



Burial Service of the late

MR. YAW AMOAKO

a.k.a. Francis Opoko Amoako

1972 - 2022

PROGRAMME

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Bishop Tony Mensah

Rev. Dr. Sampson Asare

Rev. Paul Amoako

ORDER OF SERVICE

1. Call to Worship

2. Salutation

3. Hymn (Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus (written by Louisa Stead, 1882)

4. Scripture Sentences

5. Hymn (It is Well With My Soul (written by Horatio Gates Spafford, 1873)

6. Prayer

7. Hymn (I Need Thee (written by Annie Hawks and Robert Lowry, 1872)

8. Biography

9. Hymn (Abide With Me (written by Henry Francis Lyte, 1847)

10. Tributes

11. Scripture Readings

12. Hymn (Rock of Ages)

13. Tributes by Children and Widow

14. Hymn (Great is Thy Faithfulness (written by Thomas O. Chisolm, 1923)

15. Sermon

16. Prayer of Dedication

17. Prayer for Family

18. Offering

19. Hymn (Guide Me, O Thou Great Redeemer)

20. Benediction

AT THE GRAVE SIDE

Opening Prayer

Lowering of Casket

Scripture Reading

Song/Hymn

Reading by minister

Song

Prayer of committal

Prayer for family and gathering

Laying of wreath



BIOGRAPHY

Mr. Yaw Amoako



Born as Francis Opoku Amoako on 11th May 1972 at Ayalolo in Accra, Yaw was the first son of Opanyin Kwame Amoakohene and Madam Margaret Efua Ntiriwa. Both were business tycoons from Kwahu Bepong and Kwahu Obo respectively and are of blessed memory. Yaw however had about fifteen (15) siblings who are relatively older or younger than him.

Yaw Amoako, as he liked to be called had his preschool training at the Anglican Daycare at Mary Villas, a suburb of Accra. He had his primary education at Cambridge Preparatory School at Korle Gorno also in Accra and proceeded to Mfantshipim School in the Central region for his secondary education. It is safe to say that Mr. Yaw Amoako was a brilliant man. No wonder he was nicknamed “Doctor” as a chap.

He was a businessman, following in the footsteps of his father. His trade was diverse, from construction and quarrying to importation of clothes and safety gears, and recently farming and also a sourcing agent for some precious metals.. He relocated to China over a period of time to learn and trade. Yaw Amoako was never a man to pass up an opportunity. His eagerness and interest was not only in working and achieving the best, it was also in his readiness to be a dependable friend.

If there was one thing Yaw did with so much effort, it was being there for anyone and everyone. Was it finding solutions to problems, giving advice, creating a fun atmosphere or just being present?

BIOGRAPHY

Mr. Yaw Amoako



50yrs

Count him as a constant. It is no surprise that his friends and family have gone out of their way to bid him a befitting farewell. Yaw was addressed by so many names, one of such was “Opressure”. This was a name he loved so much that he wrote it behind a shirt he wore to a Saturday morning class and as a way of hiding it from his mother, used plasters to cover the shirt.

This however did not go unnoticed by his dear mother who delivered justice just as it should. He would effortlessly become the centre of attention everywhere he went. His mates would sing his name “opressure”, “opressure” as they returned from a sporting event he did not even participate in. The life of the party. It was not until his secondary school days that the name “Solar” emerged with “Crichmore” to become an addition to the collection of names. The infamous “Wofa Yaw” took over years later and became an all time favourite. Yaw Amoako was survived by his wife,

Mrs. Mercy Charwetey Addo Amoako of over ten (10) years and three (3) wonderful children; Luke Papayaw Adomba Amoako, Yolanda Yaa-Ntiriwa Nyameye Amoako and Baby Metal who we are all looking forward to. He was a great father. Dare to say the best a child could ask for. He was never unconcerned about the wellbeing of his family and always made it a point to be in sight and on hand.

It is for us great sadness that death has laid its icy hands on the amazing Yaw Amoako.

