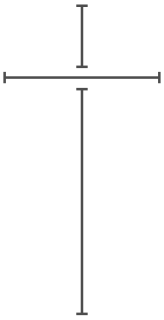
IN MEMORIAM



EMMANUEL EFA FREMPONG

1985 - 2026



BURIAL SERVICE

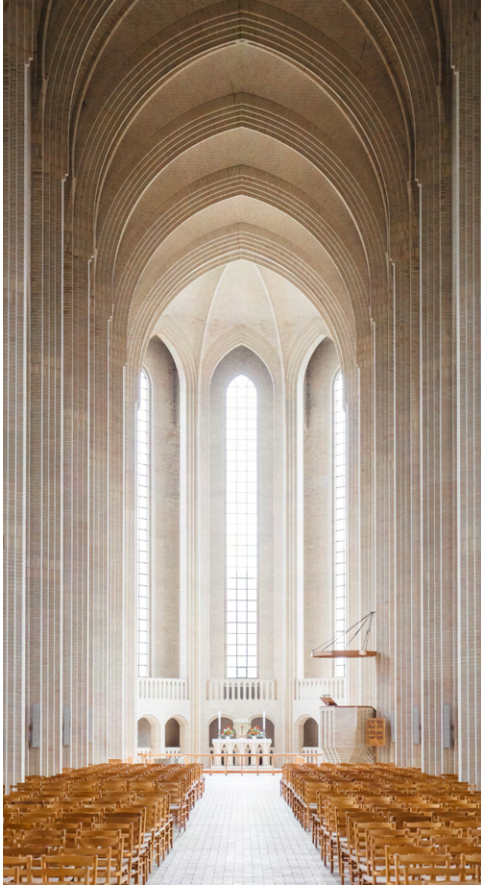
OF THE LATE

EMMANUEL EFA FREMPONG

1985 - 2026


*Gone from our sight,
but never from our hearts;
resting safely in the arms
of the Almighty.*

Order of SERVICE



PART ONE

1. Opening Prayer – *Elder Philip Arthur*
2. Chorus
3. Introductions – *Conductor*
4. File Past
5. Song
6. Bible Reading – *2 Corinthians 5:1-10*
   a. English – *Dcns Mabel Mensah*
   b. Twi – *Eld (Dr) Raphael Nicholas Mayeden*
7. Song
8. Prayer of Thanksgiving – *Rev (Prof) Charles Ansah*
9. Song Ministration by *CYC and Inspirational Youth Ministry*
10. Biography - *Family Member*
11. Tribute by
    a. Widow
    b. Son
    c. Mom & Siblings
    d. Brothers-in-law
    e. Fidelity Bank
    f. Prempeh College Old Students Union
    g. Church
12. Song
13. Exhortation – Ps Gabriel Owusu
14. Altar Call / Prayers
15. Offertory – Conductor
16. Song By Bereaved Family
17. Prayer For Bereaved Family – *Rev. J. H. Ofosuhene*
18. Vote of Thanks – *Family Member*
19. Announcement – *Conductor/ Family Member*
20. Closing Prayer

Conductor – *Eld (Dr) Raphael Nicholas Mayeden*

PART TWO

1. Procession to Cemetery
2. Song
3. Prayer
4. Lowering of Casket
5. Committal – Pastor Gabriel Owusu
6. Prayer
7. Benediction



Biography

Mr Emmanuel Efa Frempong

5th November 1985 – 29th August 2026

Mr Emmanuel Efa Frempong was born on 5th November 1985 in Kumasi to the late Professor Emmanuel Frempong from Twenedurase, Kwahu, and his mother, Professor Mrs Margaret Frempong from Ejisu Krapa. As the second of four children and his parents' only son, he grew up alongside three sisters: Dr Mrs Margaret Antwi-Agyei, Dr Mrs Eunice Frempong Menkah and Dr Mrs Michelle Frempong Adu-Yeboah.



Education

Kay, as the family affectionately called him, began his education in 1989 at KNUST Nursery School and completed his Primary and Junior High School education at same.

He attended the renowned Prempeh College, Kumasi, for his Senior High School education from 2000 to 2003. In 2004, he gained admission to the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology (KNUST), where he earned a Bachelor of Science degree in Computer Science in 2008. He later pursued a Master of Science degree in Telecommunications Management at Ghana Telecom University College and KNUST (joint collaboration between the two schools) from 2011 to 2013.



EMMANUEL EFA FREMPONG



Career

Emmanuel began his career in Accra as a Support Engineer at Fairgreen Limited, where he worked for five years. He then joined First Atlantic Bank Ghana, serving as an Information Technology Officer from 2014 to 2016, and from 2016 to 2021 worked as a System Administrator with Energy Bank Ghana and First Atlantic Bank Ghana. For the last five years of his life, he served with Fidelity Bank Ghana in Accra as Enterprise Systems and Cloud Operations Engineer.

Over the years, he earned numerous professional licences and certifications, including in Cybersecurity, CompTIA, Microsoft Azure Fundamentals and ITIL Foundation (v3). Among colleagues, he was widely known as a “Digital Expert”.

His career was marked by selfless, committed service to his work and colleagues. He had a good sense of humour and excellent interpersonal skills, and his love, kindness and ready smile brightened the days of all who knew him.



Christian Life

Emmanuel was a devout Christian. In his early years, he worshipped with the Presbyterian Church of Ghana, Christ Congregation, KNUST, where he co-founded the church's youth choir, the Christ Youth Choir (CYC), and its media team. On campus, he served as an instrumentalist with the Inspirational Youth Choir, a singing ministry at KNUST.

When he moved to Accra, he lived with his Auntie, Mrs Rose Asante, and worshipped with her at the Kaneshie Presbyterian Church. In his final years, he moved to Dansoman and joined the Pentecost International Worship Centre (PIWC), Dansoman, where he played a key role in the media team. Efa loved the Lord and gave his best in service to God wherever he found himself.

Family

Emmanuel is survived by his wife, Mrs Alberta Elorm Frempong, whom he married in August 2025, and his son, Emmanuel Kwasi Frempong.

Final Days

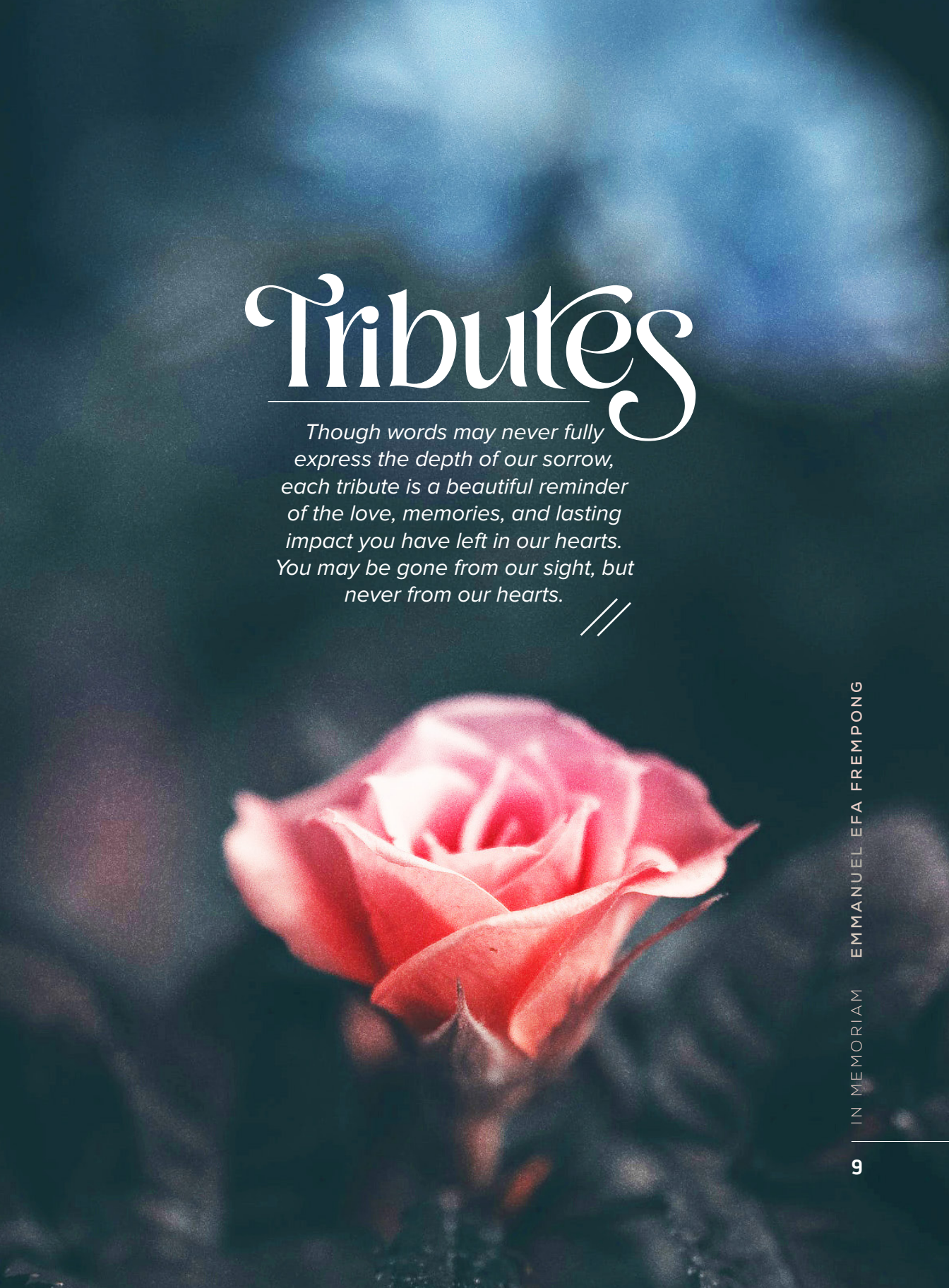
Emmanuel was briefly admitted to the North Ridge Hospital, Accra, for a mild ailment and was treated and discharged. Early the following morning, he complained of restlessness and was taken back to the hospital the following day, where he passed on to glory on 29th August 2026 at Ridge Hospital Emergency.

