


A portrait of an elderly Black man with short grey hair, wearing a white suit jacket, a blue striped shirt, and a patterned tie. He is looking slightly to the left with a gentle expression. The background is a light, textured wall with a large, stylized purple and pink floral graphic on the right side.

In Loving Memory
of the Late

86
years

Mr. Kwaku
AGYIN FRIMPONG

a.k.a. Wofa Agyin

A pink rose with green leaves and several gold coins scattered around its base.

FRIDAY, 12TH AUGUST, 2022
AT TRANSITIONS FUNERAL SERVICES,
HAATSO, ACCRA

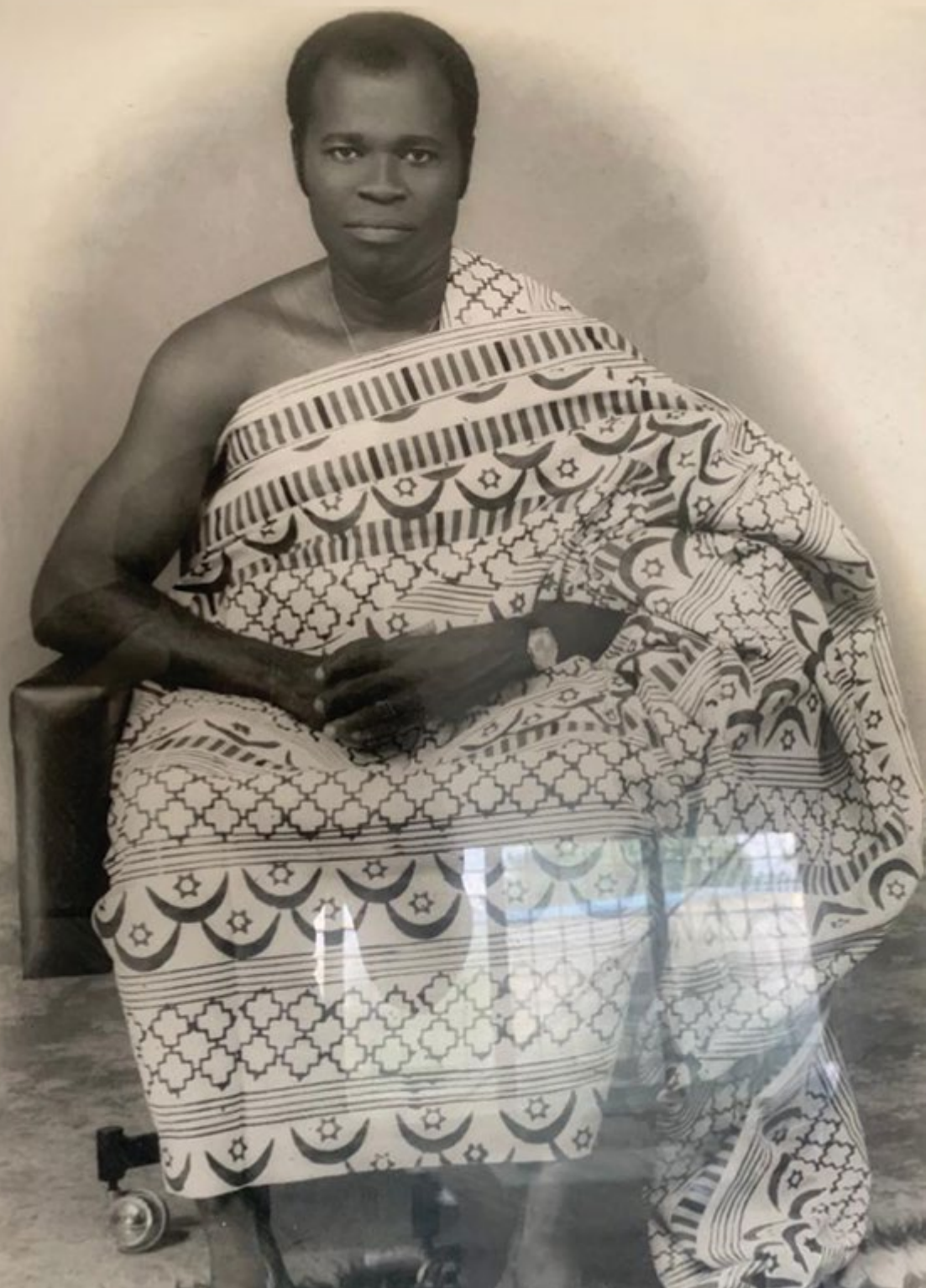




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Order of Service



Processional Hymn - *Thy Way, Not Mine O Lord*

Scripture Reading - *Ecclesiastes 3:1-4*

Eulogy/ Biography

Hymn- *Abide With Me*

Prayer

Tributes by:

- *Family* (Ekoṅa Abusua)
- *Wife*
- *Children*
- *Nephews/Nieces*
- *Adopted Sister*
- *Grandchildren*

