



VIEWING AND BURIAL SERVICE

FOR THE LATE

MR. MICHAEL
TAMAKLOE

1968 - 2020

FRIDAY 19TH JUNE, 2020

10:00 AM TO 11:30 AM

TRANSITIONS FUNERAL HOME, HAATSO,
(ATOMIC-KWABENYA ROAD)

ORDER OF SERVICE

Officiating Ministers

Rev. Seth Chester Nartey
(Assemblies of God, Redemption Centre – New Legon)
Pastor Joseph Asante
(Christ Apostolic Church International)
Pastor Fame Dzantor
(Organist)

PART ONE: BURIAL AND MEMORIAL SERVICE

Filing Past as Hymns are sung
Opening Prayer
Scripture Reading
Biography
Tributes
Wife
Family
Old Presecans (Odades)
Song Ministration – Redemption Voices
Sermon
Offertory
Dedication of Offertory
Prayer for Bereaved Family
Announcements

PART TWO: AT THE GRAVESIDE

Opening Prayer
Hymn
Committal
Presentation of Wreaths
Vote of Thanks
Closing Prayer
Benediction





MR. MICHAEL TAMAKLOE



CELEBRATING A HUSBAND, BROTHER, FRIEND & FATHER
MR. MICHAEL TAMAKLOE

BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE MICHAEL TAMAKLOE

“Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house there 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

Michael Tamakloe was born in Odumase Krobo on 18th July 1968 to Mr. Edwin Kofi Tamakloe, a Road and Building contractor and Madam Emily Laako Bah Tamakloe, a general trader, both of blessed memory. He was baptized into the Presbyterian Church.

Michael, also called Kordza, grew up in both Odumase Krobo and Accra and therefore had his childhood education in both places, Presbyterian Primary School in Odumase Krobo, popularly known as 'Labour', and Datus Preparatory School, Dansoman where he sat the Common Entrance Examination and passed. Michael was enrolled for a short time at the Ecole Jean Jacques Rosseau, a French school in Accra New Town where he quickly picked up French speaking. He enrolled in Presec Boys Secondary School, Legon in September 1981 and obtained his 'O' Level and 'A' Level

Certificates in 1986 and 1988 respectively. In September 1990, Michael gained admission to the University of Science and Technology (UST), now Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology (KNUST), to read French, English and Law, and graduated in 1994 with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in English and Law.

Michael's working life began at Ceramica Tamakloe where he joined his big brother's company for a while. He ventured out on his own making concrete pavement blocks and ultimately became a contractor, supervising various civil works, and gaining other contracts and running projects, some of which took him on business trips outside Ghana. Mike had his ups and downs in business but pressed on for the ultimate. In his last years, he developed interest in quarry mining but unfortunately was not able to see that through to the end.



A very affable person and the soul of every gathering. Mike had a great relationship with all his siblings, both on his mother side and his father side, the larger family, his cousins, and all his nephews and nieces. His presence was always felt during family events. His leadership qualities were evident as early as his school days in Presec where he became one of the three Dining Hall prefects; he even ventured into sports and music in school. Michael had a lot of charisma and knew how to make and keep friends.

Mike was a member of the International Central Gospel Church (ICGC), Holy Ghost Temple, Frafraha, where his relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ grew and deepened. His faith was very infectious and evident in all his utterances; Christ became the foremost in all he did. Mike never hesitated to share his faith or encourage prayer in every situation.

Michael, his dear wife of eighteen years, Joyce, and their beloved son Selasie, blessed many people with love, who visited their home.

We started becoming aware of a pain in Michael's right leg in January 2020. Within a matter of months Mike's health deteriorated until his passing on 27th May 2020. Michael will be remembered for his friendly and charismatic presence and his unshakeable faith in Jesus Christ.

We believe that he has gone to be with his Maker.

He is mourned by his wife Joyce, his son Selasie, his siblings, wider family and a host of friends.

*Michael, Hede Nyuie,
Oke Huom Saminya,
Yaa wor odjogban,
Repose en paix,
Rest in perfect peace,
Till we meet again.*







A LETTER TO MY HUSBAND

When the day of toll is done
When the race of life is run
Father grant thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

MHB Hymn 975

I had the opportunity and rare privilege of being the wife of wonderful, loving, kind and God-fearing man. I married you because of your love and compassion for humanity. You taught me how to love, treat and live among people.

T'kloe, you loved everyone equally regardless of who the person was. Your generosity was exceptional and exemplary and that always made me question myself. However, when I realized that was your nature, I learnt to appreciate your unique

generosity. Life with you was always fun and I never felt like going anywhere whenever you were around. I enjoyed watching movies with you because to me, you always knew the end from the beginning.

T'kloe, I am still dumbfounded and finding it very difficult to believe that you are gone and no longer with us. You promised to take me round the world so I want to ask you how will I be able to go round the world without you?