May his soul rest in perfect peace.


You left us far too soon, with dreams unfinished and a future full of promise. Your hardworking hands may be still, but the legacy of your dedication, kindness, and determination will live on in the hearts of all who knew you. Rest peacefully, dear young man; your time with us was brief, but your impact will never be forgotten.

Tributes

Though words may never fully express the depth of our sorrow, each tribute is a beautiful reminder of the love, memories, and lasting impact you have left in our hearts. You may be gone from our sight, but never from our hearts.





My beloved husband, you left too soon, taking a piece of my heart with you. Though you are gone, our love will live forever in my heart. Until we meet again, rest peacefully, my love.

EMMANUEL EFA FREMPONG

TRIBUTE BY

Wife

How do I begin to write about a man who became such a huge part of my life in such an unexpected way? How do I put into words a friendship, a love, a marriage and a lifetime of memories that, although only a few years long, feels like an entire lifetime? Kay and I met in 2022 at work. We started simply as work colleagues who became friends. And even that friendship started so casually from a mere, *"You don't check up on me if you don't need anything."* Little did I know that those words would be the beginning of one of the most beautiful relationships of my life.

Our friendship grew slowly, naturally and beautifully. In the early days, I told you countless times to stop coming to my office, and your response was always the same: *"You can't tell me what to do."* We would laugh about it every time. Looking back now, I realize that perhaps you were simply finding your way into my life. Teams messages turned into WhatsApp messages. WhatsApp turned into FaceTime. FaceTime turned into constant lunch breaks together. Before long, talking to you became part of my everyday life.

Kay was a very thoughtful man. You were slow to speak, but you were always listening. You had a way of making people feel heard and understood. Whenever I needed counsel, you were there, and your counsel was always filled with wisdom. You never had to say too much. Somehow, you always knew what to say. Then you became a constant member of our home every Sunday. You would always say that your Sundays were dedicated to me. Your gentle nature and your always-available spirit slowly won the hearts of my mum and my siblings. You became family long before we even realized just how deeply you had become part of us.

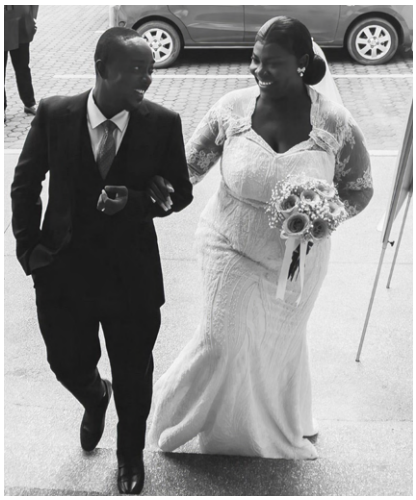
And Kay, you had so many names. To my dad, you were Odeneho. To my sisters, you became Efo, because Sally never saw the "A" in your "Efa" whenever you called me, and somehow that mistake became your permanent name. To Mama, you were Uncle Emma. And to me, you were my very own "grandfather," as I always teased you whenever I said you were 40. Little did I know that one day I would wish with everything in me that I could have had so many more years with you. I remember our conversations about commitment and relationships. You always told me, *"Marry your friend."* Ironically, that is exactly what we became. We did not start out wanting to be in a relationship. We were simply friends who could talk the whole day and still have more to say. Our friendship was effortless. You became the person I wanted to tell everything to, the person I could talk to about

absolutely anything. Even Sally would get jealous of you. She would say, *"You see Efo at work the whole day, and when you come home, you are still talking to him!"* And we would laugh about it. Somehow, without either of us planning it, friendship became love. And then you became my husband. My rich husband, as I always called you.

We went through so much together in those few years. Sometimes it feels as though we had known each other for decades rather than only a few years. We lived, laughed, talked, planned and dreamed together. We created memories that I will carry with me for the rest of my life. One of the memories that will forever remain with me is the time I was stuck in the hospital fighting for my life. You were there. You were there every day. You were one of the first people I would see and, most of the time, the last person I would see. You stayed. You showed up. You loved me through the fear, the uncertainty and the difficult days. And by the grace of God, I pulled through. I remember telling you after that health scare, *"Let's get married."* And all you said was, *"Sure."* No long speech. No hesitation. Then you asked, *"When can we go to Papa and tell him?"* That was Kay. Calm. Intentional. Certain. And then we said, "I do." Kay, you gave me one year of marriage that I will treasure for the rest of my life. One year of bliss. One year of laughter, companionship, friendship and love. One year that I wish I could stretch into forever. I will cherish every memory. I will cherish the conversations, the laughter, our Sundays, every lunch break, every FaceTime, every message, every little argument, every joke and every ordinary moment that I never knew would one day become precious memories.

You made our home warmer simply by being in it. You made my life softer simply by being you. You were intentional. You were gentle. You were calm. You were thoughtful. You were happy. And you loved me in a way that made me feel safe to simply be myself. But Kay, we were not done. We were not done touring the world. We had plans, my love. So many plans. Next year, we were supposed to travel with Kwasi. We had already talked about it, and there were still so many places saved waiting for us to visit. Our list was not finished. There were still countries to explore, beautiful places to wake up in, meals to share, pictures to take and stories to tell. There were still trips we had planned and spontaneous ones we had not even thought of yet. Sometimes I look at those saved places and wonder how I am supposed to look at them now. Because they were never just places on a list. They were our plans. They were pieces of the future we thought we had. I wish you had stayed long enough for us to tick every single one of them off. I wish we had more time to travel, more time to laugh, more time to sit beside each other in unfamiliar places and say, *"Can you believe we are actually here?"*

Kay, we were not done living. We were not done loving. We were not done making memories. And perhaps that is one of the hardest things for me to accept, knowing that there was still





so much life ahead of us that we had planned together. But I will hold on to those plans. I will hold on to the places we saved. I will hold on to the dreams we shared. Because, my Kay, our story may have been interrupted, but it will never be erased. You may not be here to take those journeys with me, but I will carry you in my heart through every place I visit, every beautiful sunset I see and every new memory I make. And maybe, one day, when I look at the world again, I will smile instead of cry and think, "Kay would have loved this." My husband, I still find it difficult to understand that you are no longer here. There are moments when I still expect to hear from you, to see you, to talk to you, to laugh with you. There are moments when I want to tell you something and then remember that I cannot simply pick up my phone and call you or walk into your office. But I know this: This is not goodbye, because you are still here. You live in my heart. You live in the hearts of my family. You live in the memories we created and in every story we will tell about you. You live in the laughter that will come whenever someone remembers one of your jokes or one of your many names. You live in the love you gave so freely. And you will always be my husband. Thank you for finding me in 2022. Thank you for becoming my friend, my safe place. Thank you for showing up for me and loving me. Thank you for giving me a beautiful friendship that grew into the greatest love story of my life. Thank you for the one year of marriage I will forever treasure. Thank you for making me your wife. I wish I had more time. I wish we had more conversations. I wish we had more years. I wish we had more journeys. I wish we had more memories to make. But I am grateful for the time God gave us. And until we meet again, I will carry you with me. I will remember you. I will speak of you. And I will always be grateful that, out of all the people in this world, I got to call you, my husband.

