

**SAMUEL
KWAME SASU
AKOTO-BAMFO**

A.K.A KWAME SASU

1978-2024



"A light from our household is gone, a voice we love is stilled. A place is vacant in our hearts that never can be filled."



OFFICIATING CLERGY

- Rev. Dr. Samuel Akoto Bamford
- Rev. Theresa Akoto Bamford
- Rev. John Cato
- Rev. John Adjaye
- Rev. Aro Esoun Aduful, Chaplin Ghana Revenue Authority
- Prophet Frank Bannerman – Williams

IN ATTENDANCE

- African Glorious Chorale

ORDER OF SERVICE

PART ONE

1. Filing Past
2. Hymn MHB 99 - How Sweet The Name of Jesus
3. Opening Prayer
4. Declaration of Gathering
5. Hymn MHB 608 - Captain of Israel's Host
6. Exhortation
7. Hymn MHB 651- Hark, Hark My Soul Angelic
8. Scripture 1st & 2nd
9. Exhortation
10. Hymn MHB 831 - Give Me The Wings of Faith.
11. Biography
12. Soloist – Loretta Larbi
13. Tributes
14. Song by Choir
15. Sermon
16. Prayer For Bereaved Family

17. Register of Wreaths
18. Offering
19. Acknowledgements
20. Announcements
21. Vote of Thanks
22. Thanksgiving Prayer
23. Closing Prayer & Benediction

PART TWO: AT THE GRAVE

1. Opening Prayer
2. Hymn MHB 914 - God be with you till we meet again
3. Scripture Reading
4. Exhortation
5. Committal
6. Prayer
7. Family Spread Dust
8. Vote of Thanks
9. Closing Prayer & Benediction



BIOGRAPHY

OF

*If thou shouldest call me to resign,
What most I prize; it never was mine.
I only yield thee what is thine.
Thy will be done.*

**SAMUEL
KWAME
SASU**

1978-2024

AKOTO-BAMFO



Samuel Akoto-Bamfo known in family circles as Kwame Sasu was born on the 25th of February, 1978 in Takoradi to the late Lawyer Eugene Akoto Bamfo of Mpraeso and Madam Agatha Baaba Cobbina of Takoradi.

When Kwame Sasu was about 2 years old, he was brought down from Takoradi by his late dad to join the rest of the family in Accra.

He attended the Association International School, Airport for his primary education. In 1989 he sat and passed the Common Entrance Examinations and gained admission to the Okuapeman Secondary School (his dad's alma mater).

After the 1st year at Okuapeman Secondary School, he was transferred to Accra Academy to join the form 2 class. He completed in 1994.

He subsequently furthered his education at the Accra Technical Training Centre where he completed a course in Information Systems and Hardware in the year 2000. In the same year on the 1st of November, 2000 he joined the then Customs and Preventive Service and has been in the service until his untimely demise.

Kwame Sasu met a lady with whom he had a lovely boy he named after his late dad Lawyer Eugene Akoto-Bamfo Snr. He affectionately called him Boboo. Unfortunately, Boboo died when he was about 18 months old. It was a devastating blow from which he never fully recovered.

Kwame Sasu was kind hearted who believed in sharing the little he had with friends and relations. He had a special relationship with all generations of the family each of whom he gave special nicknames, Marigyata, Apkanga, My Lord, R Bobo, Papa J, P Kuin and Pana. He named the whole crew at Pokuase, the Pok City Gang and made himself the leader.

Kwame Sasu left behind his mums, siblings, cousins and a host of family members to mourn him.

Sasu, your mums, siblings and the entire family, friends and loved ones wish you a safe journey back home.

You will forever be missed and loved.

Rest peacefully in the Arms of your Maker.

Yaa wo jogbanŋ.

Da yie





TRIBUTE BY

MADAM AGARTHA COBBINA

TO MY BELOVED SON

My dear Kwame,

Today, I speak from a heart filled with both sorrow and love as I reflect on your life—a journey that was not without its struggles, but one that was uniquely yours. Though our paths did not always align, and life placed a distance between us, you were, and always will be, my son.

From the moment I first held you, my heart was full of hope and dreams for you. You were a beautiful, vibrant soul, and I loved you more than words could ever express. As life unfolded, it brought challenges that sometimes felt overwhelming, but no matter what, my love for you remained steadfast.

Kwame, I know your journey was not always easy. You faced battles that not

everyone could see, and though I could not always be there to lighten your load, I prayed for your peace and strength. I often wished I could have done more, could have been closer, could have made the burden lighter for you. But even in the moments when life seemed to separate us, you were never far from my thoughts or my heart.

