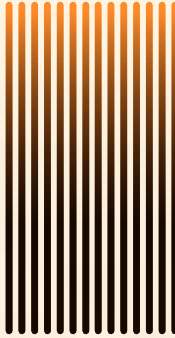


BURIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE
FOR THE LATE



Mr.
Joseph
Essien

— 1950 - 2023 —



ORDER OF

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rev'd. Fr. Emmanuel Hector Quartey
(Parish Priest TOLAC – Oyibi)

Rev'd. Fr. Nathaniel Okai

Rev'd. Ato Acquah

CHOIR –

Rev Joseph Thomas Clegg Memorial
Methodist Church Choir

PART 1

Reception of the body - Hymn A&M 165

PART 2 PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

- Filing Past -Hymns: MHB 110, 608,
A&M 196, 334
- Tributes
- Hymn - Hymns: A&M 184
- Closing of Casket



In Loving Memory of the late Mr. Joseph William Kofi Essien



Biography

— MR. JOSEPH —
WILLIAM KOFI ESSIEN

Mr. Joseph William Kofi Essien, Jr. also known as “Yoofi” was born in Obuasi, Ghana on Friday, March 13th, 1950. His father, the late Mr. Joseph William Kobina Essien, was an educationist from the Anona clan of Cape Coast, Ghana. His mother, the late Mrs. Cecilia Bernice Renner Essien, was an early childhood education specialist also from the Anona clan. He was the fifth child in a vibrant and loving family with nine children.

As the child of peripatetic educators, Yoofi’s pre-secondary education took him to various schools in Berekum, Bekwai, Peki and Winneba. He received his General Certificate of Education (“GCE”), Ordinary (O) Level from Adisadel College (ADISCO) in Cape Coast, Ghana in 1967. At ADISCO, he was not only an excellent student but also a talented athlete competing in soccer, table tennis, track and boxing. It was here that he picked up the nicknames “Joe Dangerfield” and

“Joe Calif”. As a result of his academic achievements, he was part of a select group of students that went straight from O Levels to a one-year post-secondary program at the University of Ghana, Legon, popularly known as “prelim”. He proceeded to undertake a Bachelor’s Degree in Animal Science in 1974 from University of Ghana, Legon, where he graduated with Honors. It was at Legon where Joseph met and fell in love with the Late Dinah Duncan Essien, a banker and an educationist. They were married from 1978 until 2013, when she passed away. Their union was blessed with four children, Dr. Kobby Essien, Seth Jojo Essien, Cecil Kwesi Essien, and Dinah Fiona Essien, respectively.

Most of Yoofi’s early- and mid-career was spent focusing on the scientific and commercial aspects of agriculture. After his bachelor’s degree, Joseph worked as a researcher at the Animal Research

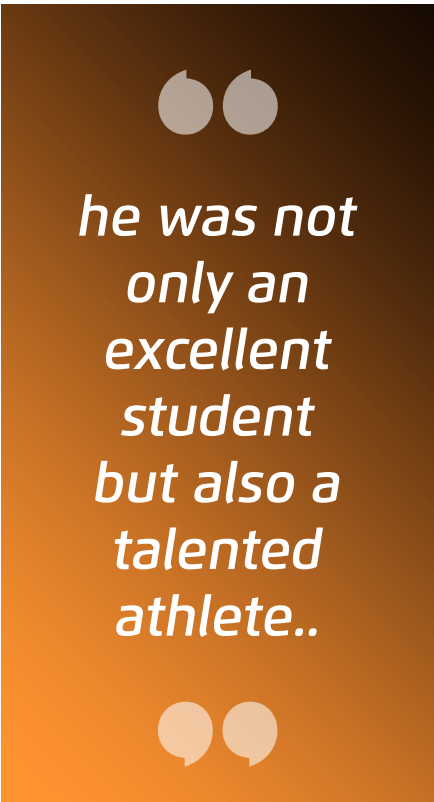
Institute within the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research (CSIR) from 1974 to 1977 and again in 1979. From 1980 to 1996 he worked at the National Investment Bank (NIB) in a variety of roles and also supported clients in agriculture and beyond. His last position at NIB was as the Deputy Chief Manager of the Professional Services Department. A child of educators, during his final years at NIB, he sought and received a secondment to the country's National Banking College where he served as a lecturer. Many professionals in various banks around the country owe their knowledge of credit analysis and foreign exchange programs to the courses he taught.

