

BURIAL SERVICE FOR LATE



SAMSON KOFI
TORKORNOO

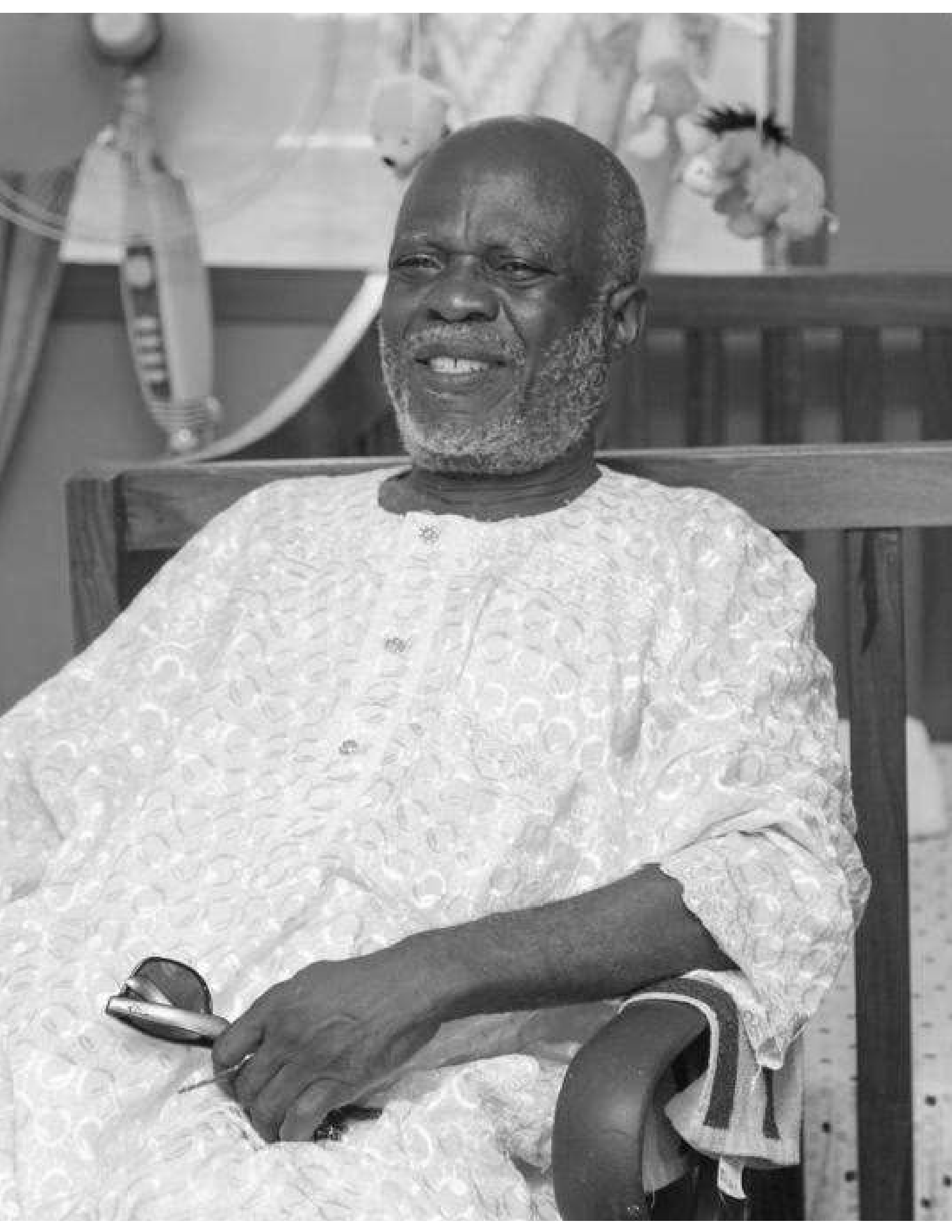
1948-2022



FRIDAY, 2ND DECEMBER, 2022

TRANSITIONS, HAATSO-ATOMIC ROAD

10.30AM PROMPT.





OFFICIATING MINISTERS



1. Rev. Godwin A. Torkornoo
2. Rev. Christopher D. Torkornoo
3. Pastor Benjamin A. Torkornoo

PART 1

1. Opening Prayer.
2. Instrument Prelude / Filling Past Mortal Remains and reading of tributes.
3. Call to Worship.
4. Hymn 1 - Oh God our help in ages past.
5. Scripture Sentences / Prayer of Invocation.
6. Hymn 2 – The Lord is my shepherd.
7. Prayer for the Family.
8. Hymn 3 – It is well with my soul.
9. Biography / Tributes.
10. Offertory / Choruses.
11. Scripture reading.
12. Music Ministration.
13. Eulogy.
14. Welcome/Remarks /Announcement.
15. Closing hymn - My hope is built on nothing else.
16. Closing Prayer/Benediction.
17. Recessional Hymn – Trials dark on every hand.

PART 2

AT THE GRAVEYARD

1. Hymn 4 - In the sweet by and by...
2. Prayer
3. Committal Sentences
4. Laying of wreaths
5. Vote of thanks (Family Member)
6. Closing Prayer / Benediction
7. Departure Hymn - God be with you till we meet again.



