



The Pool Gardens, University of Ghana Sports Directorate, Legon.
On 27th January, 2024 at 9:00am

YOU WILL FOREVER BE REMEMBERED

ORDER OF SERVICE

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

St. Luke Anglican Church, Aburi

Rev. Father Peter Kwesi Otoo

CHOIR IN ATTENDANCE

ARS

BURIAL AND MEMORIAL SERVICE : (9:00 AM)

1. Call to worship - **ARS Choir**
2. Early Tributes - **(30mins)**
3. Processional hymn - **old rugged cross**
4. Opening prayer -
5. Welcome & Purpose of gathering: **Edem Senanu**
6. Hymn - **Great is thy faithfulness**
7. Tributes:

Cornie

- Tribute by children **(Tanefa)**
- Tribute by sister **(Belinda)**
- Tribute by Sister **(Francisca)**

Daddy

- Tribute by widow - **Nancy Seglah**
- Tribute by Department of Soil Science
- Tribute by daughter **(Belinda)**
- Tribute by daughter **(Francisca)**
- Tribute by grandchildren **(Gigi)**

8. Hymn - **"rock of ages"**
9. Scripture reading: - English – **Mary Amatekpor**
- Ewe – **Jarvis**
10. Biography of Cornie - **Kwesi Ansah**
Biography of Professor Julius - **Prof Dowuona**
11. Hymn - **"it is well with my soul"**
12. Exaltation: **Rev Father Peter Kwesi Otoo**
(St Luke Anglican Church, Aburi)
13. Expression of Christian charity - **(choir)**
14. Dedication of offering - **Rev Father Peter Otoo**
(St Luke Anglican Church, Aburi)
15. Prayer for family - **Rev Father Peter Kwesi Otoo**
(St Luke Anglican Church, Aburi)
16. Acknowledgement of all present: **Clergy /**
Dignitaries (Nhyira Addo)
17. Song - **woyaya by osibisa**
18. Words of appreciation - **Francisca / Belinda**
19. Closing prayer - **Rev Father Peter Kwesi Otoo**
(St Luke Anglican Church, Aburi)
20. Benediction - **Rev Father Peter Kwesi Otoo**
(St Luke Anglican Church, Aburi)
21. Closing song - **"this world is not my home"**
22. Refreshment



HYMNS

OLD RUGGED CROSS

1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suff'ring and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain:

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by
the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

3. In that old rugged cross, stained with
blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see,
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.

4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true;
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share.

GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS

1. "Great is Thy faithfulness," O God my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not
As Thou hast been Thou forever wilt be.

2. "Great is Thy faithfulness!"
"Great is Thy faithfulness!"
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided—
"Great is Thy faithfulness," Lord, unto me!

3. Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

ROCK OF AGES

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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

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

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 hast taught me to say

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 hath shed His own blood for my soul

Refrain:

It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul.

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

Refrain:

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

Tribute From Son

MICHAEL D AMATEKPOR

My mother was one of the strongest, bravest, and kindest humans to grace this planet. Without her, I wouldn't be here today, I wouldn't be the person I am, and I wouldn't have the life I have. She is everything to me and more and there's no way I could ever quantify the importance she's held in my life.

Mommy was a remarkable woman who faced life's challenges with grace, selflessness, and an enduring spirit. The sacrifices she made for us and her unwavering love shine through our memories, creating a tearful tribute. Even in the face of dire circumstances, Mom always made a great effort to provide, giving it her all. She worked tirelessly to make sure we, her children, had enough to eat, demonstrating her selfless nature. She was a devoted Christian who served God. Her departure has caused me much pain, but I find comfort in the thought that she has moved past her pain and found serenity in a realm beyond our understanding.

I find comfort in imagining her safeguarding us from above, freed from earthly struggles. Despite facing financial constraints, she would give generously of what little she had even if it meant going without food to make sure we had enough. She had an amazing sense of humor, love and warmth to everyone in our vicinity.

Mom was a solitary figure, much like her own father, and from her, I learnt the strength of independence and accepted a life of solitude. She rarely burdened others with her troubles. After enduring a lifetime of hardship, she gave in to illness till she passed away even though she was in recovery and doing well, but God knows best. I can't help but cry when I think about how much pain she has endured. Forever etched in my heart, I will hold onto the essence of who she was, cherishing her memory as a guiding light.

Today, we remember not only the trials she endured but the love she generously shared. Her legacy lives on in the lessons she taught us about compassion, perseverance, and the enduring power of a mother's love. As we mourn her passing, let us also celebrate the strength she embodied, the love she bestowed, and the enduring imprint she left on our hearts. Though she left us too soon, I envision her now finding solace in the afterlife, where the toils of her earthly journey are replaced by eternal peace. My dreams for her may remain unfulfilled, but I accept that divine plans surpass our understanding.

Rest peacefully in the embrace of the Lord, dear Mom. I pledge to draw strength from your enduring spirit, vowing to make you proud and ensuring your suffering was not in vain. Grateful to be your son, I carry your memory in my heart, forever lamenting the missed opportunity for one last conversation. Rest in eternal peace, Mom. You are forever cherished in my heart.

With love and gratitude,
your son,
Michael D Amatekpor



Tribute By Sister

BELINDA MAWUFEMO REJOICE AMATEKPOR

When I think about my big sister, sister Cornie, the most poignant characteristic that comes up for me is "selflessness". She was the most selfless person I know.



She was the epitome of a true big sister who took care of her younger siblings and protected us and our interests. Growing up, she created opportunities for us socially and would spare her last by sacrificing her resources for us. I always share the story of how she would find the cutest outfits in the market, and instead of buying them for herself, she would visualize how it would look on her siblings and buy them for us. She would come home excited to show us what she got, call us and in Ga saying, "en3 l33 Belinda, eba sa bo". She had a fashion sense which she expressed boldly and enjoyed being complimented on her style. Her selflessness went beyond her siblings and touched others including her neighbors. At my last visit, I was skeptical about giving her some gifts because it was evident that the next person who showed up and asked for it, she would have parted with it. She had just given her cell phone to someone who she thought needed it more than she did. That was Cornie!

This selflessness and love is part of her legacy that will live on through her siblings and children.

Cornie was also accommodating and welcoming in nature. In spite of her own challenges, she brought joy and life to those around her.

Cornie was an avid reader and had challenged herself to read the Bible front to back a few times. She knew her Word and could quote several verses for any situation. She loved the Lord and served her church as a chorister. In her elementary and secondary school careers, she took to sports and run track competitively.

