

BURIAL, MEMORIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE
FOR THE LATE



Mr. Albert Bentil
ADDISON

(aka Kweku Amissah)



BURIAL, MEMORIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE

F O R T H E L A T E

Mr. Albert
**BENTIL
ADDISON**

(aka Kweku Amissah)

AGED: 74

On Saturday, June 29th, 2024
@ Mt Olivet Methodist Church,
Dansoman Accra.



AB
ADDISON

Functionaries

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Rt. Rev. Christopher Nyarko Andam | - Supt. Minister, Dansoman Circuit |
| 2. Very. Rev. Ebenezer Grantson | - Supt. Minister, Kwashieman North Circuit |
| 3. V. Rev. Kingsley Offe- Amoyaw | - Mt. Olivet Society, Dansoman |
| 4. Rev. Stephen Obeng Amoako | - Mt. Olivet Society, Dansoman |
| 5. Rev. Jonathan Tettey- Asher | - Circuit Minister, Dunwell Society |
| 6. Rt. Rev. Dr. Davies Ofosu | - Bishop, Adonai Int. Ministries Takoradi. |

IN- ATTENDANCE

SOCIETY STEWARDS

1. Bro. Daniel Agyemang- Duah
2. Bro. Samuel Agyebeng
3. Sis. Dorothea Tei- Mako Agbettor

CHOIR

Tema Philharmonic Choir

order of *Service*

PART I: PRE- BURIAL SERVICE

1. Scriptural Sentences
2. Opening Hymn - MHB 428
3. Prayer
4. Hymn - MHB 511
5. Filing Past - MHB 99,
110, 402, 468, 602
6. Tribute by In- laws, Grandchildren
etc
7. Closing of Casket

PART II: BURIAL SERVICE

1. Sentences
2. Announcement of Purpose
3. Opening Hymn - MHB 427
4. Prayers
5. Biography and Tributes
– Wife, Children
6. Hymn - MHB 235
7. Scripture Reading
 - 1st Reading - Jeremiah 9:17-24
 - 2nd Reading - Revelations 7: 9 -17
8. Hymn - MHB 679
9. Sermon
10. Affirmation of Faith
(Apostles' Creed)
11. Offering
12. Service of Commendation
13. Hymn - MHB 896
14. Concluding Prayer & the Lord's
Prayer
15. Announcement
16. Vote of Thanks - Family

17. Closing Hymn - MHB 948
18. Benediction
19. Dead March in Saul
20. Recession - MHB 830

PART III: AT THE GRAVE SIDE

1. Sentences
2. Hymn - MHB 615
3. Committal & Prayer
4. Hymn - MHB 976
5. Benediction

Biography

OF THE LATE

MR. ALBERT BENTIL
ADDISON (SNR)
1949 – 2024



An Oak tree has fallen quietly leaving the leaves to fall quickly. The birds come around without anyone to feed them. A towering figure within the family is gone. Your departure has been silent yet very loud.

Birth

Mr. Albert Bentil Addison Snr (now Late) affectionately known as Kweku Amissah or Uncle A.B by family and wide circle of friends and acquaintances, was born on Wednesday, 12th October, 1949, at Cape Coast in the Central Region. He was the second of six children born to Madam Susanna Thompson (Esi Amonua), a former matron at St. Thomas Aquinas Secondary School, Accra and Mr. Emmanuel Kenneth Bentil Addison, a foreman at the then Electricity Department which was a subsidiary of the Public Works and Railways, both of blessed memory.

Early Life and Education

He was baptized into the Methodist Church, Gold Coast by the Rev. J. Evans Appiah on 4th January, 1953. He started his education in 1956 at the Methodist Primary B School,

Aboom Wells Street, Cape Coast and proceeded to obtain his Middle School Leaving Certificate (MSLC) after 4 years at the Methodist Middle School, Bakatir, Cape Coast from 1962 to 1966. He gained admission to the Prince of Peace College, Cape Coast for his Secondary school education where he completed and successfully passed the General Certificate of Education (GCE) at the 'O' level certification. Uncle A.B was a tech-enthusiast and a fanatic who loved technology, a trait he easily acquired from his late father. He delighted in tinkering with devices to fix and explore their functionality. This led him to enroll at the Normal Technical College, Koforidua in the Eastern Region in 1970 where he pursued a City and Guilds qualification of London, U.K in Electrical and Electronics Technology (EET).

