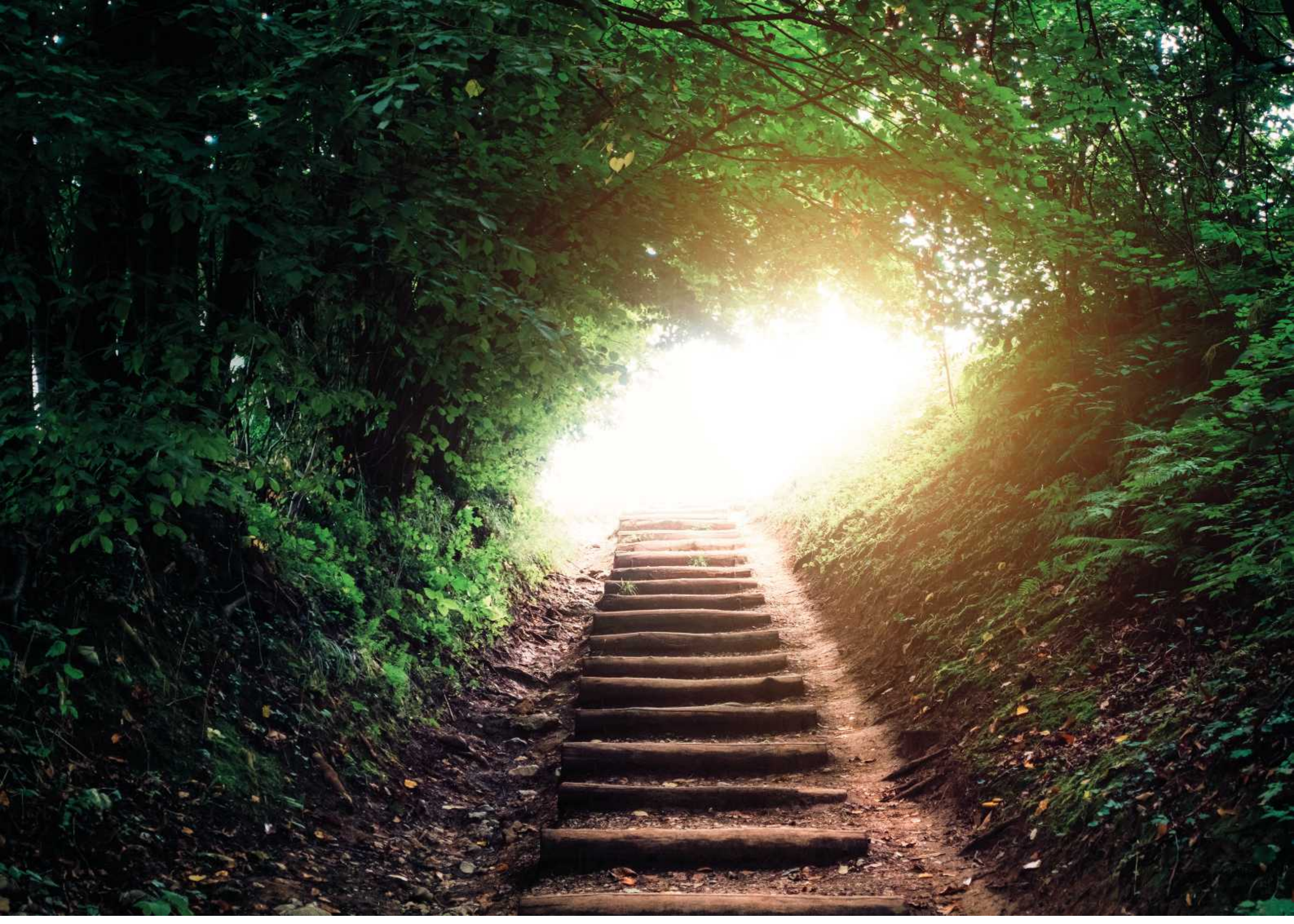
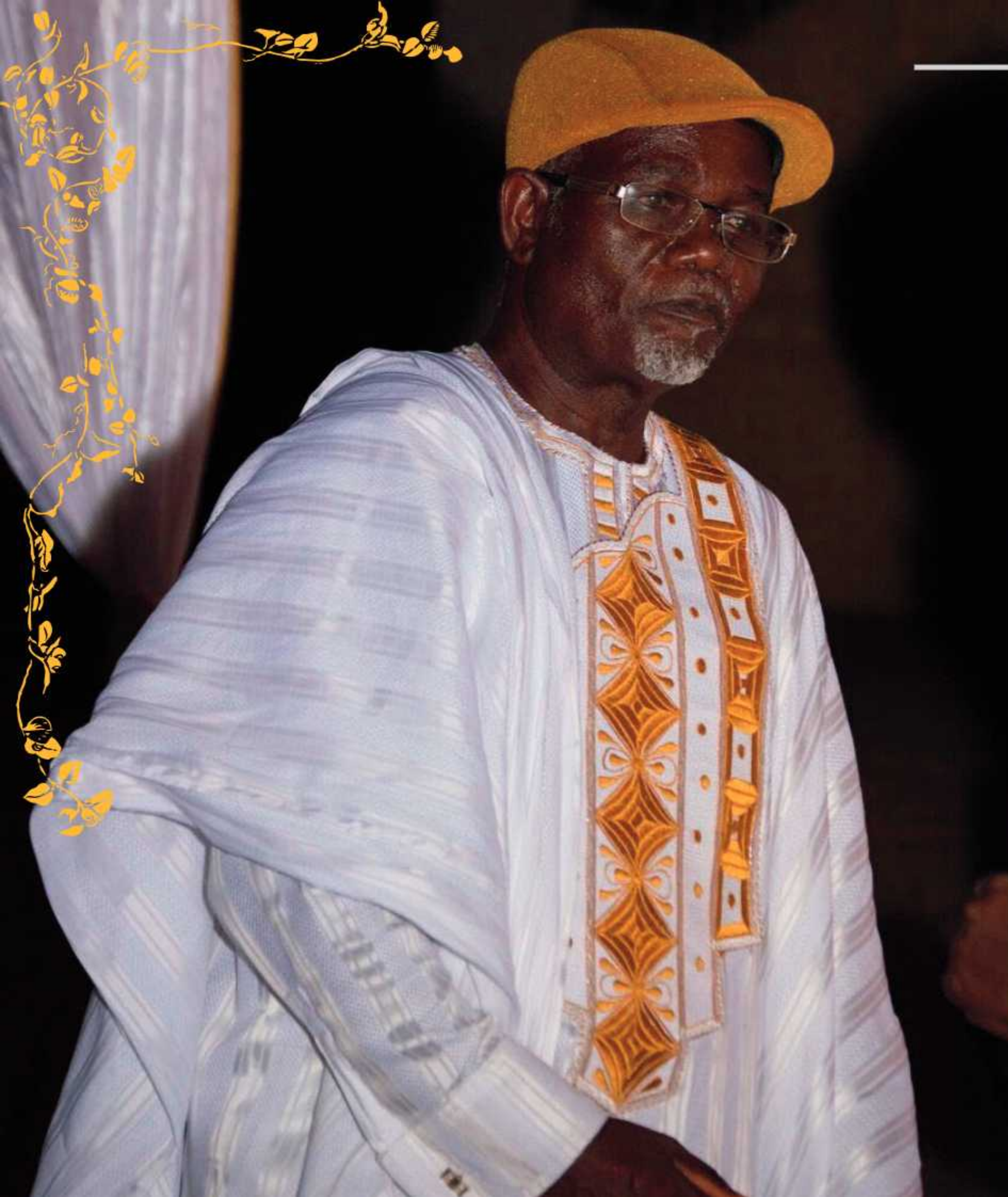