You were my husband, my best friend, in fact my everything. You made our birthdays special no matter how small it was....oooooh Mike, Sharon, Selasie, Solace, Nana, Jnr, Queen and Judith, they all want me to ask you how do you want them to celebrate their birthdays in your absence?.....I need an answer for them.

You are just irreplaceable!!

We have been through very difficult times and I thought the time was finally here for us to laugh and enjoy once again. We fought a common enemy to get married, doing business and even during your illness but little did I know that these challenges were going to separate us forever. T'kloe, your business documents have been approved, get up and work! Four good years of frustrations, now it is ready so get up and work! I pray that your business wishes, and aspirations will be fulfilled.

I want to know what happened to you.

I promise I am going to be faithful to God and serve Him well as you always wanted so that we can meet again in Heaven one day. When you told me you had met Jesus, I was just waiting for you to tell me what transpired between you and Jesus, but the opportunity never presented itself. I have no doubt at all in my heart that you are resting peacefully because I know your relationship with Christ Jesus, so I am not worried at all.

T'kloe, I love you so so much but God loves you more. My love, my English teacher, my all in all, sleep well! Sleep peacefully!

WOO Ojogba !T'kloe,w y hej mi!





GONE BUT NEVER FORGOTTEN: A TRIBUTE TO MY LATE FATHER

No words I write can ever say how much I miss you everyday

As time goes by the loneliness grows, how much I miss you nobody knows. I think of you in silence, I often speak your name. But all I have are memories and a photo in a frame.

No one knows my sorrow, no one sees me weep, but the love I have for you is in my heart to keep.

I have never stopped loving you – I know I never will.

Deep inside my heart, you are with me still.

Heartaches in this world are many but mine is worse than any. My heart still aches as I whisper low, “I love you and miss you so.”

The things we feel so deeply are often the hardest to say

But I just can't keep quiet anymore, so I will tell you anyway.

There is a place in my heart that no one else can fill: you were part of my life, my very being, and you will always be in my heart.

*FARE THEE WELL PAPA
May your soul rest in perfect peace.*

TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS

“Another leaf has fallen, another soul has gone, but still we have God's promises, in every robin's song...”-
Author unknown.

Never in a million years did we believe that our youngest brother will depart from us so soon. Michael, although the youngest, showed great strength in all his endeavours. Growing up, Michael was full of energy and enthusiasm. He had a special relationship with each of his siblings.

He was full of love, compassion and kindness. He was very reliable and ready to help any of his siblings in need. For many of us he was a bonus father to our children. He helped us raise them in one way or the other, discipline them, and be a companion to them in times when they needed him. He always made himself available even in the hardest of situations.

Michael, your loving siblings say:

Peter: I will always remember and appreciate your leadership when you led a team of technicians to Italy to acquire ceramic tile-making machinery.

Lena: Mike was always there to solve problems and always had a positive energy about him. I will forever miss you being excited every time I cooked waakye for you.

Ruth: I remember how strong and brave Michael was. When we first moved to Adenta in the early 80's, (the area was very bushy and undeveloped at the time) I remember how swiftly he was able to kill a snake that managed to get in the house, he instantly became the hero of the house.



Gloria: In loving memory for my beloved brother Mike, Uncle to my children Kofi and Afua and grandchildren Naima and Alice. You always prayed for me and I'm sorry you left before me. May you rest in peace. Yaa wor odjogban. The words of this hymn ring in my heart as I ponder: "In Heavenly Love Abiding, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such confiding, For nothing changes here, The storm may roar without me, My heart may low abide, But God is round about me, And can I be dismayed?"

Da Mercy: My little brother Kordza was very special to me, full of love and very generous. He was very patient and understanding. He was always for peace and liked to be at peace with everybody. He was very generous and never missed the opportunity to bless my children with gifts. Kordza's death has come as a big shock to me, it is sad, sudden, traumatic and confusing. Its only God's grace that is taking me through this trauma and pain. Kodza, my solemn prayer is that God gives you a perfect, peaceful rest in his bosom.

Geoffrey: Mike was always positive, no matter what the situation was, he always saw the positive side.

Louis (Bugatee): He was a very good organizer and he was always in control when doing so

Philip: You were so strong and active. Then suddenly, you are no more! It's very sad, and so painful for me that I don't even know what to say and to what end. Only I know what I have lost and how much I'll miss you. May your soul rest in perfect peace.

Raphael (Kojo France): I was very sad after receiving the news about the death of my brother who was an incredible personality. Please accept our sincere condolences from my entire family, Mr. and Mrs Raphael Bruce Tamakloe together with our family in France.

Agusta: Mike, you were like a father to me, even though from a distance. My heart is broken by the news of your untimely death. I thank God for your life and pray for God's grace and mercy to be with you.

Mike, you will forever be in our hearts; you are gone but never to be forgotten. We console our hearts with the words of Luke 2: 28-30 "He took him up in his arms and blessed God and said: 'Lord, now you are letting your servant depart in peace, according to your word; for my eyes have seen your salvation.'"

Rest in perfect peace Michael, till we meet again.





