

**BURIAL, MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE
FOR THE LATE**



AGED
84

Kwame Nda
NYAMEKE KAKU

E

Esther
QUACOE

AGED
82





Memorial, Burial &
Thanksgiving Service of the late

Kwame Nda
NYAMEKE KAKU



Esther
QUACOE



Officiating Clergy

1. Rt. Rev. Emmanuel K. Ansah (Bishop of Sekondi Diocese)
2. Very Rev. Stephen B. Mensah (Superintendent Minister, Esiama Circuit)
3. Rev. Abekah – Circuit Minister, Aiyinase
4. Rev. Biney (Kikam)
5. Rev. Eyia Mensah – Anaji Namibia Society
6. Rev. Bright Yankey (Asasetre)

IN ATTENDANCE

1. Monica Ngesah – Society Steward
2. Enock Donkor – Society Steward

ORGANIST

1. Godfred Yankey
2. Wesley Methodist Cathedral Choir
3. Wesley Methodist Singing Band
4. Wesleyan Praise

PART 1 – PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. Procession
2. Opening Hymn – MHB
3. Hymns – MHB 428
4. Filing Past Hymns - MHB 515
5. Tributes
6. Covering of Casket
7. Songs - Choir/Singing Band

PART 2 BURIAL SERVICE

1. Call to worship
2. Hymn - MHB 427- 139
3. Prayers
4. Hymn - MHB 528 / 172
5. Biography
6. Tributes
7. Poem
8. Scripture Reading
9. Hymn - MHB 215 / 203
10. Sermon
11. Apostle's Creed
12. Offertory

THANKSGIVING

1. Hymn - MHB 679 / 227
2. Service of Commemoration and Commendation
3. Concluding Prayers and the Lord's Prayer

AT THE GRAVE SIDE

1. Hymn - MHB 486
2. Committal
3. Prayers
4. Vote of thanks
5. Hymn - MHB 324
6. Benediction

MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE

1. Vote of thanks
2. Closing Hymn – MHB 679
3. Benediction
4. Recession

Biography

OF MR. K.N.N. KAKU AND MADAM ESTHER QUAICOE

Mr. K.N.N. Kaku was born on 1940 and Madam Esther was also born on 1942.

They were both born to Mr. Amos Quaicoe and Madam Florence Ainooson all of blessed memory. Both had their elementary education in Axim. Madam Esther Quaicoe attended Nsein Secondary School and rose through the educational system to become a teacher whilst Mr. K. N. N. Kaku also rose through the educational system to become a bursar. Rising through the ranks, he later become a Senior Accountant and upon retirement, spent the rest of his life in Takoradi.

Madam Esther Quaicoe on the other hand, had to attend to her grand and great grandchildren. She shuttled between Aiyinasi and Takoradi as a result of family errands.

In November, 2024, Mr. Kaku fell ill and was hospitalized he was later discharged and came home to continue treatment just around that time Madam Esther Quaicoe had also been hospitalized, first at Ekwei Hospital and later a the Axim hospital.

On the 19th of November, 2024, news broke that Madam Esther Quaicoe had joined her ancestors.

This sad news had barely settled down when it was learnt that Mr. K. N. N. Kaku had also passed on.

Egya Ndabia, Raala Manie
Nyamele efa be ekela esie boe





Tribute by
CHILDREN TO K.N.N. KAKU

"This world is not our home; we are just passing through. Our treasures are laid down somewhere beyond the blue."

Dad, you were truly a treasure, and we know our good Lord has already laid your beautiful treasures down. There is no way we can capture who our father was on paper because it was a relationship that extended infinitely into the horizon. He wasn't just a father but also a family man, a friend, a special human being, affectionate, devoted, astute ... the list goes on. His love was a pillar throughout the years.

There is a finality about death that can never be understood. It leaves behind pain, emptiness, and a deep sense of loss. Death once again has taken away a beautiful soul from us.

Dad, we can't believe you are gone. We keep pinching ourselves in the hope that this is just a nightmare, and we will eventually wake up from it,

but alas, the painful reality is that your mortal life has ended.