NATHANIEL ODARTEI

BADU

1946 - 2023







ORDER OF SERVICE

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Most Rev. Dr. Robert Aboagye-Mensah
 Rt. Rev. John Harvey-Ewusi
 Very Rev. Gordon K. Duah
 Very Rev. Eric Alex Ofoe Doku
 Very Rev. Dr. John Bonful
 Very Rev. Oheneba Quarshie- Woode
 Very Rev. Kwame Gharthey
 Rev. Frederick Quarcoo
 Rev. Joshua C. Doughan
 Rev. Maxwell Osei Basuah
 Evangelist Mrs. Grace Duah
 Evangelist Isaac Richmond Benuah

STEWARD

Mr. Osei Bonsu

PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

Processional Hymn-MHB 400
 Prayer
 Welcome
 Opening of Coffin
Hymn-MHB 589
 File Past
 Scripture Reading
Hymn-MHB 428
 Closing of Coffin

PART ONE

Hymn-MHB 831
 Sentences and Prayers
 Announcement of Purpose
Hymn-MHB 527
 Biography/Tributes
 Scripture Reading:
 English- Sister Adwoa Apraku
 Akan- Sister Margaret Cudjoe
 Ga- Sister Belinda Okley
Hymn-MHB 157
 Sermon
 Song Ministration- Perez Musik
 Affirmation of Faith
 Offertory-Praise Team

PART TWO-

MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE
Hymn-MHB 498
 Thanksgiving, Commendation and
 Conclusion Prayer
 The Lord's Prayer
Hymn- MHB 679
 Benediction
 Dead March in Soul
Recessional Hymn-MHB 878

PART THREE-GRAVESIDE

Hymn-MHB 50
 Committal and Prayers
 Vote of Thanks
Closing Hymn-MHB 948
 Benediction

Bio- graphy



When the possible has been clotted with imperishable and the natural with immortality, then the saying that DEATH HAS BEEN SWALLOWED IN VANITY becomes true.

“Where O death, is your victory? Where death is your sting” 1 Cor. 15:54-55

Nathaniel Odartei Badu was born on the 10th of April 1946 at Koforidua, to Madam Racheal Ardua Quaye and Mr. Amankwah Badu both of blessed memory.

He started his basic education at Tema Twidaase Primary School. He was such a brilliant student, who was promoted twice in his grade and topped the whole country in the common entrance exams while in Form 2.

Nathaniel gained admission to Tema Secondary School in 1961 as one of the pioneers of the Great school. He was Entertainment Prefect during his tenure and completed in 1966. He proceeded to Accra Academy Secondary School to pursue his sixth form education and completed in 1968.

Nathaniel Badu taught at Suhum Secondary Technical school for one year before proceeding to the University of Ghana in 1972, where he obtained an Honors Degree in Economics.

Upon completion, he was fortunate to undertake his National Service with the Black Star Line. By dint of his dedication and hard work, he was retained. He took the opportunity to pursue a shipping course in Oslo-Norway, Germany and Great Britain.





Family Life

Nathaniel met his wife, Georgina Boye (Maiden) through his friend who taught at Accra Academy school, during her sixth form education and developed a lovely relationship with her which led to their customary marriage in December 1978.

The couple was blessed with four sweet children – Naa Lamiley (of blessed memory), Naa Lamiokor, Naa Lankai and Nii Lantey Badu. They later ordained their marriage in February 2007, enjoying 45 beautiful years of marriage.

He had a strong commitment to education, making every effort to provide his kids with the greatest education possible and providing them with all the support they needed to succeed in their aspirations.

Nathaniel joined the Meat Marketing Board-Accra and was later posted to Cape Coast as the Central Regional Marketing Officer.

During this period, his wife and children were in Accra. The family then joined him in Cape Coast in the year 1988.

Not long after that, he resigned and assumed the position of Senior Revenue Officer at the then Ghana Water and Sewage Corporation, now Ghana Water Company Limited (GWCL) in September 1989. He became the District Commercial Officer and rose through various other ranks to the position of the Area Commercial Manager until he retired in April 2006.



Religious Life

Nathaniel was raised by Christian parents and christened at St. Paul's Methodist Church in Tema.

He enjoyed the teachings and sermons of Pastor Mensah Otabil on Sundays and made sure everyone else had left the house for church, although he himself would not attend. He always admired how beautiful his wife, children and grandchildren looked on Sundays. On the 18th of March 2023, Mr. Badu confessed Jesus Christ as his Lord and personal Saviour. The family was so thrilled because everyone looked forward to this day.