Always an adventurer with a passion for learning, Yoofi explored the world. From 1977 to 1979 he studied for and obtained a Master's Degree in Animal Science at the University of Sydney,

Australia. He returned to Ghana but in 1984, he moved his young family to Edinburgh, Scotland where he studied and obtained a Master of Philosophy in

Genetics and Statistics at the University of Edinburgh. It was in Edinburgh that his two youngest children, Cecil and Fiona, were born. In 1989, he lived in Milan, Italy while working towards an Advanced Diploma in the Economics of Banking from Finafrica-Cariplo. In early 1996, he studied credit appraisal, analysis and management at the Institute of Bank Management in Pune, India. Later that same year, Joseph moved his family to New Jersey, USA where for the next 17 years he worked in banking and insurance at PNC, Trust Company, North Fork

and Capital One Banks. In the USA, he accumulated certifications in securities and insurance, as well as awards for being a top performer.



In 2015, two years after the passing of his beloved first wife Dinah, Yoofi followed through on his plan to move back to Ghana upon retirement. He met Ms. Merita Laryea that year and they were married in December 2016.

Yoofi is survived by: his wife, Mrs. Merita Essien; his four children, Dr. Kobby Essien, Seth Jojo Essien, Cecil Kwesi Essien, and Dinah Fiona Essien; his stepchildren, Francis Ashitey, Pastor Felix Ashitey, Fiona Ashitey and Mr. Emmanuel Laryea; his grandchildren, Eniola Shiraba Essien Oyesile, Eileen Naa Ashitey and Jayden Ashitey. He left behind five siblings, namely, Mrs. Elizabeth Abrokwah, Dr. Victor Essien, Mr. Patrick Essien, Mrs. Matilda Asiedu Gyimah and Mrs. Georgette Addaquaye and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, in-laws, other relatives and friends.

He was predeceased by his parents, and siblings, Mrs. Victoria Acheampong, Rev. Frank Essien, and Mrs. Vida Kwansa.

Though we weep at the passing of Mr. Joseph William Kofi Essien, Jr., in our hearts we are glad to know that because he knew the Lord Jesus, this is not the end. We will indeed meet again.



In Loving Memory of the late Mr. Joseph William Kofi Essien

TRIBUTE BY

WIFE

IN MEMORY OF LATE HUSBAND

“There is a land that is fairer than day and by faith we shall see it far, for the Lord awaits over the way to prepare us a dwelling place, in the sweet by and by we shall meet on the beautiful shore”

I met my lovely husband some few years ago and he has been the most wonderful, lovely, kind, compassionate, caring and one to be remembered throughout my lifetime. He has lived a well deserved life in all aspects of human life. His religious life was devoted to worshipping his creator. “Daddy” as we affectionately called him, lived a life of honesty, integrity and cherished by all.

As a matter of fact, he was my great oak tree and pillar and I owe a great debt of gratitude to him.

Oh Daddy, my Shuu Shuu, my one and only, how I wish you were still here with me today, sitting and chatting with me like we always do.

I would always remember how you were always a preacher of peace. As you always say, “just let it go” whenever we have misunderstandings with others.





We will miss your wise advice and contributions towards any problems that come our way.

I would always remember as we always sat together, ate together, watched television together and discussed other important family concerns since you always show immense care about the family and everyone around you.

Sweetheart, I never envisioned this day to ever happen. That is, a day you would leave my side and I can no longer touch and hear you. Daddy, you will always be remembered as a great milestone because of your big heart, how you deeply cared for everyone around you and your enormous work of charity.

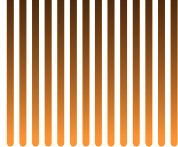
Your demise came as a big shock to all, how I wished this was all a dream for

which I can wake up from this nightmare, but our ways are not the ways of the Lord.

Death has laid its icy hands on a very precious jewel and has taken away from us something very big. The depth left in our hearts can never be filled but I take consolation in the fact that death is inevitable and that it is the father that has called you home. With a heavy heart, I end this short tribute.

