



IN LOVING 
Memory
.....
of The Late



AGED
57

**JOHN HENRY DANKWA
DONKOR (Jnr.)**
(Papa Kwame)

THURSDAY **14TH** MARCH, 2024 AT TRANSITIONS FUNERAL HOME, HAATSO,
ATOMIC - KWABENYA MAIN ROAD



**MEMORIAL &
THANKSGIVING SERVICE**

of the Late

John Henry
**DANKWA
DONKOR (JNR.)**

(Papa Kwame)

**SUNDAY 17th March, 2024, New Ashongman
Methodist Church: 8am – 10:30am**



Officiating Minister

1. Very Rev. Samuel N. L. Okine
2. Rev. Christian Nat Allotey

Organist: Benjamin Aidoo

Order of Service

PART 1 (BURIAL SERVICE)

Procession. MHB 830

Scriptural Sentences

Purpose of Gathering

Hymn. MHB 679

Prayer

Hymn. MHB 831

Biography/Tributes

Scripture Reading

Psalm 90:1-12

John 14:1-6; 27

Hymn. MHB 615

Sermon

Apostle's Creed

Offering

Announcement

Closing Hymn. MHB 528

Benediction

Dead March in Saul

Recessional Hymn MHB 651

PART 2 (GRAVE SIDE)

Hymn. MHB 976

Committal/prayers

Vote of thanks

Hymn MH 948

Benediction

BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE JOHN HENRY DANKWA DONKOR JNR.

For us to live is Christ and to die is gain. If I am to continue living in this body, this will mean fruitful living for me, yet what shall I choose? I do not know. I am torn between the two. I desire to depart and be with Christ which is better by far. (Phil 1: 21- 23).

LIFE IN SUMMARY

John Henry Dankwah Donkor Jnr, affectionately known as Papa Kwame, was born in Kumasi on February 5th, 1966, to the late Mr. John Henry Donkor Snr and the late Madam Jessie Parker Korkor Hammond. He was the last born among five children on his mother's side and the penultimate among nine on his father's side.

His early years were spent in Antoakrom, where his mother served as the District Midwife. Papa Kwame, as a child, exhibited remarkable brilliance both academically and in Tae Kwan Do. His family later moved to South Suntresu, Kumasi, where he continued his education at Patasi Experimental School.

Papa's educational journey led him to Akwawuman Secondary School in the Eastern Region. During this time, he resided with his sister Mama and brother-in-law Ing. Steve Doku in Akuse. Post his secondary education, he worked at Kpong Farms in Akuse before relocating to Accra to joined his brother Percy Allotey (Akwei) to fulfill his aspiration of becoming a teacher.



He later secured a teaching job in Kumasi, where he met and married Gladys Osei, with whom he had three children - Eddy, Jessie (Ama) and Jonathan (Nana Kojo). Still seeking better opportunities, the family moved to Accra, where Papa secured another job. The family's unity was evident when, in 2001, they collectively cared for his ailing mother until her passing.

Papa's dedication to education led him to Prince of Peace International School at North-Kaneshie, where he continued to inspire young minds.

Following his divorce from Gladys in 2010, he took sole custody of his three children and despite challenges of single-father, Papa displayed unwavering commitment to the well-being of his children.

A transition to Bortianor in Kasoa brought a new teaching position at The Lord's Foundation School, Bortianor. During this period, he met Victoria Arthur (Vic), a fellow teacher, and they later relocated to Kwabenya to work at Amazing Favour School. Papa's genuine love for his family and dedication to his profession shone through in these years.

Tragedy struck in 2023, when Papa collapsed just days after the passing of his brother Fred Allotey (Kpakpo). Admitted to Ga East Hospital with a diagnosis of brain aneurysm and potassium deficiency, his health declined rapidly. Despite efforts to save him, Papa Kwame transitioned on November 23rd, 2023, three days after his brother Kpakpo's funeral service in Pennsylvania.