You were so much more than your struggles. You had a light within you—a wit, a charm, and a kindness that touched those who truly saw you. Your laughter, even in difficult times, had a way of breaking through the darkness, reminding us all of the beauty within you.

Now, as I bid you farewell, my heart aches for the time we lost, for the conversations we didn't have, and for

the moments I wish we could have shared. But even in this pain, I find comfort knowing that you are finally at peace, free from the troubles that weighed you down in this life.

My dear son, please know that I loved you deeply, even if I didn't always have the words or the way to show it. My love for you is eternal, and it reaches beyond this world. You will always be my child, my heart, my hope.

Rest now, Kwame, in the loving arms of the Father. May you find the peace and freedom that eluded you in this life. You are deeply missed, but you will never be forgotten.

With all my love,
Mum



***“My love for you
is eternal, and it
reaches beyond
this world. You
will always be
my child, my
heart, my hope.”***

TRIBUTE BY

Mrs. Justice Vida Akoto-Bamfo

TO MY SON
FROM MAA

*Had the Lord asked me, I would
certainly with humility have cried,
O Lord Spare this blow.
Yes, with streaming tears I would have
prayed
Lord, I love him; let him live.
The Lord however, doth nothing amiss
and since He had ordered this,
whom am I to say nay.*

It has been extremely painful for me to put pen to paper to say goodbye to you. Loosing you at the prime of your life has been heartbreaking. Never had I imagined you would go ahead of me thus rendering futile all the orders I had given you and Kwame Bimpeh with respect to the keys, etc. when I finally exit this world.

Kwame Sasu, you were one of the few lucky ones to have had two mums, for



***“You were the
soul of our family
parties with your
funny dance steps.”***

when your daddy brought you down from Takoradi to join me and your older brother you were only two years old. We just clicked; you were my beautiful son with the curly hair whom we affectionately called Kwabenya Rawlings.

I was proud to have watched you grow from a toddler into a bubbly young man, full of vitality and zest. You were respectful, funny and enjoyed teasing others followed by bouts of resounding laughter. You were the soul of our family parties with your funny dance steps.

When in the course of time, your mum came down and wanted to meet you, I can still remember the look on your face when I relayed the message to you and the question you asked me which really tore at my heart strings "so Maa , are you not my biological mother". I only answered by assuring you that I would always be with you.

In 1996, when we sadly lost your dad and the family decided that you and Yvone had to be with your respective mums, there was so much pain and a flood of tears and hugs. We cried our hearts out. Therefore, when after about 6 months you called to say you wanted to return home, I did not hesitate and heartily welcomed you back. We were united once again. I guided and walked you through the various stages of your life.

Our journey together has been eventful, we have had our great moments of joy

and periods of anguish but in all of it you have remained my baby boy.

Even though you have left me too soon, your spirit will continue to live on in the memories we shared together.

I believe your struggles are over now and have found rest in the Arms of the Lord.

Suu, tell Daddy and your little angel Boboo that I miss them.

You will always be loved and missed. Sleep until we meet again.

Yaa wo ye hejplemli.



"I guided and walked you through the various stages of your life."

TRIBUTE BY

Eugene Akoto Bamfo Esq.

My pet name for you was “The Boy” to which your usual response would be bro. Kwame with an accompanying giggle.

Being the only child of my mother I was very excited to have you as a brother, not just that but one with lots of curly hair at that!

I welcomed you into our home and my life with arms wide open. It took a while for you to settle into our home but my mum went to great lengths to make you feel welcome with warm cups of milo and bread at night; a standard procedure in our home; the ritual still remains till today.

On we went with counters ball matches, riding bicycles, playing football and pilolo etc.

A brotherly bond was established as a consequence.

You earned many nicknames along life's path, “sasprite”, earned when the contents of a bottle of sprite which was found missing in the fridge one evening was traced in to your gut amidst laughter and teasing. “Kwabenya Rawlings” after the 1981 coup d'etat led by former President Rawlings.

The Boarding secondary School system took us in different directions but we were united at home two or so years before the demise of our Dad.

We once again parted ways after Dad's funeral. You went back to Takoradi to stay with your uterine mum but came back some few months later to live with my mum.

Three years ago you fell ill and I decided to dedicate time to help you recover.

We spent a lot of time together, looking back I am really thankful to the Lord for granting me the Grace to take time off work to help you. That period was also a time of self discovery for me.

The boy! what can I say, I never envisaged this day, I am probably still in shock. Coping with your passing has been very difficult. I have had to dig deep to cope. I am greatly indebted to you. Your passing has stretched me almost to a breaking point.