Social Life:

Mr Badu had a natural flare for farming and gardening so much that everywhere he lived, he made sure he had a lavish backyard farm. At Cape coast, he had a vast land around his bungalow, and he utilized that very well for farming. He cultivated cassava, corn, pepper, garden eggs, tomatoes, etc. He also reared pigs and poultry. His interest in farming increased on his retirement. At his residence in Oyibi, he allocated a portion of his plot to farming. He did this tirelessly and was greatly admired for his interest in farming. There was always organic food at home for the family. He was also generous to share his harvest with his neighbours and visitors. In fact, every visitor left his house with a bunch of plantain, palm nut, corn, banana, oranges or some vegetables. Back at Dansoman, his residence was known as the WATERHOUSE. His gate was always open for the whole community to fetch water for free whenever there was shortage of water. When he had insufficient water supply to cater for the neighborhood, he would call for tanker service. This was not only to fill up his tank but also serve the masses who queued in front of his house with buckets and gallons. He will always be remembered for his good deeds. Nathaniel joined the area development association at Oyibi and contributed his quota to the development of the area. He single-handedly constructed a gutter in front of his residence to connect to the main road. Although he faced several challenges constructing the road in front of his house, he never gave up after several fails from weather damages. He will rebuild when the rains destroyed his hard work. Nathaniel Badu was also an active member of his old student's association.

Last days

Odartei was an accomplished scholar and very reserved. People exclaimed in shock and utter disbelief when the news of your demise was heard.

Nat had been hale and hearty until late 2022 when his health began to fail him. His condition deteriorated and was admitted at the Shai Osudoku District Hospital at Dodowa in January 2023. He was later referred to the University of Ghana Medical Centre where he passed on in the evening of Tuesday, 16th May 2023. He is survived by his wonderful wife, three children, three grandchildren, three siblings, a host of nephews and nieces and several other family members.

In grief of your death, we honour your life and cherish your memory. Though with deep sadness, we are glad to have been part of your life and grateful for what we shared. Now your work is done. Find rest in the bosom of your maker.

GOD BLESS YOU NAT.

YAA WO ODZOGBANN



Tribute by Wife



Then I heard a voice from heaven say, “Write this: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on.” “Yes,” says the Spirit, “they will rest from their labor, for their deeds will follow them.”

I first met my husband at Accra Academy when I was in sixth form. He was then a close friend to my cousin-Mr. Samuel Boye of blessed memory who was a teacher at the school. He used to visit my cousin with other friends regularly and I was always there to serve them. He was residing at Mamprobi and I was at Korley Gonno at the time. The visits become personal and regular and eventually the relationship began which developed into a long memorable journey.

Nat and I got married in December 1978 while I was working with the Establishment Secretariate (now OHCS), and he was at Black Star Line. He gave me the opportunity to enter a ship for the first time and we had a nice time. He was always there for me in every way as I was for him also. We understood each other and stayed as best friends.

Nat loved education and so encouraged me to upgrade my qualification. Thus, I was able to pursue a diploma course after my certificate in Librarianship. He didn't stop at pushing me, he encouraged me to further my education. At his behest, I applied for a degree program at the University of Ghana. By God's grace I was admitted. With his support and encouragement, I was able to sail through successfully. Nat was my proofreader. He edited my long essays and thesis and assisted with my assignments. His support was remarkable.

He called me Gina and I called him Nat. He was very plain and never hid his feelings or thoughts. He would say it as it is. Nat was a disciplinarian who always wanted the right thing to be done. He wouldn't compromise wrongdoing. Despite these hard traits, those who got close to him always testified that he was a very nice person to be around and very generous. We resolved our differences peacefully without a third party. In fact, we understood each other.

Tribute by Wife



Nat loved babies so much that when we started having our children, he was always available to carry them after they had bath. He will rock them to sleep and play with them while I handled other house chores.

You promised that we will renew our vows this year but alas, man proposes but God disposes. I have nothing to say except to give thanks because scripture admonishes us to always give thanks. I take consolation in the fact that you gave your life to Christ on the 18th of March 2023 before your demise. I knelt to praise God for this grace. I was unable to contain my excitement and tears of joy flowed down my cheeks. This has been my greatest desire and wish. Nat, your demise has created a vacuum in my heart and home. The house feels empty without you. I miss your evening patrols around the house to ensure the gates and all windows are closed. Your love for gardening and farming made me also develop interest in it. I was always in the backyard garden with you. I became your poultry produce salesperson. I miss the birthday hangouts, outings, and occasional treats.

You were my best friend, my confidant and gist partner. I am glad that in your lowest moments you never felt lonely. Being with you through your dire last moments was an honour I will cherish forever.

Nat, I know you are not dead but asleep and will wake up when the trumpet sounds. Till we meet and part company no more, rest peacefully in the bosom of our maker.

Fare thee well my Love,
Wɔ odzogbaa.



Tribute by Children

It's hard to turn the page when we know you won't be in the next chapter, yet the story must continue.

We had the unique privilege and honour to be your children. We were very dear to you, and you protected us to the latter. Your discipline, scolds and stern look shaped our life.

You had a zero tolerance for nonsense and loved who does right, yet you were so loving regardless. We will miss you beyond measure. You were a blessing. Thanks, Daa for fathering us well. Your memories will remain treasures to us. They will not fade. Watch over us from heaven and gently guide our path.

Tribute by Children

B'KOR



6pm on Tuesday 16th May was the darkest hour of my life. We hoped with all faith and confidence that you would be discharged but no you were not. We were helpless as we watched you gently shut your eyes to bid goodbye and the ward was filled with deep wailing.

You were there for me every step of the way. I have countless pleasant recollections of you. A few of such were those moments when we'd run to join you in your white Toyota Corona to drop us at school, although we could jump the wall to get there because we shared a wall. And you did this with delight. Our rides through town were never dull because you would teach us the history of every town we passed through. A lady doesn't step out without a bag you would say when we are going out. As funny as it sounded, it made sense.