TRIBUTE FROM YOUR NIECE KOKUI

“To everything there is a season. A time for every purpose under heaven” Eccl 3:1.

Unceremonious parting!

No words of farewell.

It is with a heavy heart that I pay this tribute to my beloved uncle Michael Kordza Tamakloe.

Uncle Mike why have you left me without witnessing my wedding?

It was your dream to see me tie the knot with an understanding and a lovely husband

Why so soon?

You have been a strong pillar in my life. You were always there for me during the hard, bad and good times. I will forever miss your request for akple and ademe detsi. I will forever miss your request for French salad. I will forever miss you inviting me to pray and all the invitations to join you to church.

Oh! Uncle Mike I will never forget you holding my hands and praying for me after

you ate my food. This in particular always encouraged me to cook for you. I will forever miss the accolades you showered on me: Kokui, the great cook, Kokui the little pot that cooks for the entire family, Kokui la cuisinière".

You didn't even wait for me to marry. You didn't even wait a while to enjoy more of my food. You were snatched by the jaws of death and taken away from me.

Your unannounced departure has created a big vacuum in my life and in my heart.

Uncle Mike, we love you, but God loves you best.

Uncle Mike hede nyuie!

Uncle Mike, dzidzor le nutifafa me!

Uncle Mike, repose en paix!!!



TRIBUTE BY YOUR SISTER LENA

“Be still and know that I Am God”

Psalm 46:10

Mike, at this moment this is the only thing I can do; to be still and believe that God knows best. Mike, one of the last things you said to me was that you will give a testimony when you get up from your sick bed. I believe even though you are gone, you have still given that testimony. You have shown me and everyone around you that there is a God. Mike, we all saw how you believed in Jesus Christ and how you had very strong faith in Him. On your sick bed you got us praying and fasting as a family and that alone is a testimony for me.

I believe you saw something beautiful in the other world and decided to move there. Even though I am hurt, shocked and in

disbelief that you are gone, I know that you are at a good place with God and all the angels around you and that alone is comforting.

O! Mike I will really miss you. I'll miss coming to Ghana and cooking Waakye for you. I'll miss you standing in for me during my children's events and being the organizer in the family. Will miss your smile and how you loved my cooking. Thank you very very much for doing all that for me. Thank you for being the little brother I can always fall on to help me out. Sorry I cannot be around for your last journey on earth. But you will always be in my heart.

Sleep well Michael, Sleep well.





TRIBUTE BY NEPHEWS AND NIECES

“But may the God of all grace, who called us to His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after you have suffered a while, perfect, establish, strengthen and settle you.”

1 Peter 5:10

Dearest Uncle Mike, since the day we heard of your passing the one question we have continually asked ourselves is why, why you had to leave us so soon.

We each have very fond memories of you; your presence at family gatherings, your hearty laughter and hugs, your encouragement and prayers.

We remember your strength of character and compassion and how you always used to push for things to be done and done well. How you stood at the grill area during family parties and stole pieces of meat for us whenever we came to you, how you would come to the kitchen and ask “what’s cooking” and always be excited at what food it was, especially if it was waakye by Auntie Lena; how you continually invited us to church programmes. We remember how you stood up for us when we got into any kind of trouble, and how you disciplined us as well.

Uncle Mike, we looked forward to your being around for other milestones to come in our lives; our weddings, our children yet to be born, graduations and many more family parties.

You showed us love in so many ways, you prayed for us and with us. And now you are longer with us. You fought long and hard during this illness but, God knows best, and we take solace in the words of 1 Peter 5:10. We believe that you are in heaven smiling down at us and urging us on in our various lives with renewed strength in the bosom of our Lord Jesus.

All your nieces and nephews say thank you, Uncle Mike, for who you were and the impact you had in our lives. We love you.

Rest well, till we meet again.



TRIBUTE BY NEPHEWS AND NIECES (BUBUNE, VIVIAN, KORSHIE, EDEM, SITSO)

“The living know that they will die, but the dead know nothing. They have no further reward, nor are they remembered. Whatever they did in their lifetime -loving, hating, envying- is all gone. They no longer play a part in everything here on earth.”

Ecclesiastes 9:5-6.

Today we mourn, today we wail, for our tears know no bounds.

Every 27th May shall remain imbedded in our lives for it was this day that our uncle, our mentor, our philanthropist, our greatest inspiration was called by his Maker to join the great celestial above.

News of your demise was received with a pinch of salt and a great shock as we planned to visit you again. Words cannot express the grief that has filled our hearts but we are consoled because we know you have fought a good fight on earth and the angels are welcoming you in Heaven and you will be rewarded.

T'kloe, was how we clandestinely and surreptitiously called him for he was a man of peace, sagacity and magnanimity.

For us as nephews and nieces we have fond memories of our uncle.

We can still remember at tender ages when he replaced our grandfather's generator with a post-paid meter to provide permanent light for the entire household. We can remember how any time we visited him we did not leave without getting our share of his pocket money or transport fares. We can still remember the way he handled us with affability and an air of comradeship.



