the priceless values you imparted to us.

We thank God for your enduring legacy of faith, hope and love but most of all for the opportunity of having a tending, beautiful, compassionate, and caring soul as yours. Your earthly strife is over, and we believe that in accordance with your faith, the Good Lord will grant you an everlasting rest in his bosom.

We love you far more than we can ever express Dada and we shall miss you very much and never forget your ever smiling face and banter.

We love you so much our dear OB and remember, your labor in the Lord and in our lives has not been in vain.

Daa, Yaawo Jogbang. !! Ye Nunsto mli Amen.

Father in your gracious keeping we leave your servant sleeping.

Children



Torgbor



Francisca



Akweley



Akuorkor



Maatee

TRIBUTE BY

Grandchildren

The sudden death of our grandfather has brought us to the understanding of what Paul said in Philippians 1:21 that, "for me to live is Christ and to die is gain."

Indeed, we cannot hide our feelings that we have lost a loving grandfather like you. You were a wonderful living experience to us your grandchildren. You were a grandfather, a mentor and a pillar of support.

Today, although we grieve, we console ourselves because you raised our parents to be like you in order that they would fill the vacuum you have left as you now rest in the Lord.

In paying this tribute to our grandpa, we sincerely wish to praise the name of our Lord God almighty for giving us such a wonderful grandpa.

We will remember you as a living vital presence and your memory will bring refreshment to our hearts and strengthen us in all endeavors especially in times of trouble. Grandpa, your grandchildren say, rest in perfect peace grandpa. Yaawo jobanga Grandpa.



TRIBUTE BY

Nephews and Nieces



The good is oft interred with their bones; so, let it be with our Uncle.
(Paraphrased from Mark Antony)

**Today you lie before us and we mourn.
Our times of joyous chitchats is in ruins.
We laugh just to hide the pain we feel.
We dance to celebrate you, O Uncle
And this is to hide our awkward steps.**

Our Uncle was a leader of men and women. He was quiet but very strong and tough. Most people saw him as soft spoken and yes he was, yet he was made of sterner stuff and determination.

Which of us didn't he teach, coach or guide in our education, upbringing, and life? We are all beneficiaries of that leadership today and we can raise our head high and hit our chest with pride for who we are.

Everyone of us called him Wofa Kwei. When Wofa Kwei is around, nobody misbehaves. Those of us who saw his university days, knew once Wofa was home for holidays, we had fireworks of discipline to deal with. The disciplinary process was a tango between our grandmother, his beloved mother of blessed memory, Armaah and Wofa Kwei. She kept the records and Wofa effected the corrective punishment.

In the mid-1980's when Wofa decided to relocate to Ghana, our joy was tempered. However, when we came of age, Wofa's mode of correction and guidance evolved. He became our counselor, our go to person. When we had issues even as we got married, Wofa always had an ear

for us. He was there when we got married, travelling as far as Asankragua and Tafo Atimatim. Wofa didn't mind the distance.

Just ten months ago, his senior sister, Victoria was called home to glory. With her children, Wofa stood and ensured that his sister got a befitting burial. He travelled with his nephews all the way to Dedeiso in the Afram Plains, to ensure that the sister's wishes were carried out.

Wofa always had a smile and a joke. Wofa loved his football. His favorite team was Accra Great Olympics, Oly gbogbo, Oly nkosonkonson, Oly Rosalinda, Oly dade, Agosu!!!. Anytime any of us visited our uncle, he always had words of gratitude, to his immediate family, his children, and his siblings. Wofa was an inspiration to us and now we will live to honor his legacy.

Death has left a huge void in our hearts and in our lives. Wofa, a great oak has fallen. Wofa, our light is now a thin fade. Words are not enough to encapsulate our feelings, emotions, and thoughts.

Fare thee well Wofa. Our love will continue to burn bright the way you thought us to love. May your way home be brightly lit and the angels of God including your mum Armaah, your aunt, Ashia and your sister, Victoria meet you with kisses and hugs for a job well done.

Rest well Wofa for you absolutely deserve and have earned it.

TRIBUTE
**FROM HIS BIBLE LESSONS CLASS. REV. ERNEST BRUCE MEMORIAL
METHODIST CHURCH (ADABRAKA)**



For my thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your ways, 'says the lord' for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways. And thoughts than your thoughts.
Isaiah 55:8-9

Brother Obodai joined the class at a very young age, under the leadership of The Late E.C. Adzebu which has now changed to Patrick Kweku-Duah. His submissions during our class meetings demonstrated his profession as a true teacher. His ability to discern, explain the lessons and simplify each topic to the whole class. We used to enjoy his explanation of the class lessons. We also saw him as a disciplined person and always punctual.

He was the treasurer of the class for so many years. His relocation to Madina as well as his sudden illness, minimized his class attendance.

Although we could not see him often, yet he would occasionally call and check on the class members and still give his contribution to class lessons.

We will dearly miss your beautiful smile and your wonderful jokes.

Brother Obodai! Your strife is over, the battle is done.