Rest gently, my love.

Your wife.





TRIBUTE BY

Mum

"The Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord".

(Job 1:21b)

My dear son,

It is said that 'Life begins at 40,' but for you, life ended at 40, three months before attaining the age of 41.

However, as the song by Mary McKee and The Genesis goes:

"Is not the number of days that you live,

Is the life you live and how much you give.

Is not the number of things that you know,

Is the one you follow as you go.....".

If I had the words, I would write them. If I had strength, I would stand and say them. But today my heart can only whisper — my son is gone and this is the will of God for me in Christ Jesus, so I say, 'Thank You, Lord.'

For almost 41 years, you made me a proud mother. Kay, you were a gentleman by all standards and much more mature than your age, unassuming and well composed. Kobby, you were friendly, generous, caring, loyal, and understanding. Emma, you were very hardworking and participated equally with your sisters in the household chores, including cooking. Kwabena, you had a good sense of humour and were endowed with the gift of wisdom. As such, since my husband and your



dad (Prof. Emmanuel Frempong) went to be with the Lord, you have been my greatest counsellor and, on some occasions, an arbitrator between me and your siblings. As my only boy, you were not just my son; you were my companion, my protector, my joy. Efa, from the day I carried you to the day you became a man, you never gave me much trouble. You have been a good son to me until the very end.

Emmanuel (God with us), you were my prayer partner on certain issues. Who will pray with me on those issues? Every mother prays for a child like you. Obedient, kind, respectful, and full of love. You never forgot your mother. Whether near or far, you always checked on me. Your voice on the phone, your visits, your care — those are the memories I will hold tight for the rest of my life.

We have been so close, you and I. You knew my heart, and I knew yours. You were my strength and my comfort. Losing you feels like losing a part of myself.

But I thank God for your life. 41 years was not long enough for me, but I thank God for every single year He gave you to me. You lived well.

You used the gifts and talents God gave you to serve Him well. You were the first to establish the media system at Christ Congregation, KNUST, PCG, and one of the foundation members of the Christ Youth Choir (CYC) in the church. You loved your family.

My heart is broken, but I take consolation in the fact that you are resting in the bosom of the Lord. I know you are in a better place.

Go well, my dear son. Go well, my only boy.

I will love you forever:

God be with you till we meet again;
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep in love enfold you;
God be with you till we meet again
Chorus
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

Song Composed by Richard A. Whiting and Lyricist Raymond B. Egan.

TRIBUTE BY

Sisters



Growing up with you is one of the greatest privileges we will always cherish. When we were very young, we fought as if there was a reward at stake, yet we were the best of friends too. As the only boy in the midst of sisters, you were our protector, friend, gist partner, and our backbone.

We can hardly forget the many times your strong will got you in trouble, resulting in you facing Daddy's interrogations and punishments; like the time you drove the car around the campus when you were just 13 years old, and Daddy caught you. Big Sis had to cover for you on many occasions. There were also the funny moments, like the day you dressed up like our little female cousin visiting us and managed to confuse our parents. For almost 10 minutes after they had returned from an outing and met you in disguise, they wondered how they never knew of this 'niece they were meeting for the first time. Your act was so convincing, it was hilarious.

You taught us the younger ones to ride bicycles, drive, wash the car when it got dirty, change car tires, and a lot more. I guess having 3 sisters could be overwhelming sometimes, especially when there were emergencies, so you taught us to be independent. When a situation called for your intervention, you first asked, 'What have you been able to do so far?' You then came in with help



and ensured that we would not have to carry any burden alone.

When we lost our father 10 years ago, we thought our world had ended. We were lost and empty. But you stepped up, wiped our tears, and held us together. You stepped into big shoes that were not your size and wore them so well. You became the father to us sisters and led us with so much love, so much wisdom, and so much sacrifice.

You called very frequently just to check up on us. Distance, marriage, and childbirth were never barriers limiting the expression of your love and care for us. You provided when we called, advised us, and prayed with us. You showed up for us when we were sick and weak. Our burdens became yours as yours became ours. You made sure we never felt fatherless and helpless.

One thing that was constant throughout the changing scenes of your life was your love for God and your dedication to the work of the ministry. You were a keyboardist, a singer, a part of the evangelism team, a counselor, and many more.

We take comfort in knowing that you are resting peacefully in the arms of the Lord. Goodnight, dear brother, until the resurrection morning when we meet to part no more.

Our hearts have a hole that can never be filled. We never imagined the end of this chapter so soon.

But even as we cry today, we thank God. We thank God for giving us 41 years with you. 41 years of pure love. Not every sister can boast of a brother like you. We are truly blessed.

Go well, our beloved. Go well, our hero, our king, our everything.

We will love you, we will miss you, we will carry you in our hearts forever, until we meet again on the other side.

Rest peacefully in the arms of the Lord.

Forever in our hearts,

Your Sisters.



EMMANUEL EFA FREMPONG



Tribute by

His Son



“Daddy, I love you more than anything.
Thank you for all the movie times, games and laughter.
You were my whole world and my best friend.
I promise to make you proud everyday.
Sleep well my sweet daddy.”



EMMANUEL EFA FREMPONG

Tribute by

His Nieces & Nephews

Dearest Uncle Kay,

Thank you for always coming to see us with plenty gifts!

Thank you for looking after us when mummy and daddy were not around.

Even far away, you called us on phone and never forgot our birthdays.

You loved us like your own children.

We miss you so much already.

We love you big big, Uncle Kay!



Tribute by

Brothers In-Law

It is with deep sorrow and a profound sense of loss that we, David, Elliot and Stephen, who had the privilege of marrying your three sisters, pay tribute to you today. You were far more than a brothers-in-law; you became a true brother, a friend, a confidant and someone we could always count on.

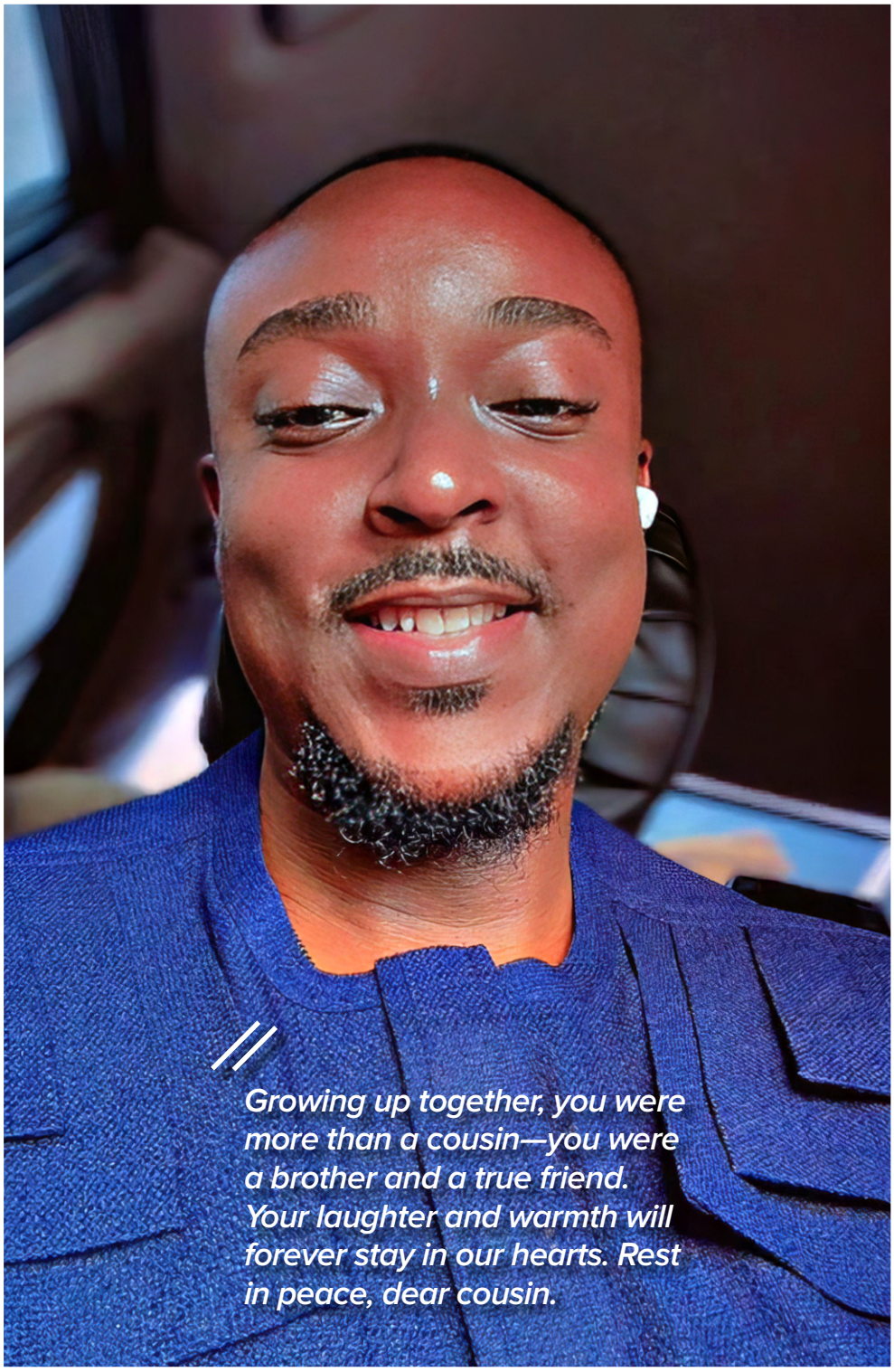
Over the years, we forged a special bond that transcended family ties, and we remain deeply grateful for the privilege of having shared life with you. Our relationship with you was enriched by many cherished experiences, shared interests and countless moments of laughter and meaningful conversations. Our shared professional background in Information Technology provided another avenue for connection, allowing us to exchange ideas, share experiences and learn from one another. These conversations and professional exchanges are now treasured memories that we will hold close to our hearts.