BIOGRAPHY

Mr. Yaw Amoako



The devastating event took place on 27th November, 2022 at the University of Ghana Medical Centre after experiencing multiple heart attacks.

From cradle to grave, it is undeniable that Yaw Amoako was a hardworking, selfless, determined, lively and loving man we all would have loved to have around for much longer than this.

His passing is a sad one indeed but has taught us all different lessons in different ways.

Farewell Yaw Amoako, in our hearts, you live on.....

TRIBUTE By WIFE

TRIBUTE TO MY DEAR HUSBAND...

“Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there you may be also. - John 14:1-3 - Amen

You were a wonderful, understanding and supportive husband. There were times I didn’t know what to do and considered giving up but you were there to rekindle hope in me and make me continue.

I cannot be more grateful to God for blessing me with a husband such as you. For the ten solid years of togetherness, I never regretted the day I said yes to you . You brought sunshine and laughter into my life. You were always there for me and our children and I miss you badly. You were a role model to me and our children. You always took care of us even when you also needed to be cared for. You were selfless and loving to a fault. I have been blessed to be the only wife of such a great and God fearing man like you.

How painful it is to know that you left at a time such as this. I love you but God loves you more.

Rest on my love, till we meet again

TRIBUTE By CHILDREN

Isaiah 57:1-2 : The righteous perish and no one takes it to heart; the devout are taken away and no one understand that the righteous are taken away to be spared of from evil. Those who walk up rightly enter into peace; they find rest as they lie in death.

Our father was a vibrant man, that you know. Never sat for a full hour, that was his own. And he would take us along everywhere he went. It did not matter if it was on walks, to see his friends, to meetings or on waakye hunts, he was there with and for us and we would often be the only children present.

Honorable Rashid's office became our playground and we knew every street and link that led to Mr. Dovi's house. We were always the only children among grown men yet felt just comfortable with Daddy around. I remember when I was six and Yolanda four, he took us to a breakfast meeting organised by the Full Gospel Businessmen Fellowship and as usual, we were the only young ones at the event.

As we begun to fidget, he reassured us that he brought us there and that he was with us so we should relax; a privilege to become his 'meeting buddies'. Our bedrock. Aside from being there for us, he taught us to dream big and be confident in God. Any time we went by huge houses and posh cars and were fascinated, he would always say that they belong to people, and since we are people, we can own same.

Not underestimating the importance of going to school, he did everything humanly possible to give us a good education and made sure we were comfortable in school even if it meant confronting bias teachers, making a report to the heads of the school, requesting a change of class to save us from bullies. Our hero.

TRIBUTE *By* CHILDREN

Most importantly, you taught us to be happy. Yes, a happy man is one with a free mind. He would say “there’s no need to fight each other” as we did all the time over the remote on mommy’s phone. He taught us to tell each other what was on our minds, and what we did not appreciate about the other, that way, we would know what to say, or do the next time.

You were a success as a father; loved much, gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of your children, brought out the best in us and gave us the best you had. You were a great father, that is why we have to pay this price of pain and tears. But your love is immortal and we promise to carry your love with us until we meet again and pass it on to our little brother when he arrives. We miss you so much, but God will have it this way. So, congratulations daddy, you are in heaven now. Our angel.

Lots of love,
Luke and Yolanda.

TRIBUTE *By* SIBLINGS

1 Thessalonians 4:14 : For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, GOD will bring with Him, those who are fallen asleep in Him.

For from this we get strength. Moments of silence between us, and seasons of sharing dreams and hopes, fights and laughter, especially laughter. But what are siblings for?

There was no community you are known that was not gripped in sorrow on that afternoon in November. We wish we could have you back. We have not experienced pain on this level since you left us. You have created a vacuum that will take our family years to fill.

A father, a friend, an advisor; you would not allow us to settle for less. You always gave us new ideas and taught us how to strategise to get better results. The pioneer son of a pioneer daughter indeed.

You are wise, brotherly and a visionary. For an Iron Man such as yourself, you slept too early. But what can we do? We can only imagine what crossed your mind as you really sought to grip the hems of life.