Career and Professional Life

At age 23 he joined his late uncle, Mr. Hagan in Accra in search of new opportunities for himself and his younger siblings. Through determination and perseverance, he secured a job and was formally employed as a Clerk on

1st April, 1972 at the Ministry of Transport and Communication. After almost a year and few months with the Ministry, he was seconded to the erstwhile Vehicle Examination and Licensing Division (VELD) of the Driving and Vehicle Examination Secretariat in June, 1973. He was promoted after 5 years to the rank of Executive Officer by the Senior Principal Secretary's Office on 1st September 1978.

Though he spent close to two decades in the Airport and 37 offices, he was transferred to the Takoradi office in 1992 and when VELD later transitioned to Driver and Vehicle Licensing Authority (DVLA) in 1999, he was posted to the Sunyani DVLA office in the year 2000 and later to Wa office of the Upper West Region in 2003. He was promoted to the rank of a Higher Executive Officer in 2003 and was posted again to the Kumasi office of the Ashanti Region. Barely a year into settling in a new office environment, he was selected by Management of DVLA to assist with his experience and professional expertise, the operationalization of the then newly created Ashanti Bekwai Office in the Bekwai Municipality (formerly Amansie East District). It was in the Bekwai office of the DVLA that he successfully retired on his 60th birthday after 37 years of distinguished public service.

Christian Life

A.B was a staunch Methodist and never veered from his Methodist Hymns and Canticles which he often played around the house. When on duty tour, he would fellowship with any Methodist Church close to his residence or within the enclave. Upon his retirement, he joined the Dunwell

Methodist Church, Santa- Maria, Accra where he fellowshipped till his demise.

Family Life

A.B was a family man to the core and was married to Eileen Blankson (Naana Efua Egyiriba) for 49 years of companionship. He was survived by his wife and 4 children (Evelyn, Albert, Eric and Doreen). Kweku Amissah, was actively engaged in family activities both Accra and Cape Coast households, he often joined relatives in Accra and Cape Coast when called upon during weddings, funerals, birthdays and naming ceremonies, with his usual flair for perfection to see to the successful execution of such programmes.

His grandchildren were dear to him, as he was always ready to walk them to school and pick them up anytime the opportunity presented itself. He made it a personal duty where necessary to assist them in their academic pursuit.

Social and Entrepreneurial Life

Privately, he was an entrepreneur and went into business, he ran businesses ranging from passenger transport services to running taverns. Together with his longtime friend, the late Mr. Thomas Guildford who returned from Nigeria in the early 80's. The two friends established one of the most successful go-to place for revelers and natives who made time to explore the historic town of Cape Coast especially during the festive Oguaa Fetu Afehye season in the 90's. The demands of this business often took him to Cape Coast as he remained a managing partner till, he relinquished his interest due to

increasing obligations from his formal job. A.B. was a man of quiet disposition, yet had a depth to him that all who came into contact with him attested to. He loved watching football, catching up on News, gardening and keeping pets.

The call to Eternity

We saw many more years ahead of him and he did look like he would become octogenarian father with ease. But alas! Life and death remain an inexplicable mystery, Uncle A.B. was admitted to the hospital after a brief period of illness on Sunday 28th April, 2024 and was responding to treatment but on the dawn of Tuesday, 30th April, 2024 death laid its icy hands on him, as he passed away peacefully in his sleep.

Mr. Albert Bentil Addison, Kweku Amissah, Uncle A.B, You Fought a Good Fight, you finished the Race, you have kept the Faith!

Rest in Perfect Peace!

Uncle A.B da yei!!

Kweku Amissah, Nyame mfa wo kra nsie!!!

AB
ADDISON



Tributes

BY WIFE



The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit. Psalm 34:18 (NIV).