Many were the battles that confronted you, broken relationships, the loss of your only son, amongst others, you fought them all but as it's said in popular parlance: win some, lose some.

Death is the pathway to life, let your soul rest in the knowledge that though you have lost the battle with death, you have won the war. Though fallen, you are still a hero; my hero, I will cherish memories of you forever.

I will stop at nothing to find a place for your name in the honour's roll of life. Gone but never to be forgotten!

In the midst of my twirling emotions, I say with the Psalmist in psalm 94 v 19 the multitude of my thoughts your comforts delight my soul.

I am rest assured that you have peace and you are resting in the bosom of the Lord.

For me losing you has completely broken me. It's like having a broken leg that never heals perfectly. But as Anne Lamont, the American novelist puts it; in the days and years to come, it will still hurt; in and out of season, but I will learn to dance with the limp.

Sleep well my brother
Till we meet again on the day of the resurrection.
Rest peacefully The Boy!!



TRIBUTE BY

Siblings

HANNAH, JACQUELINE AND FAISAL

Goodbyes are so hard to say and saying it permanently to you our lovely brother breaks our hearts. This was unexpected, shocking and a big blow which is hard to accept.

Kwame Sasu (as we affectionately called you), was the brother everyone desires to have. He was supportive, easy to talk to and confide in, and any secret shared with him was carefully guarded. He was always eager to listen and offer advice when you told him you had a problem.

Your unwavering kindness, charisma and resilience was evident in your everyday dealings with anyone, and including us.

Kwame had a heart of gold and was always willing to give his last resource to help anyone who was in need. As a brother, you extended this to us and treated us the same as you did with everyone else.

You have created many cherished memories with us and we will always be fond of how you lit the room with your presence, laughter and smile which was contagious and would disarm the most upset person around. Can anyone be in Kwame 's presence without a joke, a tease or humorous story being told? Kwame lit up the place and would get everyone in stitches with laughter. Each moment shared with you was priceless as your sense of humour changed the mood and lifted our spirits to another level. Your smile and laughter whilst doing so would melt anyone's heart.

We are grateful for the times and memories you shared with us and will hold on to it till we meet again. Only God knows why you had to go in this young life. We thank God He made you our brother here on this earth and we will choose you over and over again even in our next life. Our hearts are broken by

your sudden demise with no last farewell or even a goodbye. We miss you Kwame, and a million times we will miss you.

Heaven has gained a comedian and we doubt it will be boring out there in your new home with your charm, laughter, jokes, loving personality and charisma.

Nantie Yie Kwame. May God give you eternal rest. We love you and we will see you again someday.

Damrifa due our friend, confidant and cherished brother. Walk on with God and the angels by your side as you journey on. It may look like a long valley (Psalm 23:4) but be rest assured you are not alone and will never be. God be with you dear brother. We love you

TRIBUTE BY

Mrs. Jennifer Kankam-Nantwi

Today, we come together to celebrate the life of Kwame Sasu, a cherished member of our family whose presence, though often at a distance, left an indelible mark on us all.

As cousins, our experiences of Kwame varied across generations. The younger ones remember him as a vibrant personality, known for his quick wit, gentle nature, and mischievous charm. He had a knack for creating light-hearted moments, especially through the humorous nicknames he crafted for family members. Above all, his radiant smile—the most beautiful smile—remains unforgettable, as does his unshakable optimism that uplifted everyone around him.

***“He was
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For some of us who had the privilege of knowing him from the very beginning, memories of Kwame are deeply woven into our hearts. I still recall the tender moment I first met him as a newborn, carried home from the hospital. He was breathtakingly beautiful, and I felt an overwhelming sense of affection and pride, often claiming him as my “live doll.” Our early days together were filled with joy, laughter, and playfulness, much to the exasperation of our maternal grandmother. Those moments, though fleeting, remain precious—a glimpse of a bond that felt timeless.

Life, however, had its own plans. When Kwame was just two years old, he moved to Accra, and not long after, I too left Ghana. Physical distance separated us, yet the memories of our shared

childhood remained vivid and cherished. Years turned into decades, but those early moments of connection stayed alive in my heart, a testament to the bond we shared.

When I eventually returned to Ghana, seeing Kwame again as an adult was a bittersweet reunion. While his recollection of our childhood together in Takoradi was faint, mine was crystal clear. For me, they were treasured snapshots of innocence and joy that no amount of time could erase.

In later years, Kwame's presence at family gatherings reminded us of the unbreakable thread that binds us as a family. Though our interactions were sometimes brief, they were meaningful, reminding us that no matter how far apart life takes us, the love of family endures.