Beyond our professional connections, what stood out most was your unwavering love and commitment to the family. Your willingness to make yourself available to our children, especially when we were away or unable to be there, meant more than words can express. You were always ready to offer help, guidance, encouragement and support without waiting to be asked. Knowing that our children had someone as dependable and caring as you to turn to brought us immense comfort. Your generosity, selflessness and genuine concern for the well-being of the family were qualities that set you apart.

We will forever cherish the many ways you showed up for us. From welcoming us after trips abroad, ensuring we travelled safely, and opening your home to us whenever we visited Accra, to the conversations, laughter and dreams we shared, you made even the simplest moments special. Your warm smile, gentle spirit, wise counsel and caring heart made you a brother in every sense of the word. The dreams we shared for the future, including the hope of building something together professionally, will remain treasured reminders of the bond we enjoyed. Your sudden departure has left a deep and painful void in our lives and in the family. It is difficult to accept that someone who gave so much of himself to others is no longer physically with us. Yet, even in our grief, we find comfort in the knowledge that your life was meaningful, your kindness touched many hearts, and your legacy will continue through the lives you influenced.

Today, we mourn your passing, but we also celebrate the remarkable person you were and the beautiful memories you leave behind. We will miss your presence, your laughter, your counsel and the reassurance that came from knowing you were always there for us. Though our hearts are heavy, we are grateful for every moment we shared and for the privilege of calling you family. Dear brother, you came into our lives as a brother-in-law, but you left us as a brother.

Rest peacefully, dear KAY. Your place in our hearts can never be filled, and your memory will remain with us forever.


Growing up together, you were more than a cousin—you were a brother and a true friend. Your laughter and warmth will forever stay in our hearts. Rest in peace, dear cousin.

Tribute by Cousins

Joe Appiah (MBE)

Today, we come together with heavy hearts to remember and celebrate the life of my dear cousin, Kwabena. It is hard to find the words to express what it means to lose someone so young—someone who has always been part of our family, our memories and our lives.

Kwabena brought kindness, laughter and warmth into the lives of others. I left Ghana a few months before he was born. But whenever I returned to visit, we connected straight away and formed a special bond. As a child, he was fascinated by electronics and technology, so I was not surprised when he went on to build a career in computing. His work was also his passion, and he gave it extraordinary dedication. I often told him, "Bro, you work too hard." And he really did. He would work day and night, seven days a week, whenever a project needed to be completed. He did not often take time off, but whenever I was in Ghana, he always made time for us. We visited the beach, the malls and the market. Whenever he had a car, he drove me wherever I needed to go. He met me at the airport, and on many occasions, he welcomed me to stay in his home in Accra. When I bought a house there, Kwabena was the person I trusted to live in it and look after it for several years. Whenever I needed something done in Ghana—including help with my son Russell's university administration—I turned to Kwabena. He always seemed to have an answer or a solution. We spoke, or at least messaged, regularly. Our conversations were always positive and full of laughter, and we checked on each other to make sure we were coping with life's challenges.

I will always remember how special Kwabena made my visits to Ghana, especially my time in Accra. We both enjoyed good food and music, and we loved to dance. He would find us a lovely restaurant, or a bar playing great music, and we would eat well, laugh together and dance into the night. At the time, those moments may have seemed ordinary. Today, they feel precious. They remind me of the love we shared and of the unique place Kwabena will

always hold in my heart and in our family. Kwabena was my right-hand man.

One theme runs through all the cousins' tributes: Kwabena loved to dance. That love of dancing captured so much of who he was—the energy and joy he brought whenever we were together. When we remember him, I hope we will picture him smiling, moving to the music and enjoying life.

Our hearts are filled with sadness. But we can also be grateful—grateful that we knew Kwabena, grateful for the time we had together, and grateful for the memories that no loss can take away. His love and influence do not end with his passing. They live on in the stories we tell, the lessons we carry and the ways we care for one another.

To my dear cousin: thank you for the part you played in my life and in our family. You will be deeply missed, lovingly remembered and never forgotten. May you rest in peace. We will carry your kindness, your smile, your love and your legacy with us. And whenever the music plays, we will remember the joy you found in dancing.

Elaine Boakye

Rest peacefully, my dear cousin Kobby.

You were truly one of the sweetest, kindest gentlemen I have ever known. We caught up regularly, and no matter how much time had passed, it always felt like we were simply picking up where we left off. I will miss our conversations more than words can say.

Since you met my now-husband, Kwame, he too has had nothing but love for you. I still think about when you met in 2019 at Coco Lounge. You both had such a good time! Kwame always referred to you as a "cool guy" — and that you were. Always cool, calm and collected, with such a gentle spirit. You left a lasting impression on him, just as you did on everyone fortunate enough to know you.

The last time we spoke, we talked about how much Adina had grown and how we needed to have a video call soon. I keep asking myself, when will that be now? Who will keep me updated on life in Accra? When will we get to speak again?

My visits to Ghana will never be the same. Seeing you was always on my list, something I looked forward to every time I came home. Now, when I return, I will be visiting your resting place instead. This is not how I ever imagined things would be, and my heart struggles to accept it.

But God knows best, even when His plans are beyond our understanding. I hold on to my faith and trust that He will give us the strength to navigate this pain.

"He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds." — Psalm 147:3

Kobby, I don't know how long it will be until we speak again, but I know that you will always have a special place in my heart. Thank you for the love, the laughter, the conversations and the beautiful memories. You were a true gentleman, and your absence will be felt more than you could ever know.



You lived a life full of love and laughter. May the Almighty grant your soul eternal rest until we gather together again on resurrection morning.

Rest peacefully, my dear cousin. Until we meet again. May God keep you in His eternal care.

Eugene

Kwabena, Chale... Drop the Books and Come Play!

My earliest memory of Kwabena was visiting his house and seeing him and his sisters in their little library, busy reading instead of playing! Every time we locked eyes, I'd give him the Kevin-from-Home Alone raised eyebrows and cheeky smile, silently saying, "Bro, drop them books and come play, chale! Who are you studying for, to come last? Me? NEVER!"

Over 21 years later, we reunited at our cousin's wedding, finally reconnecting as grown men. I looked forward to more laughs and family link-ups, but sadly, life had other plans. I'm just grateful we found our way back to each other and finally got to share that dance.

Until we meet again, bro, save me a spot on that dance floor — and leave the books behind this time! Rest in perfect peace, Kwabena. One more dance awaits us.

Jadine

The fondest memory I have of Kwabena is of him being my dancing partner at Elaine's wedding. He had a smile and laugh that would light up the room.

Tribute by

The Jackson Siblings

Then I heard a voice from heaven saying to me,
"Write: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on.' "
"Yes," says the Spirit, "that they may rest from their labours, and their works follow them."

Revelation 14:13

Our families shared a special bond, nurtured by the friendship of our parents through their association at KNUST, Scripture Union and other social and religious circles. Over the years, that friendship grew into a family relationship, and Kwabena became a brother to us. We affectionately called him Kwabby Jay, a name that reflected the special place he held in our hearts.