A.B as I affectionately call you. I just can't believe you are gone, I am still in a state of shock, for I still think you are just asleep. O my partner for 5 decades, how could death take you away from me? for although the cruel entity called death has taken you away from me, I still believe that if the almighty GOD has not allowed that, you will still be around, for the good lord only knows best.

I met you in 1974, and we got married a year after and we have been together till now, even in death, I know you are still with me. The

fond memories and your ever palpable presence always felt like you are just standing beside me, A.B, you were my everything and still is my everything.

Remembering how the nature of your work took you around the country but still made yourself as close as possible, for at the least opportunity you made sure that you first-handedly saw to our well-being, made it look like you are always around us. For travelling long and short distances just to see us briefly did not bother you at all. My partner of great family discipline, values and uprightness.

After retiring from active services, I did thank God for our lives, as I knew you would be with me to comfort me and enjoy your ever

loving presence, as the children have all left home and are now building their own respective families.

A.B why have you left me now that I'm used to having you around, for you have been my anchor for years. My Fanti husband of very few words but always ready to listen to my conversations and advice, you took your responsibilities seriously, I fondly remember the advice you always give to your children and any young person who came your way to take their responsibilities seriously and how you always advise them to journey their lives with great care.

As a man of great hospitality you were ever welcoming and generous a person, you opened your home to relatives, friends and close acquaintances and did not mind if they stayed longer than planned, some even came without notice, but my Fanti gentleman still

accommodated them. You are a man who particularly only enjoyed home cooked meals therefore never fancied eating outside I miss the delicacies you preferred which brought us close together. The hymns and canticles you used to play still echoes in my heart and will forever be a source of inspiration to me which also attest to your deep faith in your maker.

A.B. you were one of a kind, a mentally tough and astute person, a satisfied reassured man who never compared himself with anybody. Your desire was always to be content with your lot in life.

The beautiful memories we created will be cherished forever.

We never lose our loved ones.

They accompany us.

They don't disappear from our lives.

We are merely in different rooms.

Fare thee, my love, till we meet again.



Tributes

BY CHILDREN

*Simply trusting every day.
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
MHB 517*

No amount of words can describe what our Dad meant to us, for he was everything. His affection for and dedication to our well-being earned him the accolation, "Nana Papa, Kwesi Papa" etc., in the neighborhood, buttressing his desire and ambition to instill the disciplines that will enable us face the challenges of tomorrow in us all.

As a gentle disciplinarian, his objectives drove him to involve himself in most of our educational activities, particularly the choice of school and program of study, oh yes you can always trust that he will have a say of the choice you make, and you'd need to convince him well enough to have your way because he knew our individual strengths and weaknesses. He kept his keen interest in our personal development because he understood the essence of guidance. Our formative years under his watch did not come on a bed of roses. Our dad was a tough nut, he will not allow you to stray away and wander down a wayward path. Our "Judgement Day" was always when you had to show your school terminal report to account for your stewardship in school. You'd better excel in all the subject



Evelyn Addison Buxton



Albert Bentil Addison (Jnr)



Eric Bentil Addison



Mrs. Doreen Addison Nyame

areas because anything short of his expectation could mean several things to him. He will take the trouble upon himself to help with homework, here, concentration was key, if your mind or eyes strayed, you would not escape a sharp knock on your head to keep you attentive. There was absolutely no room for laziness and idleness under his watch.

Beyond his reproof he had his softer side, he would often times pass witty remarks to express his willingness to support through our difficult moment. He was always ready to share his life's experiences an advocate of hard work.

As a man with great foresight, he understood the dynamic nature of the academic and professional environment and its resultant changes in the quality of life. His mantra was to stay relevant to society and family. He, therefore, sought to learn any new theories and findings that would impact the global dynamics of work and learning to ensure that he could make a meaningful contribution to wherever he finds himself.

He was an ardent reader, English playwright and poet Shakespeare was one of his favorite in Literature, as long as he felt it would help in his understanding of the ever-changing world he would read to his satisfaction. He was also apt on current issues, although he was not an enthusiastic politician, he always kept himself informed about matters pending in the nation and across the globe either positively or negatively.