“Daddy”, May you sleep in eternity. I’m trusting that you are resting in the bosom of the almighty God and I know we shall meet one day in heaven.

***You will be dearly missed.
Daddy, yaa wo jogban.
May your sweet soul rest in perfect
peace.
Amen***



TRIBUTE BY

CHILDREN



First came the shock. The surprise. Hearing he had passed away. How could it be? We had talked just a few days prior about plans for a visit to the US.

After we had digested Daddy's passing, not accepted it, merely acknowledged it, we began to playback our lives with him. Who was he to us? What made him a Dad?

In his poem, *Only a Dad*. Edgar Albert Guest offers a lyrical definition of "dad". The second and fourth stanzas read:

*Only a dad, with a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more.
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and the scorns of life,
With never a whimper of pain or hate,
For the sake of those who at home await.*

*Only a dad, but he gives his all
To smooth the way for his children small,
Doing, with courage stern and grim,
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen,
Only a dad, but the best of men.*

As we pondered the poem's definition of "Dad", one grounded in sacrifice, we realized we only partially agreed with Guest. Our Dad was one who sacrificed, but he was so much more. Yes, he sacrificed. He left familiar shores, friends, and a blossoming career in Ghana to immigrate with us to the US.

Like Guest wrote, "he gave his all" in the US "to smooth the way" for "a brood of four". However, this sacrificial definition seems quite one-dimensional. It pales in comparison to the description of the Dad we remember.

He was a jokester. We still remember rolling over in laughter as he sang and danced to "Tɛɛ nyɛ, tɛɛ nyɛ. Poo nyɛ poo nyɛ," a song we had never heard before, but which sounded extremely silly. His gravity and straight face made his performance even more hilarious. He would allow Fiona to practice cornrows on his afro. Can you imagine walking into the room and seeing him with a head full of cornrows? It was hilarious each time it happened.

He liked to dance even though it was the same old two-step. He surprised us at Fiona's wedding when he showed us some new footwork and unfamiliar moves. He was a music buff and had briefcases full of cassettes and a multitude of vinyls. He introduced us to Barry White, Phil Collins, Billy Ocean, Ron Kenoly and Michael Bolton.

He was born a passionate teacher. All four of us knew him as our personal math and science tutor. Our high marks in those subjects throughout our schooling were due to him. After a long day in the office, he would check our homework. He would drill into us those ideas we missed or just quite did not get in class. He had all these little mnemonics or memory tricks to help us understand and remember

concepts. For example, his mantra of "If More, Less Divide" was a great way to set up and solve problems involving direct proportions. Come to think about it, even outside the home he was teaching others. In Ghana he poured his heart into teaching at the National Banking College. In the US he enjoyed teaching customers about annuities and other securities.

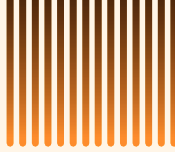
He was a rabid sports fan. He regaled us with stories of his athletic prowess from his youth. We can still see and hear him reminiscing about how he was a skillful dribbler during his ADISCO days. We remember almost being in tears with him watching the infamous Bochum Disaster when Ghana's Black Stars lost 6-1 to Germany after Prince Polley put Ghana in the lead in the first half. How did we go from leading at the end of the first half to conceding six goals in the last 23 minutes of the game? But I digress. Let us leave Ghana's international football lamentations alone and focus on something happier.

We remember jumping up and down with Daddy when we saw Professor Azumah Nelson knock out Jeff Fenech in their eighth round WBC super-featherweight rematch. He loved table tennis so much and taught us how to play. He would battle us. One day even tried to play with the paddle in his mouth.

When he returned from a banking course in Milan, Italy, he excitedly showed us a trophy he won for coming in second in a table tennis tournament. It was clear that the tournament was more interesting to him than the banking course and all the historical sites in Milan. Then, there was that time when Daddy challenged 15-year old Jojo and 11-year old Siisi to a 100m sprint. I will not mention the result, but let's say Daddy forgot he was now 47 and no longer Joe Calif at ADISCO.

Going back to Edgar Guest's poem. He describes a sacrificial dad as "the best of men". What we remember of Daddy is more than him being sacrificial. We remember him being a companion. Someone walking with us through life. A friend. Given all this, Daddy was more than the "best of men". Daddy, we hope we made you proud! We hope you know that we are grateful for the sacrifices you made for us. These sacrifices are responsible for the people we are today.