Kwame's journey, like all of ours, was marked by triumphs and challenges. Now, in eternal rest, I believe he is at peace surrounded by love and light, a place where pain and struggles no longer exist.

Kwame, you were and always will be a part of this family's heart. Even if words sometimes failed to express it, you

were deeply loved. That love remains unchanging, transcending distance, time, and now, even mortality. Your spirit will forever be a part of our family's story, a reminder of the joy, laughter, and connection you brought into our lives.

Though your absence here is profoundly felt, we take solace in the hope that you are at peace, embraced by the Father in eternal glory. Rest well, dear Kwame, in the eternal light of love and peace.

You are missed, but your memory will remain a guiding light in our hearts. Rest in perfect peace, Kwame Sasu.

“Your spirit will forever be a part of our family’s story, a reminder of the joy, laughter, and connection you brought into our lives.”



TRIBUTE BY

Cousins at Pokuase

Those who leave the scene of life feel not the pain in parting. The shock and pain are felt behind.

It is with heavy hearts that we say farewell to our cousin, Kwame Sasu.

“The Boy” or “Countryside”, as we affectionately called him, always reminded us that he was the lightest skin gentleman in the family.

Growing up, the one thing you could not miss was how serious Bro Sasu got about polishing his shoes for work. That is the one duty he never ever delegated to anyone. No one had shinier shoes; you could see them sparkle from miles away.

Anyone who encountered Bro Sasu would undoubtedly leave with these two impressions of him; one, he had an infectious cackle and he was a very kind soul who was willing to share whatever he had with us. In our younger years, Bro Sasu’s wardrobe was our primary source of whatever was fashionable at the time, and he made sure to keep the wardrobe stocked and open for us at any time.

One of our last and fondest memories of Bro Sasu was at the 50th birthday party of his older brother, Eugene. If the saying **“Rich people cannot dance”** is true, then Sasu was well on his way to becoming a billionaire. He gave us a dance performance best left undescribed, but these are some of the things we love him for.



“The Boy” teased everyone and mostly without any provocation. He made sure he distributed amusing nicknames among all of us. We could not help but develop tough skins around him. We heard names like meow, apkanga, abayeni, piquei, pana, banku, short pipe, borbor, bones, miss Bubu etc.

As you used to say all the time, **“any way which way how freedom must come”**, we hope you have found that freedom and peace in the Bosom of the Lord. Please do not give the angels any nicknames while you are there.

We dearly miss you but since we cannot bring you back, we hope you are resting in a better place... Sleep well “Countryside”.

TRIBUTE BY

Accra Academy 1994 Year Group



*A heart, bereft of stubborn will,
That takes the counsel of the wise;
A head so pois't to brave the mill
And therefore picks a course to rise;
A hand that works in conscious clear
Unprompted by no human ties,
The triune this! That rears in man
For all the time, in sterlingness.
And so pray we, Lord, for this
To be rather than to seem.
(An Accra Academy Anthem)*

It's with a deep sense of gratitude to God his maker that we of the 1994 year group met the late Bleoobi Samuel Akoto-Bamfo, whose mortal remains lie before us. He joined our year group in the second term of the second year of our sojourn in Accra Academy in 1991 after one year at

Okuapemman Secondary School. He joined the Form 2-C Class.

Motto: *Esse Quam Videri*
'To be rather than to seem'
'Honesty is the best policy'

He was chatty, jovial, loved to tease, cracked jokes with seniors as well. He made us laugh when we least expected and he liked to ask a lot of questions. Apart from cheering his hall (Ellen Hall) in almost all sporting activities, he was also a notable soccer player. He was always active during physical education (P.E.) sessions. Bleoobi Abraham Tetteh Padi his classmate narrates a period with him: "Mr. Adu (French teacher), said in class, 'I saw Akoto take a penalty kick, and he scored a beautiful goal.' In our

last Form 5 P.E. session in 1994, Akoto and I(Padi) vowed to score in that last match, since we never scored any since Form 2c. Eventually, Akoto scored in the 90th minute & the referee blew his whistle to end the match. He was usually determined and never gave up. After 'O'-Level, we became close friends. He was still the same Akoto I knew on Bleoo campus."

He didn't have an official nickname in school. Even though Padi called him 'Agbumlik' personally, he was called '**Akoto**' by all mates. Due to his diminutive stature, he was usually with peers of his stature.

Non sibi sed aliis.
We learn not for self, but for others.