Uncle Mike had a peaceful heart. His flair of the Queen's language and that of the French language coupled with his knowledge of the law goaded some of us to climb the academic ladder to the University level. He gave a listening ear to all and sundry who came into contact with him. He was imbued with the principle of natural justice especially 'audi alteram partem' which means "no one may be condemned without a fair hearing".

Uncle Mike was a father and despite our wrongdoings he didn't hold it at heart. He forgave us at any least provocation. He didn't hold grudges with anyone.

Uncle Mike was an epitome of peace, a goal-getter and a forgiver.

His constant forgiveness and love are things we will never forget.

You are an irreplaceable father, God fearing and a selfless leader.

Your sudden departure has created a monumental vacuum in our hearts.

We have lost a real gem.

It is true we cannot question God so we will learn to accept this and say: "It is well with our souls".

May the good Lord receive you in his heavenly abode.

*Uncle Mike Hede nyuie,
Uncle Mike, Yaa wo odzo gban.
Uncle Mike, Damirifa due.
Dzidzor le nutifafa me.
Uncle Repose en paix.
Que la terre te soit legere!!!*





TRIBUTE BY SISTERS-IN-LAW

God saw your pain but cure was not meant to be so He put His arms around you and whispered “Come Home”. With tears we watched you go Home.

Our hearts were broken when we saw your golden heart stopped beating. Nonetheless, God broke our hearts to prove to us that He alone takes the BEST!

You are gone but those we love can never be more than thoughts apart. For as long as we live your memory will forever be with us, secured in our hearts.

Uncle Mike, as we call you, you were all we could ask for in a brother-in-law. It was a pleasure and fun to be in your company.

Uncle Mike, you touched our lives and so many others with your kindness, caring and peaceful nature. You will sure be missed.

On behalf of the family, Nana. Jnr and Queen, we wish you farewell.

REST IN PERFECT PEACE!!





TRIBUTE TO MICHAEL KORJA TAMAKLOE BY MRS PAULINA BANNERMAN-BRUCE (HIS AUNTIE PAULINE)

The journey of the Spirit - travelling with confidence
Happy are those whose refuge is in you, whose hearts are set on
pilgrimage. Psalm 84:5

FAITH

Christian faith is widely misunderstood. Faith is not blind - quite the opposite. "I wish that I had your faith" people remark longingly to someone who is able to trust God in difficult circumstances. But faith is not the result of the talent we are born with, or something in our genes. It is a deliberate and rational decision of mind and will. We put our trust in God and his promises.

Faith sees what is hidden from unbelieving eyes. It is not based on scientific proof, but as in any loving relationship it is built on trust, constantly reinforced by experience.

To have faith is to be sure of the things we hope for, and to be certain of the things we cannot see. No one can please God without faith, for whoever comes to God must have faith that God exists and rewards those who seek him.

Amen

We walk with Faith not by sight. 2 Corinthians: 5-7.

Michael Korja Tamakloe, my wonderful nephew and true gentleman left us far too soon. His wife Joyce, the Tamakloe and Bah families, and his many friends will miss him greatly. As a child, Michael was a cute, bubbly baby with long dark brown silky hair; he was a big boy even as an infant. As he grew from a baby to boy, boy to teenager and teenager to man he was always fun-loving and respectful.

Michael was always willing to help anyone who needed his help, whenever they needed him. He helped me by acting as my Project Manager when I was building my house in Adenta. Without him, it would have been a disaster. With Michael's help and support, I explored every corner of Accra where building materials were being sold. I remember when he married his beautiful wife Joyce at Legon. It was a wonderful and joyous occasion with us all in Kente.



How could Michael leave this world at such a young age? Michael had always been in good health so the last few weeks of his life worried and distressed us all. It was sad watching him waste away and in pain.

People put on a brave face in his presence. In particular, watching a tired, and worried Joyce was heartbreaking.

The Good Lord heard our prayers and released him from all the pain and distress. For this we give Him thanks since He knows what is best.

We prayed for healing, but now we pray that our Gracious Saviour has taken Michael into his venerable hands. The good Lord has given Michael external rest. To Him be glory and honour always.

I console myself in the knowledge that my wonderful nephew Michael is now in a place which we all aspire to reach in the fulness of time.

***Michael Rest in Perfect Peace. Amen
Okehu!***



TRIBUTE TO A GALLANT TIMELESS SOLIDER OF CHRIST BY COUSINS

Your glory, O Israel, lies slain on your
heights. How the mighty have fallen.
2 Samuel 1:19.

It is with heavy hearts that we pay this tribute to you. Our departed brother. Indeed, this is a great loss! As Mark Anthony said about his friend Julius Caesar. In Shakespeare's famous play, we come to bury our brother, not to praise him. But if it is true that 'the evil that men do lives after them, then the good must not be allowed to erode away unnoticed.