Daddy loved education so much that during secondary school breaks he would enroll us in vacation classes and drive us to class every morning. I recall him coaching me on the course to

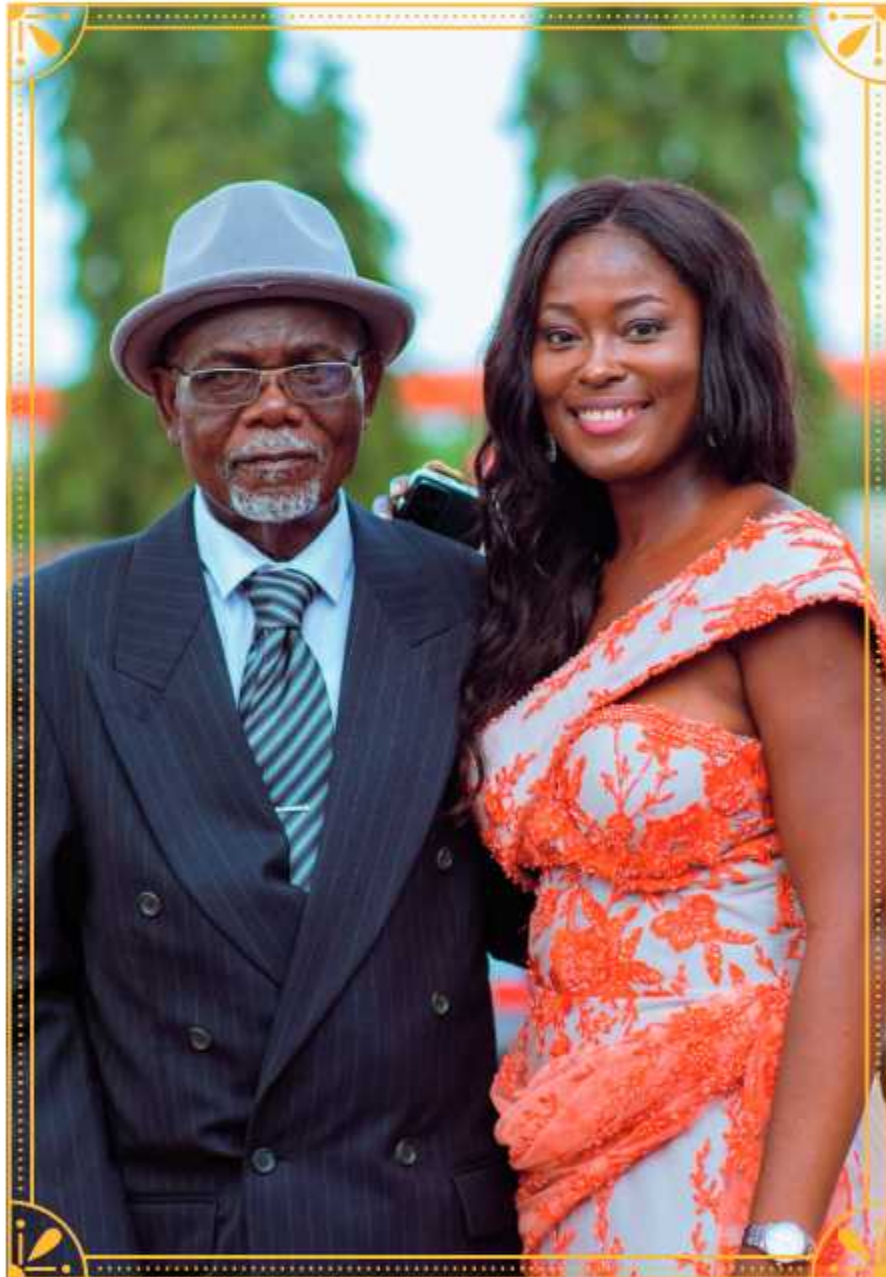
pursue in high school. He drove Naakai and me to Saltpond every school reopening and vacation. I recall how helpful he was in getting me a hostel in my first and second years at the University. He encouraged me to pursue an ACCA professional course. Fiifi and friends laughed in admiration and say "Naa your father has come", whenever lectures closed and my dad was waiting patiently outside to drive me home. Even in my adulthood, he showed up at my office often with plantain, banana and oranges from the backyard.

I had big plans for my 40th birthday, but I was worried because you were in your lowest moments. In a dilemma, I wondered how I was going to leave you to have fun but you insisted I should go and that you will be fine. On my return on 18th March, I was met with the greatest news of your salvation. I screamed with delight because it was to me, the best birthday present I'd received.

I count it a blessing that I made time in the mornings to see you and possibly feed you before I go to work and a greater blessing to interact with you to your very last breath. I will never forget the last teardrop I cleaned when you shut your eyes at last.

Tribute by Children

NAA KAI



MY DADDY you were my best friend, My Rock, My mentor, My very own DADDY. It's always been delightful hearing you call me "My Daughter" with pride whenever I addressed you as "My Daddy"

- Mo-Eeeeyyyy

- Eeeeyyyyyy

That is how you'd welcome me every time I came home, followed by a warm embrace. You will say on days when I came home late: "Kε ojekpo-ehh, ole boni abaa shia ona??" I will quietly walk inside with guilt without responding. Not hearing your welcome anymore breaks my heart.

You always waited for me to cut your nails, especially when I was running late to go out. I took pleasure in massaging your feet, toes, arm & hands, memories I'll forever hold dear.

You accepted my friends as family and made everyone feel at home. You named Anita "the 1 man thousand" on my birthday and loved Naa Ogbedee like your very own. I was called "the farmer's daughter",

because no one left Oyibi without a bounty from your backyard farm. I will miss brainstorming which seasonal crops to plant in the farm and which flower seeds to grow to beautify the house... Oh Daa! You were everything to me and you loved to see me happy and healthy.

I was greatly inspired by your ability to do everything. You were very hardworking, although physically challenged, you never felt handicapped. You were the family's carpenter, plumber, gardener, mason, electrician, contractor and foreman. You got me highly interested in building and construction as I watched you single-handedly construct the gutter in front of our house. You were the superhero who did not give up on your dreams.

Quitting was not an option. Whenever I got disappointed and felt like giving up on things that were delaying, Daa will encourage me and say "Lente-Lente". That means slowly, slowly I will get there. "Kε efeε obaana tsui" was what you said when a carpenter took forever to complete mummy's kitchen cabinet. I thought you would have sacked him a lot earlier but to my surprise, you rather gave me patience in dealing with him.