Some of us were not surprised when we learnt he was a Ghana Revenue Authority – Customs Division Officer, ready to serve others, and the nation. We've lost a member of our year group. Thank you for the time you spent with us. Akoto, you have ended the 90th minute of your life, the referee has blown his

whistle, it is time to give account of your stewardship on earth. As we usher you into the Eternal Glory of Heaven, we believe that our Heavenly Father who was with you throughout your life here on earth will continue to be with you in Eternity.

Our heartfelt condolences to the entire family and sympathisers.

Bleoobi Samuel Akoto-Bamfo

Farewell and Rest in Peace!!!

Nantew yiye!!!

TRIBUTE BY

Accra Technical Training Centre Year 2000 Group



“His sense of humour constantly challenged us to think outside the box”

- Akoto as we affectionately called him was full of life and a reliable companion who ensured that nothing went amiss as long as he was present.
- He understood the tenets of comradeship and offered great help to all and sundry, particularly if the objective of the task was to serve a collective interest.
- Akoto was an electrifying figure, combining intellect in his area of study and presenting himself as a pillar of progress in every activity.
- His sense of humour constantly challenged us to think outside the box, in pursuit of finding new ways towards achieving things or completing a task.
- On numerous occasions, he would orchestrate an inexplicable laughter to either break the ice of an event and

importantly to set up an ambience of cordiality between us students and our principals (lecturers).

- Akoto’s footprints at school were refreshing and memorable. His demise presents a great vacuum; yet to comprehend and also to be filled.
- Although most of us lost physical connection with him after school, we made significant effort, when

necessary, to link up with him via social media.

- As we look back in grief, we pray that the Almighty God keeps him in His Bosom, until we meet again.

Fare Thee Well Akoto!



TRIBUTE BY

Enforcement Unit GRA (Custom Division)

*THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING
SCENES OF LIFE,
IN TROUBLE AND IN JOY,
THE PRAISES OF MY GOD SHALL STILL
MY HEART AND TONGUE EMPLOY.*

MHB 427

It is with profound sadness that we mourn the loss of our dear colleague the Late Samuel Akoto-Bamfo. He was posted to the KIA Collection as an IT Officer and the immediate past Sector Commander, Assistant Commissioner Alfred Lirase Apio, Rtd, realized that there was no job for the two of them, relocated them to the units, and Sammy was sent to the Enforcement in March 2023. The CRO in-charge at that time Nana Seiwaa Caiquo, Rtd, developed special interest in him and offered assistance in diverse ways. Akoto-Bamfo was added to a

group to work with and he was such a pleasant personality to be with. He was an exceptional individual who touched the lives of everyone in the office.

Akoto Bamfo as we affectionately called him, aka Papisky was more than just a colleague He was a friend and a shining example of dedication, passion and kindness. We remember his sense of humor, expertise, compassion and readiness to assist everyone in the office.

The years he spent with us, he made us feel the sounds of Gospel and highlife music, and when the office was quiet people asked, why? "Is Officer Akoto-Bamfo not around?" This means that he touched a lot of lives with those songs and we very much appreciate him for that.

As we grieve the loss of our dear colleague, we take comfort in all those memories we shared with him. The smile, infectious laughter, his generous spirit, his presence in the office will be deeply missed. A perfect gentleman by all standards who will be remembered for his many attributes. The team in the Enforcement unit, IT, the KIA Collection will sorely miss you. We take consolation in the fact that you knew God and He has called you to have eternal rest. Management, staff as well as Clearing Agents in KIA would like to express our deepest condolence to the bereaved family.

Samuel, rest in peace.

Samuel, Damirifa Due.















Hymns

Hymn MHB 099 - How Sweet The Name of Jesus

1: HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2: It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3: Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4: Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Hymn MHB 608 - Captain of Israel's Host

1: CAPTAIN of Israel's host and guide,
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy word
Our end the glory of the Lord

2: By Thy unerring spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray,
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love almighty love is near.

Hymn MHB 651- Hark, Hark My Soul Angelic

1: HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and Ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

2: 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.

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

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



Hymns

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

Hymn MHB 831 - Give Me The Wings of Faith

1: GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2: Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3: I asked them whence their victory came
They, with united breath:
Ascribed their conquest to the lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4: They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5: Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Hymn MHB 914 - God be with you till we meet again

1: GOD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you:
God be with you till we meet again

2: God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you:
God be with you till we meet again.

3: God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you:
God be with you till we meet again.

4: God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you:
God be with you till we meet again!

Appreciation

The entire family is extremely grateful for all
the love, kindness and support shown to us.
May the Almighty God Richly Bless You.

**SAMUEL KWAME SASU
AKOTO-BAMFO**

1978-2024