As a true Ghanaian, he always admonished us with the values of respect, humility and

contentment. This we believe implied that he simply wanted to leave behind an impeccable legacy that would form the image of his family. May the good lord who created this wide and open earth help us that all we learnt from our dad will see us through in every endeavor we undertake?

Dad your love for God was personal, but you also encouraged your children to read the whole bible at least once a year, we only hope we can accomplish this, and we will pass it on to our children so that the emulation shall be complete.

“AB”, were your intense looks your way of bidding us farewell? when you denied a request to bring you a newspaper or any reading material to engage your thoughts at the hospital? Was this your way of telling us you were leaving this world? We even made a joke about why you kept repeating to us that you were going home, you simply smiled, your quiet smile.

We were looking forward to planning another surprise on your 75th birthday, a solemn promise we kept amongst ourselves after your 70th birthday. We wish you had stayed a little bit longer to relive the memories we shared.

We find ourselves in a difficult situation particularly because your duty on this has ended and we will not meet again until the last day of resurrection. You have been called by your maker in heaven where you will rest peacefully.

Thank you for all the sacrifices you made for us!

Your sacrifices and memories will always hold sentimental value to us!

Da, Nyame mfa wo kra nsie

Fare thee well!

Tributes

BY GRANDCHILDREN



Grandpa meant so many things to us, he was our teacher, staunch supporter and super hero. We could become anything we wanted only if we studied hard, we promise to abide by this Grandpa.

Getting to spend time with our Grandpa was always the highlight of our trips to Santa-Maria.

We are thankful for the many special moments we shared with Grandpa and will always cherish those memories. We are forever grateful for all the love, support and example of what it means to be a good person.

Seeing someone so energized and always passionate about our academics and life will inspire us to achieve more to make you proud Grandpa.

We are deeply honoured and privileged to call you Grandpa and our only wish is that we had more time with you on earth.

When Great Trees Fall (Poem by Maya Angelou)

*When Great Trees fall, rocks on distant hills
shudder,
Lions hunker down in tall grasses and even
elephants*

lumber after safety.

*When Great Trees fall in forests, small things
recoil into silence,*

their senses eroded beyond fear

*When great souls die, the air around us
becomes light, rare, sterile.*

*We breathe briefly, our eyes briefly, see with
hurtful clarity. Our memory suddenly
sharpened*

*examines, gnaws on kind words unsaid,
promised walks never taken.*

*Great souls die and our reality, bound to them
take leave of us.*

*Our souls, dependent upon their nurture, now
shrink, wizened.*

*Our minds formed and informed by their
radiance, fall away.*

*We are not so much maddened as reduced to
the unutterable ignorance of dark cold caves.*

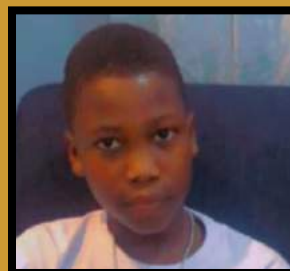
*And when Great souls die, after a period
peace blooms, slowly and always irregularly.*

*Spaces fill with a kind of soothing, electric
vibration.*

*Our senses, restored, never to be the same,
whisper to us.*

*They existed. They existed. We can be. Be and
be better.*

For they existed.



Tributes

BY SIBLINGS



To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted. Ecclesiastes 3:1-2

A.B as we affectionately call you, it is with a heavy heart that we pay such unwilling tribute in your memory.

Mr. Albert Bentil Addison was one of the six children of Mr. Emmanuel Kenneth Bentil Addison and Madam Susanna Thompson, both of blessed memory.

He was so hardworking and loving in his endeavours. His brothers and sisters loved to be with him and often accompanied him to places.

He was far front in every expedition we were in, indeed A.B was always ready to assist when there was a problem. This necessitated the Siblings regarding him as 'Coach of Ambers' since he could assist in solving any problem, nothing was insurmountable to him.

A.B was ingenious; a task you would not believe he could accomplish would be executed with ease by him. He was also principled and disciplined, he was always ready to offer an advice and encouragement. In adversity, he would always maintain his calm and rather guide and often suggest what could be done to get through it.