***Oh Daddy. Da yie.
May these sweet memories of you keep
you with us always.***



TRIBUTE BY

STEP-CHILDREN

IN LOVING MEMORY OF STEP FATHER



In Loving Memory of the late Mr. Joseph William Kofi Essien

***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 our soul***

Indeed it is well with our soul in these hard and difficult times.

It is with deep sorrow and grief that we stand before the mortal remains of our great father to pay this glowing tribute. There is a time for everything, a time to be born and a time to die.

Our dear father, who we affectionately call “daddy”, was loving, caring and one of a kind.

Daddy was an outstanding father to everyone around him. He was a man of inspiration, kind, and loved by all. He was the type that was always willing to go outside his way to help others and shared warmth with everyone around him.

We can recollect the days we sat together at the table for breakfast, lunch and dinner and the old stories and chit chats we had.

Daddy, words cannot express how much we are going to miss your presence. We are going to miss a father that shouldered everyones concern as his own and made it his interest to make sure everyone around him was happy.

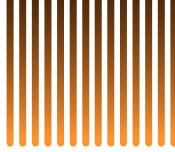
We have been hit with a heavy blow for which we do not know how to recover from. Daddy, we cherish you dearly and how we wish you had stayed with us a bit longer, but our ways are not the ways of the Almighty who has decided to take you away from us so soon.

Daddy, although you may be gone, you will always remain in our hearts and will never be forgotten in our lives. We hope and believe that you are resting in the arms of the Almighty God .

Daddy, Daddy, goodbye, It was a great pleasure to be a part of your life. Till we meet again.

Daddy, yaa wo Ojogban,

Rest in perfect peace Daddy!



TRIBUTE BY

IN-LAWS

WAIVING GOODBYE TO THE LATE MR. J. W. K. ESSIEN JNR.

***“Seventy years is all we have,
eighty years if we are strong,
yet all they bring us is trouble and sorrow.
Life is soon over and we are gone.
Teach us how short our life is so that we may
become wise “. (Psalms 90:10&12)***

We are gathered here today to celebrate the life of a brother, a husband, a father, a friend, and a councillor, Mr. Joseph William Kofi Essien whom we affectionately called Yoofi, so that together we may acknowledge and share both our joy in the gift that his life was to us and the pain that his passing has brought us.

30th January 2023 is a date that is indelibly etched in our memories; it was the day Yoofi left for his heavenly abode.

I heard about his short illness the previous day but little did I know these were his last days on earth with us. Indeed my heart is sore and broken but who am I to question the creator.

Yoofi was living proof of a fine gentleman. The character of life he lived might be summed up in few words: he was a unifier, sincere, dedicated, reliable, hardworking and loyal.

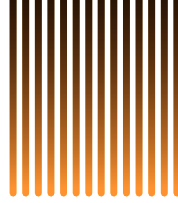
Though he achieved a lot professionally, he was always a calm person and looked simple and ordinary a character worthy of emulation. Pride could never be associated with him since he respected everyone and made people feel important in his presence. Joe spoke gently and did not mince words on any issues he felt strongly against. He was a very insightful person and many left his presence encouraged by his words and with a renewed sense of direction and optimism.

Notably quiet and unassuming, yet he was the dependable person who could be counted on to accomplish feasible intentions.

Now that a golden heart has stopped beating and hard-working hands have been put to rest our hope is anchored in the truth that on the resurrection day, if we keep the faith, we will be raised up with you into eternal joy with the Almighty.

Today as we part ways with you on your journey into eternity your colleagues, your dear wife, your children, your in-laws, your siblings and friends join together to wish you safe journey home. Send our regards to those who preceded you.

***God be with you till we meet again.
Goodbye brother in-law; Goodbye Yoofi.***



TRIBUTE BY

SIBLINGS

BY VICTOR KWESI ESSIEN

Barely a week ago, we bid a tearful farewell to our oldest brother, Rev. Frank Swanzy Essien. The dust has hardly settled on his earthly remains and we have to gather sufficient courage and emotional strength to say goodbye to a second brother, Joseph William Kofi Essien, popularly known as Yoofi.