Our hearts are bleeding, our tears cannot be dried, and we cannot be consoled. The two eyes that always lit up our world are now shut for good. Is this the same energetic 'Kangaroo' lying motionless before us? Death, you are indeed merciless! Where do we go from here? How do we fill the void that has been created? Who do we turn to when we reach our crossroads in life? "Yee!!

Egya papa ho y3 na atse".

When our mum was called to eternity 30 years ago, amidst our grief and pain, we took solace in the fact that Dad was with us. Now, see what death has done to us again. We prayed, cried, and begged God for your life to be spared, but it was not meant to be. This good man, this people's father, this man filled with grace, wisdom, prayerful, humility personified, has been cruelly taken from us. Here lies a man who loved everyone with all his being.

Dad! In every laugh, in every tear, in every spare

moment, you have been our rock, hero, prayer warrior, counselor, and comforter. How can we forget your calls to check on us, your blessings on our birthdays and other festive occasions? You taught us that true strength lies in kindness, that real courage is facing life with a smile, and that the greatest gift we can give is our unconditional love.

Fire! You are the Dad we always wanted, and if given a chance, we would choose you over and over again. Your love has shaped us. Although words can never fully express the depth of our gratitude and love for you, we hope you feel it in every hug, every smile, and every moment we have shared. Dad, thank you for being the most extraordinary father, mentor, and friend. Our hearts are heavy with sadness, but we have faith in the good Lord and hope that we will meet again.

Dad, your children bid you farewell.

May the good Lord keep you safe in his bosom until we meet to part no more.

Demirifa Due! Due! Due na amandzehu!!!





Tribute by
CHILDREN TO
MADAM ESTHER QUACOE

Grief is like the ocean; it comes in waves, ebbing and flowing. Sometimes the water is calm and sometimes it is overwhelming. All we can do is learn to swim. Vicki Harrison

Mama Esther, as we affectionately called you, we cannot ask God why you must leave us behind. We know if you were given the choice, you would have preferred to stay with us a little longer. We have come to understand that departing this world is just a transition to your next world and part of human life, therefore we are comforted that this is not the end.

You instilled in us good values and principles to guide us in our life choices and decisions which we assure you, will be passed on to the next generation.

Mama Esther, your death has really deprived us of your motherly love. Though we knew one day it will come to this, the day you left was not expected. We miss being able to call on you any time especially after work and engage you in conversations about anything. There was nothing that you wouldn't do for us and nothing we wouldn't do for you. We always wish you were still here to share laughs and even disagree on issues.

Your maker knows best and has called you home. Today, as we celebrate your life on earth knowing that you are at home where there is no pain, a home where there is peace, beauty and tranquillity. Mum, don't worry about us for you have taught us the route to happiness and living so all will be well.

Even though our hearts are filled with grief, we give thanks to God for giving you to us and now with utmost respect and gratitude, it is time to say goodbye. Let the angels take thee to rest. We miss you already and you'll forever be in our hearts.

For none of us lives to himself, and none of us dies to himself.

For if we live, we live to the Lord. So then, whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's" (Romans 14:7-8)

May the good Lord keep you safe in His bosom until the last day of the resurrection.

Da yie, mother, Dayie. Amen



Tribute by

**CHILDREN TO K.N.N. KAKU
AND MADAM ESTHER QUACO**



The scripture whispers comfort in our ears “He who dwells in the shelter of the most high will rest in the shadow of the almighty” (Psalm 91:1)

Our words of appreciation and recall of wonderful memories cannot fully capture the caliber of the man we were privileged to call Grandpa. From we the grandchildren, Grandpa was not only a remarkable man but also a confidant and motivator. He consistently encouraged us to strive for excellence, resulting in countless cherished memories.

As we grew, Grandpa remained a constant presence, ensuring we stayed focused on our studies while also making time for fun. We fondly recall the holidays we spent with us. Grandpa was more than just entertainment; he was a wellspring of wisdom, patiently imparting life lessons that continue to guide us today. He taught us invaluable lessons that

have shaped who we are and will continue to shape who we become.