Your demise is a tormenting one for us. We did have plans for you, big plans of pleasure and honour. Your untimely exit is challenging and very difficult for us to handle but your life taught us to love with no boundaries and to be present for each other no matter the situation at hand.

We are so glad to have had the opportunity of sharing one blood, dreams, friendship, love and so much more.

TRIBUTE *By* SIBLINGS

Dear brother, we had differences like every other family but that is the spice; and making up was always heartfelt and funny. You are a man of the people, one who stood by his family throughout, one who loved tirelessly, one who believed in sharing and caring, one who put a smile on our faces, even with sly comments. One who had hope in every one of us, a man full of life and a hero in his own right.

Nana Yaw, we cannot say “goodbye” because this time it is forever, but you know that our love for you lives on.

Sleep well brother, sleep well. Your dear brother and sister,

- Jor and Rev Paul

TRIBUTE **By** SIBLINGS(2)

Y^{aw,}
We will always miss you for your bravery, love and care for all. Your siblings have become speechless on the event of your sudden demise.

We will always remember you for your advice to everybody you spoke with to take good care of our health. You always said this world is not our home but a transit one.

Till we meet again, rest well brother Yaw Opoku

TRIBUTE *By* FAMILY

The late Yaw Amoako a.k.a (Francis Opoku Amoako) was the first son of the late Opanin Kwame Amoakohene and the late Margaret Afua Ntiriwaa, all of blessed memory.

He was born on the 11th of May 1972 at Ayalolo in the city of Accra. Yaw Amoako had his primary education at Cambridge Preparatory School in Korle Gonno (Accra). From there he went on to have his secondary education at the Mfantsipim School in Cape Coast .

Yaw was business minded so he started his own business after school. Years later, he relocated to China and came back to Ghana to continue his business.

Besides being a business man, he was also devoted in worshipping God. Yaw was friendly and approachable and was also a giver. We the family of Yaw Amoako have lost a great man , a gallant soldier for that matter.

Your sudden demise has left us in shock .

Rest in perfect peace till we meet before our maker

TRIBUTE By NIECES & NEPHEWS

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

People may have a soft spot for their uncles because they are good and caring but for us, there is more to it. A thousand words cannot bring him back, we know, because we have tried; neither can thousands of tears, because we have cried. Our uncle had a great soul that served anyone and everyone at all times. Such a soul never dies.

It brings people together, as is evident here today. Losing him was a cost so high for us because not only is an uncle down but a father, a friend, the one who lifts our spirits with jokes and seems to have a solution to every problem. One who is deeply interested in us; how school is going, what our friends are like, what our goals are or even how we would like to eat our chicken. It is really heartbreaking that the little ones on the way will not have the opportunity to meet the Wofa Yaw we knew and loved. Who tells us as it should.

Who reminds you of your worth on days everything seems blurry. Wofa who gives you a reason to achieve more by showing you just how proud he is of you and your “little achievements”. The Wofa Yaw who even in his last days tried to make everything seem normal and make new plans with and for us. He believed so much in everyone of us.

Old or young. We can never forget our last encounter with him.

TRIBUTE By NIECES & NEPHEWS

When he, as a typical Wofa Yaw praised each one of us and proceeded to share with us how we are on the right path and how he was going to join us together with his wife and children in fellowship as led by his “super star” brother, Rev. Paul Amoako. We never for a moment thought we would be bidding him a farewell this early.

Wofa Yaw, the plans we had were concerning our graduations, house warming parties, birthday parties, tours and weddings but never your funeral. However, that is what we are met with now. You are dearly missed uncle, those wonderful experiences, moments and surprises you gave us will remind us of the great man you were.

We will never forget you as a winner in our lives and will endeavor to take the children to church and help them know Christ as you wished. You have left your footprints with glory and honor in our hearts. Your name will be remembered for a longtime, WOFA YAW, and your story will be told for generations.