Cornie embodied the strength of the women in our family, their tenacity and resilience, and their zeal for life. Above all, their sacrifice to ensure that the next generation had it better than they did...I categorize her with my mom Fidelia, and her sister aunty Mansah who have also gone before her under similar circumstances. Theirs and her legacy will live on in us, her children, and generations to come.

Heaven has certainly gained another angel, sister Cornie, your leaving has left a heartache that no one can heal, but love does leave a memory that no one can steal.

On angels wings, you were taken away, but in our hearts you will always stay.



Tribute by Belinda cont'

It is said that those we love don't go away, they walk beside us every day, ever present, and ever knowing.

She will always be loved, she will forever be missed, and she will never be forgotten.
Till we meet again, nye si,

He d3 nyui3.

Tribute By Sister **FRANCISCA ESINAM** **AMATEKPOR**

"The LORD is close to the brokenhearted; he rescues those whose spirits are crushed." Psalm 34:18

As I reflect on the journey of my life, one constant reality stands out and that is you, Akpene. You have been my guiding light, my source of strength, and my inspiration. Your unwavering support and love has shaped me into the person I am today.

From the earliest memories of our childhood to the challenges and triumphs of adulthood, you have been there, offering wisdom, encouragement, and a listening ear. Your kindness, generosity, and grace have been a steady presence in my life, showing me what it means to be resilient and compassionate.

I am grateful for the countless ways you have enriched my life, taught me valuable lessons, and been a role model worth emulating. Your dedication to Belinda and I, and your selfless nature are qualities I deeply admire.

Today, I honor you, my dear sister, for the remarkable person you are and the positive impact you have had on my life and the lives of others. Your legacy of love, strength, and integrity will forever inspire me.

Your dedication to sport was phenomenal, and your tenacity was truly inspiring. With each game, you displayed not only your exceptional skills and athleticism but also your unwavering commitment to excellence. Your passion for the game is evident in every move you make on the field, and your leadership serves as a beacon for your teammates. You embodied the spirit of sportsmanship, pushing boundaries, and constantly raising the bar for yourself and those around you. Your influence extends beyond the games, leaving an indelible mark on all who witness your prowess. You are a true role model, showing what it means to pursue one's dreams with grit, grace, and determination.

Thank you for being not only an elder sister but also a friend, a confidante, and a pillar of support. I cherish our bond and look forward to many more cherished moments together but, to God, is time to continue your assignment with your creator. I love you, till we meet again.

Rest well.



Tribute from Nephew
LIAM KWATENG

I didn't think I was going to be writing a tribute to my auntie this early and I already miss her and the memories we shared. I can recall when she used to come to my mom's house to visit us. She always had a cheerful and happy spirit and she always had gifts for us to enjoy.

My mom took my sisters and I to her alma mater and told us stories and how my auntie and the family helped and guided her into becoming the individual she is now.

Auntie Cornie stayed with us for a while and during that time we enjoyed so many wonderful moments and I wish we enjoyed more but sadly that isn't possible.

I and my sisters will miss you so much.
You will always be in our hearts and mind.



Tribute From Josa 1990 Year Group

(ST. JOHNS GRAMMAR SECONDARY SCHOOL ACHIMOTA)

"It came as a surprise to the 1990-year group of JOSA when Cornelia's flyer was posted as an obituary. The comments and memories flowing through could be felt as a pain in the hearts of members. Members praised her knowledge, enthusiasm, friendliness, and generosity. But what else could we have done besides offering our condolences?"

We all met Cornelia Akpene Amatekpor, or Corny as we called her, as active and happy teenagers at St. John's Grammar Secondary School in 1985. She was a sweet soul, active, sociable, and humorous. She didn't find it difficult to mingle with any race or group of people.

Nobody would ever say Cornelia was someone they couldn't interact with. She would always want to approach you first with a smile and some teasing words to make you talk and laugh. Corny was a never-give-up person, but sometimes life's challenges and experiences drive us through unwanted roads that we are unable to overcome as we desire. Everyone on the platform has their personal sweet experience with Corny and would have wished to say a word to recall memories of her in school.

Our hearts were broken when we first heard that she was ill. We did our best to support her in diverse ways until she became well, but then from nowhere, she experienced another attack which she could not survive till the LORD called her to rest. Corny, we knew you fought so hard through painful and heartbreaking moments to be well, but your soul was tired and needed to rest from this world of many uncertainties. We, her friends, the 1990-year group of St. John's Grammar Secondary School is grateful to the Almighty for allowing us to encounter such a great soul. If we had any power to bring you back, we would always be willing to do so.

We are very sad, but God will give us the strength to cope in the best way. We will remember you with great joy, although you should have never left. We extend our condolences to your family. We know it is a great vacuum, and you will be dearly missed. We pray that the Almighty will continue to encourage them and raise another Corny in the family to stand and fight as she did. We now know that you have departed to another life. we say farewell." JOSA
1990 19 January 2024



Tribute from R S Bonsu MD.
EULOGY — REST WELL, CORNELIA!!

Cornelia, my friend, you fought a long and brave battle for years but unfortunately, you did not win. You took each day in stride, never complaining even though you were always tired. You never gave up and hoped that you would be well and that was my hope too. However, that did not happen, and death stole you from us.

Cornelia, you were a beautiful woman, inside and out, and a wonderful friend. You were a pillar in my life supporting me for over 10 years with your gentle and caring presence. You believed in authenticity which made you personable and also transparent in your relationships. You did not hide your feelings-and expressed your thoughts more candidly because you believed it was good for the soul. You always sought to bring peace among your friends because for you it was essential for a healthy and joyful life. I admired you for your non-judgmental attitude. You never forced your opinions on anyone, but always offered valuable and truthful advice which I will never forget.

My dear friend, today as I offer this eulogy, I ask for forgiveness for the many times I brushed you off when you would talk about the possibility of dying and leaving behind your beloved father Prof. Amatekpor, your sister, Belinda, and Francesca as well as your two children, Tanefa and Michael Amatekpor. I always-countered your conversations about death by always keeping your spirits up so that you would continue to mother your two sisters. I knew you wanted to have that conversation, but I never let you go down that path. You always kept your sense of humor even when you were going through excruciating pain and when I would say to you to give me your pain, you always said to me: "I would give it to you in a second. You can have it."