My brother Yoofi was only two years older than me and we were best friends until our respective wives replaced us in that title role. That coincided with his decision to become a born-again Christian. I remained a plain old Christian of the Catholic variety. I still enjoy fine wine and a shot of whiskey here and there. My brother Yoofi and I attended the same primary, middle and secondary schools and the same University for our first degrees. In Adisco, we were both in Knight House and at Legon, we were both in Legon Hall. As the younger brother, I tracked

him through all these schools and colleges. After his first term at Adisco, he returned triumphantly home to Winneba, having been away in Cape Coast for three months.

The very next day, he pulled out his French book and “corralled” me for a show and tell. He turned to the first few pages of the book, pointing to the picture of a table, he asked me, in Fante, ‘Kwesi, how do we pronounce this in French?’

Having no clue about the french language at the time, I said, “la table” with a distinct English pronunciation. “Ha,ha,ha!”, he laughed, “No, “la table” with a remarkable french accent. Then he pointed to a chair. What about this? I responded, “la chaise”. More laughter, “No, la chaise”. Wait, it gets worse, “what about this?” (pointing to a car). My response, “la voiture”. “No”, he laughed even harder . “La voiture”, in his perfect french accent, he shot back. I looked stupid but at that point, I was sold on


following him to Adisco. In a way, this is how both our youngest brother, Jojo and I followed Yoofi to that great school.

Yoofi had a reputation in Adisco for being fiercely protective of his younger siblings. In Knight House, anyone who attempted to “homo” or bully either Jojo or I had better be ready to fight him. I do not recall anyone taking up that challenge. All three of us enjoyed ourselves on the hill. Besides the academics, we participated actively in sports. Yoofi was a sprinter, I was a long-distance runner. We all played competitively in soccer and table tennis. Yoofi and I joined the school orchestra under the tutelage and direction of Rev Fr. Gillett. Both of us played first violin for a while. In time, we left the school upon our respective graduation, fully imbued with the Adisco spirit.


Being fellow Santaclausians is not the only thing I had in common with my brother Yoofi. In a lot of ways, our parents unconsciously brought us up as though we were twins. We were both born in

Obuasi in the Ashanti Region. Our Mom dressed us up in similar clothes most of the time. We attended primary and middle schools in Berekum, Bekwai, Peki-Avetile and Winneba. We went through various rites of passage together. We were both circumcised on the same day at the Bekwai Government Hospital by Dr. Trinick, we received our first holy communion at the Bekwai St. John the Evangelist Catholic Church and were confirmed a year later, on the same day, by the late Archbishop John Kojo Amissah. We were both mass-servers at the Bekwai St. John the Evangelist Catholic Church, the Peki- Blengo Catholic out-post (it was not a full-fledged parish at the time), Winneba Sacred Heart Catholic Church and the special Catholic services held in the Adisco school library for catholic faithful on Sundays.

We joined the Boys Scouts of Ghana together, as cub scouts, in our early years when we lived in Berekum. When the Ghana Young Pioneer Movement was inaugurated in Winneba, we enrolled as members. We were very active and,



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in short order, became some of the leading members of the group. We were introduced very early to Nkrumaism and socialism. We recited with our peers the words of Osagyefo Dr. Kwame Nkrumah:

“Place the young at the head of the awakening masses. You do not know what strength, what magic influence the voice of the young have on the crowd.

You will find in them apostles of the new social order. But the youth grow in movements, grow great by example and emulation. Speak to them of country, of glory and of great memories.”

Yoofi and I remained loyal members of the Ghana Young Pioneers, the Adisco branch, until the shameful overthrow of Kwame Nkrumah on February 24th, 1966.

Loyalty was Yoofi's middle name. He was loyal to a fault. He was loyal to his family, his friends, his church, his country, his school, his sports teams, ideologies, political candidates and his God. When my Brother Yoofi takes to something, it is impossible to shake him off it. He will stick with it to the end. His love for his first wife, the late Mrs. Dinah Duncan Essien was a typical example of his sense of loyalty. Dinah did no wrong. For them, it was truly till death do us part. In his later years, after the demise of Dinah, he was eventually to show his sense of loyalty to his present widow, Merita Laryea. His love and loyalty to his beloved Kobby, Seth,

Cecil and Fiona defy description. He was very protective of them. It is remarkable how Yoofi and Dinah together raised their children to be such bright and upstanding citizens. For the last several weeks, after they lost their second parent, they have been simply amazing, demonstrating a maturity beyond their years and a composure that is simply spectacular. We are all very proud of you.