Grandpa, your unwavering financial and emotional support for our education has made a profound impact on our lives. Your passing leaves an unbearable void, but we find solace in the knowledge that you are now in the loving embrace of God Almighty.

Grandpa, words cannot express our gratitude for having you as our grandpa. As you bask in divine presence, please know that our prayers and love accompany you.

We love you so much, Grandpa. Your spirit lives on in our hearts, guiding and comforting us on our journey. Rest well until we meet again.

“Nyame mfa wo kra nsie yie, Grandpa.”



Tribute by
GRANDCHILDREN

Auntie Esther, as we lovely called her was our bed rock in life. She made sure that she provided for all of our needs, loved and cared for us very well. She taught us how important to always have a focus in life. Her desire, tenacity and perseverance in life were self-motivating to us. She made us aware that life can be difficult but you don't quit when you are faced with the difficulties of life. She taught us that sometime things of this life may not necessarily go our way, but when things get difficult, we should not forget that God is always there to care for us. Auntie Esther, so many images come to our mind whenever we mention your name. it seems without you in our life things would never be the same.

Nana Manea, what happened to those lazy days when we were children and our life was consumed in your love and in your breath catching (beautiful) smiles? What happened to all those times when we always happened to all those times when we always

looked to you; no matter what happened in our life you could make our grey skies blue.

Auntie Esther, someday we hear your voices and turn to see you face; yet in our tuning...it seems the sound has been erased. Auntie Esther, who will 'I' Abi turn to for answers when life does not make sense; who will be there to hold us close when the pieces just don't fit.

Oh, Anti Esther, if we could turn back time and once more hear your voice; we would tell you that out of all the grandma, you will still be our choice. Please always know we love you and no one can take your place; years may come and go, but your memory will never be erased. Lord Jesus, may you continue to extend your grace and mercy that supersedes all understanding to her, this day and forever more.

Auntie Esther, may your soul rest in perfect peace with the Lord.

Until we meet again, we love you

ESTHER



Tribute by

**BROTHERS AND SISTERS TO
K.N.N. KAKU & MADAM ESTHER QUAICOE**



When Peace like a river attendant my way, when sorrows like sea billow roll whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say it is well, it is well with my soul with my soul.

Everything that happens in this world happens at the time God chooses. He set the time for birth and death
Eccl 3:1-2

Brother, how do we write a befitting Tribute to you for everyone gathered here on this solemn occasion to salute and bid you farewell. One thing that comes into our mind is that you were blessed a great brother a hero and above all God-fearing brother. You served us from the depth of your heart and you indeed left foot prints worthy of emulation.

Today as we bid you farewell in your journey to your

creator, we know that your worth cannot be replaced because your deep love and concern for us went beyond excellent.

Brother, you have really fought a good fight you have finished the race and you have kept the faith.

You were truly inspiring; you have left profound memories in our hearts and in the hearts of those who were fortunate to have met you.

Fare thee well Bro.

Da yie, Da yie Nyame Nfa wokra nsie yie

Till we meet again on the resurrection day Amen.



Tribute by

MR. ALBERT KRAMPAH TO THE LATE QUAICOE



I met the late Quaicoe in Brong Ahafo precisely at Dorma Ahenkro Secondary School when I was also posted to Sunyani Secondary School as a Bursar in the early 70s.

It was here that we became friends and brothers. We started visiting each other almost every weekend. With ears of acquaintance with Mr. Quaicoe, I found him to be affable, kind, reliable and sympathetic.

Through him I got to know his brothers and sisters of which some of them are here to mourn his demise.

Later on, I was transferred to Kumasi High School and he was also transferred to Berekum Training College.

I lost contact with him for sometime till we met again at Ajumako School of Languages where we both retired.

As fate will have it, we met again in Takoradi. He was among the retired Bursars and Domestic Bursars who initiated the formation of Association of Retired Bursars and

Domestic Bursars in the Central Region. He was an active member until old age caught up with him.

We continued our friendship until recently when his brother broke the news of his demise to me. I have indeed lost a friend and a brother.

I pray that the Most High God grants you eternal rest.