Cornelia, I remember one day you and I were talking about the struggles in my marriage, and you said: "Look at me," meaning that if things were getting tough, I should change course and do the things that would make me happy because, in life, no one knows what will constitute happiness. Those three words, "look at me" came across so clearly and meant so much to me.

My friend, my sister, my mentor, you were loving and a real friend. You were a wonderful mother to your two sisters and your children, and you laid a strong foundation of love and unity among them. Know that we will watch over the children with genuine love as you did and ensure they have a great life; a life filled with your aspirations and full of your values and wishes.

Lastly, Cornelia, we will miss your magnetic smile. Your beautiful spirit will live on through your siblings Belinda, Francisca, your children Tanefa and Michael, and they will always know how much you loved them. You tried with all your heart to be present to them even though you sometimes thought the children were not listening to you. The kids will miss you dearly!

During your illness, I came to know that six things kept you going, your children, your sisters, your father, and lastly, your tenacious hope, otherwise to face another day would have been tough.

Cornelia, I hope that the Almighty God will grant you a peaceful rest knowing that you did all that you could and that the children you have left behind will be fine. Love always keeps the people we love in our hearts, and it is comforting to know that you will always be with us in our hearts. Farewell, my friend. Journey on gracefully and may the angels bear you on their wings and bring you to the bosom of Abraham! I'll see you again, Cornelia. It is me, Serwaah as you always called me.



Tribute from Widow **NANCY SEGLAH**

A. R. S Hymn 97. Mawu si de Israel Viwo

On that fateful day in the year 1986, you met me in the office of the late Mr. Kordzo Senayah when you came to see him. I left you there after finishing what I came to do. Mr. Senaya called me later on and told me your intentions, but I asked him to go and see my father, and he did exactly that. The rest is history.

I want to take a moment to express my heartfelt gratitude for the incredible person you are. Your loyalty love, support, and strength have been a pillar in my life, guiding me through both the challenges and joys we have faced together.



Your kindness, patience, and resilience inspire me every day. Your devotion to our family and the sacrifices you made did not go unnoticed. You were my rock, my confidant, and my greatest companion.

I am forever thankful for the love you have showered upon me and the beautiful life we built together. I am blessed to have called you my husband. Thank you for being the extraordinary man that you were. I cherish you more than words can express.

For the past three years, you started battling with your health, and from the 2nd of January 2023, you have been in and out of hospital the whole year till that black 5th day of December when you gave up breath. It is indeed a difficult moment for me to imagine living the rest of my days without you but, I do console myself with Isaiah 41:10, which says, "Fear thou not for I am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee yea, I will help thee. I will uphold thee with the hand of my righteousness" This scripture has been my pillar and hope throughout the 37 years of our union to date. Also, being a chorister, I console myself with some of the words of our songs hoping that my father, the LORD God Almighty who stood by me all these years, will equally see me through this storm in Jesus' name.

J. K, J. K, J. K. Wo dɔwɔwɔwo adze yo wo mɔ.

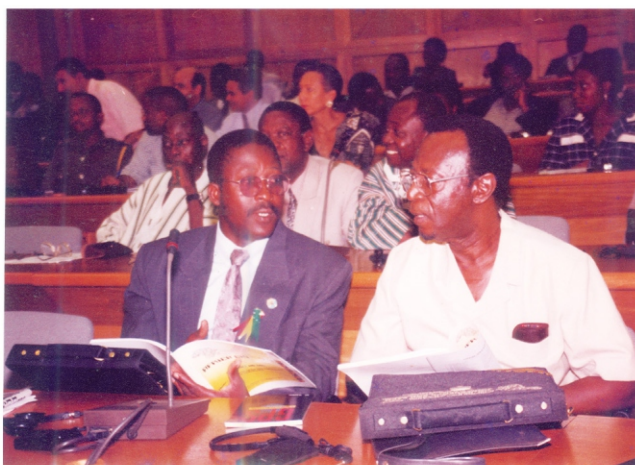
Rest In Peace



Tribute To Prof. Julius Kwaku Amatekpor

DEPARTMENT OF SOIL SCIENCE, UNIVERSITY OF GHANA, LEGON

It is with great pain that we write this tribute to our former colleague, Prof. Julius Kwaku Amatekpor. Professoori, as we used to call him, was a great and inspiring professor by all standards. He was also one of the longest-serving teachers in the Department of Soil Science. He often posited that the Professor is the oldest teacher at a University. So, not only did Professor Amatekpor attain Professorial rank by academic progression, but he was also a “methuselah” Teacher of our Department.



Professoori had exceptional academic and innate ability, being among the few Lecturers who could successfully cross from a social science background to applied natural sciences. From a basic degree in Geography, Prof. Amatekpor moved ahead to become a Soil Scientist. He loved Soil Science and was appointed a Research Fellow of the Volta Basin Research Project, of the University of Ghana, following his successful completion of his M.Sc. in Pedology from the State University of Ghent, Belgium in 1967. Professor Amatekpor was attached to the Department of Soil Science and hence doubled as a Lecturer. He obtained his PhD (Soil Science) from Cornell University, Ithaca, U.S.A under the supervision of Prof. Matthew Drosdoff in 1975.



He returned to post at Legon, but proceeded later to Nigeria from 1982 to 1985, where he lectured at the River State College of Education, Port Harcourt. He returned to the service of the University of Ghana in October 1986. He had several post-doctoral academic upgrade opportunities including the Postaf Fellowship Program in Basics of Remote Sensing, Digital Image Processing and Geographic Information Systems at the South Dakota State University, USA. He was promoted to Senior Research Fellow in 1991 and Associate Professor in 1998.

As a Research Fellow who focused on restoring the degraded soils of the Lower Volta following the construction of the Akosombo dam, he was often on the field and interacted with many inhabitants of those regions.



We recollect him in his jeans, canvas shoes, long-sleeved shirt and a cap marching to the field. He knew every soil type in the drawdown area of the dam and could describe them with great ease. He blended his field knowledge with teaching and hence brought practicality to an otherwise difficult subject of Pedology, greatly facilitating students' appreciation of the sub-discipline of Soil Science. Professor Amatekpor had exceptional teaching skills and every student that went through his class in Pedology and Soil Mapping could testify to the uniqueness of his teaching delivery. He was a master of the subject. Yes, almost all the current academic staff and Lecturers in the Department of Soil Science went through his class. We recall the big pedology terminologies such as "garnet-ferrous hornblende-gneiss" which was the rock (i.e., parent material) from which some of the soils of the Lower Volta basin were formed. Until then, we never knew that soils also have "parents". It was very revealing to watch him demonstrate the micro-relief (gilgai) of the shrinking and swelling soil, Akuse series.