We fondly remember our childhood days when we attended Sunday School, went to Scripture Union camps, visited each other's homes to play and enjoyed countless moments of fun and laughter. At Christmas, our parents would buy clothes for each other's children. Among us, Ebenezer shared a particularly close bond with Kwabby Jay. Although Kwabby Jay was a year older, the two were inseparable childhood friends who grew up more like twins. They even wore matching clothes on Sundays. These precious memories remain a testament to the unique bond we shared over the years.



Kwabby Jay, your sudden departure has left us in utter shock and profound sorrow. It is difficult to comprehend that your earthly journey has ended so soon.



We had hoped for many more years together, sharing in life's moments and making new memories, but God, in His infinite wisdom, has called you home.

Ten years ago, our dear father, Prof. Emmanuel Frempong, departed this world. Just as the family was preparing to commemorate the tenth anniversary of his passing, we have been struck by another painful loss. The timing of these two losses makes our grief particularly difficult to bear.

Yet, in the midst of our sorrow, we find comfort in the assurance that although our father, Emmanuel, and our brother, Emmanuel, are no longer with us, our God, Emmanuel, is still here with us and will never leave us nor forsake us. We may not understand why our dear brother had to depart so soon, but we trust in the sovereignty of God and believe His word that all things work together for good to those who love the Lord and are called according to His purpose. Though our hearts are broken, we hold firmly to the hope we have in Christ, knowing that death is gain for those who belong to Him.

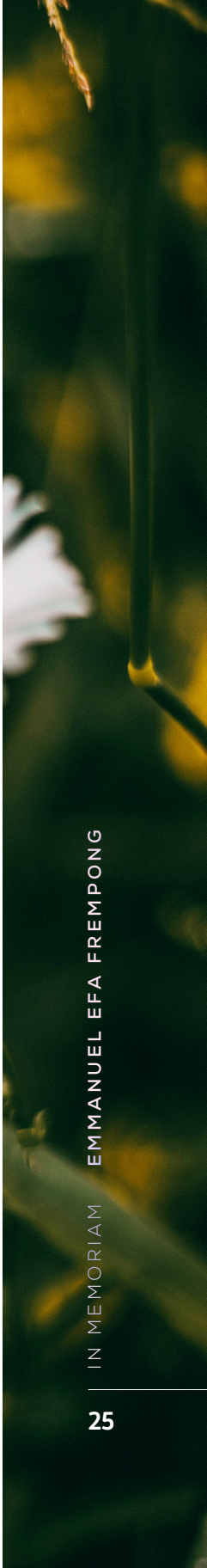
Kwabby Jay, your passing is also a solemn reminder to us all that life is fleeting and that we must live each day prepared to answer the call of our Creator. You have answered your call to eternity. For those of us who remain, may we faithfully serve our Creator so that we may be ready to answer Him whenever He calls us, both here on earth and into eternity.

Thank you, Kwabby Jay, for the friendship, love and beautiful memories you shared with our family over the years. We will forever cherish the special bond we shared, and the memories of you will remain close to our hearts. We will miss you dearly, yet we take comfort in the hope that, in Christ, what seems like an ending is only a transition, and that one day, we shall meet again.

Until that glorious reunion, rest well, our dear brother and friend. Rest well, Kwabby Jay. You will always remain in our hearts.

Forever loved, forever remembered.

Ebo, Jojo, Nora & Eben.



Tribute by

Pentecost International Worship Centre (PIWC) – Dansoman

"Just as we have borne the image of the man of dust, we shall also bear the image of the man of heaven. I tell you this, brothers: flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor does the perishable inherit the imperishable. Behold! I tell you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we shall be changed."

1 Corinthians 15:49–52

Today, we honour the life and memory of our dear brother, Emmanuel Efa Frempong, affectionately known as Emma—a loving husband, a gentle soul, a faithful companion and a willing servant in the house of God.

It is difficult to capture in words the kind of man Emma was, because his life spoke with quiet beauty. He carried himself with warmth, humility and kindness, and his gentle smile brought a sense of peace to those around him. One of the clearest expressions of his character was the deep love he had for his wife, Elorm. Wherever Elorm was, Emma was often close by. They were not only husband and wife, but true companions, friends and partners who shared life side by side. Their love was visible in the way they spoke to each other, cared for each other and expressed affection through simple gestures. Emma did not need grand displays to prove his devotion to God; his consistency, obedience to the word of God and willingness serve.

At choir rehearsals and meetings, Emma could often be found beside the wife, quietly supporting her and her ministry. His presence reflected a husband who believed in his wife's calling and was glad to stand with her. Brother Emma was a man who feared and honoured the Lord, not only in words but also through his faithful presence and generous giving. He made himself available for the work of God, attended church activities with devotion and supported the ministry

with his time, service and financial resources. His quiet commitment reflected a heart that valued the house of God and understood that everything he possessed was a gift to be used for the Lord's glory. Emma was also ready to serve whenever there was a need. During a rehearsal when no keyboardist was available, he quietly went behind the keyboard and began to play. In that simple act, he showed both his support and willingness to contribute to the work of God.

As a church we remember brother Emma as a faithful servant, a supportive partner, a dependable friend and a man who was willing to serve. Though quiet in his demeanour, the church felt his warmth in his contributions and service. To our sister, Elorm and the entire family, may you hold close the beautiful memories you shared with Emma. May you find comfort in knowing that his love was genuine, visible and deeply cherished. May the Lord draw near to you, strengthen you and grant you grace for every step ahead. Bro Emma, though your physical presence is deeply missed, the example of your devotion, service and gentle character will remain in the hearts of all who knew you at church. Rest peacefully, Brother Emma. With the hope of resurrection, we are certain that on the sound of the trumpet we shall meet in the presence of His glorious throne, and we shall sing halleluiah to His name.

EMMANUEL EFA FREMPONG



Tribute by

The Inspirational Youth Ministry Alumni

"The memory of the righteous is a blessing."

Proverbs 10:7

With hearts heavy with grief, yet overflowing with gratitude to God for the gift of his life, we, the Inspirational Youth Ministry Alumni, gather to honor and celebrate the life of our dearly beloved brother and friend, Kwabena Efa Frempong.

Kwabena was one of those rare souls whose presence brought warmth without demanding attention. He was unassuming, deeply affable, approachable, and possessed a sweetness of spirit that endeared him to everyone around him. His warmth was quiet, but unforgettable, and his gentle nature made it difficult to imagine him deliberately hurting anyone. To know Kwabena was to encounter a kind and beautiful soul.

Perhaps what we will remember most vividly is his infectious smile. It seemed to greet you even before his words did. Once Kwabena knew you, you could almost be certain that the next time he saw you, he would smile first. That smile brought comfort, ease and joy, and will remain one of the most cherished memories we carry of him.

We will also remember the little things that made Kwabena uniquely himself—his warm greetings, his approachable manner, and his cute stammer whenever he was trying earnestly to get his point across. These seemingly small moments have now become precious memories that we will treasure.

Kwabena was a man who gave of himself freely and selflessly. Whether playing the keyboard, offering his skills to the ministry, helping someone solve an IT problem, or simply being there when needed, he gave willingly and without expecting anything in return. Even when he was going through his own difficult moments, he continued to give his best to others. That generosity of spirit was simply part of who he was.

His passing has left a profound void in our fellowship. We will miss his smile, his gentle spirit, his warmth, his humility and his willingness to help. Yet, even in our sorrow, we are grateful for the time God gave us with him and for the

many lives he touched in his quiet and meaningful way.

Kwabena, you were a brother, a friend and a cherished part of the Inspirational Youth Ministry. Your life was a quiet testimony of kindness, humility and selflessness. Though our hearts are filled with tears, we hold on to the Christian hope that death is not the end and that, in God's perfect time, we shall meet again in the presence of our Lord.

Rest well, dear Kwabena. Rest well, Efa.

You will be sorely missed, but the warmth of your smile, the kindness of your heart, and the memories you have left with us will remain forever in our hearts.

Rest in perfect peace.

From all of us at the Inspirational Youth Ministry.