Papa Kwame's legacy is marked by his commitment to education, resilience in the face of challenges, and the love he poured into raising his children. His impact on those he taught and his unwavering support for family will be remembered fondly by all who knew him.





TRIBUTE_{BY}

Children (Eddy, Jessie and Nana Kojo)

“Why does the earth give us people to love?” - Kara Jackson

While it is with profound sorrow that we write these words, we acknowledge the peace and tranquility that death has brought to our dear father. Even though this is a moment of sadness, let us celebrate Mr. Donkor and find solace in the fact that he is in a place of no suffering, no tears, and no worries.

Our father has been a strong pillar in our lives - he always emphasized the importance of education and pushed us to strive for the best we could; both academically or wherever we found ourselves. He supported us as much as he could, through every aspect of our lives - providing financial and moral support every step of the way. We are extremely thankful, and we believe he was always happy and fulfilled seeing us achieve our academic and occupational goals.

Mr. Donkor emphasized the importance of family; he always advised us to think as a unit and try to bridge the gaps which naturally form among family members. In particular, he ensured we maintain a beautiful and warm relationship with each other and also with our aunties, uncles and cousins.

We are extremely grateful for this as it enabled us to have a very good relationship with each other, which cannot be taken for granted.

He enjoyed music a lot! We remember all the early mornings when he would play reggae music on his music player while getting ready for school - it was loud and annoying then, of course, but we would give anything now to hear it in his presence one last time. Our music taste is greatly influenced by him, and to this day one of our favorite genres of music is reggae. Mr. Donkor also enjoyed cooking; we distinctly remember his “Bayerε Ampesi”, which is still one of our favorite meals to this day.

Mr. Donkor was a great storyteller too; we cannot count all the “Ananse Stories” he told us during school weeknights after we had finished our homework. It was very pleasant because he did different voices for different characters, and we had a fully immersive experience while he told them.

He was also a huge fan of tetris and we would (together with our mum) sometimes have tetris competitions on the 80s “brick game” handheld console - he almost always won.

We also enjoyed playing the mobile version of Pro Evolution Soccer (PES) and we had many fun times playing against each other in 'co-op' mode - Nana Kojo usually won in PES but only because he had a knack for some cheeky tactics.

As a teacher, our father was a disciplinarian, but not the one students did not like. He was loved dearly by most, if not all, of his students and it was very pleasant to see many of his students trying to have an interaction with him every time school closed. Although he was a disciplinarian, he valued not embarrassing us if we would misbehave in public and he developed specific facial expressions to reprimand us.

Trust me, they were quite scary, and we would immediately stop misbehaving.

As we say goodbye to our father, we would like to express extreme gratitude to our grandparents, for blessing us with such a beautiful father, friend, and mentor.

We are also thankful to his siblings (Uncle Fred, Uncle Pee, Mummy and Sisi Maggie) for their immense support and solidarity with our father in raising and mentoring us.

Goodbye Mr. Donkor. We will train our corneas not to cry and if they don't obey, we will count every tear as a thank you for all the love and care you have shown us these past years. Thank you for so many pleasant memories.

Thank you for the magic tricks you performed for us, thank you for molding our sense of discipline, thank you for all the late night walks we took together in Ashongman estates, thank you for the karaoke sessions we had during "light-off" periods, thank you for the late night story time sessions, thank you for the specialized whistle sounds you had for each of us, thank you for always pushing us to strive for success in everything we do and thank you for doing your absolute best.

We love you so much,

Eddy, Jessie, and Nana Kojo.