Tribute by Children

I enjoyed running errands with you and driving you around town. I enjoyed all our hangouts, especially the stops by Bush canteen to refuel our energy with some fufu and tilapia soup.

Having you as our father has been the

best experience we could ask for, and we are proud and honoured to have walked with you in your last and final days. You were never alone, you were dearly loved and always will be, even in eternity.

Rest well My Daddy, till we meet again.

NAA KAI

“

I was inspired by your ability to do everything



Tribute by Children

NII LANTEY



Not all superheroes wear capes.

Mr. Badu was a bold and strong man who loved gardening. He devoted most of his time at the back yard.

One life advice he gave me was : "In life, always respect the janitor, the cleaner, the trotro driver and everyone from every aspect of society: don't look down at anyone" he would say.

He used to drive me to school every day during my basic education at Seven Great Princess in Dansoman.

“

I love you dad

He took me to his workplace to spend time with him during vacations and in high school, he did not relent in visiting me.

You hand over the tv controller once he gets to the living room. He'd shout out "Kwεε Nii Lantey" in a deep voice and send me on errands.

I won't forget my last words to him: "I love you dad"... He replied the same...

He's in a better place, I would always say. Yes, not all superheroes wear capes,

Thank you Dad for all the beautiful memories.



Tribute by Siblings



2 Corinthians 1:3-4 says, "Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, 4 who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God."



We never saw this coming. Odartei, how do we say goodbye to you? We still cannot believe that we are standing before this congregation to pay our last respect. You have left a permanent imprint with the family.

Odartei was a scholar and a gentleman. Very brainy but modest member in the family. He exhibited honesty and integrity beyond question. He was a man of few words. First to compromise for peace to reign where there were feuds. Odartei was incredibly kindhearted. He freely gave without expecting in return.

Until we meet again, anyemi kpakpa yaawo ojogbann.



Tribute by Grand Children



Grandpa Oyibi, why have you left us so soon? You have left an irreplaceable void in our hearts. They say you can see someone and the next moment they just disappear. We never expected that our dear grandpa will also go.

Your news shocked us to the core because, we saw you getting better. We sang happy birthday to you on your birthday by your bedside. Little did we know that it was going to be our last moments with you.

We are very sad.

Paakow says Buddy Buddy is still at the hospital and he is still hopeful that you will be discharged. We do not know how to explain to him that we won't meet you anywhere here on earth again.

You are always the first to meet us at the door with a warm embrace whenever we visit. You will call very early in the morning to sing happy birthday to us on our special days. You will scold us with one arm and pull us to you with the other.

We still remember your charming smile and the beautiful stories you told us.

And oh, how can we forget the songs you sang for us when you were happy. We will miss you.

Grandpa, till we meet again, may you rest in heavenly peace.

Tribute by Cousins

Brother Nat was an intelligent and a lovely Brother. His sudden departure from us comes as a Big Blow to our family. A mighty tree has fallen. Brother Nat was jovial, had a great sense of humor and was loved. He was humble, social, friendly and played a major role in the family. He was a great Brother, Father, Uncle and Grandfather. He will be missed dearly. May He Rest Peacefully in the Bosom of the Almighty Father.



Tribute by Nephews & Nieces

Death is inevitable, it is a journey that everyone must take. Often, we wish death wasn't a part of life, we wish we would stay with our near and dear ones forever. Unfortunately, this cannot be. We pray that the soul of our late uncle Mr. Badu will rest in perfect peace.

Unco Nat as we call him was to us THE MAN, and our HERO. The MAN that always walked the talk. He had little to no tolerance for mediocrity or lack of dedication. The HERO in him never gave up on his dreams. He was ambitious in his pursuits; even when he was ill, he still pressed on and hoped to be well. In this regard, we all aspire to be like him, never giving up on our hopes and goals in life.



We still can't believe we're penning a tribute to you, Unco. Words cannot express how terrible this moment is, but if this is the final time, we get to say goodbye, we will do so knowing that we consider ourselves blessed to have lived this life as your nephews and nieces.

You touched so many lives by your selfless and countless acts of kindness, always giving and never expecting in return. Your dedication to a cause was what set you apart. For every institution you worked for, you laid the path for others to succeed.

The benefit of your hard work is a living testimony for so many young men and women you took under your wings at a personal and professional level.

Unco, you were and will always be an inspiration to myself, the entire family and anyone who worked with you. You have left a void in the family that will never be filled.

While we mourn today, we also take comfort in the fact that your mission on earth has been fulfilled. We thank the Lord for your life and bid you farewell until we meet again.

Endless love

Tribute by Inlaws

“For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways,” declares the Lord.

Isaiah 55:8

“Today we mourn the death of an in-law, father, husband, grandfather, and friend; such a vital member of our family, but we know that our loss is heaven's gain. We truly believe God heard all our prayers, but gave us what we could manage, though bitter and painful.



EBO HARVEY- EWUSI:

It has always been my prayer that daddy would witness his grandchildren grow into young adults and possibly see at least one of his great grandchildren before transiting to his maker. Indeed, our ways are not his ways neither are our thoughts his thoughts.

Tribute by Inlaws

Daddy was extremely intelligent, there was nothing he didn't know or contribute to. He was a “Jack of All Trade”. I secretly referred to him as “The Soldier-Man” because of his nature. He was straightforward, principled, bold, and courageous. Daddy would speak his mind without fear or intimidation.

I had a dream the night before he died that he had totally recovered and volunteered to assist me with garden landscaping. We prayed fervently that morning, hoping he would fully recover. That was probably his way of saying goodbye.

We know you're with us even though you're not here. You've done your part and done your best.

Thank you for every sacrifice you made for me and my family. Thank you for every knowledge you shared with me. Thank you for accepting me as your own.

May God grant you eternal rest.

Rest well daddy, Rest well my strong man.



GIFTY BADU:

I was nervous when I first joined the family since I didn't know what to expect. Dad always made me feel at home. He was the first person I would meet and greet every morning.

He always left a beautiful compliment with me, painting a bright smile for my day. This built an acquaintance and a beautiful friendship.