Professor Amatekpor's tenure in our Department was not confined to academic work alone. He was the pot that brewed all the "jokes" and "tolis". Each day, he had a new "toli" and we enjoyed the many stories and anecdotes. He was quite a heavy smoker, but his health was very good, even until his old age. He often joked that without smoking cigarettes one could not become a good Soil Scientist/Pedologist. He would add that his "smoker" Professors at Cornell University, USA, could still jump into and out of soil profile pits with ease even at 70 years.



Oh yes, lunch time with Professor Amatekpor was a great pleasure and a stress relief for us. He related cordially with students, staff, and colleague Lecturers. He had a very big and warm heart and was also very open-minded.

All the students he taught and supervised have very fond memories of him. He believed in the omnipotence of God and thought that all the achievements of human-beings on earth are nothing but scratching of the surface of the lithosphere.



Tribute by Soil Science Department cont¹.

Professor Amatekpor was full of humour. He used lots of funny stories and jokes to get the attention of his students. The stories he told and jokes he shared covered his days in elementary school at Klikor/Agbozume to his working at the University of Ghana. His lectures were characterized by lots of laughter such that students could forget to write down notes. He would, however, insist that students wrote down definitions as correctly as determined by the Committee on Terminologies. He always encouraged students to take Soil Science seriously for as he put it "there is money in the soil". He always remarked that if he could become a Soil Scientist from a Social Science (Geography) background, then students with science background had no excuse at all. He would say, there was no other way out but to "pin your buttocks down and study". He urged students to read "The Nature and Properties of Soils" (Brady) as the Bible of Soil Science and "Soil Genesis and Classification" (Buol, Hole and McCracken) as the textbook for Pedology. He was quick to add that the authors of these textbooks were his Lecturers at Cornell University and that the contents of the books were essentially the lecture notes he had taken as a student



In his elementary school days at Agbozume, Professor was nicknamed "Amatekpor show-boy, Amatekpor Yankee-boy" because of his special performances in the school band. He narrated to almost every class he taught at Legon his experiences as a magician. After completing middle school, he ordered a book on magic from India.

He mastered the content of the book and became a popular magician in the Agbozume area. His performances on market days were well attended by the old and the young. After one well-attended show, he got a lot of money and as usual took in some good amount of palm-wine and decided to take a nap under a tree. While sleeping, he felt a jolt that woke him up. It was his mother who had come with a Catechist to rub pork over his body to take away his magical powers.

As he put it, the Catechist took away his magic wand and replaced it with chalk and he became a Pupil Teacher. Apparently, his mother was not happy that her son had become a magician. That was, however, not the end of his magical shows. At Amedzofe Teacher Training College and Wesley College, Kumasi, he performed magic at entertainment. He could grow an Oil Palm in a glass of water from palm-kernel in two minutes to the amazement of the audience.

In both Colleges, he was on a number of occasions summoned to the office of the Principal to explain the source of his magical powers and was threatened with expulsion. He repeated the shows to the Principals and explained to them that magic was all about the hands being faster than the eyes.

Professor Amatekpor often recollects the fond memories of his student days in Commonwealth Hall. He recounted that a whole garage was allocated to him to park his scooter. Later as a Lecturer, whenever he heard the VANDALS marching to the University gate, he would hilariously remark “the Sanhedrin was at it again”. He participated keenly in the affairs of the Hall in various capacities. He was a Tutor, an active member of the Senior Common Room Committee and the Hall Council. He was the first Chairman of the Catering Management Committee of the Hall. He had commendations from the Hall Master for his selfless commitment to the management of the Hall and the welfare of students. Professor Amatekpor was not only a Lecturer and Researcher in Soil Science but was also engaged in various businesses. He was once a farmer who sold ratoons of sugarcane. He also operated a cold-store and ran a transport business. We cannot forget the many business tips he gave to many of us. His ability to combine academic work with business was exceptional. He lectured us on the need to have a good money management capability via buying bonds, bills, insurance, even if we did not become business-people. He also taught us the basic principle in the art of magic, that it is an act in which the “hands move faster than the eyes”. Perhaps this was one lesson many of us could not master unlike the many academic and life lessons he imparted to his students.

After about 36 years of selfless service to the University of Ghana, Professor Amatekpor retired on 1st October 1998, but was granted an appointment on contract from 1999 till 2008. He kept his association with the University on a part-time basis until 2017, when he finally left the service of the University.

Prof. Julius Kwaku Amatekpor, we will miss you and your numerous jokes. Your numerous nicknames and accolades show that you were indeed the people’s man. Professoori, we say well done! You loved the soil, and you enjoyed being in the pit. Now, the Lord says, come and rest in your favorite place, the pit. Fare thee well!

The hymn writer Charles Wesley wrote:

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed,
Come to me saith one and coming,
Be at rest!
If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say ne nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!

Professoori, the Party-Chief, Kwaku-Tse, Don Diego D’Azanbujia, Aggrey of Africa, Normal, Har-mattan-Pawpaw, Governor’s Helmet, the Great Aziza (Dwarf)
Rest in Peace!
Dzudzɔ le ɲutifafa me!



Tribute by Daughter

BELINDA MAWUFEMO REJOICE AMATEKPOR

My dad, Julius korkutse Amatekpor was my first role model and mentor. I closely observed how he navigated life and have used these observations to guide my own life, build on it and mentor others with it.

Everything I am, have become, and is becoming, I owe. My endless curiosity about life, being a student of life and a solutionist, my values of integrity, diplomacy, hard work, my love for reading, my academic endeavors and pursuit, are all deeply rooted in his example.



Daddy always struck me as someone who had all the answers. There was never a question I asked growing up that he didn't have an answer for. Everything from patiently explaining the parts under the hood of a car, to why one must adjust the lid on a pot of okro soup, to stop condensation on the lid. He would explain that the liquid dripping back into the soup is what introduces bacteria and spoils the soup. He just didn't tell you what to do, rather, he would explain things scientifically, psychologically or socially and it always made sense.