May the Lord receive you in his bosom until we meet again.

May your soul rest in perfect peace.

Yaawo Ojogban



TRIBUTE

FROM PAST TUTORS OF WESLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL-DANSOMAN



*God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm (MHB 503 VS 1)*

On Sunday the 22nd of January ,2023, we heard shocking news of the passing on to eternity, our colleague, Mr. Obodai Annan. Shocking, because he had chatted with Madam Sylvia Joyce Tham, a former French teacher of the school, a day prior to this fateful event. He asked her not to bring her grandchild for classes at his end because he was not feeling well. Madam Sylvia on the other hand advised him to take his medications and have a good rest. On the day in question, there was a call from his phone, which she hurriedly picked, thinking that our brother was going to be heard but unfortunately his voice was missing, but rather the voice of his twin daughter, Akweley who broke the news of the demise of his dad. Likewise, three days before his demise, he exchanged pleasantries with Mrs Charity Gala. Little did we know that death was going to lay its icy hands on him in a twinkle of an eye.

Mr. Obodai, as most of us called him, belonged to the Science Department. He was a very brilliant Chemistry tutor. He also taught

Integrated Science and Mathematics. Mr. Obodai stood for excellence in education. He saw progress in life as success in education. He therefore counselled his students to take their studies seriously. He taught colleagues' children for free and extended the services to our grandchildren even after retirement.

Mr. Obodai was hard working. He never relented in his efforts. He was always busy with his part-time tuition, which we termed in those days as 'SOKA 'He was the contractor and engaged some of us to teach other subjects which were outside his premises.

Mr. Obodai was a channel of harmony where there was discord, a channel of peace where there was war and a channel of forgiveness where there was injury.

Mr. Obodai Annan, a disciplinarian a strong pillar, a real gem is gone. May the good Lord grant him eternal rest till we meet again.

Yaawo Ojogban

TRIBUTE BY
WESLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 1993 YEAR GROUP TO THE LATE
MR. KWEI GYADU OBODAI ANNAN (OUR CHEMISTRY MASTER)



The above year group met Mr. Obodai Annan, A.K.A “Obodai” as we affectionately called him, in 1991 being the first badge of the senior secondary school (SSS) program, now senior high school (SHS).

“Obodai” was already in the chemistry teaching profession in the school before and after the 1993-year group. So, we admit that he touched many lives way before and after the 1993-year group. In other words, we are a small chip out of the huge mountain of positive impact or influence he had in his teaching time. He became more than a peer to all his students, and we are confident that same will be said by all the other year groups as he played and joked as if we were his colleagues.

When it came to classroom work, he was so serious that he could even punch and beat students with his short water hoes instead of the normal cane. Some of us enjoyed his extra classes which was necessary as of the time because of financial challenges.

He was constantly on our necks to study, and for some of us looking back, good, or bad, the effect has been tremendously enormous. In the cause of getting our attention and focus in his class at one time, he advised the whole class that there was a minimum chance of any of the boys getting married to any lady in the same class. He said to the boys that our wives were far in the primary and JHS and the ladies’ husbands were way ahead of our class. He reminded us of this fact which lingered in our minds and helped us to remain focused in our studies. To this we are grateful and say ayekoo to him. He named all his students depending on which community and tribe you come

from. Many of us were like his classmates outside the classroom as he exchanged punches with us but never spared us in the classroom as and when the need for the use of his water hose “Am coming, shito loo, sea level” and many others were nick names he gave some of us.

Mr Obodai Annan, passed on peacefully in his sleep after a short illness on 22nd January 2023.

He challenged most of us, the reason to forge on until we get to the sky, and even those of us who did not take him seriously learned in our later lives that he meant deeply well.

We remember him by the results of his impacts, and we know that his maker who called him from this life shall hide him in His bosom where there is eternal peace till we meet again.

Fare thee well Mr. Obodai Annan

Yaawo joghann “Obodai







Hymns

MHB 823

Our Life Is Hid With Christ In God
Our life is hid with Christ in God;
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed His glory all abroad
In all His members here.

Our souls are in His mighty hand,
And He shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With Him on Zion's hill.

O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our heads.

Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view

MHB 50

The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want
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.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own names sake.

Yea, though I walk
through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

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

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

MHB 235

I Know That My Redeemer Lives
I know that my Redeemer lives!
What joy this blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
he lives, my ever-living Head!

He lives triumphant from the grave;
he lives eternally to save;
he lives exalted, throned above;
he lives to rule his church in love.

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 help in time of need.

He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly 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, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
what joy this blest assurance gives:
I know that my Redeemer lives

MHB 468

Nearer, My God, To Thee
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
Een though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to
Thee.

Refrain

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee
Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone.

Yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God to Thee.

Refrain

There let the way appear, steps unto Heavn;

All that Thou sendest me, in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to Thee.

Refrain

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with Thy
praise,

Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be nearer, my God, to Thee.

Refrain

Or, if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I'll fly,
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to
Thee.