We can go on and on about your impact in our lives but the more we illuminate his wonderful nature, the more we feel this big vacuum that has been created, which will be difficult to fill.

We simply say, we will forever miss you!
And may the Good Lord keep you till we meet again!!

Tributes

NEPHEWS AND NIECES



The life given us by
Nature is short, but the
Memory of a life well spent is eternal.

Uncle AB,
Where do we even begin to express our overwhelming gratitude and deep love for the incredible impact you've had on our lives? From the moment we came into this world, you've been our unwavering source of guidance, support, and belief. Your love and devotion have been our guiding light, filling our hearts with hope and inspiration, and molding us into the individuals we are today. Your kindness and generosity have touched every aspect of our lives, from the smallest moments of comfort and reassurances, to the life-changing lessons you've taught us. Your wisdom, borne from a life well-lived, has helped us navigate the complexities of growing up and finding our place in the world as you were always ready with a listening ear and a comforting word.

We can't help but be overwhelmed with emotion as we reflect on your remarkable qualities. Your unwavering commitment to our family was truly inspiring. You were the rock that held us together, always there to offer support and guidance. Your love and selflessness knew no bounds, and the void left by your absence is immeasurable. Every family gathering will serve as a painful

reminder of your absence. You've left an indelible mark on our hearts, teaching us the true meaning of love, sacrifice, and compassion. Your legacy will forever live on in the lives of those you touched, and we will strive to honor your memory by embodying the values you so beautifully exemplified.

As we bid farewell to our uncle, we find solace in the knowledge that he is now at peace, watching over us from above. Though the pain of his absence is profound, we take comfort in the cherished memories we shared and the lessons he imparted. His legacy of love, strength, and resilience will continue to inspire and guide us through life's journey. We aspire to emulate your virtues, to make you proud, and to pass on the lessons you've taught us to future generations.

Thank you, dear Uncle AB, for embodying a life filled with love, kindness, and selflessness. The memories we've shared are treasures, and we reminisce the many years of love, laughter, and unforgettable adventures we created, we were anticipating more but death has hit us where it hurts the most.

Rest in peace, dear Uncle AB. You will be missed dearly, but your memory will forever be etched in our hearts. Till we meet again.
With all our hearts and deepest gratitude,

The Addisons and allied families





Tributes

BY IN-LAWS

“And I heard a voice from heaven saying, ‘Write this: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on.’ ‘Blessed indeed,’ says the Spirit, ‘that they may rest from their labors, for their deeds follow them!’” Rev. 14:13

We are gathered here today to honor and remember a very quiet man, who was not only a wonderful father-in-law but also, a figure of strength, wisdom, and kindness in our lives. While it is with a heavy heart that we stand before you, it is also with a profound sense of gratitude for having had him in our lives and for the countless ways he enriched the lives of those around him. We are most grateful for the wonderful children he has given us as spouses.

“Daa,” as we affectionately called him, was a dedicated professional, well-respected in his field, where he built a successful career over several decades. Despite his demanding

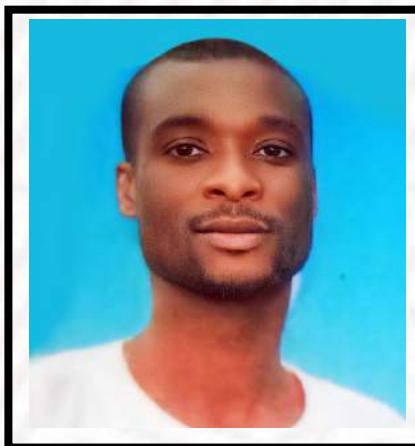
work schedule, and during retirement, he always found time for his true passion – his family. We remember how he taught his grandchildren to ride their bikes on their first try, attending important events with them, walking them to and from school, having patience and helping them with their school home-works. Instilling the fear of God in them. In all these, “Daa,” never missed an opportunity to demonstrate his love and dedication to those he cherished.”

To Mr. A. B. Addison, thank you for the lessons, the love, the wisdom, and the countless memories. For you have been more than a father-in-law; you were a role model, a friend, and an integral part of our lives. Your memory will forever be a beacon of light in our hearts.