Tribute by

Christ Youth Choir, Christ Congregation, Presbyterian Church of Ghana (PCG), KNUST

Today, we gather to celebrate the life of a beloved brother, schoolmate, and friend — Emmanuel Kwabena Efa Frempong. From our childhood days, Emmanuel was a constant presence in our lives, a steady source of friendship and brotherhood that never wavered. In 2005, he brought his gifts to the Christ Youth Choir at Christ Congregation, Presbyterian Church, KNUST. As a devoted member of our instrumentalist team, Emmanuel took his place behind the keyboard, where his talent and passion for music forged a deep and lasting bond with his fellow musicians. Even after his journey took him to Accra, he remained tied to us in spirit, returning whenever he could to lend his gift during services in Kumasi. But Emmanuel was more than his music. His gentle, warm nature drew people to him effortlessly; he had a way of making everyone feel at ease and valued. Whenever he was in Kumasi, his presence at rehearsals and church programs was a gift we cherished — a reminder of the steady, reliable friend he had always been. Emmanuel, your melody may have gone silent, but the harmony you brought into our lives will never fade. Your legacy of service, friendship, and song remains etched forever in our hearts.

Rest well, our brother.

Tribute by

G5 Band

In Loving Memory of Emmanuel Kwabena Efa Frempong

Emmanuel Kwabena Efa Frempong — our own Kwabena — was a proud and much-loved member of G5 Band. The band grew out of the Christ Youth Choir (CYC) of the Christ Congregation, Presbyterian Church of Ghana, KNUST, where a handful of young people who sang together on Sundays discovered they could not stop making music the rest of the week. From that choir came G5: a group formed to organise and play at wedding receptions within the KNUST community. And from the very beginning, Kwabena was there behind the keyboard, giving every celebration its sound. Over the years, G5 has brought together many voices and talents — Stephen, Mishael, Ebo, Samuel, Emma, Okoro, Bull-Dee, and others too many to name — singers and instrumentalists alike.

Members came and went as studies, work and life moved people on, but through it all Kwabena remained one of the familiar faces the band was built around. What started as a shared love for music grew, without anyone really planning it, into a bond that felt more like family than friendship. In any band, the keyboard is the instrument that holds everything together — it sets the key, fills the gaps, carries the harmony and lifts the singers when their voices tire. That was Kwabena's place in G5, and he filled it well. When he was at the keys, the rest of us could relax, knowing the music was in safe hands. Newly weds made their grand entrance, guests rose to dance, and celebrations came alive — and so often, the sound that carried those moments came from his fingers. His commitment to the squad went well beyond the music.

Kwabena sometimes put his own car to the service of the band, transporting members to and from programmes — picking people up, dropping them off after long evenings, making sure no one was left stranded. He never made a fuss about it; it was simply who he was. Those rides, full of chatter, jokes and post-gig analysis, are among the memories we hold most dearly. We were young, and we were not in it for the money. Whatever G5 earned from playing at wedding receptions was spent the way young people with a little cash and a lot of friendship would spend it — on having fun together. On one memorable occasion, we even pooled our proceeds to treat ourselves to an all-you-can-eat buffet at the Golden Tulip Hotel (now the Lancaster Hotel) in Kumasi — a feast we talked about for a long time afterwards. Outings, food, laughter and long hours in each other's company: that was the true reward of every gig, and Kwabena was always at the heart of it.

Above all, he brought joy. Rehearsals were lighter with him around, gigs were more enjoyable, and being in

his company simply felt good. He was easy to work with, generous with his time, and quick with a laugh. Having Kwabena Frempong as a bandmate was a pleasure. Calling him a brother was an honour. Kwabena, the band will keep playing, but it will never sound quite the same without you at the keys. Thank you for the music, the rides, the laughter and the brotherhood. Rest well, our brother and bandmate, until we meet again.



G5 Band Christ Youth Choir (CYC), Christ Congregation, Presbyterian Church of Ghana, KNUST

Tribute by

Fairgreen

Shocked, still in disbelief. Captured in a state of daydreaming, we still cannot believe that a wonderful person is gone. It could have been someone else or a mistaken identity but not EF. It's hard and too painful to take in. You always saw the positive in everything, always kind and ready to give a helping hand. Oh Efa!

Your presence was always felt at work because you made sure to visit every single office before you settled down for the day. That special good morning was always heartwarming, and it set the tone for all of us.

Emmanuel Efa Frempong gave his best to every problem that landed on his desk. As a Support Engineer at Fairgreen Limited, he was the steady hand people turned to when systems faltered and patience ran thin; calm under pressure, generous with his time, and relentless about solving the issue rather than just closing the ticket.

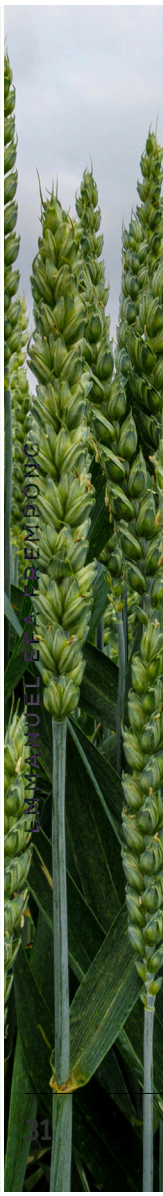
Colleagues who worked alongside Emmanuel remember him for his reliability and his constant dedication to getting things right. He brought a rare mix of technical skill and genuine care for the people he supported, treating every request, whether big or small, with rapt attention.

Your words and phrases will always stay with us. Things like "Masa!! Obroni enpɛ brɛ, so if you are struggling, then you are not doing it right". Again you would say "Sorry na wontumi enka anaa". or "me pa wo kyew kakraa wobe ka nso na wobrɛ no".

Emmanuel's contributions leave a lasting mark on the team and the culture he helped build. Thank you, Emmanuel, for your hard work, your integrity, and the example you set. It was really a pleasant time knowing and working with you.

EF, your demise has taught us to "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Matthew 24:42.

Rest well, EF.



Tribute by

Fidelity Bank Ghana Limited

"He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death' or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away."

——Revelation 21:4 NIV

It is with profound sadness and heavy hearts that we pay tribute to Emmanuel Efa Frempong, affectionately known to many as "Bra Emma," "Bra Efa," "Mr. Efa," or simply "Frempong."

Emmanuel joined Fidelity Bank Ghana Limited in April 2021 as an IT Infrastructure Analyst. Through his expertise, dedication, and consistent performance, he progressed within the Bank to serve as an Enterprise Systems and Cloud Operations Engineer within the Infrastructure Unit of the Information Technology Department. He served in this role with distinction, professionalism, and unwavering commitment until his untimely passing on 29th August 2026.

Throughout his career, Emmanuel earned the respect and admiration of colleagues and stakeholders alike for his technical competence, reliability, professionalism, and willingness to support others. His passing is a profound loss to Fidelity Bank, his family, friends, and everyone who had the privilege of knowing and working with him.

He will be remembered not only for his invaluable contributions and commitment to excellence but also for the lasting impact he made on the lives of those around him.

Emmanuel was far more than a colleague. He was a dependable friend, a trusted professional, a mentor, a problem-solver, and a source of warmth and positivity to everyone he encountered.

For many of us, Emmanuel was the heart of the Infrastructure Team. More often than not, he was the first person you would see when you walked into the office. Before you could even explain why you had come, you would be greeted with his infectious smile and warm welcome. That smile had a remarkable way of making even the busiest or most difficult day feel lighter.

One of Emmanuel's greatest qualities was his ability to make people feel

valued. Whether you were a long-serving colleague, a young professional finding your feet, or a National Service Person taking your first steps into the world of work, Emmanuel treated everyone with the same respect, patience, kindness, and genuine warmth. He never made anyone feel insignificant, unwelcome, or a burden.

One of the things we will remember most about Emmanuel was his willingness to help others.

Whenever a staff member encountered an IT challenge, Emmanuel was someone you could always count on. He took genuine delight in solving problems and, more importantly, never made people feel inadequate simply because they did not understand technology.

He possessed a rare ability to take complex technical concepts and explain them in simple, practical, and understandable language. With patience and humility, he would explain things repeatedly until the person fully understood. He did not merely resolve issues; he empowered people through knowledge and understanding.

In the performance of his duties, Emmanuel was patient, diligent, professional, meticulous, and exceptionally detail-oriented. He approached every responsibility with pride, dedication, and a strong sense of ownership. He was the kind of professional who could always be trusted to get the job done and to get it done well.

His contribution to the Infrastructure Unit and the Technology Department cannot be measured simply by the systems he maintained, the projects he supported, or the technical issues he resolved.

Emmanuel was instrumental to the success of the team. His knowledge, reliability, work ethic, willingness to assist, and commitment to excellence made a lasting difference in the workplace and in the lives of his colleagues.

Yet beyond the systems, servers, cloud platforms, networks, and technologies he expertly managed, Emmanuel was the human connection within the team.

He brought kindness into the workplace.

He brought laughter into stressful moments.

He brought calm when challenges seemed overwhelming.