Da Yie, Da Yie, Da Yie

Dofu Pa Quaicoe

Amen



Photos



MHB 428

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

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

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

4 The LORD hath eyes to give the blind;
the LORD supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
the widow and the fatherless,
and grants the pris'ner glad release.

5 He loves His saints, He knows them
well,
but turns the wicked down to hell;
thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
let every tongue, let every age,
in this exalted work engage;

praise Him in everlasting strains.

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

MHB 515

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the Path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health.
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.



Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things both great and small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

MHB 427

Through all the changing scenes of
life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

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

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

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

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

MHB 172

1. My Jesus, I love thee,
I know thou art mine;
for thee all the follies of sin I resign.
My gracious Redeemer,
my Savior art thou;
if ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2. I love thee because thou hast first
loved me,
and purchased my pardon on Calvary's
tree;
I love thee for wearing
the thorns on thy brow;
if ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3. In mansions of glory and endless
delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering
crown on my brow;
if ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

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
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

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

MHB 486

1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
thine own immortal strength put on;
with terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake
and cast thy foes forever down.

2 As in the ancient times appear;
the sacred annals speak thy fame:
be now omnipotently near,
to endless ages still the same.

3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened
now;
it lacks not now the pow'r to save;
still present with thy people, thou
bear'st them through life's parted
wave.

4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
to thee the ransomed seed shall come,
shouting their heav'nly Zion gain,
and pass through death triumphant
home.

5 Where pure essential joy is found,
the Lord's redeemed their heads shall
raise,
with everlasting gladness crowned,
and filled with love, and lost in praise.

MHB 324

1 JESUS, thou know'st my sinfulness,
My faults are not concealed from thee;
A sinner in my last distress,
To thy dear wounds I fain would flee,
And never, never thence depart,
Close sheltered in thy loving heart.

2 How shall I find the living way,
Lost, and confused, and dark, and
blind?

Ah, Lord, my soul is gone astray!
Ah, Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
And in thy arms of mercy take,
And bring the weary wanderer back.

3 Weary and sick of sin I am
I hate it, Lord, and yet I love;
When wilt thou rid me of my shame?
When wilt thou all my load remove?
Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
And speak the word of power, "Be
clean!"

4 O Lord, if I at last discern
That I am sin, and thou art love,
If now o'er me thy bowels yearn,
Give me a token from above;
And conquer my rebellious will,
And bid my murmuring heart be still.

5 Sin only let me not commit,
(Sin never can advance thy praise)
And lo! I lay me at thy feet,
And wait unwearied all my days,
Till my appointed time shall come,
And thou shalt call thine exile home.

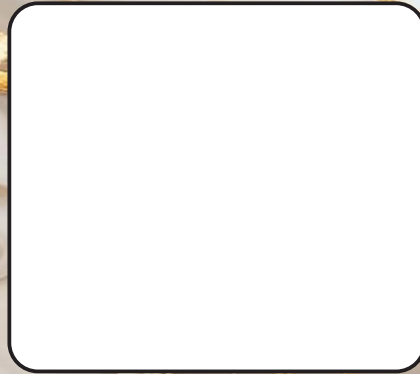
MHB 227

1. Ye thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear,
And take, through His blood, a power
to draw near; His kind invitation ye
sinners embrace,
Accepting salvation, salvation by
grace.
2. Sent down from above, who governs
the skies,
In vehement love to sinners He cries,
Drink into My Spirit, who happy would
be,

And all things inherit by coming to
Me.

3. O Savior of all, Thy Word we
believe!
And come at Thy call, Thy grace to
receive;
The blessing is given wherever
Thou art.
The earnest of Heaven is love in
the heart.

4. To us at Thy feet the Comforter
give,
Who gasp to admit Thy Spirit, and
live;
The weakest believers
acknowledge for Thine,
And fill us with rivers of water
divine.



Appreciation
the entire family of the late

Kwame Nda & Esther
NYAMEKE KAKU QUACOE

would like to express their profound gratitude to you, our friends and love ones
for your show of compassion and support during our time of sorrow
May God richly bless you.