Rest in peace, knowing that you were deeply loved and will always be remembered.



Mrs Margaret Owusuaa Addison



Mr. Hanson Preprah Nyame



Mrs Theodora Addison

Tributes

BY A FORMER COLLEAGUE
AND A PROTÉGÉ



I vividly recall the significant impact of the late Mr. Addison, affectionately known as AB, on my life during our working days at the Takoradi office back in August 1996. Upon my arrival, I presented my letter to the then Western Regional Licensing Officer, the late Mr. Joseph Amamoo, who promptly introduced me to AB for training and to serve as his assistant. AB warmly welcomed me and diligently imparted his knowledge of the work, providing thorough training on vehicle licensing processes, procedures, and best practices.

Beyond his professional guidance, I admired AB's amiable nature and down-to-earth personality. He approached his work with utmost conscientiousness and maintained a positive outlook. Despite our professional relationship, AB's sense of humor and

engaging conversations during our free moments fostered a warm camaraderie between us. His anecdotes about his past experiences and life outside of work always left me in stitches.

AB's influence extended beyond the office. He encouraged me to pursue further education and remain open to advancement in opportunities, motivating me to pursue additional studies that ultimately led to my promotion. His dedication to his family was evident in his regular travels to Accra and his responsible demeanor, which I endeavored to emulate.

Our professional journey continued as we were transferred to Sunyani and Nkawkaw respectively in 2000. Despite the distance, AB made a point to visit our office in

Nkawkaw during his Friday travels to Accra, allowing us to catch up in person due to the absence of mobile phones at the time. At the time, the office was adjacent the STC bus terminal. Even after his retirement, we maintained communication through WhatsApp, and I fondly remember his invitation to his 70th birthday celebration, where we had the opportunity to reconnect.

The news of AB's unexpected passing deeply shook me, as he had not shown any signs of

serious illness. However, I treasure every memory we shared, from our leisurely lunches to our heart-warming conversations during his stopovers. As Bonnie Dodd aptly said, *"Your memory is a keepsake, with which we'll never part. God has you in his keeping, I have you in my heart."*

AB will forever hold a special place in my heart.



Tributes

TO A FRIEND AND A BROTHER

By Opanyin Geoarge Kojo Kwansah Biney
- Odikro of Brimso Nyamebekyere, Cape Coast



Losing a friend is one of the hardest experiences that we go through. Our friends play such an essential role in our lives, providing support, laughter, and unforgettable memories. When a friend passes away, it can leave a deep hole that can't be easily filled. The only way to honor you my dear friend is by writing a heartfelt tribute message that captures the essence of your friendship and the positive impact they had on us.

AB and I grew up together at Gegeano, Cape Coast in the central region of Ghana, we schooled together from primary through Middle School school (Methodist Primary B, Cape Coast). AB and I had wonderful friendship, on the surface we seemed like me the extroverted one and the AB the introverted one. Yet as time unraveled it was evident that our differences was the glue that kept us together.

Remembering our teenage years, I recall our runs at the seaside barefooted with our shirts hugging on our necks. It was a testament to AB's infectious enthusiasm that began as a mere joke became one of the most memorable experiences of our lives. We battled difficulties and got lost more times than I can count, but through it all, AB's spirit remained unbroken. Every hurdle was met with

laughter and an unwavering belief in the journey.

But our bond wasn't just about adventures; it was about the quiet moments too. Those late night conversations when the world was asleep, and it was just the two of us, pondering life's mysteries, sharing our dreams, fears and hope. It was during these moments that I truly got to know the depth of AB's soul. Beneath the calm and compassionate heart, an introspective mind, and a spirit that sought to make a difference in the world.

Over the years, life took us in different directions. Careers, families and responsibilities meant we couldn't spend as much time together as we once did. Yet, the bond remained unaltered. A simple text, a call or visit would have bridged the gap.

AB's sudden departure has left avoid, a silence that is deafening. But in the midst of this grief, I choose to focus on the legacy left behind. A legacy of joy, of embracing each day as a gift, and treasuring the bonds we form.