Getting to know him was indeed a priceless experience in the short period of knowing him. Thank you, father in-law, for the beautiful memories. Thank you for taking me as your daughter.

I love you

Tribute by Brother-in-law

Dr. Gareth Crabbe

The light has gone out of our lives and we are weighed down by sorrow and sadness as we say our final goodbyes to a fine and real gentleman.

My big brother, friend and buddy, the news of your sudden passing descended on me like a ton of bricks.

I do not know if, when or how I am going to recover from the shock.

You were a repository of knowledge and wisdom and I learnt so much from you through our numerous chats, discussions and deliberations on various subjects.

I always admired your quiet, straightforward, no-nonsense approach to issues and your penchant for calling a spade a spade, a trait that is lacking in so many of us.

There is so much I wanted to thank you for; you gave me temporary accommodation when I returned from my studies abroad, you trusted me enough to leave your cherished car in my care whenever you went on trek or were on transfer, you have been a pillar of support to the whole family and most importantly, I made the acquaintance of my dear wife through you and with your blessing. But unfortunately, I never had the chance to.

For as the Lord says, "my thoughts are not your thoughts and my ways are not your ways", and he decided to call you to be with him.

It is therefore with a heavy heart and teary eyes that my wife, Eleanor and I, say "THANK YOU" and wish you A PEACEFUL REST IN THE WELCOMING ARMS OF THE LORD!!!

Dada Nat, "Yaawɔ odzogbanɔ keyashi bei ni wɔbaakpe ekoŋ"!!!



Tribute by Ashong Morton

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven: a time to be born and a time to die: (Ecclesiastes 3:1-2)

It is with a heavy heart and much pain that I write this tribute to my beloved friend and brother. I still cannot believe that you are no longer with us.

I first met Nat in September 1960 at Akodzo Middle School. He was in form three. He left for Tema Secondary School the following year where I joined him in September 1962. For the next four years we acknowledged each other as acquaintances but, as my senior, I was always conscious of my limits.

In June 1972, we were thrown together again when we both worked for Black Star Line. That was when we became close. I used to stay over at his Mamprobi family residence, so we could go clubbing together. Over the next few years, we became great friends. As time went on, we pushed our friendship to brotherhood. That was when we started maturing in our attitudes and began discussing issues of marriage and raising families. He took the lead and married his sweetheart, Gina whom he met through our association.

Nat was a brother, a friend, and an adviser. We developed a symbiotic relationship maturing together, as we learnt the values of hard work, sacrifice and focus. As the senior in this partnership, I am so grateful for his great example as a role model and for his unwavering support for my dreams.

Nat was one of a kind, the epitome of kindness, generosity, and care. He was a man of conviction and of passion, but most importantly, of integrity. He was a fighter that never backed down, but also the first to forgive. Everyone I introduced him to, found him to be a likeable and an engaging character.

My lasting memories of Nat are simple: a hard-working, passionate figure of strength who never waned in his support and love for his family. The mighty leader has fallen, and we have all lost a wise and able counsellor; life will not be the same again. He was phenomenal in the things he did and achieved.



Tribute by Ashong Morton

Unfortunately, I have not been around much these past couple of years, so we have not been able to do the usual things – laughing, eating and drinking together. I recall that, on his sick bed, he used the words ‘I was miraculously revived’ to describe his condition in a message to me. The comment left me in no doubt that he was fighting for dear life ; but we kept alive the hope for another miracle to grant him complete recovery.

Odartei, you have left us far too soon. I know that you have fulfilled God’s purpose here on earth. Our lives will never be the same without you, NAT, but the suffering for you has ceased and you are at peace with your Maker. You will forever remain in my heart. I miss you dearly.

Nat, our selfish human hearts would have wanted you to remain with us, but God knows best, and He has decided it is time for you to return home. We pray that the good Lord will keep you safe till we meet again because, you have fought the good fight, finished the race and kept the faith. (2 Tim 4:7) .

No one can ever be like you. We reluctantly accept that you have embarked on the journey to the ‘undiscovered country’ from which no traveller returns!!!

Rest in God’s care. Rest in love in our hearts. To my precious brother and friend, Nat, I say ‘au revoir’.

God bless your soul. Rest in perfect peace.

Nat, oke gbenyiemu juro. Odartei, yaawo, odjogbann..



Rest in love in our hearts.



Tribute by FORMER STAFF GWCL

The late N. O. Badu was employed by the then Ghana Water and Sewerage Corporation (GWSC), now Ghana Water Company Limited (GWCL) as a Commercial Officer among a group of 9 – 10 graduates in 1988.

He served in various capacities during his active service in the Organization as a Commercial Officer and Manager. Based on his experience, seniority, competence and academic prowess, he was positioned in the Accra Central District, one of the busiest and viable Districts of the then ATMA Region. By dint of hard work, he was appointed as the Regional Commercial Manager following the demise of the substantive Manager in charge of the Greater Accra Region.

The late N. O. Badu was noted for his extraordinary disciplinary nature and was therefore able to purge and sanitize the Commercial Department of most misdeeds and miscreants. He was industrious and serious on his job. He went to work on most Saturdays and Sundays in order to clear his desk for the following week's assignments. Above all, he was a Customer Care/Service Manager and made sure customers of the Company were taken care of by ensuring fair treatments in terms of bill payments, accurate reading of customers' meters and customer complaints properly investigated and resolved within a reasonable time frame.

In summary, he stood tall as far as disciplinary actions were concerned. He was a calm, gentle and kind-hearted person. He related very well with Management, Colleagues and the entire staff. He has left a great vacuum in our hearts that will last forever.

Although we are saddened by his demise, we strongly believe that he is not lost; his memory remains with us.

May the good Lord grant him eternal rest in His bosom till we meet.

**FARE THEE WELL N. O. BADU
DAMIRIFA DUE!**



*When the day of toil is done
When the race of life is run
Father grant thy wearied one
Rest for evermore
(MHB 975)*

Tribute by TOSA '66

Nathaniel Odartei Badu was one of the first batch of students who all congregated on the top floor of the Boys Dormitory at Tema Secondary school (Temascho) in September, 1961 as pioneers of the school.