"...If we can ever sing again, you will sing those high notes high my friend, and I will sing the low notes in the end." - Kara Jackson



TRIBUTE_{BY}

Siblings

*When teardrops fall and laughter seems a stranger
Misfortune fills the air on every hand with every sign of danger
When loved ones though they mean well somehow misunderstand
Then that Great Someone you need carries you and whispers 'I understand'*

O Papa! Papa Kwame! Sisi Maggie's friend and Mama's baby. The last born of our incredible Mother, Jessie Parker Korkor Hammond. We were so desolate and in great despair when we heard of your demise. What? Not you too, for it has not been long, less than 3 weeks since our Beloved Kpakpo passed. Lord, this is not happening. Is it our fault? Did we not pray well? Perhaps we didn't believe adequately, but the Bible says if our faith were even as small as a mustard seed we could move mountains so what happened? Questions, questions, questions.

Anguish, desolation, despondency, dejection was dangerously engulfing us BUT You, Who has been there before understood and never left us nor forsook us. As a result, we are able to say THANK YOU and together with family, friends and loved ones celebrate the life of our precious brother Papa Kwame.

Yes, we thank God for blessing us with you and for the wonderful memories from Antoakrom (Amansie West), to Kumasi (South Suntresu), to Akuse (VRA) then finally Accra. We will cherish all those commemorations of laughter, tears and joy, continue to praise and thank God as we share our recollections.

You were really a thunderbolt sometimes but nevertheless we loved you and you loved us.

We thank God that through you we have been blessed with three amazing personalities. Eddy, Jessie and Nana Kojo.

We miss you Papa, we miss your brilliant alto voice, your fellowship with us, our children and grandchildren. It was a bit difficult for us informing LJ and Byna of the transition of their GrandPapa and they miss you so much. However, we take consolation in Paul's letter to the Thessalonians in 1st Thessalonians 4:13-18. Part of which reads 'But I do not want you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning those who have fallen asleep lest you sorrow as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so God will bring with Him those who sleep in Jesus ... For the Lord Himself will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of an archangel, and with the trumpet of God. And the dead in Christ will rise first ... to meet the Lord in the air. And thus we shall always be with the Lord. Therefore comfort one another with these words.' (NKJV).

We surely do comfort ourselves with these words and more knowing that though this earthly tent we live in is destroyed,

we have a building with God, an eternal house in heaven where we will be clothed with our heavenly dwelling; For, we live by faith and not by sight (*adapted from 2 Corinthians 5:1-9 NIV*)

With Love, Mama and Sisi Maggie.



A LOVING TRIBUTE

from Kuukua and Nana Dokua:

Grandpapa, Papa, Wofa one... the ache in our hearts lingers as we grapple with the question: why? Why did you have to let go? Your absence is a profound void that we miss dearly.

From our upbringing in Akuse, where you were an integral part of our lives, we hold onto countless fun stories and memories that will forever be cherished. The laughter, the shared moments—those are the threads that weave our connection.

Your love for our children was unparalleled. Nana's heart-wrenching experience with LJ, learning of your departure, reflects the deep impact you had on their lives.

They are resilient, understanding you're in heaven, yet the yearning for your presence persists.

The fun uncle at Kuukua's "family gatherings" will be sorely missed. Your enthusiastic participation in her dramatic activities, especially the memorable Shakespeare play event and the joyous 24th December nights, will forever be etched in our hearts. Oh, Papa!

Hanging out at Mummy's in Kwabenya will never be the same. Who will join Sisimagie and Mummy in singing Antoakrom songs? Who will share a bottle of Daddy's drink with Kuukua? Who will Nana discuss classroom management with? Who will listen to our grievances about our moms and our children's fathers? Oh, Papa!

The day we learned of your passing was filled with sadness, disbelief, and a desperate hope for your recovery. We envisioned you walking out of that hospital after the first week, but fate took an unexpected turn. We searched for another health facility, praying for your return home, just to sit and chat with you, even if it meant getting a nurse. Alas, the hospital transfer came too late. The inevitable had arrived, and God called you home to rest.

THE LATE | JOHN HENRY DANKWA DONKOR JNR.