Biography of SAMSON KOFI TORKORNOO



*"I expect to pass through this world but once.
Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness
that I can show to my fellow creature,
Let me do it now
Let me not defer or neglect it
For I shall not pass this way again "*

EARLY CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION

The late Mr Samson Kofi Torkornoo (aka Engineer, uncle Torks or Alhaji) was born at Korle Gonno, Accra on the 12th of November 1948 to the late Mr. Samuel Sebuabe Torkornoo of Asadame and Madam Viola Melekpom Nyavogbe - Dzokoto (alias Akplatsitor) of Anyako in the Volta region. He was the 4th born of his parents.

He started his primary education at The Royal School at Korle Gonno, he continued at Ghana County School- Accra New- Town and then to Kpetoe where he sat for his Common Entrance examination . He gained admission in Achimota School from 1963 – 1970 where he obtained both his O&A level education. He obtained a BSc(Hons)in Civil Engineering from Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology(KNUST), Kumasi. He also gained a scholarship for further studies in Germany. In 1978 he

obtained his Professional Accreditation from Ghana Institute of Engineers.

WORKING LIFE

Mr Samson Kofi Torkornoo worked as a Civil/Structural engineer with 42 years of experience in the industry. He was an engineer with International repute. Some of the establishments and times he worked in are as follows:

1975 – 1978	MESSRS ARCHITECTURAL &ENGINEERING SERVICES CORPORATION
1978 – 1979	MESSRS DEWEGER, GRUTTER BROWN & PARTNERS, ARCHITECTS &ENGINEERS
1980 – 1986	MESSRS INTEGRATED PROJECT MANAGEMENT, ABUJA, NIGERIA
1986– 1988	MESSRS RAPHAEL DZOKOTO, ARCHITECTS & CONSULTANTS
1988 – 1990	MESSRS YAB LIMITED
1990 – 1993	MESSRS VICKATA LIMITED
1996 – 2014	MESSRS KADDACON LIMITED
2016 – DATE	MESSRS SYNDICATED GREEN DEVELOPERS

Some of the notable projects he worked on are as follows:

- 1 1st phase of Housing units in the Accelerated Districts of Abuja including the Water Supply Network completed for the Federal Development Authority of Nigeria.
- 2 Factory for Johnson Wax at Accra
- 1 Office block for Ghana Chamber of Commerce at Accra
- 3 Christian Methodist Senior High School at Aplaku – Accra
- 4 Dinning hall for Pope John’s Secondary school at Koforidua
- 5 Water projects in Eastern, Northern, Upper West and the Western regions of Ghana.
- 6 GRA headquarters

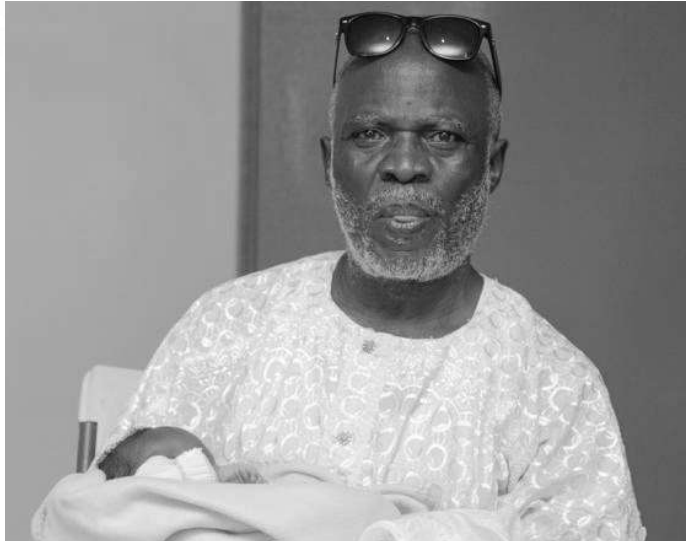




BIOGRAPHY CONTINUED...

FAMILY LIFE

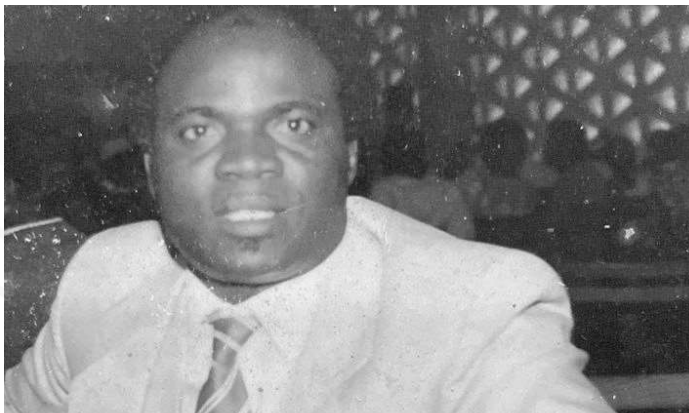
The late Mr Samson Kofi Torkornoo was married to Madam Doris Ankora and they had three (3) children, Sesi Johnson Nyarko, Emmanuel Adjah Ankora and Viola Awushie Torkornoo.