Mike you are a darling brother, a teammate, a referee and at the same time a coach. You are the all-round man who fits into every situations being good or bad because of your selflessness.

We also recalled when we were growing into adulthood and leaving together in Madina. Your jokes and inspiration always brings peace and joy to everyone.

Notwithstanding when you found Christ, you have never compromised on your Christian principles, let alone given up on your faith. Even on your sick bed, you were preaching faith in God for us to know that it is well and that you will soon get better.

Mike you are a gentle man, a man of principles who sought justice for all. You have fought a good fight, and have kept the Faith.

Brother Seth, Sister Dinah and Sister Awo, Says - We bless God for having you as a brother and to share fellowship with you on this earth. We love you very much but God loves you the most.

Rest Well Brother! Till we meet again.





TRIBUTE TO MIKE TAMAKLOE - TKLOE BY JOOJO BANNERMAN.

Death, be not proud,
Rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally.
And death shall be no more.

Mike is at rest, with all his hopes and fears.
He rests contented on the arm of eternal sleep.

He laughed and the world laughed with him
He sung and the hills answered
He rejoiced and men sought him
He feasted and his halls were crowded
There were none to decline his nectared wine,
But alone to drink this life's inevitable gall.

Let everyone gather with no heartaches or tears;
Let the bright memories flow
From all the years past
In remembrance of him.

Tkloe, one score and a decade, our friendship blossomed. As young men without a care in the world we traversed this plain with glee and aspirations. I never knew you would exit this soon, but The Lord knows best. You taught me a lot of things, I learnt a lot I didn't know, but you forgot to teach me one last thing - How to let you go. Today is the day you will be laid to rest, but you know what they say, God only takes the best and everything happens for a reason. Mike, you have fought a good fight, you have finished the course, you have kept the faith.

Now the day is over for you on this orb but, begins in the eternal sphere where the angels will bear you on their mighty wings through the realms of The Heavens.

I have come to realize that, it is okay to miss you, it is okay to cry. Just know I'll never forget you and the memories we had together. I'll always celebrate you!

Fare thee well my friend and brother!

*Tkloe! Damirifa Due! Damirifa Due!
Damirifa Due!*

TRIBUTE TO MICHAEL TAMAKLOE, AKA TKLOE BY ADOTEY MINGLE

“I have dreamt in my life, dreams
that have stayed with me ever after,
and changed my ideas; they have
gone through me, like wine through water,
and altered the color of my mind.
and this is one; I am going to tell it”
Emily Bronte, *Wuthering Heights*

The man Tkloe I knew had very positive dreams about life, and he set out to achieve those dreams. I also know he would not want us to mourn too much, he would want to be celebrated, because he loved life, exuded positive energy, he was an excellent comrade. When you meet a man who easily commits a lot of his literature texts to memory and can recall and recite quotes from his favorite literary scholars, you know you have found a classmate and a friend you would want to hang around with. I marveled at the way he recited more than one stanza of one of our favorite quotes we have whenever we met;

*“If I don't learn to shut my mouth
I will go to hell, I Okigbo,
town-crier with my iron bell.”*

Christopher Okigbo, Hurrah for Thunder

This was when I paid him a visit in the hospital and we recited this quote together as we always did when we met from KNUST in the 1990s. He actually recited a whole stanza after that (I could not remember another line). After the first year on KNUST campus, most of our compatriots in our English class we selected to read other subjects and a few of us 'languished' in the class, saddled with the task of reading the course to final year. We



were already in a study group, (Wilma, Tkloe, Joojo and I), and we had to continue with our studies.

We became closer friends and shared many happy moments together. We would typically meet in Joojo's room in Queens Hall at midnight for a quick discussion on a particular subject and may end up going to town for some fast food, “check check” as we used to call it. On occasion if any of us needed money or supplies from home and one of us was going to Accra, we would arrange for the traveler to bring the needed items.

We would take turns to host the other group members when it was time for hall week celebrations, and on weekends get together to have a chat or go out for some fun.

We left campus as friends and continued looking out for each other whenever we could. Obviously with the passage of time and the 'rough and tumble' of the real world, we could not meet as often as possible, but we kept in touch.

Tkloe, young as he was back then had a dream, and endeavored to follow his dream when we left school, and he did just that. He wanted to start out on his own, and he did. It was a plan he had hatched back in school which he discussed with us. He achieved this objective quite early, and we saw him make progress in his chosen endeavors.

I had a call from Joojo, as he does every other week or once a month, and he said to me I hear our brother is not well, and I rushed to see him, the rest is history.

I look back to our youthful days, the fond memories of fun and our struggles with academic work, what we set out to do after that, and console my self with the fact that the good Lord has a plan for everyone, and perhaps that plan is the reason we are gathered here.

The Lord, I am sure, has given Tkloe a place in his kingdom, so I am comforted that he has found eternal rest, and would be smiling and looking down at us and saying;

“For I have known them all already, known them all – Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons, I have measured my life with coffee spoons.”
TSElliot

Tkloe, yaa wo odzogban.