Daddy was a respected educator and academic. An extraordinary teacher at heart, he would find opportunity in every situation to teach a life lesson. I recall one of my first lessons was held in traffic. We were overtaken by a car that sped dangerously past us, when we approached the traffic light, the car was caught at the light waiting. Daddy said, "you see this car, he sped past us dangerously trying to get somewhere, we drove safely and we are all at the same light." The lesson I recall was that it was not about how fast you get somewhere, it is about how safely, intentionally and purposeful you make that journey.

In my perception, my dad was wise. He exuded a sense of quiet confidence, strength, and respect. He was fair, empathetic, and compassionate, he cared about people, and was diplomatic in his dealings with others.

Daddy did not appear to have a mean bone in his body and he carried pure intentions and a clean heart towards everyone. He was non confrontational, a great communicator, open and giving. He offered mediations with tact, diplomacy, respect and self regulation.

A fun fact about my dad was how comical he was. He would keep us all laughing until our sides were splitting and tears were rolling. In public daddy just had to give a look or make a comment, and we will burst out laughing.

During my last visit to see the family, I left with a renewed reminder of how close and loving we were. The jokes and laughter was incessant. Most memorable were the jokes about how we were all aging, we matched his symptoms of aches, pains and memory loss toe to toe. I know his light heartedness and humor, was intentional in keeping the realities light, and the outlook positive. The focus though, was always being in the moment and enjoying the time we had with each other fully and intentionally.

Tribute by Belinda cont'

I left feeling reassured of the love we shared as a family. In spite of the challenges we endured, I left with the legacy of the positive attitude we have about life. This was my dad's gift to us. His outlook on life was remarkable, he chose to see the glass as half full. He welcomed challenges as opportunities to solve problems. He would say, "when you wake up in the morning and there was no problem to solve, you might want to check which side of the earth you were on, six feet below or above."

Daddy always counted every year after his 70th, a blessing and a bonus. His wish was to see his oldest daughter Cornie recover fully before he passed. Unfortunately, 2 weeks before his own departure, his daughter had gone ahead to rest.

It is said that, where there's great grief, there was great love.

Daddy run a good race, he lived a good life, he fought the good fight. I dare to say, he was blessed with knowing his life's purpose and pursued it passionately. There is no doubt that he served his life purposefully and he is now at rest.

We will miss you, your presence, your smile, your jokes, your laughter, your diplomacy, your guidance and the peace you always brought.

You are gone but will never be forgotten. Your legacy lives on in your daughters, your grandchildren and all the other lives you have touched.

Daddy, until we meet again,

He de nyuie.
Na dor nyuie.



Tribute from Daughter

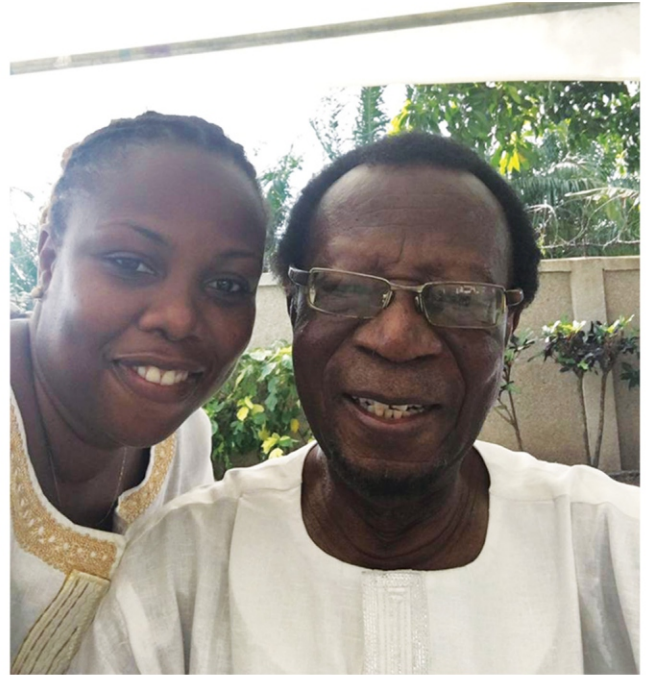
FRANCISCA ESINAM AMATEKPOR

"Our days may come to seventy years, or eighty if our strength endures; yet the best of them are but trouble and sorrow, for they quickly pass, and we fly away." Psalm 90:10.

Today we gather to honor and celebrate the life of a Father, Teacher, Friend and Mentor who shaped my world in countless ways. As I reflect on the beautiful memories and the profound impact Daddy had on my life, I pay tribute to a Daddy whose love was unwavering, whose guidance was steadfast, and whose presence will forever echo in my heart. Daddy, a pillar of strength and integrity, was a beacon of light for the Amatekpor family. His compassion knew no bounds, and he carried himself with grace and humility.



A selfless man, he always put the needs of his loved ones before his own, tirelessly working to ensure our happiness and success. It was from him that I learned the values of hard work, perseverance, and kindness. His unwavering love wrapped around me like a warm embrace, providing shelter during life's storms. He was my rock, ever ready to offer wisdom and support when I stumbled. His guidance was precious, providing me with the tools to navigate life's challenges with resilience and determination.



Through the years, Daddy taught me the importance of appreciation, patience and gratitude. He taught me to see the beauty in simplicity and to cherish the precious moments that life gifted us. Whether it was telling me a story, sharing his passion for art or simply sitting beside me as we poured out my heart, he made ordinary moments extraordinary. Daddy was a man of many roles. He was not only our provider and Lecturer but also my confidant, cheerleader, and best friend. With him, the laughter was contagious every time, and the memories made were priceless. From family outings to heart-to-heart conversations, his presence filled my life with love and joy. He also displayed great strength in times that propelled me to reach for the stars and never settle for mediocrity. He taught me to persevere when faced with challenges and to always hold onto my dreams. As I bid farewell to you daddy, I take solace in knowing that your legacy lives on through me. I shall carry your values, teachings, and love in my heart, forever striving to make you proud. To my incredible father, you will be dearly missed.

Tribute By Fransica Cont.

Your legacy lives on, and your spirit remains eternally within me. Though I mourn your loss, you have indeed struggled to survive from this sickness, and I celebrate the privilege of having had you as a warrior father. The impact you made on my life is immeasurable, and your memory will be a guiding light as I journey through life. Thank you for being the epitome of a loving father. Your love will continue to be my strength, and your memory will forever inspire me. Rest in peace, knowing that your love will forever reside within the hearts of those you touched.

With boundless love and gratitude, Daddy, I love you but, your creator loved you the best. Say hi to Mum till we meet again.