SOCIAL LIFE

Aside from his hectic job of supervising projects, Samson made time for social engagements in both family and friendly circles. He brought his skills as an experienced engineer to bear on his relationships. He was an active member of his Achimota Secondary School year group. He had a great sense of humour and noted for great jokes and a great laugh.

He also had a special niche for alternative medicine and he would not spend any time in sharing useful tit-bits on health with anyone who requires it.



LIFE AFTER RETIREMENT

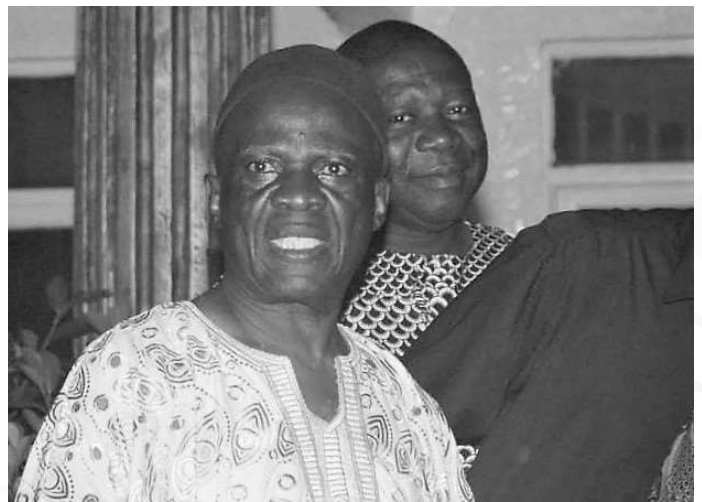
Mr. Samson Kofi Torkornoo was still an active person after retirement. He spent good time going for early morning walk to keep fit. He also spent time within his social circles in touching base with friends and family.



TRANSITION

His health began to deteriorate after a first bout with a stroke attack. He however survived it. He however suffered another attack during a morning walk and this took him in and out of hospital a few times. Samson slipped silently into eternal rest on Monday 17th October, 2022.

*May he rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord
Samson Kofi Torkornoo Xedenyuie
Dzudzor le nutifafa me, Amen.*





Tribute by WIFE, MADAM DORIS ANKORA.

13 But we do not want you to be uninformed, brothers, about those who are asleep, that you may not grieve as others do who have no hope. 14 For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have fallen asleep. 1 Thess. 4:13-14



“Doris, do you want some coconut? How about some moringa leaves? They are good for your health. You can use it for tea.” Alas, I would no longer receive these thoughtful text messages and calls from you. You always cared to share all your new discoveries. You excelled at selling the benefits thereof in such a manner that I could not resist giving them a try. I am sure most of your family and friends can attest to this willingness to offer information and help whenever you had the opportunity. I didn’t expect you to leave this abruptly, especially when things were starting to look brighter.

My first encounter with Uncle Torks was in Ho in the late 70’s when he worked as a civil engineer with the erstwhile AESC. We were introduced by a mutual friend and remained friends till he left Ho. As fate would have it, we met again ten years later. This was upon your return from Nigeria that fateful day when you drove through Ho. Your Peugeot 505 was jam-packed with your belongings such that, your frame was almost pressing the dashboard as the only human occupant. The thought of having my residence as your first stop over from your sojourn brought a mélange of pride, importance, and affection towards you. By this time, I’d had my first two children: Sesi and Yoyo and after a brief courtship, we got married and were blessed with our daughter, Awushie. Uncle Torks was truly a charming young man.

In the early nineties, the children and I relocated to join you in Accra and lived as a family. Our relationship was threaded with a fair share of life’s challenges, but our bond remained strong. Indeed, the bright spots eclipsed the dark moments on our journey. Uncle Torks was a loving father and always made sure no birthday celebration was ever complete without a cake. The children came to associate all birthdays with a cake from Cake Tekniks. He started a family scrabble bonding session which we all participated in whenever he was not out of town. Our Sunday afternoon scrabble game became a ritual that we all looked forward to. The games always ended with the loser buying ice cream for the whole family. After he successfully “won” many games, the children suggested that the winner start buying the ice cream. He loved his children dearly and extended it to his nephews and nieces. As a father, walking our eldest daughter down the aisle on her wedding day and cosseting your grandson on your laps at his christening were indeed some of the proud moments that you cherished.

Aside from a few health scares, Uncle Torks was mostly fit and in good health. Even after officially retiring from active work, he continued to be very engaged in his craft. He supervised the first phase of my current home in Abokobi - Boi.

On the 25th of August 2022, he was rushed to the Nyaho Medical Center and was later transferred to the Ridge Hospital. Much to our gladness, he was discharged from the Ridge Hospital. We believed he had defeated the illness like all the previous times. However, our joy was short-lived when he was rushed back to the Ridge hospital on 17th October 2022 where he was called by his Maker. I would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge and thank all who in diverse ways helped my children and I while he was in the hospital. I am immensely grateful for all the help and support from Uncle Torks’ friends and family.

Even as we mourn Uncle Torks departure today, I believe that the good Lord has him in a better place. I will miss his random text message. I will miss the songs he sent via WhatsApp. I will miss his fried shrimps, gborvilolo, and ewebolo he brought back from his trips. I will cherish the memories of the good times and hold on to the last present he gave me for my birthday this year – a beautiful kente cloth, knowing it’s the last of such gifts and take solace in the fact that you are resting in the bosom of the almighty Lord.