And he brought a sense of belonging to everyone around him.

That is why his passing is felt so deeply.

We are not only mourning a highly skilled professional; we are mourning a brother, a friend, a colleague, and a genuinely good human being.

The office will never feel quite the same without you, Emma.

We will miss seeing you at the entrance.

We will miss your infectious smile.

We will miss hearing your familiar question, “What is the problem?” whenever someone needed help.

We will miss your patience when explaining complicated technical issues.

We will miss your readiness to assist, even when you had demanding responsibilities of your own.

We will miss your dedication, your professionalism, your work ethic, and your extraordinary ability to make people feel welcome.

Most of all, we will miss Emmanuel, the person behind the professional.

Though your time with us was far too short, the impact you made will remain with us for years to come. The knowledge you shared, the people you mentored, the problems you solved, the smiles you inspired, and the lives you touched have become part of the enduring legacy you leave behind.

As we struggle to accept that we will no longer see you walking through our doors, hear your voice, or receive that familiar warm smile, we find comfort in knowing that you gave your very best to the people and the institution you served.

Bra Emma., Bra Efa., Mr. Efa., Frempong.

Your name will not be forgotten.

Thank you for your service.

Thank you for your friendship.

Thank you for your patience.

Thank you for your kindness.

Thank you for every problem you solved and every person you helped.

Thank you for the countless moments when your presence made our workplace a better place.

Though we may never fully understand why you had to leave so soon, we remain grateful for the privilege of having walked this journey with you.

You were a blessing to us all.

Rest peacefully, Emmanuel Efa Frempong.

Your work here is done, but your impact lives on.

You will forever remain a cherished member of the Fidelity Bank Ghana Limited family.

Rest well, Bra Emma.

Damirifa Due.

You joined us as a colleague, yet you became a brother to many. You left a legacy that will continue to inspire us for generations to come.

You will be deeply missed, lovingly remembered, and never forgotten.

May your soul rest in perfect peace.

Those we love never truly leave us. They live on in the kindness they shared, the lives they touched, and the memories they leave behind.

Tribute by

2003 Year Group of Prempeh College Old Students

It's been barely three months since we laid another of our mates to rest and we had hoped that would have been the last in a long while for us. Alas, here we are – death has done its thing again and we have no tears left. We arrived on the hallowed ground of Prempeh College in January 2001 from far and near, not knowing how bonded we soon were to be. Amongst us was the young Emmanuel Efa Frempong, whom everyone called by his middle name. He was probably one of the smallest amongst us at the time, but he had a personal "bodyguard" and best friend in the giant Danny Hammond so we quickly realized he was not to be messed with, although Efa himself proved to have his own defenses.

Then came Mr. Twene Mensah (a.k.a T-Mens | SSNIT), the Mathematics teacher for Science 3 class, and an Amanfoo himself. He took to Efa almost immediately so no class would end without him beckoning Efa to answer a question "Senior Efa, on the boardt please." [with emphasis on mysterious tees e.g. lent x brest]. Thus, it came to be that long before we became Seniors, our friend and mate was always referred to as Snr Efa! Efa was a walking epitome of debonair – very well-behaved, never to be seen unkempt or disheveled. He was well-known and one would wonder for which reasons – his affable and humble nature, or maybe just because so many of his mates, seniors and eventually juniors from JSS were admitted to Prempeh College. It is undeniable that Efa was loved by all and the news of his passing hit us really hard.

Efa, we will miss your presence and soft voice at our meetings and functions, and the many banters on any and everything, including soft pillows. For the Guggisberg housemates, you were a friend that could be relied on. We are truly heartbroken by your demise and can only imagine the pain of your family. We pray the Lord comforts us all as we look forward to the day of Resurrection.

Rest in peace Senior Efa.

Tribute by

Algebra Capital Management Ltd.

It is with profound sadness and a deep sense of loss that we, at Algebra Capital Management Ltd, pay tribute to the memory of our dear colleague, Emmanuel Efa Frempong, whose passing has left a void in our organisation.

Emmanuel joined Algebra in 2015 as our Technical and IT Consultant. Over the years, he became an integral part of the Algebra family, providing invaluable technical support and contributing significantly to the smooth running of our operations. Although much of his work was carried out behind the scenes, its impact was felt across the organisation, making him an indispensable part of our daily activities.

Emmanuel was hardworking, dedicated, dependable, and always ready to assist. He approached his responsibilities with a strong sense of commitment and urgency, responding promptly whenever technical challenges arose. Whether resolving system issues, addressing IT-related concerns, or ensuring that our technology infrastructure continued to function effectively, he consistently demonstrated professionalism, patience, and a willingness to help.

For many of us, Emmanuel was the trusted person we turned to whenever our systems encountered difficulties or technical assistance was required. He understood the importance of keeping our operations running smoothly and worked diligently to ensure that disruptions were addressed with minimal delay. His contribution was a quiet but essential one, and the reliability of our day-to-day operations was, in many ways, a testament to his dedication and expertise.

Beyond his professional responsibilities, Emmanuel was a valued colleague whose years of service fostered relationships, shared experiences, and lasting memories. His presence became a familiar and reassuring part of our working environment. Through his service and interactions with colleagues, he became woven into the fabric of our organisation. His absence will be deeply felt, not only because of the work he did but also because of the place he occupied in the lives of those who worked with him.

As we reflect on the years Emmanuel spent with us, we are grateful for his dedication, the knowledge he shared,

the challenges he helped us overcome, and the many ways in which he supported the growth and continuity of our organisation. While we had hoped to share many more years with him, we take comfort in knowing that his contributions have left a lasting impression on Algebra and on the colleagues whose working lives he touched.

His passing reminds us of the fragility of life and the importance of appreciating the people who journey with us. We mourn the loss of a colleague whose service spanned more than a decade, and we are saddened that his time with us has come to such a premature end. Though we can no longer look forward to his assistance, hear his familiar voice, or benefit from his technical expertise, we will continue to cherish the memories of his service and the difference he made.

Emmanuel, thank you for your dedication, your dependability, your willingness to help, and the invaluable role you played in supporting our organisation. Your service will remain an important part of our history, and your memory will live on in the hearts of those who had the privilege of working with you.

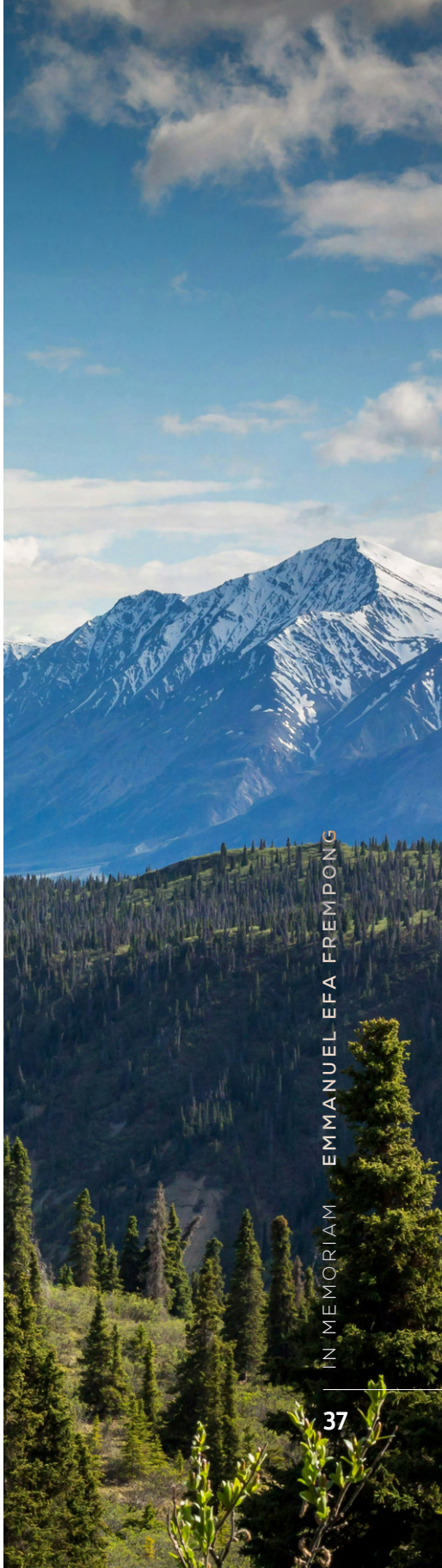
Though your time with us has ended, the legacy of your service remains. You came, you served faithfully, and you made a difference. For this, we are grateful, and for this, you will always be remembered.