Goodbye .



Love You Dad

Tribute by Grandson

MICHAEL D. AMATEKPOR

Grandpa was a man of great generosity and unflinching love who left an enduring impression on my heart in the peaceful simplicity of a life well-lived. Having come from modest origins, he accepted a life where he was happy with what he had and never looked for more or demanded anything from anyone. In the absence of a father figure and with a mother burdened by pain and hardship, life was a challenging journey. The struggles were many, and the nights seemed endless, filled with pain and trauma. But Grandpa, in his boundless compassion, opened his heart and home to us. Growing up under his gentle guidance was a privilege and a pleasure. His love and care transformed the hardships of our past into lessons of strength and resilience.

Grandpa's sense of humor added a sprinkle of joy to our lives, making even the most challenging moments bearable. I am eternally grateful to have been his grandson, to have lived under his nurturing wing. He helped shape me into the kind young man I am today, which is something I never would have imagined I could do but was made possible by his guidance and example. I learned more from my grandfather, who is my biggest hero and role model, than from any textbook. His teachings covered more ground than just survival; they included the fundamentals of leading a morally upright life.

His absence has left a huge hole in my life, yet the memories we had together bring me comfort. I may feel like I didn't do enough for him, that I fell short of being the support he was to me, but I know I gave my best. Grandpa, your jokes and sense of humor echo in the silence, and the void left by your departure is immeasurable.

Rest in peace, Grandpa, until we meet again. I carry your lessons in my heart, and in every life to come, I will choose you over and over again. You were the greatest parent I ever had, and I owe every moment of my life to you. I promise to make you proud. Thank you for making me strong enough to stand on my own. You gave me a good life. You were a lovely person. Now be at peace and bask in heaven's goodness. I will always love and miss you. You were always my anchor. Now I feel as if someone pulled the rug from under my feet. I'll hold on to the thought of you grandpa.

With love and gratitude, your grandson



Tribute by Nephew
KWAMI S. AHELEBGE (SHARK)

Uncle Julius, finally you've embarked on your eternal journey home. In our conversations, you always asked me, "Shark, what am I doing here? Am older than my brother, Victor Amatekpor but he is dead and am still here suffering and in pain". I answered you that, the Almighty has not granted your visa yet.

I know you are ready for the journey because you prepared yourself for it. May the Almighty, our ancestors, parents and brothers that preceded you welcome you warmly at your eternal home. I know, "it is not easy to say goodbye. I am glad you came my way" as Lionel Richie sang in his song. However, I have to understand that everything comes to an end, as you always reminded me in our conversations. I pray that you are at a comfortable place and at peace with yourself, finally free of daily pains you used to endure. You've done your work on earth diligently and deserve the necessary rest. Thank you for all you did for me since I came into your life. You encouraged, taught me to work hard and study to develop myself into useful and reliable person. The efforts you put into your own children to make them into who they are today. Everyone is proud to see them working hard and achieving in all their endeavors. Am glad you came our ways. We shall forever remember you, cherish your memories and miss you.

Uncle Julius, "hede nyuie le ngutifafa me."



Tribute by Grandchildren

SEAN & ETHAN

Dear grandpa,

This was difficult to do, we felt numb when we heard the news of your passing. It was even harder seeing mom react to the news of your loss. Sean tried to console her and asked "why are you crying?" Though Sean is very limited in his speech.

We will miss and cherish the times we spent saying hello by video. We know you kept in touch with our growth and development. You have more pictures of us than mom does. And we know you were very proud of us evidenced by all the pictures you kept of us and its memories.

We will miss and cherish the times we spent saying hello by video. We know you kept in touch with our growth and development. You have more pictures of us than mom does. And we know you were very proud of us evidenced by all the pictures you kept of us and its memories.

Mom tells us about some of the traits we most likely inherited from you, our love for music, my academic prowess, love for playing an instrument, being in a band, and learning to be organized. Mom also shares some of the lessons she learned from you, we know it's coming when she starts with "my dad always said...." lesson like: "place things back where they belong so you can find them even in the dark." - she teaches us the importance of being organized, cleaning up after

ourselves, building good habits, being good stewards of money, and time management and prioritization - lessons she learned from you.

Mom is helping us understand how to process this loss, she says the best way to make it count is to continue to make you proud.

Love,

Sean Elikem kodzo Hodasi and Ethan Selassie kobina Hodasi



Tribute from

REV. KWAME FELIX FORFOE

My first encounter with the late Professor Amatekpor was at Klikor in 1975 when he had returned from USA after pursuing his doctorate degree and had come to visit his mother my grandmother the late Vinolia Yawor Kokloboto. We spoke briefly about a lot of things and what I had intended to do with my life. I told him I had gone through enlistment into the Ghana Armed Forces and was waiting for the letter to proceed to Tamale for training.

He told me he had just returned and had rented a private residence in Kokomlemle and that I could visit him when I returned to Accra which I did. I left for the Armed Forces Recruit Training Center in Tamale in 1976 and after passing out I was to continue my training with my arm of service training at the Border Guards Training Center at Agotime Kpetoe. After training I was retained at the training school as an instructor. It was during this period that I got close to his junior brother the late Tommy Amematekpor who was by then living in HO.

Sometimes when I visit home for funerals we will meet and he would encourage me to focus on my work and work hard. I met my wife at the training school and brought her to my grandmother and my mother. I later introduced her to him and he was part of the team that went to Dzodze for the traditional marriage. After some time I was posted to Dormaa Ahenkro and our meeting each other wasn't as frequent as it used to be.

In 1984, I was brought back to Kpetoe to train another batch of recruits. Then in 1986, I was posted to Accra after B.G was disbanded. Whilst in Accra I bought a mini bus and started a transport business, apparently Prof had also started a transport business then he called me one day and said, I am fed up with the problem of drivers so I want you to takeover the management of the business for me which I did until we all decided to stop the business when mini buses were banned from traveling long distances.

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It was in this same year that he introduced his wife Nancy Seglah to me as the lady he intends to marry in future then in 1997 he took me along with my wife and the late Mr. Kwadwo Senayah and we went and performed the traditional marriage rights.

In 1987 he lost his mother and I was his errand boy and driver throughout the planning and the funeral ceremonies. In October of the same year my wife gave birth to my second born a baby girl, and he was the one who stood with me during the naming ceremony at the Flag Staff House barracks. In 1995 when he lost his first born son Fred, he called me and we planned the burial and executed the funeral together.