*Uncle Torks hede nyuie
Uncle Torks, dzidzo le nutifafame.
(Anima eius in pace perfecta)*



Tribute by CHILDREN, SESI, YOYO & AWUSHIE

*"His love, in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink:
While each Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through." MHB 511v3*



This hymn has remained our anchor in these dark moments of our lives.

Indeed, we received the unpleasant news from mommy of your sudden ill health that fateful Thursday, August 25, 2022. We were quite concerned but hopeful at the same time. You had surmounted bigger setbacks in your life, and this was supposed to be one of them. At the hospital, you always wore a broad smile and wielded enough strength for your usual gimmicks. Unbelief was gone; faith, hope, and trust in the Lord had soared within us. Your discharge, therefore, came as no surprise to all of us. Little did we know, you'd return sooner than later. October 17, 2022 was expected to be another routine trip to the hospital although the illness had worsened. We held on to a tendril of hope still believing God to come through another time for the family. But alas, our Maker knew best. We cannot judge Him by our feeble sense.

We never understood why we called you "Uncle Torks" during childhood instead of Papa, Dada, or Daddy but we quickly learnt that it was because your "showman" lifestyle made you popular with your nieces and nephews, hence the name. You were soft-spoken and gentle and even translated calmly into how you mete out your punishment. Indeed, it was no secret all of us preferred your whip to mommy's given the opportunity.

The nature of your job had you away from home and traveling a lot. While we wish we could have spent all those moments with you, there was no doubt you always had us in mind while you were away. No return home was ever complete without items for everyone. Awushie's ripe plantain was a constant! Till date, we cannot tell if Awushie's love for plantain is because you always brought them or you always brought them knowing she loved them. Indeed, her distance was not a barrier Even with her being miles away from home, you managed to still send her plantain chips.

The whistling system at home was your brainchild. Everybody's name came with its inimitable whistle rather than calling out a name. Even mommy had her special sound. That could only be associated with our family, credit to you Uncle Torks.

Your love for photography was remarkable. This saw us capturing a lot of memories, the good, goofy, and the bad.

You encouraged us to pursue higher education at every opportunity you had with us. You spoke so highly of Achimota School that Sesi entered the school from Primary 5 through to Senior Secondary School form 3. The same influence also saw us all pursuing our Tertiary education at K. N. U. S. T. in the arts discipline with only Yoyo studying an engineering course.

As we stand here, we are enveloped in darkness and despair. Who is going to provide Sesi with OAA updates? Who is going to send us all motivational quotes on the 1st of every month? Who is going to worry Yoyo to drive him to and from Specialist



TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN CONTINUED...

visits at Nyaho Medical Centre?

We will all miss you dearly in our peculiar way but are consoled by the fact that you have graciously taken your place in the bosom of our Lord and look forward to our great reunion with our Lord.

May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace, Amen!





Tribute by SON IN-LAW, LESTER

*"Death is life's promise
It cannot be broken
With arrival time unknown
Leave no word unspoken.
Each smile, each touch, each moment we share
Could be the last to show others we care."*

These words remind us that our lives are like rivers which flow into the sea and get swallowed up. Such is death, the final sea, the leveller of all human destinies, in which we shall end.

My first official encounter with Uncle Torks was at our "knocking" ceremony. When the engagement list was asked, he remarked in deadpan fashion, "the ink to be used had been ordered from Antarctica as it was manufactured using penguin blood". Everyone burst out laughing.

From that first encounter, I couldn't help but notice how humorous, hospitable and helpful he was. He willingly offered to get us an eggless wedding cake, just as we had wanted.

Uncle Torks always had a warm smile for me and was always interested in my life. He was a gentleman, with a quick wit and sharp sense of humour. He was always sweet on Zylen and liked to lovingly rattle him up every now and then.

I remember he was a hard worker, and he took great pride in his craft. He readily used his skills, time, effort, and other resources to professionally level our matrimonial bedroom floor.

Losing a family member is the strongest grief anyone can face. Nobody can experience it until they go through it.

Uncle Torks will be deeply missed by all who knew and loved him. He has made a lasting impression on me, and I will always remember him fondly.





UNCLE TORKS 1948 - 2022
FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

08

Tribute by
**THE TORKORNOO FAMILY
(SIBLINGS)**

*“Sadly missed along Life’s way
Quietly remembered everyday
No longer in our Life to share
But in our hearts you are always there”*

Brother Sampson was a loving, kind but strict person. Although we didn't stay together for long during our Childhood days, some where along the line we came together during our adulthood.

When you are closer to brother Sampson you will enjoy his conversations as he will be cracking jokes and doing funny things.

He fell sick and we all prayed for him to recover, but God knows best.

Brother sleep well. Till we meet again.

Hede Nyuie

Dzudzor le Ntifafame.



Tribute by NEPHEWS AND NIECES

*"He that is our God, is the God of salvation and unto
the Lord our God belongs issues from death." Psalm 68:20*

Uncle as he was affectionately called by us was a very loving and strict man, a father to many of us he was.