Yoofi was loyal to his sports heroes like Muhammed Ali, political candidates like Hilary Clinton, sports teams like Osagyefo's own Real Republicans, the Ghana Black Stars. He was loyal to his school, Adisco. He had a large circle of friends, too many to single out.

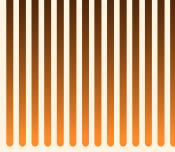
Not surprisingly, he was loyal to all his siblings, younger and older. We will miss him dearly. On behalf of your surviving sisters and brothers, Mrs. Elsie Owusu Abrokwah, Mrs. Matilda Asiedu-Gyimah, Mrs. Georgette Addaquaye, Mr. Patrick Jojo Essien and my humble self, Kwesi Essien, we thank you for your immense sense of loyalty and brotherly love. May you find peace in heaven and may you be met by the familiar faces of our parents, Joseph and Cecilia Essien, our departed siblings, Victoria, Vida and Frank, and, of course, your late wife, Dinah.

May you all rejoice in heaven till the next reunion. Da yie, Yoofi, da yie, da yie!!!

Nyame mfa wo kra nsie !!!



In Loving Memory of the late Mr. Joseph William Kofi Essien



TRIBUTE BY

DR. ADEKUNLE OYESILE

A POEM FOR MY FATHER-IN-LAW

IRON SHARPENS IRON

We mourn as we ready ourselves the way you have trained us.

To face each new day without you is a heavy load to carry.

Each step we take and each day we face without you,

We will face the unknowns of tomorrow valiantly with the lessons you have given us.

We have witnessed you overcome the difficulties of yesterday, so that we may have an easier today.

The blades of grass strike back with each swing... every attempt to advance did not come without a price.

A sacrifice to make way and forge the path for us.

A compass shows direction, but a father will show you the path.

Lay down your cutlass... you have done your part to establish the way.

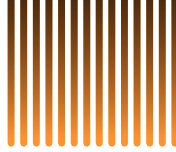
Your journey with the Most High has just began...

We will endure the weight of the unknown for our children the same way you did for us.

We will face the towering, unrelenting rushing waves and the receding tides that come with them.

Rest Well Daddy, until we meet again.





TRIBUTE BY

NEPHEWS & NIECES

We never for once thought we were going to write another tribute so soon. It is therefore with a heavy heart, deepest sorrow, and great sadness that we write this tribute to you.

We heard of your untimely passing early Monday morning Jan. 30th. This was difficult to process considering we had lost your elder brother Francoo alias Ogyam barely three weeks ago. Your death has come as a shock to the whole family, and still very difficult to comprehend. It's been a lot for the family to take in, in one month.

When we close our eyes and think of you, we think of sneezes that could topple buildings and laughter that could move mountains. We think of you, full of life.

You were an uncle in a million. Uncle Yoofi, as we all called you, was humble, kind, loving, caring, and good at heart and soul!!!!

We knew you were not in the best of shape health wise, but never anticipated your sudden departure. It's hard, it's tough, and such a bitter pill to swallow.

When you were rushed to Nyaho Clinic on that Sunday, we were all praying for your miraculous recovery when the news reached us. God in His infinite wisdom saw that you were getting tired; a cure was not to be. So, He put His arms around you and whispered, "Come with Me Yoofi."

Although we loved you dearly, our prayers could not make you stay.

A golden heart stopped beating; hardworking hands laid to rest.

God broke our hearts to prove to us He only takes "The Best".

We have truly lost a treasure! A loving father, a sweet uncle, and an irreplaceable brother. A true friend to say the least.

Say hello to all our dearly departed. May the Lord keep you in His bosom and make you another guardian angel until we meet again in God's own glory.

Rest well Uncle Yoofi.



TRIBUTE BY

ADISADEL OLD BOYS

We cannot find words to express the loss and emptiness that we feel within us. We have lost a dear and irreplaceable brother. What tribute can we pay to a considerate and loving brother?