In 2007 he was one of the two family members who signed the marriage certificate on my behalf during the Holy Matrimonial Service.

At a point in time, he and his late junior brother the late Tommy Amematekpor decided that when there was a funeral or any program in the family they would put me in charge of the planning and make my cousin Rowland Dorkenoo as my assistant while they stand behind and direct us.

During my ordination as a pastor in 2009 they were with me. When my mother died in 2016, they were with me encouraging me and strengthening me. Again in 2018 when I was graduating with Masters degree in Biblical Studies they were there to give me their support and asked me to go on to do a Doctorate degree.

Tribute from Rev. Felix cont'.

I know for sure that these two men have been very instrumental in who I am today because from the time both of them met me at separate times in my life as a young man, they had encouraged me in whatever I had decided to do. If today I am recognized in the family, I owe part to them because they pushed me into family adventures I didn't know I could undertake and therefore it's no surprise I have been very much involved in their funeral planning programs.

I do send him morning devotion and anytime he didn't understand anything from the scriptures, he would ask for clarifications and I will explain. If he wants further clarifications, I will ask my bishop for him which he appreciates so much. Also when he needs certain information on security matters, he would say Felix, this is your field, tell me what you know.

When I was planning to move from Flagstaff House to Ashale Botwe area, I had to keep some of my items in his house.

On Wednesday the 29th of November, I visited him at his residence to check on how he was doing because some few weeks before that day I had taken him to the hospital where he was admitted for about four days. We had a very lengthy chat and I realized he was doing well then I told him I will be attending his cousin Manful Agbavor's funeral on the 9th of December and he jokingly said I will get well and get out of this bed and go with you and we all laughed over it. Surprisingly, around 7 pm by on the 5th of December, his wife called me to come as fast as I could and when I got there he was in a critical condition so I rushed him to the Legon hospital and from that day, death separated us.

Professor Julius Korkutse Amatekpor, I say farewell until we meet again in eternity.

Hede nyuie.



Tribute from Technician

BEN ANIPA

"Remember, oh Lord, my life is only breath, my happiness has already ended. If you look for me, I will be gone, like a cloud that fades and gone" (Job 7:7-10).

I worked with Prof. Amatekpor from the year 1990, as a Microbiology Technician from the Department of Botany after the demise of the late Dr. L. K Bannerman whom I was attached to as a Microbiology Technician on the Volta Basin Research Project (VBRP). The VBRP was a multidisciplinary research project of both UG and VRA after the creation of the Akosombo reservoir. As such VBRP staff were attached to various departments depending on your field of research.

Prof. identified potential and interest in me, hence resolved to put his experience and skills in training me to become an established field technician and a dependable working colleague. Together we did a lot of research work in the Lower Volta Basin and on environmental impact assessment, soil mapping, land degradation and evaluation of soil fertility.

"Good people die, and no one understands or even cares. But when they die, no calamity hurts them" (Isaiah 57:7)

He never allowed himself to be provoked and harbored no ill feelings against anyone nor expressed bitterness towards anyone. He always ensured that his target was achieved. Prof. Amatekpor was a loving father, a farmer, researcher, lecturer, a family man and a businessman. The reason why he always called me Ben or my Technician amongst his colleagues and family members.

Prof. and I lived in the same area, and just about 600 meters apart. This made it possible for me to visit him regularly though he never allowed any of his department colleagues to physically visit him in his last days. I honestly didn't think this would happen so soon, although ageing and ill health set in randomly.

A week before your demise, I was with you and I fondly recall our conversation asking me, "do I have a stroke as I could not get out of bed myself about a month now?" "Ben, why are you leaving me so early?" You further asked about my impending field work. We shared our normal safe journey message, and little did I know that was the last!

As you are gone, I will miss your regular counsel and discussions on the soils of Ghana. You will forever be remembered with your gel gal walk to demonstrate heavy clay soils.

In closing, I express my gratitude for being not just a father, a colleague, and a source of inspiration and my source for soil information.

Thank you Prof. !!! Sleep Well!!!! Rest in Peace!!!.



Tribute by

**COLLEGE OF BASIC AND APPLIED SCIENCES,
UNIVERSITY OF GHANA**

Transitioning from Ghana's celebrated Presbyterian Boys' Secondary School (Presec), Legon to the University of Ghana (UG) in September 1979 felt like a familiar step into our own backyard. It was just a walk away, now separated only by a main road, and we often visited UG on exeat days. The presence of familiar faces at UG, including renowned late Professors Emmanuel Victor Doku and Emmanuel Owusu-Bennoah, whom we knew from Presec and held in high esteem, added to this allure. Their engaging teaching styles as part-time instructors at Presec had left a lasting impression on us, significantly influencing our decision to pursue further education at UG.

The Faculty of Agriculture at UG was home to many distinguished scholars, making it a challenge to decide on a department to join. In the second year, students chose three of four departments for major courses. A key factor that drew us to the Department of Soil Science was the presence of Dr. Julius Kwaku Amatekpor, who later became Professor Amatekpor.

Professor Amatekpor was more than a teacher; he was a master of his craft, skillfully integrating the complex world of soil science into our studies. He taught us soil pedology, simply, the study of soil in its natural state, in a way that was engaging and profound. His lectures took us on a journey deep into the structure and story of the soil beneath us.

He had a unique way of teaching that combined depth and clarity, leaving a lasting impression on all of us. Professor Amatekpor encouraged us to look deeper, to understand soil's essential role in the environment, agriculture, and life itself. His lessons shed light on the complexities of soil science and its importance to our planet, inspiring us to value and preserve this crucial resource.

Reflecting on his legacy, we are reminded of how he shaped our understanding of this critical aspect of the earth. His commitment to teaching soil pedology not only educated us but also motivated us to appreciate and care for our natural environment.

Beyond the classroom, my personal interactions with Professor Amatekpor, as I transitioned from student to academic at the University, added a special dimension to my admiration for him. He always had a warm greeting for me whenever we crossed paths between the Departments of Crop Science and Soil Science. His inspiration extended beyond soil science; he made time for engaging conversations, particularly about our cherished club, enriching our encounters with his wisdom and warmth. These moments of personal connection highlighted his genuine interest and care for those around him.

He will be fondly remembered not just for his academic brilliance but also for the love and kindness he extended to us all. Professor Amatekpor's legacy is not only etched in the annals of soil pedology but also in the hearts of those fortunate enough to have known him personally.