But for him some of us would not have started, continued or completed our education. I, Hilda will never forget that knock on the head whenever I failed to answer the past questions that he painstakingly acquired for me to help me pass my common entrance examination. We will always remember the yummy meat pies from Shangrila hotel, fried rice from Paloma and Afrikiko restaurants and not forgetting 'the only green 505 Peugeot car numbered 8038.

Uncle Samson was a true force of nature. Fred, our big brother, Derek and myself (Kokui) still have some interesting memories of him. He knew how to make an entrance, but the one we found most interesting was when he was returning from town. He'd begin honking miles away just so the gates would be opened usually by Efo Korshie before he arrived. Now, wasn't that something? Then there were the moments when he'd leave the keys to his room to us so that we could go in and enjoy ourselves with a movie or two. Curiously though, he'd ask us if we had brushed our teeth before then. That used to baffle me...! And also his way of whistling. That's not something easily forgotten because any sound of that triggers memories of him. Rest in perfect peace Uncle Samson. You will be missed dearly.

I met uncle Kofi in 1997 when I came back from Nigeria in search of my late mother (Ama Florence Torkornoo) and other family members. He was always interested in discussing with me about his working experience in Nigeria and we cracked jokes together.

He organized other family members to attend my marriage since I don't know most of my late mother's family members.

Being a professional civil engineer He gave me a lots of professional advice for the construction of my house from foundation till finishing. He was always busy calculating the number of iron rods, blocks and cement that I will need for a particular job on site then send to me by WhatsApp. When he is less busy, he will visit my site to supervise the workers to ensure the job was progressing as planned. His health condition started deteriorating after he came on pension and I have been supporting him whenever he needed a help. I will missed him so much. He was a good man, a professional civil engineer and caring father.



Rest in perfect peace Uncle Kofi Samson Torkornoo.



Tribute by EMMANUEL LORKPA TORKORNOO

It was at the Ghana Water and Sewage Technical Training School, Weija where I was in charge of training technical staff in water supply engineering practices when a class of Engineering students from the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology came on excursion.

After introducing myself and briefly talking on water supply engineering, I took them round the works ending at the refreshment hall. Soon during the refreshment one of the students came to my table and whispered in my ear "Sir I am also Torkornoo". I looked at the man and from his size and looks I concluded straight, that should be a relative.

Who is your father? "SS Torkornoo" he answered. Of course, I knew uncle SS as "SANKUTOR" my father's elder brother. I stood up and hugged him saying "you are my brother". That was how we discovered each other.

On his graduation, we all worked in Accra and Sampson accepted me as an elder brother and a senior engineer. He sought my advice on many occasions and involved me in many personal issues of his. He had great organizational ability in the Torkornoo family gatherings. On the occasion Sampson lost the father-in-law and had to go for the burial in Anfoega. Being Sampson's funeral all the Torkornoo brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces trooped to Anfoega. We numbered about ten to fifteen.

After the burial, we sat under a big tree in the Ankora house when the essentials started flowing from Doris kitchen and people referred to them as "Sampson and Delilahs (Doris) honey pot". After everyone left, Sampson asked me to stay for the customary rites. I did stay in Anfoega with Sampson for four days and they were memorable days.

Unfortunately, after just a few years, his mother-in-law also passed on in Gbadzeme Avatime. Again, I led a delegation comprising of Victor, David and some others to that beautiful town situated on the afadjato hill.

The weather was cool and the surrounding vegetation was full of colourful birds that kept singing melodiously all day. Of course, the Sampson and Doris honey pot was very busy there too.

Sampson involved me in our nephew John Bamidele's marriage and the funeral of his (john's) Father-in-law's. Both of these events took place in a town near Asamankese. He made me host Hilda's marriage.

In all these, I noticed one thing very clearly of him and that is his organizational ability. If it was worth his doing, it was worth being done right.

Sampson, I believe we shall meet again. Rest in the maker's abode until then.



Tribute by THE DJOKOTO FAMILY

If your life were an open window where everyone could peep through, what would you want them to see and be influenced by? This is the question each and every one of us has to answer while we live. The death appointment is once and after that judgment.

Alhaji, as we, the family call you, shall always be remembered in every way: his Achimota pep talks with his nephews and nieces, to his siblings and other family members, "wait, listen" and that "dzi wo fie asem attitude. All these culminate to make him the Alhaji Torks that we've known and lived with.

It was unbearable when you said that you are tired "leave me and let me go". Yes we saw that you were set for the journey. This should tell us that those of us who are living, there will come a time of leaving and going.

He, before us now means the end of his story. For you and I, how will ours be? How will we be remembered? One day we shall be like this and how will our story and picture be like?

Whatever we do or say Alhaji's chapter is closed. He cannot appreciate the sweet words we say, the tears we drop and the love we say we have for him. When we get the chance what do we do? Alhaji is telling us to do what we can while we live, for when we die, we will not be able to see, hear or feel.

Alhaji was a delight to be with. His generosity was superb, now that he is no more can we continue or do better?

We cannot say much because we saw and know that you stepped out when your time was due.

God help and be with us.

Fare well Kofi Torkornoo

Yi na dzudzɔ le ɲutifafa me loo.