Goodbye my dear friend. Our paths will cross again. Until then, I carry you in my heart, cherishing every moment we shared.

Till we meet again.

Damrifa Due.

Tributes

BY DUNWELL METHODIST CHURCH
SANTA MARIA



“For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither your ways our ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts your thoughts. (Isaiah 55:8-9).

It is with pain and heavy hearts that we mourn brother Albert Bentil Addison laid before us. We have accepted and managed to come to terms with the fact that. Brother A.B. Addison who is our dear friend, brother and father joined the Dunwell Methodist Church (Kwashieman North Circuit) in the year 2015.

Brother Albert Bentil Addison started as a Methodist from Calvary Methodist Church, Adabraka and continued at Wesley Cathedral Methodist Church, Adum-Kumasi before joining Dunwell Methodist Church, Santa Maria- Accra under Kwashieman North Circuit which is headed by The Very Rev. Ebenezer Grantson.

Brother Albert Bentil Addison was a member of Bethel bible class, and his leader was Sister Christiana Kwakye. Prior to his demise, his assistant class leader and members visited him upon hearing of his illness.

We were of a strong conviction that God was still in control. We became very sad upon receiving the news of his demise after a short illness on Tuesday 30th April 2024.

We are, however, consoled by the knowledge that our beloved brother is resting in the Lord's bosom. We are grateful for the opportunity to know you before your demise. May your soul rest in perfect peace in the bosom of our maker till we meet again.

Fare thee well Brother Addison, rest in the Glory of our Lord.

A-M-E-N.



Tributes

BY The TURKSONS'



"A gentle soul, a loving heart, a life that touched so many from the start. Though he's gone, his memory stays a treasure trove of love and loving ways."

We are honored to pay tribute to our beloved uncle, Uncle AB. He was more than an uncle to us; he was a guardian angel who watched over our family with kindness and generosity.

He was always there to offer support and encouragement. His kind gestures were a beacon that helped us navigate through storms. It was his deep love and concern that truly made a difference.

Uncle AB's kind-heartedness and generosity inspired us all to be better people. He had a way of making everyone feel seen and heard, and his wisdom and guidance were always available to those who sought it.

Though he may be gone, his legacy lives on in our hearts. We will continue to celebrate his life and honor his memory.

Rest in peace, dear uncle. Your love and generosity will never be forgotten.

Family Tree

*A limb has fallen from the family tree
I hear a voice that whispers, 'Grieve not for me'*

Remember the best times, the laughter, the songs

The good I lived while I was strong

*Continue my heritage, I'm counting on you
Keep on smiling, the sun will shine through.
My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest
Remembering all....how I was truly blessed
Continue traditions, no matter how small
Go on with your lives, don't stare at the wall
I miss you all dearly so keep up your chin
Until that fine day we're together again.*



Tributes

by **COMMODORE STEVE DARBO (RTD)**



*Our lives are nothing but **A CANDLE IN THE WIND**, which could be blown away right under our watch.*

To say that I'm shocked and saddened at the loss of Uncle Addison, whose mortal remains lay before us today will be an understatement. When the news of your death reached me, the questions were "HOW"? "WHY"? B'cos I least expected to receive such news from a strong and healthy man. Your sudden departure to the 'Valley' beyond without a word or hint has left my family in disarray and disbelief.

"So it's real?" It's been weeks since you passed to eternity, but I still cannot believe it. The reality of your passing has not sunk in. It's been like a bad dream, a nightmare you wished you'd just wake up from and forget all about. I can't believe you are gone and the mere thought that we cannot talk suddenly makes everything different.

My thoughts suddenly went back to when our paths crossed for the first time in Sunyani on that fateful 28th August 2010, when you lead the Addison family to perform the Customary Marriage Rites between your son and my daughter. Your demeanour, your quiet and unassuming personality left a lasting impression, not only on me but the

entire gathering. A gentleman par excellence. Exactly two weeks after our brief encounter, we met again on the 11th of September 2010, during the Wedding in Accra, where I was the Chairman for the occasion. I also vividly recollect the numerous social functions that kept the two families together. The Christening of our Grandchildren, the various birthdays on both sides and other memorable ceremonies and programmes are reminiscent of how close the two families were. The Addisons were very regular at all social programmes organised by me. Even when you had other equally important commitments, you always chose to honour mine with your presence.