TRIBUTE TO MICHAEL TAMAKLOE (TKLOE) FROM THE CLASS OF '93' (KNUST)

“No one can become really educated
without having pursued some study in
which he took no interest – for it is part
of education to learn to interest ourselves
in subjects for which we have no aptitude”

T S Elliot

We met on UST campus in 1990 as course and class mates, very confused in the first semester, trying to settle in and to take in all the lecturers had to unleash on us. Indeed, some lecturers found first year students 'disorganized' and 'not too serious', so there was the refrain... 'the degree from this university is awarded, not earned', and this deepened our woes as students because some lecturers found us 'not serious' and used these 'veiled threats' to make us sit up. Well, in all this confusion we started getting to know each other, and there amongst us was Tkloe. He joined a study group for each course/subject he studied and like all of us gradually settled in to study.

Tkloe was an affable person and could make friends easily, so within a short time he had friends in every hall. For those he studied the same course with, we became even closer because 'half of the time', we had to decipher a quote from 'Marlow' in Joseph Conrad's "The Heart of Darkness" for our next English lesson, or to find 'photocopies of case law' for our law class.

There were no mobile phones then, so you had to have a good 'network' to navigate the 'confusion' on UST campus, and Tkloe, being in Republic hall, which was in the center of the school was our anchor man for all the 'course work filla'!



Obviously, there was the fun part on campus and we had a good time together. Whenever our student loans were paid we would go together to First Ghana Building Society (a financial institution), for our loans and that day we would party.

We 'trudged' on with our studies and were finally 'awarded' degrees from the University, so we left our 'protective world on campus' and had to contend with real life after school.

Tkloe, a business man before he came to school, wasted no time in setting up his own business, and the rest of us found jobs in various fields of endeavor. However, we kept in touch, and would meet every now and then to catch up and have a chat whenever we could find time.

We were informed that Tkloe was not well and had been taken to the hospital, and we had some classmates go see him, and we were later informed he had been discharged, so we were all 'overjoyed' to learn he had left the hospital.. However, we received the sad news that he had passed a couple of weeks later.

Today, we mourn the loss of a dear friend and a brother, ... Tkloe, you will forever remain in our hearts. May you find eternal rest in the bosom of the lord.

Tkloe, Damirifa due
Tkloe, yaa wo odzogban







TRIBUTE TO MICHAEL TAMAKLOE AKA “TKLOE” BY CLASS OF 86- PRESEC LEGON

If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we
die, we die for the Lord. So, whether we live
or die, we belong to the Lord.

Romans 14:8

Michael Tamakloe aka “TKloe” was a very kind hearted, generous, fun loving, exciting, innovative, adventurous, brave and above all, a God fearing brother!

As part of the September 1981 intake cohort, he was always the fearless type; taking every challenge head on! Michael was hardly the best vocalist back in Presec-Legon, but found himself in the school band which took part in an interschool popchain contest. He attempted long distance athletics, shot putt, discus, and soccer and ended up becoming school goalkeeper. To all of these he gave his best shot. Even though we had occasion to tease him especially in the athletics and goalkeeping performances. Michael, undoubtedly was one of the pioneers of weightlifting in

Presec in the late 1980s, thereby making it a fashionable and popular hobby on campus. In short Michael tried his hands at a wide range of endeavors and left his mark, one way or the other. Michael was always the protective brother, always looking to ward off any potential harm, no matter where or whom it came from.

His brave and bold demeanour eventually earned him one of the three dining hall prefect positions in sixth form. A position he diligently delivered on. Academically he stood out in Arts, excelling in French, English and History. He was popular for his fluency in French and would end up studying English and French in the University. It is therefore no wonder that he earned the name “Englishman” on our whatsapp thread!



Michael was very active in daily “friendly fire” between Labone house and Akro house boys. He was an obvious member of our potbellied mates or the “musu gang” who were the source of banter for long periods on our forum. Towards the end of 2019 Michael's visibility on our whatsapp forum diminished considerably; Whilst most of us assumed he was busy with one project or other, unbeknownst to us his health was deteriorating.

Michael was very active in our yeargroup activities, he participated in all our milestone events without fail. He organized refreshments when we had our monthly meetings on campus. He was very visible on our whatsapp platform engaging in all kinds of intellectual and socio cultural discourse. Michael loved the Presec 86 yeargroup and by extension the Odadee fraternity. He always sang the school anthem with such verve and vigor. He was an extremely proud Presecan and would do anything humanly and ethically within his capability to preserve the Presec / Odadee brand His post on his birthday in 2019 perhaps sums up his relationship with the yeargroup [18/07/2019, 18:14] Michael Tklo Tamakloe: How I love this family. I've been reflecting on how much has happened in my life for the last 2 yrs, and I am so so grateful to God for keeping me healthy and alive. Much tempest has blown my way. But within the storm, a glance at this forum will trigger a smile or burst of laughter. Even what may be a heated argument sometimes become healthy distractions from the chaos of the mind. To some I've been too quiet. Others think I've been simply boring. There are others I may have even caused some

inconvenience. Whichever category you belong to, be assured that you've played an invaluable role in my life that is so much appreciated and will be duly compensated for.