Wooden beds had been lined up in the dormitory and each student selected his own bed as we were not many. With the exception of very few who knew themselves, the majority were meeting for first time. Interestingly, the girls were housed in two bungalows meant for housemasters because of their numbers. For those who had never slept in such a big room, it was quite a nightmarish experience. In the days and weeks that followed we were able to mingle and make friends.

Nat was an exceptional student and performed creditably well in academics and also in the field of sports. It was therefore not surprising that he was appointed as the entertainment prefect for this young school. He did very well in the GCE O'Level examinations in 1966 and proceeded to Accra Academy for his A' levels. He then entered the University of Ghana, Legon.

He played a significant role in the formation of the Tema Old Students Association (TOSA) and helped to nurture and grow it to what it is now, a formidable group of men and women supporting their Alma Mater in terms of physical infrastructure and academic development. He was a regular attendee to the gatherings of the Pioneer TOSA 66-70 Year group till ill health recently limited his attendance to such meetings.

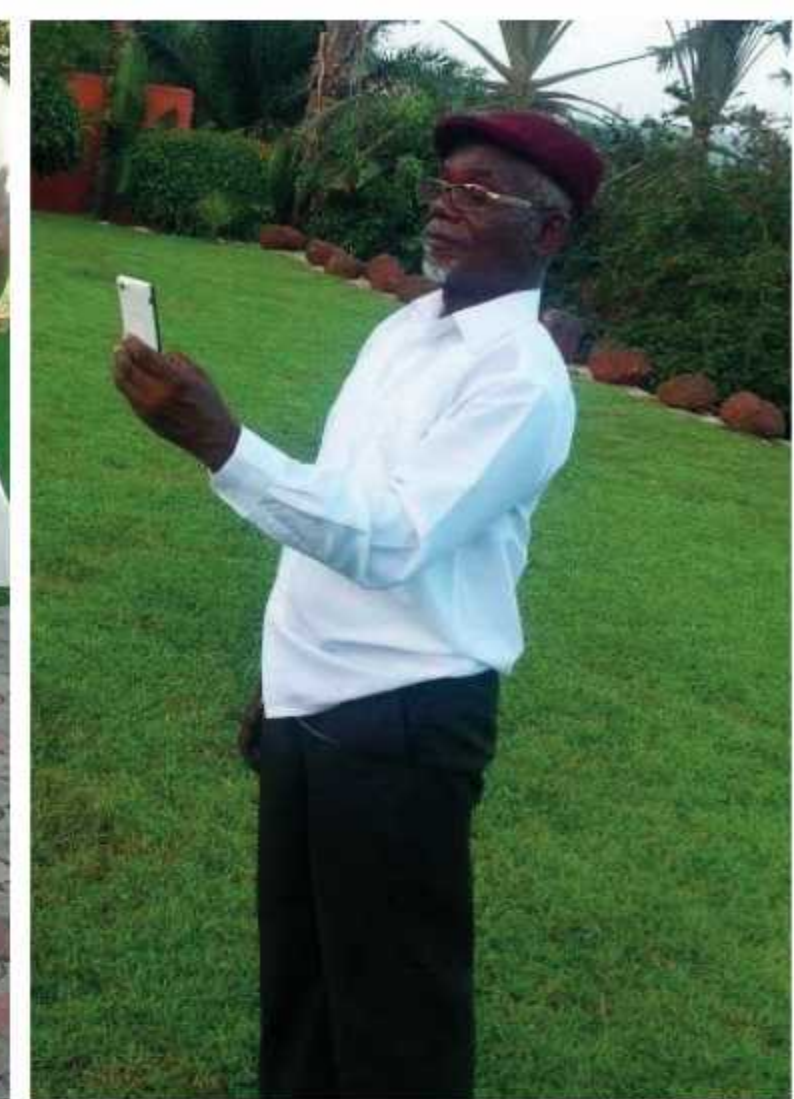
**SLEEP THOU WELL IN THE BOSOM OF THE LORD
YAAWO OJOGBANG YE NUNTSO LE MLI**



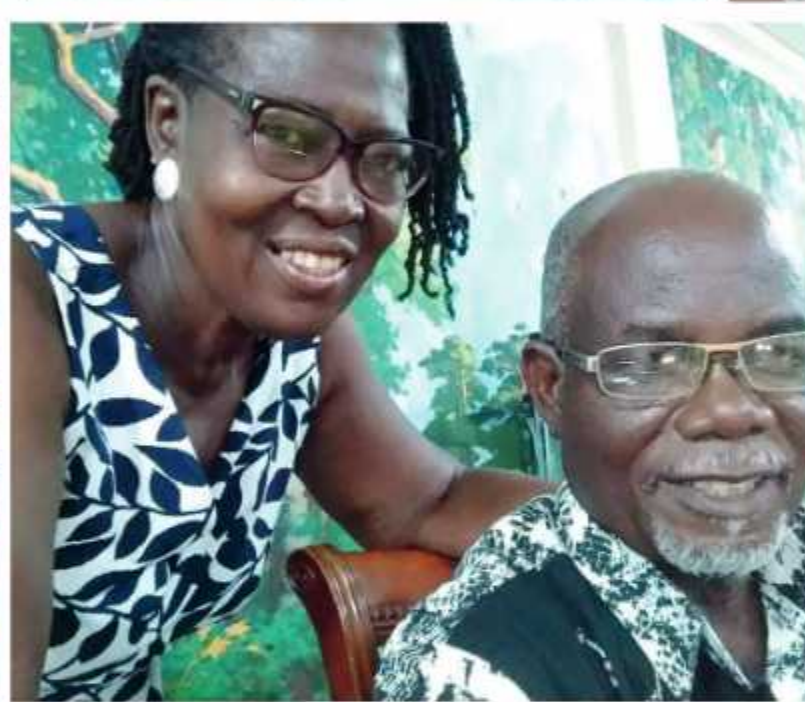
*The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.*

("Elegy written in a Country Churchyard")

By Thomas Gray







Hymns

MHB 400

1 Take my life and let it be
consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my moments and my days;
let them flow in endless praise,
let them flow in endless praise.