Refrain

There in my Fathers home, safe and at rest,
There in my Saviors love, perfectly blest;
Age after age to be, nearer my God to Thee.
Refrain

MHB 831

Give Me The Wings Of Faith To Rise
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.
Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to Heavn

MHB 615

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
[or Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer]
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.
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.
Lord, I trust Thy mighty power,
Wondrous are Thy works of old;
Thou deliverst Thine from thralldom,
Who for naught themselves had sold:
Thou didst conquer, Thou didst conquer,
Sin, and Satan and the grave,
Sin, and Satan and the grave.
When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hells 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.
Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heavenly home,
Fills my soul with holy longings:
Come, my Jesus, quickly come;
Vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with Thee!
Lord, I long to be with Thee

MHB 651

Hark! Hark, My Soul! Angelic Songs Are Swelling
Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling,
Oer earths green fields and oceans wave-beat
shore:

How sweet the truth those blessd strains are
telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Refrain

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

Refrain

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

Refrain

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.

Refrain

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

MHB 977

Safe Home, Safe Home In Port!
Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck;
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyageperils oer!
The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well;
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.
No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly he had failed
How nearly had that foe prevailed!
The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.
The exile is at home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins and doubts and fears;
What matters now griefs darkest day?
The King has wiped those tears away

MHB 975

When The Day Of Toil Is Done
When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest forevermore.
When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious Word fulfilled:
Peace forevermore.
When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray:
Light forevermore.
When the heart by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy forevermore.
When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love forevermore.
When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,
Life forevermore

MHB 976

Now The Laborer's Task Is O'Er
Now the laborers task is oer;
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.
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.

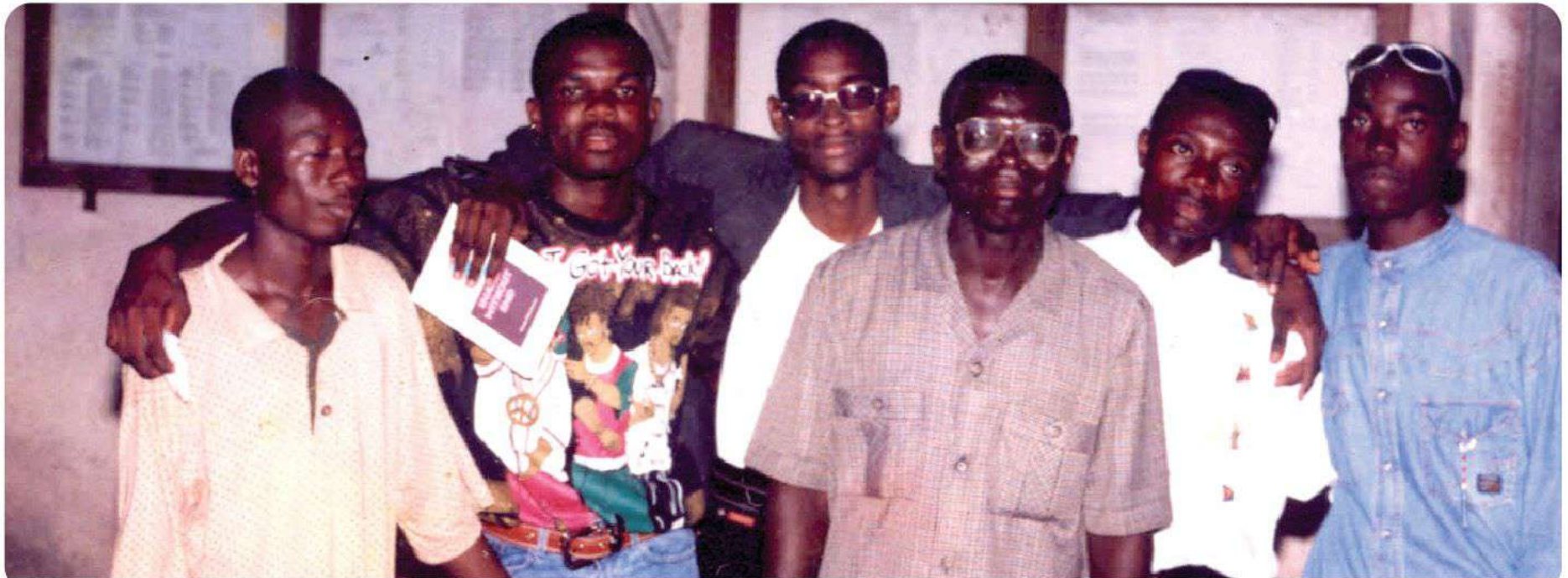
Refrain
There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can neer invade.

Refrain
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
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
Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.

Refrain







APPRECIATION

**WE THANK YOU DEARLY AND PRAY FOR GOD'S ABUNDANT BLESSINGS ON YOU
ALL FOR YOUR OVERWHELMING SUPPORT DURING THIS DIFFICULT TIME.**

WE REMAIN FOREVER GRATEFUL TO YOU!

**THANK YOU
THE FAMILIES OF THE LATE MR. OBODAI KWEI GYADU ANNAN**