Papa, your absence leaves an indelible mark. We miss you, and we always will. Yet, we find solace in knowing you are in a peaceful place, free from worries, reunited with Grandma, Uncle Akwei, and Uncle Kpakpo. All the pain, hurt, and suffering have come to an end.

When we smile, we remember your infectious smile; when we laugh, we recall your laughter. Although you are physically gone, your spirit lives on in our hearts. You were not just our uncle; you were our older brother and friend.

When we smile, we remember your infectious smile; when we laugh, we recall your laughter. Although you are physically gone, your spirit lives on in our hearts. You were not just our uncle; you were our older brother and friend.

Rest well, Papa, and find happiness in the eternal peace you rightfully deserve. You will forever be loved.

Rest in Peace, Papa.

TRIBUTE BY *Alotley's*



All of life is a dream walking, all of death is a going home...as we pen down these words,

our hearts are filled with gratitude for the incredible memories and moments you have woven into the fabric of our lives. Your love, kindness, and boundless sense of fun have left an indelible mark on our journey, shaping the very essence of who we are today.

Papa! As we always call you; you were more than an uncle; you were a beacon of warmth and support during our formative years. Your unwavering love provided a foundation of security and acceptance that allowed us to blossom into the individuals we are now. Your kindness was a steady presence, a reminder that compassion and empathy are the cornerstones of a meaningful life.

Oh, the fun we had! Your infectious laughter and playful spirit turned ordinary days into adventures. Whether it was sharing stories, engaging in your playful antics, or simply enjoying each other's company, every moment was infused with joy. You taught us that laughter is not just a sound; it's a language that connects hearts and transcends time.

Your wisdom and guidance were beacons of light during the challenges of growing up. You navigated the delicate balance between friend and mentor with grace, providing counsel that was both thoughtful and empowering.



You were our confidant, our pillar of strength, and a source of wisdom that illuminated our paths.

Papa our dear uncle, as we reflect on the beautiful tapestry of memories you've gifted us, we want to express our deepest gratitude. Your love has been a source of comfort, your kindness a guiding light, and the fun we shared a treasure that we hold dear in our hearts.

Though time may have woven threads of change, your impact endures, echoing in the laughter, kindness, and joy that we, in turn, share with others. Your legacy lives on not only in the memories we cherish but, in the values, you instilled in us – values that continue to shape our lives.

With love and eternal gratitude, rest well papa

Carola, Jessie, and Duke

A LOVING **TRIBUTE** BY *Partner*

Sadness has overcome me as I render this tribute. Sweetheart as I affectionately called you, always welcomed children warmly. You were kind, loving caring, understanding, interesting, pleasant, and altruistic. Your support to me was excellent.

You always encourage me with these words; "it is well, Nyame so, at the end of the tunnel, there is light" in time of difficulties.

Ever since you passed away on the 23rd of November 2023, I have had an unceasing flow of sympathizers with prayers and words of encouragement, yet I feel extremely lonely.

Your sudden death has created a vacuum in my heart, and nothing can heal the sorrow of your absence.

Thank you for showing me an endless true love and instilling courage in me.

My dearest, I wish you a peaceful rest in the bosom of our Lord Almighty till we meet again in heaven.

In Loving Memory of GRANDPAPA by LJ:

This is a tribute to a remarkable man, Grandpapa. He wasn't just good; he was exceptionally so. Grandpapa instilled in me the values of being a good man and, more importantly, a good person. His aspirations for me were boundless – he wished for nothing less than the best.

His guidance extended beyond mere encouragement; he wanted me to not only excel but to embrace the journey of learning and find joy in it. We shared numerous discussions, particularly about football, a shared passion that connected us.

Grandpapa's desire for my success was unwavering, and he invested time in playful moments that enriched our bond. Yes, there were times when I displayed rudeness, but hindsight brings the realization of the depth of his patience and love.

The news of his passing shook me to my core, leaving me in a state of emotional turmoil. The weight of his absence felt like a heavy burden, and I grappled with understanding how to navigate a world without him. The pain was overwhelming, and for a moment, I felt the desire to join him in his rest.