2 Take my hands and let them move
at the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet and let them be
swift and beautiful for thee,
swift and beautiful for thee.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
at thy feet its treasure store.
Take myself, and I will be
ever, only, all for thee,
ever, only, all for thee.

MHB 589

1 Go, labor on; spend, and be spent,
thy joy to do the Father's will;
it is the way the Master went;
should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
thine earthly loss is heav'nly gain;
men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
the Master praises--what are men?

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
for toil comes rest, for exile home;
soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
the midnight peal, "Behold, I come."

MHB 428

1 I'll praise my Maker with my 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 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

6 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 831

1 Give us 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 mourning here below,
their couch was wet with tears;
they wrestled hard, as we do now,
with sins and doubts and fears.

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 527

1 Sometimes a light surprises
the Christian while he sings;
it is the Lord who rises
with healing in His wings;
when comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
a season of clear shining,
to cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
we sweetly then pursue
the theme of God's salvation,
and find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
we cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown morrow
bring with it what it may."

4 Though vine nor fig tree neither
their wonted fruit should bear,
though all the field should wither,
nor flocks nor herds be there,
yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
for while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

MHB 498

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee;
let the water and the blood,
from thy wounded side which flowed,
be of sin the double cure;
save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Not the labors 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.

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 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.
Oh, 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!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh shower them, Lord, on me!

MHB 878

1 O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home:

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

6 O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
still be our guard while troubles last,
and our eternal home!

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.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me:
and in God's house forevermore
my dwelling place shall be.'

MHB 948

1 Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide.

When other helpers fail and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away.

Change and decay in all around I see.
O thou who changest not, abide with
me.

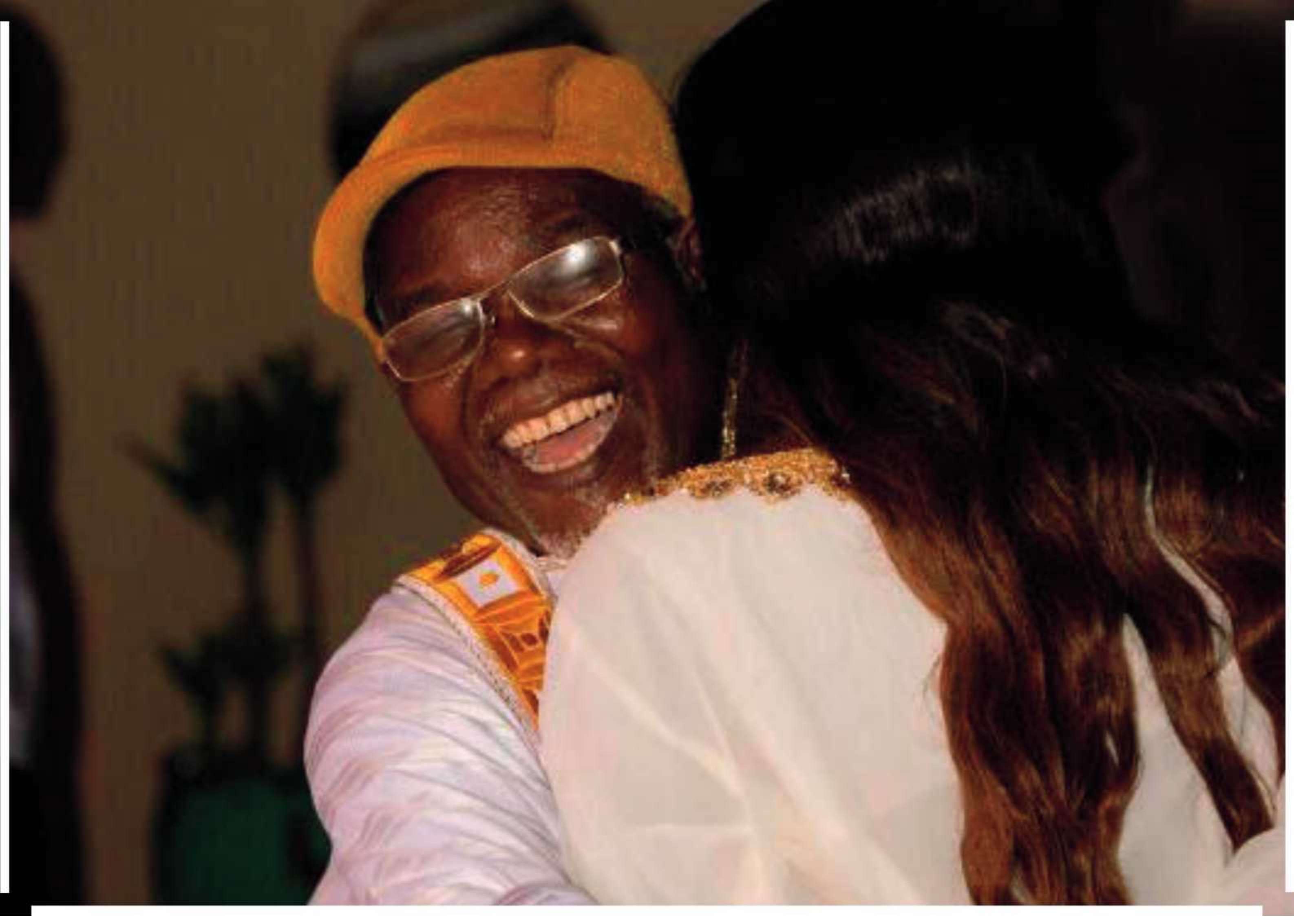
5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing
eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to
the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's
vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

MHB 157

1 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
of our life's wild, restless sea;
day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
saying, "Christian, follow me."
Jesus calls us from the worship
of the vain world's golden store,
from each idol that would keep us,
saying, "Christian, love me more."

2 In our joys and in our sorrows,
days of toil and hours of ease,
still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."
Jesus calls us-- by Thy mercies,
Savior, may we hear Thy call;
give our hearts to Thine obedience,
serve and love Thee best of all.





APPRECIATION

The Badu and allied families would like to express their utmost gratitude to sympathizers, friends and the church for joining us mourn our beloved,

NATHANIEL ODARTEI BADU

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