I will miss your brotherly interactions, friendly advices and admonitions. You will be sorely missed. As you bow out and the curtain is drawn, your soothing voice shall no more be heard. The **Darbo** family will miss you, but the immediate family will miss you most. I shall think of your departure, not as dying, but a greater call to a HIGHER office in eternity.

May the good Lord keep you in His bosom and also grant you eternal rest.

Fare thee well my Dearest In-Law
.Rest well, **UNCLE AMISSAH**



HYMNS

MHB 428

1: I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2: 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 the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3: The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4: I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

MHB 511

1: BEGONE, unbelief; my Saviour is near,
And for my relieve 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
fail,
The word He has 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 review
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!

John Newton, 1725 – 1807

MHB 99

1: HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his 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: Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4: Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5: 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.

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

Charles Wesley, 1707 – 88
MHB 110

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 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 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. Amen.

Charles Wesley, 1707 – 88

MHB 402

1: FAITH of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word.

***Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death.***

2: Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,

Were still in heart and conscience free;
And blest would be their children's fate,
Though they, like them, should die for thee.

3: Faith of our fathers! God's great power
Shall win all nations unto thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Mankind shall then be truly free.

4: Faith of our fathers we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63

MHB 468

1: NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2: Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone.
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3: There let the way appear,
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou send'st me,
in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4: Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!

5: Or, if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I'll fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah Flower Adams, 1805-48

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 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.

4: Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5: I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
Still keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

6: In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;

For my inmost soul is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

Anna Laetitia Waring, 1820-1910

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.

2: Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3: O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4: The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

5: O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6: Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

Nahum Tate, 1652 – 1715
Nicholas Brady, 1639 – 1726

MHB 235

1: I KNOW that my Redeemer lives-
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head.

2: He lives, to bless me with His love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3: He lives, and grants me daily
breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to lead me safely there.

4: He lives, all glory to His name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Samuel Medley, 1738 – 99

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
Round 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! 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,
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

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847

MHB 896

1: NOW praise we great and famous men,
The fathers named in story;
And praise the Lord who now as then,
Reveals in man His glory.

2: Praise we the wise and brave and
strong,
Who graced their generation;
Who helped the right. and fought the
wrong,
And made our folk a nation.

3: Praise we the great of heart and mind,
The singers sweetly gifted.
Whose music like a mighty wind
The souls of men uplifted.

4: Praise we the peaceful men of skill
Who builded homes of beauty,
And, rich in art, made richer still
The brotherhood of duty.

5: Praise we the glorious names we know;
And they-whose names have perished,
Lost in the haze of long ago
In silent love be cherished.

6: In peace their sacred ashes rest,
Fulfilled their day's endeavour;
They blest the earth, and they are blest
Of God and man, for ever.

7: So praise we great and famous men,
The fathers, named in story,
And praise the Lord who now as then,
Reveals in man His glory.

William George Tarrant, 1853-1928

MHB 948

1: ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;

The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2: Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3: 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, Lord, abide
with me.

4: 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.

5: 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;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847

MBH 830

1: HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! 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.

2: 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 976

3: Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Savior and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4: God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of light, Immanuel,
In Whose body joined together
All the saints forever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fullness
That we may forevermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85

GRAVE SIDE

MHB 615

1: 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.

2: Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer!
Be Thou still my help and shield.

3: When I TREAD the verge of Jordan;
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of Praises
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams, 1717 – 91

1: 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.***

2: 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.

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

4: There the penitents who turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in paradise.

5: There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.

6: Earth to earth, and dust to dust!
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.

John Ellerton, 1826-93



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Appreciation

the entire family of the late

MR. ALBERT BENTIL
ADDISON

would like to express their profound gratitude to you,
our friends and loved ones for your show of
compassion and support during
our time of sorrow.

May God Richly bless you