Hymn-*It Is Well With My Soul*

Scripture Reading – *2nd Corinthians 5:1-8*

Special Song *By Trinity Baptist Church (TBC) Chorals*

Sermon

Prayer For The Family

Closing Prayer/ Benediction

Viewing

Hymn – *God Be With You Till We Meet Again*

Body Exit Of Church

JAMASI - GRAVESIDE

Hymn - *Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah*

Hymn - *O God Our Help In Ages Past*

Hymm - *Abide With Me*

Local Songs

Committal

Hymn- *God Be With You Till We Meet Again*

Prayer







Biography

of the late

Mr. Kwaku
AGYIN FRIMPONG



Mr. Kwaku Agyin Frimpong was born on 28 August 1935 in Jamasi to Mr. Yeboah Kodie and Madam Yaa Mansah. He lost his mother when he was two years old, therefore had to be raised by his aunt. Due to the financial constraints on his aunt, he dropped out of school at an early age and got involved in many petty trades, among them selling kola nuts, iced water, chewing sticks, sweets and doing shoeshine.

He learned the masonry trade, then got a job working for the State Housing Corporation. He later became a salesman for a drugstore. In October 1961 at the age of 26 years, he migrated to the UK to better his life. Whilst in the UK, through his own grit, self-tuition and evening classes at Tooting Bec College, he managed to obtain a Diploma in Marketing. He also got married to Miss Georgina Mensah in 1965, with whom he had four children.





In 1974, he relocated back to Ghana with his family. On his return from the UK, he established a contractor business, **Mars Construction Co. Ltd**, which constructed many roads in the country.

After many years of building the reputation of his construction business, he sold the company and became one of the first individuals in the country to obtain a private banking license and start a private bank, **Central Savings and Investments Company**. After operating the bank for a few years, Mr Frimpong sold it and went into retirement. He then set up an NGO called **Help Base Africa** to help the underprivileged in society and to also spend time with his family overseas.

Mr Agyin Frimpong's call to glory came on 15 June 2022. He was 86 years old. He is survived by his wife of 57 years, four children and nine grandchildren. Congratulations on a life well lived, thanks be to God.







Tribute by
FAMILY
(EKONA ABUSUA)

Wofa Agyin, as we all used to call him, was a person with a good heart. Wofa will not help one and leave the other. He was one of the bread winners of the family. He was a man that listened to ones problem and was willing to help if he could.

He stood by his family members in times of need and he offered advice to the younger ones.

Wofa Agyin was not selfish. He always extended a helping hand to whoever shared their problems with him. He sometimes shared funny jokes with his family members and played with the young ones. He also sheltered the family when they needed accommodation.

Hmmm, a true legend has fallen. In fact, **Ekona Abusua** has lost a great person.

Damirifa Due Wofa Agyin. You will forever remain in our hearts. **Ekona Abusua** ma wo Ammo Nyame nkora wo **kosi** se yen behyia bio.

Damirifa Due. Nante yie.



Nana Pokua



Tribute by
**MADAM AMMA
SERWAAH AKOTO**



*I*t is with a heavy heart that I write this tribute to my “brother”, companion and a very true friend.

I met Kwaku as I affectionately called him over sixty years ago. When we met he told me that he did not have a sister and wanted me to be his sister which I accepted and became part of his family. Kwaku was my counsellor and was someone I could confide in. When I needed to embark on any business venture I would consult him for advice.

Kwaku was honest and a man of integrity. Kwaku was a very responsible father and spoke well of his children.

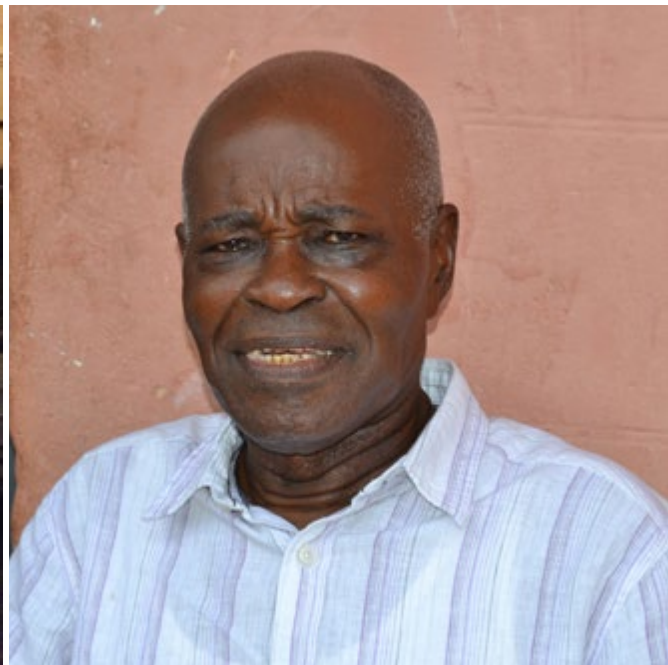
I spoke to Kwaku two nights before he was called home to glory, we chatted for a while. I could not believe it when his nephew rang to tell me that he had passed on. Kwaku I miss our evening telephone chats.