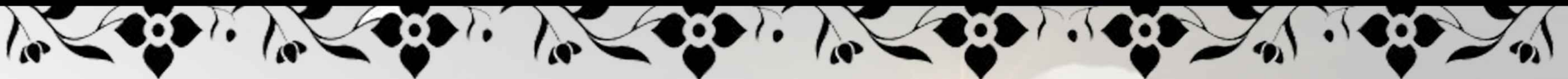
Rest in Peace, Grandpapa. Your memory will forever reside in the chambers of my heart. You were not just a wonderful man but also a dear friend and a caring Granduncle.

The impact of your love and wisdom will endure, guiding me through life's journey.

***Farewell, Grandpapa.
You will be deeply missed.***

BENA'S Fond Remembrance of Grandpapa

My most cherished memory of Grandpapa revolves around a simple act of love. I was applying shea butter to his hair, and with a twinkle in his eye, he humorously remarked that my efforts would make his hair "sheary," even though he no longer had hair. The moment became a delightful interaction, especially when Auntie Vic joined in, praising the non-existent hair's "niceness" and inviting me to help prepare banku.



Gallery

Grandpapa's response to my questions always carried a playful "but why?" that never failed to elicit laughter. Those moments of shared joy are etched in my heart. The ache of missing him is so profound that uttering his name brings tears to my eyes.

As we bid farewell, Grandpapa, may God bless and keep you in eternal peace. Your absence is deeply felt, and I will carry the warmth of your love in my heart. I will miss you dearly.

***Rest in Peace, Grandpapa.
You are forever loved and remembered.***



HYMNS

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

MHB 99

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
in a believer's ear!
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
and drives away our fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary, rest.
3. O Jesus, shepherd, guardian, friend,
my Prophet, Priest, and King,
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
accept the praise I bring.
4. How weak the effort of my heart,
how cold my warmest thought;
but when I see you as you are,
I'll praise you as I ought.
5. Till then I would your love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of your name
refresh my soul in death.

MHB 110

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
let me to thy bosom fly,
while the nearer waters roll,
while the tempest still is high;
hide me, O my Savior, hide,
till the storm of life is past;
safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
2. Other refuge have I none;
hangs my helpless soul on thee;
leave, ah! leave me not alone,
still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
all my help from thee I bring;
cover my defenseless head
with the shadow of thy wing.
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
grace to cover all my sin;
let the healing streams abound;
make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
freely let me take of thee;
spring thou up within my heart,
rise to all eternity.

MHB 151

1 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity.

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee

MHB 427

1. Through all the changing scenes of life,
in trouble and in joy,
the praises of my God shall still
my heart and tongue employ.
Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
till all that are distressed,
from my example comfort take
and lay their griefs to rest.

2. O magnify the LORD with me,
exalt his holy name;
when in distress to him I called,
he to my rescue came.
The hosts of God encamp around
the dwellings of the just;
deliv'rance he affords to all
who in his promise trust.

3. O taste and see that he is good;
experience will decide
how blest are they, and only they
who in the LORD confide.
Fear him, you saints, and you will then
have nothing else to fear;
make serving him your sole delight,
your wants shall be his care.

MHB 428

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
and when my voice is lost in death,
praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs;
my days of praise shall ne'er be past,
while life, and thought, and being last,
or immortality endures.


2. Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
vain is the help of flesh and blood:
their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
and thoughts all vanish in an hour,
nor can they make their promise good.

3. Happy the man whose hopes rely
on Israel's God; He made the sky,
and earth and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th'oppressed, He feeds the poor,
and none shall find His promise vain.

MHB 498

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

2. Not the labors of my hands
can fulfill thy law's demands;
could my zeal no respite know,
could my tears forever flow,
all for sin could not atone;
thou must save, and thou alone.