Tribute by OAA 1968 YEAR GROUP



Samson Kofi Torkornoo aka 'Pele', or 'Guy Torks', described as 'a noble gentleman', found himself amongst a diverse group of excited youngsters who entered Achimota Secondary School in September 1963. He was in 2G. He was assigned to Gyamfi House and finally became House Prefect in Upper 6. Torks was a core member of the OAA 1968 Year Group.

Torks loved sports. He was a renowned soccer star and one of the 'constants' in the Gyamfi House team. According to his housemates, Gyamfi House could 'hold its head high' in football, thanks to Torks and other classmates like late Jojo Owsu-Afriyie and Robert Asem. Torks was later nicknamed 'Pele' after his older brother Sokpoli, another football superstar, who came to 6th form in Achimota. Apparently, Torks was also a 'terrific' barber!

Pele was left-handed but, remarkably, always wrote with his right hand. He was among the more mature members of our year group, but a close housemate, Dudu, attests that he never took advantage of this 'maturity' and bully the younger more vulnerable ones as some did. Instead, whenever he was around, he became their 'ultimate guide' and protector, often deflecting some undeniably unpleasant attacks or 'encroachments' into their 'little spaces'.

Torks seemed to have inspired many of his mates to excel in their academic work. Dudu again said: 'Some of us owe a huge debt of gratitude to him for enabling us to get through many an exam. The early years were 'easy' to some of us, but as the 'O' levels' approached, his study method proved pivotal in helping those of us who studied with him to succeed. Dodging questions in class was an art that came naturally to some, but having one-on-one study sessions with Torks, where you asked him questions, and he later did the same to you was a revelation. We found our ignorance more embarrassing in facing a peer than in class, so we studied.'

Torks was a master of the slide rule. He loved physics and mathematics, both of which came naturally to him. His eventual career in engineering therefore was no surprise to anyone.



TRIBUTE BY OAA 1968 YEAR GROUP CONTINUED...

As a House Prefect, he encouraged discipline with a firm but gentlemanly approach, much admired by all. For Torks, 'logic' facilitated the 'natural order of things'!!

Clive, another classmate, shared a story about Pele that reinforced his 'gentlemanly approach' to dealing with issues. "Still on Pele and the classy soccer player that he was. I remember we were in 2G together and team-mates in the inter-class soccer tournament for first year students. I remember 2G had exceptional athletes like Oshi, O'ray and Harrison (Joromi), but on the soccer field Torks was unquestionably our man. So, we were in this game which we were losing by a goal, and we were awarded a penalty in the very last minute. I so desperately wanted to take it, but Torks, our Talisman, proceeded to take it, ended up missing it, and we lost the game. All week long, I gave Torks heck, lecturing him on how he should have taken the kick. As fate would have it, in our very next game, same scenario, we were losing by a goal and were awarded a penalty towards the end of the game. Immediately, Torks grabs the ball, walks over to me and says, "O.K. you got this." So, I accept the ball thinking to myself - now this is my chance to show him how a proper penalty should be taken. I proceeded to take my best swing at the ball, and it sails miles over the bar! Now, after all the stick I gave Torks for missing, I am thinking to myself, "As for this, I die finish. Torks will skin me alive for missing and making us lose the game." You know what, Torks never said a word; he simply walked up to me, gave me a pat on the back and a hug, then walked away. That was one lesson in showing class that I learned from Torks, and for as long as I live, will be grateful to the man for that! That was our Torks, a classy gentleman.

Long after we left school, Torks, who had studied civil engineering at 'Tech', was very proud of this achievement and worked all over the country. He worked for Deweger Gruter Brown & Partner and was a close friend to Adotei Brown, one of the partners, before leaving for quite a lengthy spell in Nigeria. He also took on relatively minor jobs to help 'old mates' whenever the need arose. For example, he built a tennis court for our mate, Joe Padi, in Akropong for the La Constance Tennis Center, which has today become a focus for training kids to play tennis in Akropong and its environs. Torks was a perfectionist, and the outcomes of his jobs were usually satisfying. However, he was known to be rather intolerant of any 'interference' with his work.

As a member of the OAA 1968 Year Group, he belonged to the select corps of 3 engineers - Torks, Toro and JT - who supervised our 50th Anniversary celebration project of renovating the School's Cadet Square. He had a distinctive quirky sense of style - a combination of the Ewe Jumper and the Northern gown, often accessorised with a Northern hat, check his pictures. On our WhatsApp platform, he doubled as our class health guru, promoting herbal treatments and a healthy eating lifestyle. Above all, he was our regular 'morning bell', setting off our day with his cheery signature greeting: 'GOOD MORNING ALL. STAY SAFE.'

In fact, one of our members noticed that he hadn't posted for a few days, and so we followed up only to discover that he was indeed ill. We prayed for his recovery. Unfortunately, he passed away on October 17, 2022.

Torks, Pele, Rest in Perfect Peace.





UNCLE TORKS 1948 - 2022
FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

14

Tribute by KADDACON LIMITED

For none of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living. But why dost thou judge thy brother? Or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ.

Romans 14:7-10 (KJV)

The late Samson Kofi Torkornoo (a.k.a Engineer Torks) joined Kaddacon Limited in September 1996, as a Structural Engineer when we were executing a project for the Ministry of Health in Accra.