This parting is unlike your business trips so saying goodbye is not so easy. The thought that we will not see you sitting in the middle of the compound or miss your calls and immediately feel a chill go down our spines, weighs heavily on us but life must go on and promises to you must be fulfilled.

From a place of reverence.

Your Nieces and Nephews.

TRIBUTE By MOBA '90

*Tribute by MOBA 90 to Francis Yaw Amoako aka Sola Makiki
O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Oh Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old
And win with them the Victor's crown of gold
Alleluia*

Writing tributes of classmates who are called to Glory have become one too many in recent times and this continues to be a herculean task anytime that duty comes knocking. In as much as we all acknowledge that death is a certainty, anytime we are hit by it, it leaves us dazed and confused. This is no exception. In fact this is even more painful because it was so sudden and none of us expected to be jolted into such a state of utter shock and disbelief of your demise.

Francis Yaw Amoako, what a way to exit this stage of life. You were so full of life, energy with numerous lofty ideas and always a joy to interact with. You lived with so much faith and trust in God Almighty and this was evident in your posts on various social media platforms. You were a hard nut to crack in your younger years when most of us as young boys cried when seniors bullied us. You were always dried eyed – the true heritage of your Kwahu antecedent. You were indeed an “obuoba”, groomed and raised in the Accra central suburb of Ayalolo, well known for tough hard life.

In Mfantsipim School when a group of young boys gained admission on Friday 13th September 1985 to begin a journey that will culminate into forming a bond for life, you were an integral part. You were in the great Lockhart Schweitzer House (Lokoshoa) Lower Dormitory. Very thrifty at that young age when most of us were now finding our feet in a new environment away from home and indeed very “green”. Sola Makiki became your name, and it will be no surprise that even till date, some of us may not remember your real name: Francis Yaw Amoako.

TRIBUTE By MOBA '90

In Form 1C, you became instantly popular with classmates and teachers for your funny jokes, vibrant intrusions and cheerful smiles. You loved f3m3 in 2c and had your desk stuffed with them. You were seen a few times eating raw quash in class during break. And when you wanted further explanation on a topic from a classmate, you requested in this way, "Charlie, make you explain am in pigeon".

When seniors came around to hound us as "homos" you could not be ruffled at all. You did not fear any senior and you always stood your ground much to the chagrin of all concerned. You always said you don't have any food in your chop box to share with anyone let alone dash to seniors who wanted to extort from vulnerable junior boys. You will open your chop box at "ungodly hours" when most of us were asleep. What a brave young boy you were. Yes your were daring and in fact stopped at nothing to explore the youthful exuberant life that sometimes landed you in trouble. But you were a good guy!

You had compassion even though some found you abrasive. That was your way of settling scores and above all fight injustice. You hated to be cheated or taken undue advantage of. You will never be cowed into submission when you knew you were right. What a boy you were in Kwabotwe! You were the originator of most of the nicknames we have. The name you proposed were accepted and simply stuck.

TRIBUTE By CAMBRIDGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL '85 YEAR GROUP

*Teach us to realize the brevity of life, so that we shall grow in wisdom.
Psalm 90:12(NLT)*

In whatever instance, from whatever vantage point, for whatever purpose, Francis Nana Yaw Amoako stood out as that one special go to person for most of us.

Death has cruelly pummeled our hearts with sorrow and confusion that we are unable to word such an untimely tribute to a Cambridge 85 year mate,a friend,a brother and a colossus in his own right.

On November 9th around 7pm ,Yaw posted on our year group platform that he's on admission due to a heart attack he suffered. The following day we nominated one of us who lives around to visit him at the said hospital. She visited and came with a feedback that Nana Yaw had been discharged. Many of us reached out to him and his response was “ i am recuperating “.

Nana Yaw until his demise kept admonishing us to take care of our health and exercise often. It's on November 27th when his brother Emmanuel Kofi Amoako who happens to be a part of us broke the news of his demise on the platform.

Opressure as we affectionately call you, while we mourn your passing, your memories of humor, integrity, selflessness and fun loving attitude will continue to reflect the positive impact you have had on us.