On behalf of the management and staff of Algebra Capital Management Ltd., we extend our heartfelt condolences to Emmanuel's family, loved ones, friends, and all who are grieving his loss. We pray that the Almighty God will grant them strength, comfort, and peace in this difficult season, and that the cherished memories of Emmanuel will bring them consolation in the days ahead.

Rest peacefully, Emmanuel.

May the Lord grant you eternal rest, and may your gentle soul rest in perfect peace.

From the Management and Staff of Algebra Capital Management Ltd.





Hymns

PHB 557
YESU ME GYEFO NE WO

Ɛpo as'rɔkye rebɔ, na asɔre wɔ me so
Fa me sie m'Agyenkwa, kosi sɛ egyae huru
Hwɛ me so wɔ m'asetena m', na sɛ to twa a, gye me kra.
Wo nko so na m'ani da, Wo nko ne me Boafo
Mesrɛ Wo sɛ nnyaw me nko, kata m'adagyaw no so
Gyigye me kyerɛ me kwan, fa me sie Wo nwini mu.

AKWANTU BI WƆ HƆ

1. Akwantu bi wɔ hɔ a yebetu
Ɛnyɛ wiase ha akwantu no bi,
Soro hɔ akwantu na yɛretwɛn,
Anigye bɛn na saa da no bɛyɛ!

2. Sɛ sum hyɛ kabii ma apranaa bobom,
Ma Kristo mu awufo sɔre kan,
Na sɛ yɛne wɔn bom kɔhyia Kristo a,
Anigye bɛn na saa da no bɛyɛ

3. Anigye na yɛde betu kwan no,
Ahurusi na yɛde behyia Kristo
Gyedifo nyinaa bɛbom anantew,
Anigye bɛn na saa da no bɛyɛ

4. Yɛbehu yɛn ho anim ne anim
Bere a yebehyia wɔ ahengua no anim,
Na sɛ ahotewfo nyinaa bom tena a,
Anigye bɛn na saa da no bɛyɛ

5. Yɛwɔ dwom foforo bi a yɛbɛto,
Soro abɔfo mpo renntumi nnte ase
Yɛn nkunimdi ho dwom na yɛbɛto,
Anigye bɛn na saa da no bɛyɛ

WƆBƐHWIM YƐN AFA MUNUNKUM YI MU

Wɔbɛhwim yɛn afa mununkum yi mu
Akɔ yɛn Agya nkyɛn wɔ soro hɔnom
Yɛn akoma bɛtɔ yɛn yam
Wɔbɛma yɛn akwaaba
Yɛn akoma bɛtɔ yɛn yam
Wɔbɛma yɛn Akwaaba

WIASE AMANE NO DƆƆSO

Wiase amane no dɔɔso
Ɔhaw, aperepere ne nyarewa
Owuo twa so ma wɔn a
wɔ-ahu Yesu Kristo no (x2)
Refrain
Kristo bɛma yɛ'aho-me
Na ɔbɛdwodwo yɛn kra daa nyinaa
2. Akɔneaba bebree yi mu
Ahodwan ne ahokyere yi mu
Awie-ɛ, nea ɛhia ne sɛ:
wobehu Kristo anim (x2) [Refrain]

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

1. When peace like a river attendeth my way When sorrows like sea billows roll Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say It is well, it is well with my soul

Refrain
It is well (it is well) with my soul (with my soul) It is well, it is well with my soul

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come Let this blest assurance control That Christ has regarded my helpless estate and has shed His own blood for my soul [Refrain]

3. My sin, O the bliss of this glorious thought My sin, not in part, but the whole Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul [Refrain]

4. And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight The clouds be rolled back as a scroll The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend Even so, it is well with my soul [Refrain]

MHB 896
NOW PRAISE WE GREAT AND FAMOUS MEN

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 built homes of beauty, And, rich in art, made richer still the brotherhood of duty.

5. 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.

NOW THE LABORER'S TASK IS O'ER

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

Refrain:

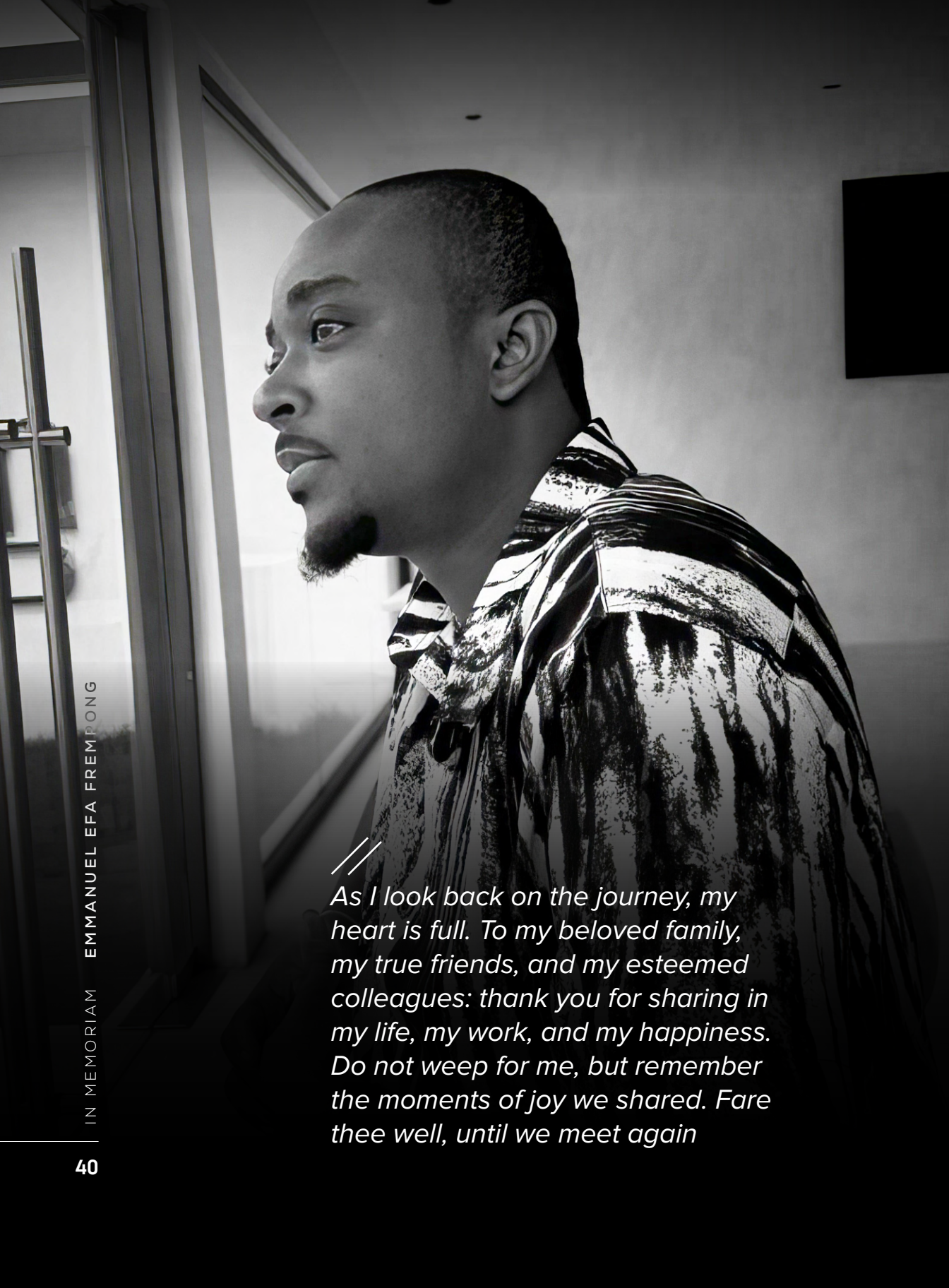
Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.
A-men.

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. [Refrain]

3. There the penitents, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At his feet in Paradise. [Refrain]

4. 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving him to sleep, in trust,
Till the resurrection-day. [Refrain]

5. 'Till the sea gives up its dead,'
Calmly now the words we say,
Laid in ocean's quiet bed
Till the resurrection-day [Refrain]



As I look back on the journey, my heart is full. To my beloved family, my true friends, and my esteemed colleagues: thank you for sharing in my life, my work, and my happiness. Do not weep for me, but remember the moments of joy we shared. Fare thee well, until we meet again

APPRECIATION

We gladly and humbly express our heartfelt gratitude to all who in diverse ways, tangible and intangible, joined us to celebrate the life of our beloved

Emmanuel Efa Frempong

May our God who remains the only true source of life, health, wealth and lasting legacies bless you richly in every area of your lives.

Amen

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