We could recall the joy and happiness Engineer Torks expressed when working at the above mentioned project site. He was questioned about the joy and enthusiasm he displayed and his answer was that he had noticed and experienced the vast contrast between Kaddacon Ltd and previous companies he had worked with. The first, being the regular supply of materials to the project site for the execution of the works and secondly, the cordial relationship and interactions among management staff, supervisors and other workers.

Engineer Torks was versatile, showed maturity, fairness and honesty in his dealings and execution of his assignments. We found him more valuable when we ventured into the Water and Sanitation Sector. He was well vested in Water Project and second to none such that whenever we were awarded contract he was the Technical Director to be posted to the project site.

He worked on many projects including water projects that the company executed are as follows: (i) Eastern Region comprising 14 towns (2002-2004), (ii) Northern Region comprising 13 towns (2006-2007), (iii) Upper West Region comprising 4 towns (2008-2009) and the Western Region comprising 20 towns (2008-2010)

On the 22nd September, 2014 he resigned from the company as a Technical Director after serving the company close to eighteen (18) years .

In the second week of September this year, information got to us in the office that he had fallen ill was rushed to the Nyaho Hospital and later to the Greater Accra Regional (Ridge) Hospital in Accra. Management therefore delegated a staff to go and check on him at the Hospital before he was later discharged.

The news of Engineer Torks death shook the office like that of an earth quake on Tuesday, 18th October, 2022. Even though he was no more working with Kaddacon Limited, he always called to check on the day to day activities of the company and some other staff as well.

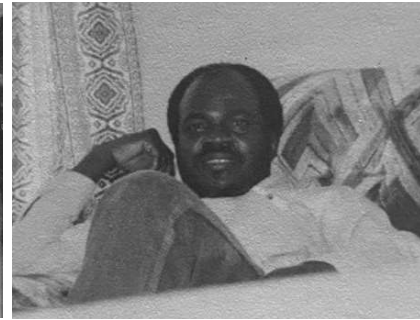
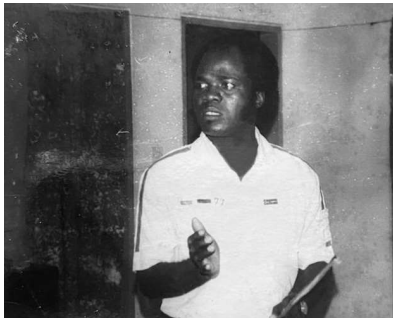
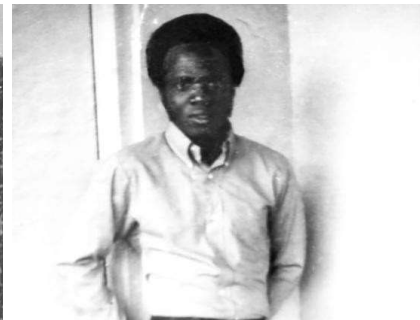
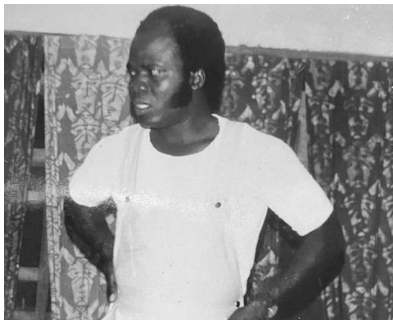
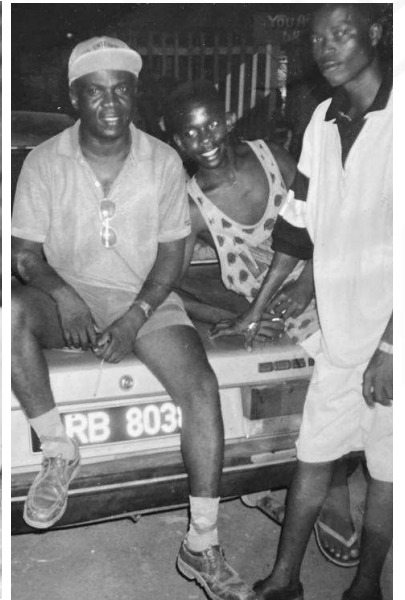
We therefore have the consolation in the word of God that he will resurrect on that faithful day when we shall all meet before the Lord Jesus Christ.

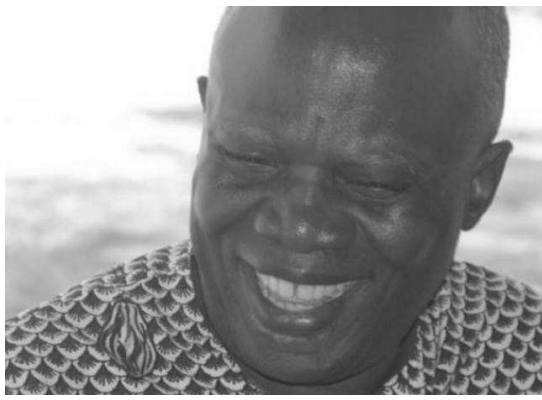
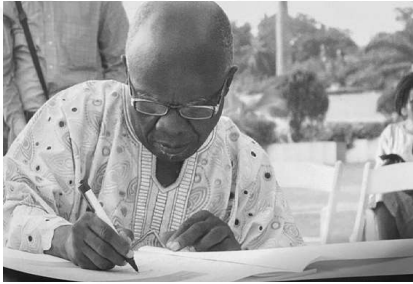
We Love you but God loves you best.