Thank you all for the birthday wishes. I just love this Odadea spirit. God bless you all [18/07/2019, 18:17] Michael Tklo Tamakloe: Happy Birthday Dr Lorenzo. Certainly musu size has nothing to do with age. I throw you salute. Stay blessed my birthday brother.

Early 2020 we got to know about his condition and rallied around him and his wife with all the support we could muster. It is hard to believe that you're gone T'Kloe. That your bubbly self is here no more. Your sense of humour and your wit defined your personality distinctively. You were generous to a fault, even if it meant parting with your very last pesewa. One of His beliefs in life was the importance of being authentic with people, saying what needs to be said because it's good for the relationship and for the soul. Michael never judged or forced His opinions on anyone, but offered valuable and truthful advice that we will surely miss. Michael always thought big and had big dreams at all times. He was confident at all times about any endeavour he was pursuing, and in the face of daunting challenges, Michael would tell you”Kaa worry” to wit Don't worry!

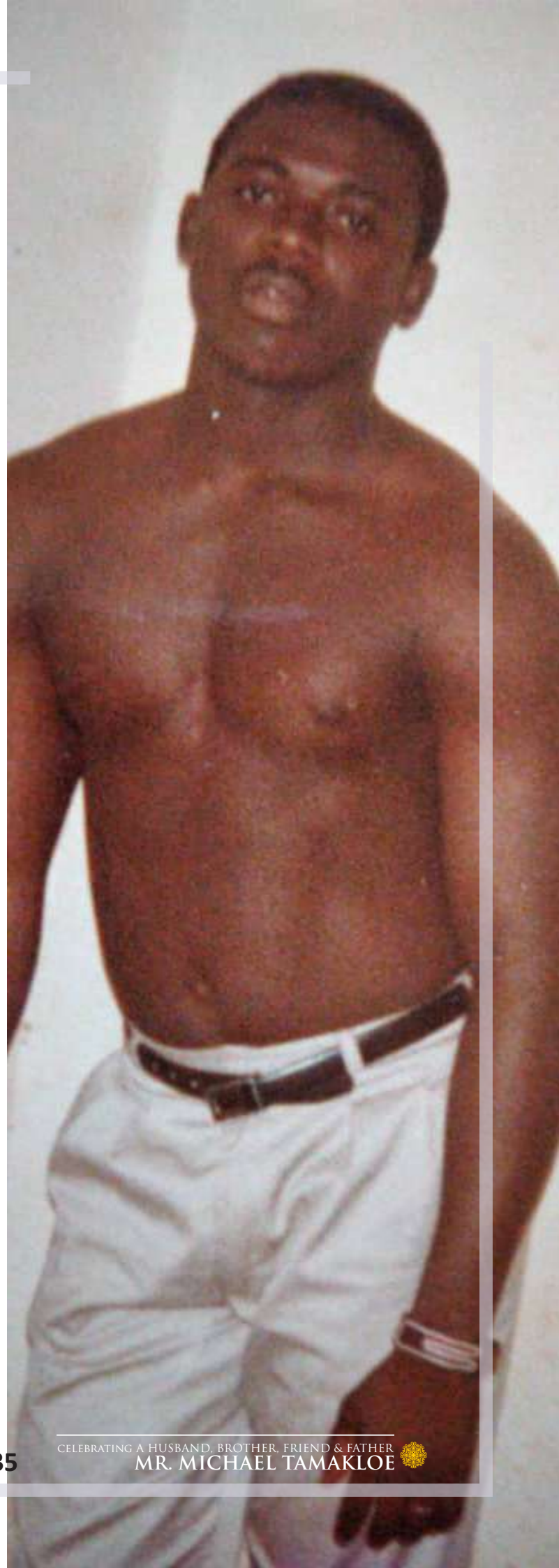
During his illness, there were two things that kept Him going, His faith in God and his wife Joyce; otherwise to face another day would have been tough, and we know how many days He must have had like that. He fought a brave and strong battle for till the last days and we prayed for him to get better. He took each day in stride, never really complaining,

always feeling tired and always hoping that the treatments would finally end so he could get on with his life. This was our hope too. Michael had a very close relationship with the Lord and demonstrated it in various ways and so there is therefore no doubt that Michael is at peace with our maker. Michael took an interest in the lives of our families and would be present at our parents' birthdays, anniversaries, funerals, our kids' outdoorings and birthday parties and would accept to be master of ceremonies without prior notice. One of our kids, upon hearing he was not well remarked 'Isn't he the uncle who is always smiling...'. Another kid, all the way in Brussels would take regular advice from Michael when his dad needed assistance in shaping the boy's early life. Michael, touched us with his generosity, his laughter and positive energy, above all else with his smile. Michael was just a man of many parts. Our belief is that he rests in peace knowing he did all that he could and that His wife, Joyce will be fine. When we love people it's so comforting to know that they will always be with us in our hearts.