3 . Nothing in my hand I bring,
simply to the cross I cling;
naked, come to thee for dress;
helpless, look to thee for grace;
foul, I to the fountain fly;
wash me, Savior, or I die.

MHB 525

1. Through the love of God our Saviour,
all will be well.
Free and changeless is his favour,
all, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us,
perfect is the grace that sealed us,
strong the hand stretched forth to shield us,
all must be well.

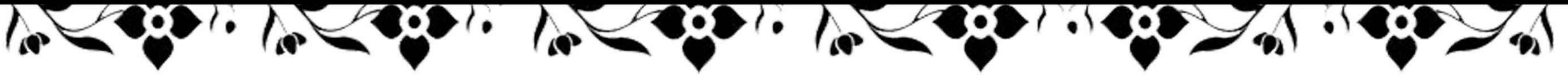
2. Though we pass through tribulation,
all will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation,
all, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding,
fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
all must be well.

3. We expect a bright tomorrow,
all will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
'All, all is well.'
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
in our living, in our dying,
all must be well.

MHB 528

1. 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 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,
my path to life is free;
my Saviour has my treasure,
and he will walk with me.

MHB 602

1. Father, I know that all my life is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come I do not fear
to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind intent on pleasing
Thee.

2. I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, through constant
watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles, and to wipe the
weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and
sympathize.

3. I would not have the restless will that hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do or secret thing to
know;
I would be treated as a child, and guided where I go.

MHB 615

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
| : Bread of heaven, : |
| : Feed me now and evermore. : |

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
| : Strong Deliverer, : |
| : Be Thou still my strength and shield. : |

Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness
Be my sword and shield, and banner
Be my robe of righteousness
| : Fight and conquer; : |
| : All my foes by sovereign grace : |

MHB 626

1. I want a principle within
Of watchful, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
Help me the first approach to feel
Of pride or wrong desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
2. From Thee that I no more may stray,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
Grant me the filial awe, I pray,
The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
3. Almighty God of truth and love,
To me Thy power impart;
The burden from my soul remove,
The hardness from my heart.
O may the least omission pain
My reawakened soul,
And drive me to that blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.
Amen.

MHB 651

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!

Darker than night life's
shadows fall around us,
And like benighted men
we miss our mark:
God hides Himself,
and grace hath scarcely found us,
E'er death finds out
his victims in the dark.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome
the pilgrims of the night!

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.

MHB 679

Pleasant are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe;

O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fullness, God of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;

MHB 830

Hark! the sound of holy voices,
chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Lord, to Thee;
Multitude, which none can
number,
like the stars in glory stand
Clothed in white apparel, holding
palms of victory in their hand.

Patriarch, and holy prophet,
who prepared the way of Christ
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
widows who have watched to
prayer
Joined in holy concert, singing
to the Lord of all, are there.



They have come from tribulation,
 and have washed their robes in blood,
 Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
 tried they were, and firm they stood;
 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
 sawn asunder, slain with sword;
 They have conquered death and Satan
 by the might of Christ the Lord.

MHB 831

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

Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears:
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came:
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.

MHB 948

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.

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 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.

MHB 976

Now the laborer's task is o'er;
 Now the battle day is past;
 Now upon the farther shore
 Lands the voyager at last.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
 There its hidden things are clear;
 There the work of life is tried
 By a juster Judge than here.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the Shepherd, bringing home
 Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
 Shelters each, no more to roam,
 Where the wolf can ne'er invade.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.





Note

A series of horizontal lines for writing, starting with a thick black line at the top, followed by a vertical line on the left side, and then multiple horizontal lines extending across the page.



Appreciation

The entire family of the late
John Henry Dankwa Donkor Jnr.
(Papa Kwame)

*wish to express their profound gratitude
to you, friends, well-wishers and loved ones for
your prayers, compassion and support during
this time of grief.*

May God Almighty bless you.



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