You always rang to check on me and when I was in Accra I would make sure I cooked your favourite dish (**eto**) mash plantain and would bring it to your house in Achimota.

I will miss your smile and will ever thank you for the endless love you had for my family and I, although your journey on earth is over, it is a journey we all must take one day.

Kwaku you have been a loving brother and faithful friend. Kwaku I will forever miss you.

Kwaku da yie Nyame mfa wonsie





Scripture Reading



Ecclesiastes 3:1-4

A Time for Everything

There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens: A time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to uproot, a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to tear down and a time to build, a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance,

2nd Corinthians 5:1-8

¹For we know that if our earthly house, this tent, is destroyed, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

²For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed with our habitation which is from heaven,

³if indeed, having been clothed, we shall not be found naked.

⁴For we who are in this tent groan, being burdened, not because we want to be unclothed, but further clothed, that mortality may be swallowed up by life.

⁵Now He who has prepared us for this very thing is God, who also has given us the Spirit as a guarantee.

⁶So we are always confident, knowing that while we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord.

⁷For we walk by faith, not by sight.

⁸We are confident, yes, well pleased rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord.







Hymnals



THY WAY, NOT MINE O LORD

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
however dark it be;
lead me by thine own hand,
choose out the path for me.

Take thou my cup, and it
with joy or sorrow fill,
as best to thee may seem;
choose thou my good and ill.

Smooth let it be or rough,
it will be still the best;
winding or straight, it leads
right onward to thy rest.

Choose thou for me my friends,
my sickness or my health;
choose thou my cares for me,
my poverty or wealth.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
choose thou for me, my God,
so shall I walk aright.

Not mine, not mine, the choice
in things or great or small;
be thou my guide, my strength,
my wisdom, and my all.

The kingdom that I seek
is thine, so let the way
that leads to it be thine,
else I must surely stray.



ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, 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 strength can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the
skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain
shadows flee;



IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

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

Refrain

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

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

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*

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*



O GOD OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

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

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

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

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

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
soon bears us all away;
we fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the op'ning day.

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



GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN

God be with you till we meet again;
loving counsels guide, uphold you,
may the Shepherd's care enfold 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.*

God be with you till we meet again;
unseen wings, protecting, hide you,
daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again. *[Refrain]*
God be with you till we meet again;
when life's perils thick confound you,
put unfailing arms around you;
God be with you till we meet again. *[Refrain]*

God be with you till we meet again;
keep love's banner floating o'er you,
smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again. *[Refrain]*



GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

Guide me, O my great Jehovah,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but you are mighty;
hold me with your powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.

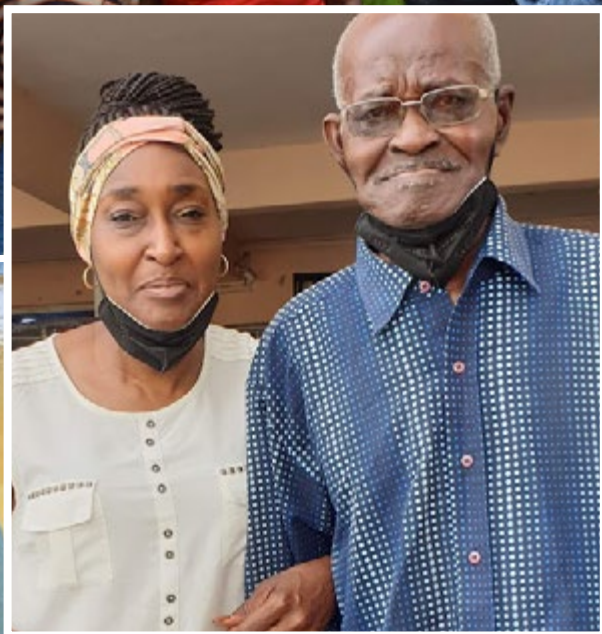
Open now the crystal fountain,
where the healing waters flow.
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
ever be my strength and shield,
ever be my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside.
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever sing to you,





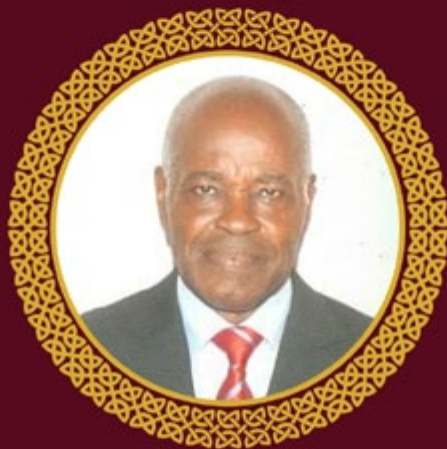








Thank You



The family wishes to extend their sincere thanks and deep appreciation for the many expressions of sympathy, acts of kindness and consideration during this sad time.

May God bless you all.