TKloe, rest in peace! We will miss you immeasurably!

Odadee 86 says..Rest in peace! God be with you till we meet again!

May He himself receive your soul in his bosom.





TRIBUTE BY ICGC HOLY GHOST TEMPLE

Good people pass away; the godly often die before their time.
But no one seems to care or wonder why.
No one seems to understand that God is protecting them from the
evil to come.
For those who follow godly paths will rest in peace when they die.
(Isaiah 57:1-2)

Michael Tamakloe joined the Holy Ghost Temple in 2008. He participated in almost all Church services and programs and thus fulfilled his obligation as a member of the church. Brother Michael together with his wife Joyce Tamakloe enrolled as part of the Ushering Workforce for the 2017 Greater Works Conference. From indications Brother Michael was a man led by the Spirit of God and a true son of God. He was not one to make a fuss or create a scene and therefore it was possible sometimes to overlook his presence during the gatherings and activities of the Mighty Men of Valour as the Men's Fellowship of ICGC Holy Ghost Temple is known. Michael was a man of prayer. And for those of us who sat near Michael's favourite seat in the church auditorium, prayer time was clearly one of his special moments during service. Indeed it was the intention of the Men's Fellowship organizer to "recruit" him as one of the prayer leaders of the fellowship in recognition of his passion for prayer.

Michael was not inclined to stay away from church for a prolonged period of time and it came as a shock to us when we learnt that his absence from church was due to a health challenge. We were hopeful Michael would overcome this challenge and return to Church and participate in the activities of the Mighty Men of Valour with renewed vigour. But unfortunately this was not to be. We are saddened by the untimely passing of our brother. But our sorrow is mitigated and almost absolved by our knowledge of where he's gone to. Michael made that one choice which everyone must make, that is the choice to accept Christ Jesus as Lord and Saviour. Consequently he has now transitioned to heaven to be with his Maker, at peace and far removed from the tests and travails of this world.

*Fare thee well Brother Michael!
Rest in peace!*



HYMNS

Hymn 1:

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 blessed 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.

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.
Amen.

Hymn 2:

1. Peace perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2. Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties
pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest

3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
round?

On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found

4. Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far
away?

In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5. Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne

6. Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and
ours?

Jesus has vanquished death shadowing us and
ours?

7. It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Hymn 3:

1. Precious Lord, take my hand

Lead me on, let me stand

I'm tired, I'm weak, I'm lone

Through the storm, through the night

Lead me on to the light

Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

2. When my way grows drear precious Lord linger
near

When my light is almost gone

Hear my cry, hear my call

Hold my hand lest I fall

Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

3. When the darkness appears and the night
draws near

And the day is past and gone

At the river I stand

Guide my feet, hold my hand

Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home



HYMNS

4. Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, let me stand
I'm tired, I'm weak, I'm lone
Through the storm, through the night
Lead me on to the light
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

Hymn 4:

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!

3. Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'dst with Thy disciples,
Lord, Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

4. Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me!

5. I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

6. 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!

7. Reveal Thyself 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 and death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

Hymn 5:

1. 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.

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials
should come,
let this blest assurance control,
that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
and hath shed his own blood for my soul.
(Refrain)

3. 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!
(Refrain)

4. And, Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be
sight,
the clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
the trump shall resound, and the Lord shall
descend,
even so, it is well with my soul.
(Refrain)

Hymn 6:

1. My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus Christ, my righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
Refrain; On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand,



HYMNS

All other ground is sinking sand.

2. When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3. His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4. When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
In Him, my righteousness, alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne

My path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Hymn 7:

1. In heav'nly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2. Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3. Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,



Remember Me
Fill not your hearts with pain and sorrow,
But remember me in every tomorrow.
Remember the joy, the laughter, the smiles,
I've only gone to rest a little while.
Although my leaving causes pain and grief,
my going has eased my hurt,
and given me relief.
So dry your eyes and remember me,
not as I am now,
but as I used to be.
Because, I will remember you all,
and look on with a smile.
Understand in your hearts,
I've only gone to rest a little while.
As long as I have the love of each of you,
I can live my life in the hearts of all of you.



Don't think of him as gone away
His journey has just begun,
life holds so many facets
this earth only has one.

Just think of him as resting
From the sorrows and tears
in a place of warmth and comfort
where there are no days and years.

Think of how he must be wishing
that we could know today
how nothing but our sadness
can really pass away.

And think of him as living
in the hearts of those he touched...
For nothing loved is ever lost
and He was loved so much.

Ellen Brenneman







CELEBRATING A HUSBAND, BROTHER, FRIEND & FATHER
MR. MICHAEL TAMAKLOE



APPRECIATION

The families of the late

**MR. MICHAEL
TAMAKLOE**

wish to thank you profoundly
for your support
during our time of bereavement
God richly bless you.