Santaclausians received the news of the passing on of JOSEPH WILLIAM ESSIEN JNR (alias Yoofi), with deep sadness and loss.

Mr. J W K Essien was admitted to form one to pursue a five-year course of full-time study in January 1962.

Joseph who appreciated good scholarly achievements is no more.

Yoofi was dignified, respectful, modest, self-reliant, self-confident and firm. This is the man we painfully have to see off today to eternity.

When we consider the footprints you had left on the sand of time then with tears in our hearts we cannot but say our last prayer to you our beloved brother with the poet that:

“When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy weary one rest”.

A LETTER FROM HEAVEN

*When tomorrow starts without me
And I'm not there to see;
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
All filled with tears for me.
I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you did today;
While thinking of the many things
We didn't get to say.
I know how much you love me
As much as I love you;
And each time that you think of me,
I know you'll miss me too.
When tomorrow starts without me,
Don't think we're far apart
For every time you think of me,
I'm right here in your heart.
By Alena Hakala Meadows*

Memories





Memories





Hymns

MHB 110 **7.7.7.B.**

1. JESU, 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 Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be 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 defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. 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 511

1. BEGONE, unbelief; my Saviour Is near,
And for my relief will surely appear :
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm,

2. Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide,
Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken and creatures all fall,
The word He hath spoken shall surely prevail.

3. 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 re-view
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

4. Why should I complain of want or Distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5. Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long;
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song

MHB 608

1. CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule,
Thy word; Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2. By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near

MHB 831

1. 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.

2. Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

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

4. They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

MHB 679

1. 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

2. Happy birds that sing and fly
Bound Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy It ever there.

3. Happy souls I Their praises flow
In this vale of sin and woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4. Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them. Lord, on me

Amen.

165

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;
Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art GOD,
To endless years the Same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

196

GUIDE me, O Thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer

Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Tide of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Sings of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

334

LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep Thy lamb, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from Thy Hand.

Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live,
And the Hands outstretch'd to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

I would praise Thee every day.
Gladly all Thy Will obey,
Like Thy blessed ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear,
Suffer not my steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

Where Thou leadest I would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before my FATHER'S THRONE
I shall know as I am known.

184

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,

290

THROUGH all the changing scenes
In trouble and in Joy, [of life,
The praises of my GOD shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the LORD with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

The Hosts of GOD encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will
Have nothing else to fear; [then
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

176

How sweet the Name of JESUS
In a believer's ear! [sounds
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
And drives away his fear. [wounds,
It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name, the rock on which I
My shield and hiding-place, [build,
My never-failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

JESUS! my Shepherd, Husband,
Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

477

THE day Thou gavest, LORD, is
ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest:
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church
unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is
keeping,
And rests not now by day or night,

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are
making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, LORD; Thy Throne shall
never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass
away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for
ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

400

CHRIST will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.
Day by day the voice saith, "Come,
Enter thine eternal home;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.
Had He ask'd us, well we know
We should cry, "O spare this blow!"
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"LORD, we love him, let him stay."
But the LORD doth nought amiss,
And, since He hath order'd this,
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on His Will.
Many a heart no longer here,
Ah! was all too inly dear;
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

609

SAFE home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shatter'd deck,
Torn sails, provision short,
And only not a wreck:
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage—perils o'er!

The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

No more the foe can harm;
No more of leagu'd camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly had he fail'd—
How nearly had that foe prevail'd!

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penn'd;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins and doubts and fears: [day?
What matters now grief's darkest
The King has wiped those tears
away.

401

NOW the labourer'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 sinful souls, that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes
All the love of CHRIST shall learn
At His Feet in Paradise.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

A vertical decorative element consisting of multiple thin, parallel lines that transition from black at the top to a warm orange-brown at the bottom.

Appreciation

The ENTIRE FAMILY wishes to express their profound gratitude to you for your prayers and support towards

MR. JOSEPH WILLIAM KOFI ESSIEN'S

FAREWELL JOURNEY.

We are humbled and deeply touched, and it is our prayer that the good Lord blesses you abundantly.

Amen!

A vertical decorative element consisting of multiple thin, parallel lines that transition from black at the top to a warm orange-brown at the bottom, mirroring the one at the top of the page.