Farewell Nana Yaw

Farewell Francis Amoako

Fare thee well Opressure

TRIBUTE *By* CHURCH

INTERNATIONAL WORSHIP LIFE CENTRE

Then I heard a voice from Heaven saying, “write this; Blessed are those who die from now on in the Lord. Yes indeed!, answers the Spirit. They will enjoy rest from their work, because the results of their service go with them. (Rev. 14:13 NIV)

Truly I tell you, wherever the gospel is preached throughout the world, what she has done will also be told, in memory of her.” (Mark 14:9 NIV)
Our consolation is that our Brother, Yaw Amoako who joined the church in July 2018, died in the Lord. Mr. Amoako was how we affectionately call him.

Mr. Amoako was sociable only when you get closer to him. He has particular sense of humor especially when you get closer to him. He makes comic out of every engagement. He was the epitome of kindness, meticulousness, honesty and very transparent to all and sundry. His affection for mankind was second to none. Mr. Amoako’s discipline and dedication to God’s work was inexpressible and die-hard to the core.

One of the remarkable things about Yaw Amoako was his cool, principled and calm manner in the approach to matters regarding the church. He was very disciple with his time to church activities.
Brother Amoako live a life worthy for all to commend.

Today, we have all gathered here to say farewell to our brother and friend. Yaw Amoako’s departure is a big shock to the Church, because we were all expecting him to join us for the upcoming Christmas Celebrations. One thing the Church will dearly miss him much for is his contributions during our Bible Class session, His cool and calm demeanor.
But we are console by the fact that, you’re having rest in the bosom of our maker.

TRIBUTE *By* CHURCH

INTERNATIONAL WORSHIP LIFE CENTRE

The Heavens has one more angel
Deep in our heart your memory is kept
As one who showed us love, care and concern
Your life was a great blessing to us
Your departure is a silent grief
God keep you in His care
Until we meet again.

Yaw Amoako may your Soul Rest In Perfect Peace.

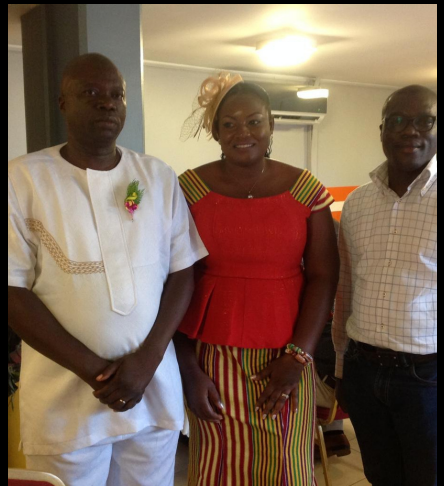
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HYMNS

GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS

GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS

1. Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father
There is no shadow of turning with Thee
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not
As Thou hast been, Thou forever will be

Refrain

Great is Thy faithfulness
Great is Thy faithfulness
Morning by morning new mercies I see
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me

2. Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow
Blessings all mine with 10, 000 beside

HYMNS

ABIDE WITH ME!

ABIDE WITH ME!

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, oh, abide with me.

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

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me

HYMNS

GUIDE ME

GUIDE ME

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.

HYMNS

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

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

Refrain:

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

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul
My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!—
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

HYMNS

I NEED THEE EV'RY HOUR

I NEED THEE EV'RY HOUR

I need thee ev'ry hour,
Most gracious Lord.
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

I need thee, oh, I need thee;
Ev'ry hour I need thee!
Oh, bless me now, my Savior;
I come to thee!

I need thee ev'ry hour;
Stay thou nearby.
Temptations lose their pow'r
When thou art nigh.

HYMNS

TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS

TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS

Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus
Just to take Him at His Word
Just to rest upon His promise
Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord"

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus
Oh, for grace to trust Him more

I'm so glad I learned to trust Him
Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend
And I know that He is with me
Will be with me to the end

HYMNS

ROCK OF AGES

ROCK OF AGES

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

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



Forever in our hearts