Ing. Torks Fare thee well.

Rest in Perfect Peace.

Amen









1

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

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

3. Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received her frame,
from everlasting you are God,
to endless years the same.

4. A thousand ages in your sight
are like an evening gone,
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.

5. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
with all their lives and cares,
are carried downward by your flood,
and lost in foll'wing years.

6. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all its sons away,
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the op'ning day.

7. Our God, our help in ages past
our hope for years to come:
O be our guard while troubles last,
and our eternal home.

HYMNS

2

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know,

I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest,
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.

2. Thru the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear,
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread,
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er,
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head,
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above:
I seek by the path which my forefathers trod,
Thru the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love,
Thru the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

3

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 (may be sung after final stanza only):

*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 has 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. O 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*

Closing hymn

1. My hope is built on nothing less
than Jesus' blood and 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,
all other ground is sinking sand.*

2. When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace,
in ev'ry high and stormy gale
my anchor holds within the veil. *[Refrain]*

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. *[Refrain]*

4. When he shall come with trumpet sound,

O may I then in him be found,
dressed in his righteousness alone,
faultless to stand before the throne. *[Refrain]*

Recessional Hymn

1. Trials dark on ev'ry hand,
and we cannot understand
All the ways that God would lead us
to that blessed Promised Land,
But He'll guide us with His eye,
and we'll follow till we die,
We will understand it better by and by.

Chorus:

*By and by, when the morning comes,
When the saints of God are gathered home,
We will tell the story how we've overcome,
We will understand it better by and by.*

2. Oft our cherished plans have failed,
disappointments have prevailed,
And we've wandered in the darkness,
heavyhearted and alone,
But we're trusting in the Lord,
and according to His Word,
We will understand it better by and by. *[Chorus]*

3. Temptations, hidden snares
often take us unawares.
And our hearts are made to bleed
for some thoughtless word or deed.
And we wonder why the test
when we try to do our best,
We will understand it better by and by. *[Chorus]*



4

1. There's a land that is fairer than day,
and by faith we can see it afar,
for the Father waits over the way
to prepare us a dwelling place there.

Refrain:

*In the sweet by and by,
we shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by and by,
we shall meet on that beautiful shore.*

2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore
the melodious songs of the blest,
and our spirits shall sorrow no more,
not a sigh for the blessing of rest. *[Refrain]*

3. To our bountiful Father above
we will offer our tribute of praise,
for the glorious gift of his love
and the blessings that hallow our days. *[Refrain]*

Departure Hymn

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.

Refrain

*Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.*

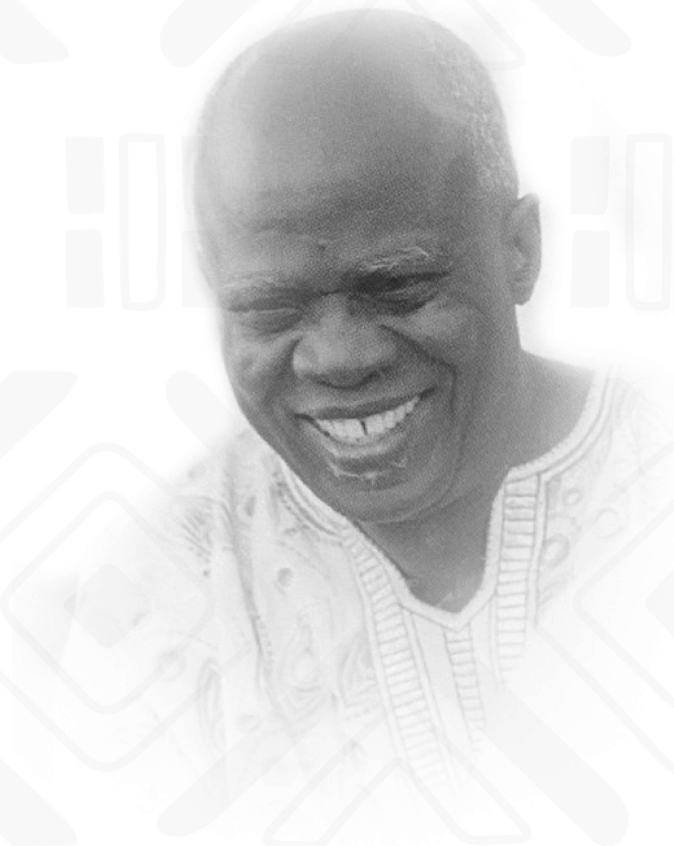
2. God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,

God be with you till we meet again. *[Refrain]*

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. *[Refrain]*

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. *[Refrain]*





APPRECIATION

The Torkornoo family would like to express our profound gratitude for your prayers, support and expression of love during the funeral of our beloved Samson Kofi Torkornoo.

God richly bless you



SCAN FOR
BROCHURE