His departure leaves a void, but his memory and the impact of his warm, approachable nature will forever be cherished.

I end with deep respect to a great teacher and inspirer.

May his soul rest in perfect peace.

Written by:

Prof. Eric Yirenkyi Danquah
Founding Director. West Africa Centre for Crop Improvement,
College of Basic and Applied Sciences,
University of Ghana

IN LOVING MEMORY

January Queen

**CORNELIA AKPENE
AMATEKPOR**

JANUARY 9, 1971 - NOVEMBER 18, 2023

YOUR WINGS WERE READY
OUR HEARTS WERE NOT.

BIOGRAPHY

CORNELIA AKPENE AMATEKPOR

Cornelia Akpene Amatekpor was born in Accra to Julius Kwaku Amatekpor and Fidelia Esi Tengey Amatekpor on January 9th, 1971. She started her life with her parents (both deceased) in Ithaca, Cornell University, USA. Upon her return, she attended the University Primary School for her elementary education until she graduated in 1986. Following her primary education, Cornelia attended St. Johns Grammer School for her secondary education, she graduated in 1990.

verses aptly. She was a chorister and loved singing hymns and church songs. She was an alto. She would organize karaoke and carols nights at Christmas with her siblings consistently. She harmonized so well, that her mother insisted that she sang at her funeral when she passed, which she did.

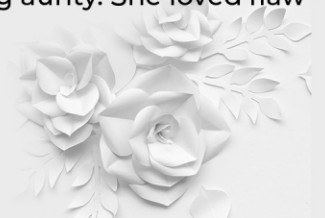
Cornie, as she was fondly referred to, was an engaging, easy going, open, entertaining, and giving person. She knew how to have a good time and was the life of a party. She had a great sense of humor, and an unapologetic sense of style and fashion. This personality influenced her interest in cosmetology and entrepreneurship, which she pursued after her secondary education.



Cornelia was a bright and eager student and took her academic, intellectual, social, and spiritual life seriously. She knew the concept of balancing life quite well. She was very social and had a great group of friends. In her academic career, Cornelia pursued athleticism, she ran long distance races and relays, and contributed to placing her team in lead positions. She was a religious and spiritual person; and is known to have read the bible back-to-back several times. She knew and could recite biblical memory



Cornie's greatest accomplishment in life was being a daughter, a protective big sister, a doting mother, and loving aunty. She loved flawlessly and selflessly.



Biography of Cornelia cont'.

Unfortunately, after a bout of illness from which she was recovering from, her sudden and untimely death occurred on November 18, 2023. She was 52.

She is survived by her children Tanefa Amatekpor and Michael Dzidzienyo Amatekpor, and her sisters Belinda Mawumo Amatekpor and Francisca Esinam Amatekpor.

Her wings were apparently ready, our hearts were not. She will be sorely missed but her legacy and memory will forever remain with all who she touched.



CELEBRATION OF AN AMAZING LIFE

A portrait of Prof. Julius Kwaku Amatekpior, an elderly Black man with glasses, wearing a black graduation cap with a gold tassel and a red graduation gown with a black stole. A university crest is visible on the left side of his chest. The background is white with faint, stylized white roses and leaves.

PROF. JULIUS KWAKU
AMATEKPOR

JUNE 15, 1938 - DECEMBER 5, 2023

YOUR PRESENCE WILL BE MISSED,
YOUR MEMORY FOREVER TREASURED

BIOGRAPHY

OF PROF. JULIUS KWAKU AMATEKPOR



Julius Kwaku Amatekpor was born in Agbozume, Volta Region, Ghana, on June 15, 1938. He was the son of *Kofi Amematekpor and Vinolia Yawor Kokloboto*. He completed his elementary education at Some National School. He graduated from Wesley Teacher Training College, Kumasi, Ghana, in January 1960. He obtained his London University G.C.E., Ordinary Level, in January 1960 and the Advanced Level in January 1962.



From 1981 to 1986, he served as a Senior Lecturer (Pedology/Geomorphology) at Rivers State University College of Education, Port Harcourt, Nigeria.

He continued his career at the University of Ghana, Legon, as a Senior Research Fellow/Lecturer at the University of Ghana, V.B.R.P., Dept. of Soil Science, Legon. After he retired in 1988/89 academic year, he was retained on contract as an associate professor in the Department of Soil Science/V.B.R.P. from 1999 until 2008 academic year. Prof. continued to work on part time basis for the university till he stopped rendering services in 2017.

Prof was a member of professional bodies including Soil Science Society of Ghana (SSSG, 1976 - 2017), Ghana Science Association (GSA, 1976 - 2017) International Soil Science Society (ISSS, 1972 - date), Soil Science Society of America (SSSA, 1972 - 1978), American Society of Photogrammetry (1972 - 1975), Agriculture Society of Ghana (ASG, 1990 - 2017)



Biography of Prof cont'



He served on committees including the V.B.R.P. Management Board (1990 - 2018), Academic Board, University of Ghana (1995 - 2017), University of Ghana, Finance Committee (1996 - 2017), Board of Management of Agric. Research Stations (1996 - 2017), National Technical committee on Soil and Water Conservation and Management (1990 - 1992), Remote sensing Application Unit Teaching & Research Committee (1994 - 2017), Coastal Wetlands Management Project Technical Committee (1994 - 2017), University of Ghana/Cornell NARMSAP Committee (1994 - 2017), Volta Basin Research Co-ordinating Committee (1987 - 2017), chairman of Commonwealth Hall Catering Management Board (1993 - 2017), Commonwealth Hall Tutorial Board (1988 - 2017), Commonwealth Hall Finance Committee (1989 - 2017), and Commonwealth Hall Council (1989)

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Biography of Prof cont'.

His research interests include among others; Soil, Land Use and Land Degradation Surveys and Mapping, and Investigations into the effects of seasonal flooding and /or irrigation on properties of soils in the Volta Lake drawdown and adjacent areas.

He undertook over seventeen (17) major research/consultations, authored over twelve (12) publications, referred journals, proceedings and books. Prof also authored over fourteen (14) publications for consultancies and technical reports, and was also published in over fifteen (15) conference papers. (find publication list attached)

It is without a doubt from the above that Prof found his calling and was an avid academic. His true passion was to teach and be a mentor to many. He taught not only academically, but also life lessons. He was revered as wise, diplomatic and a solutionist.



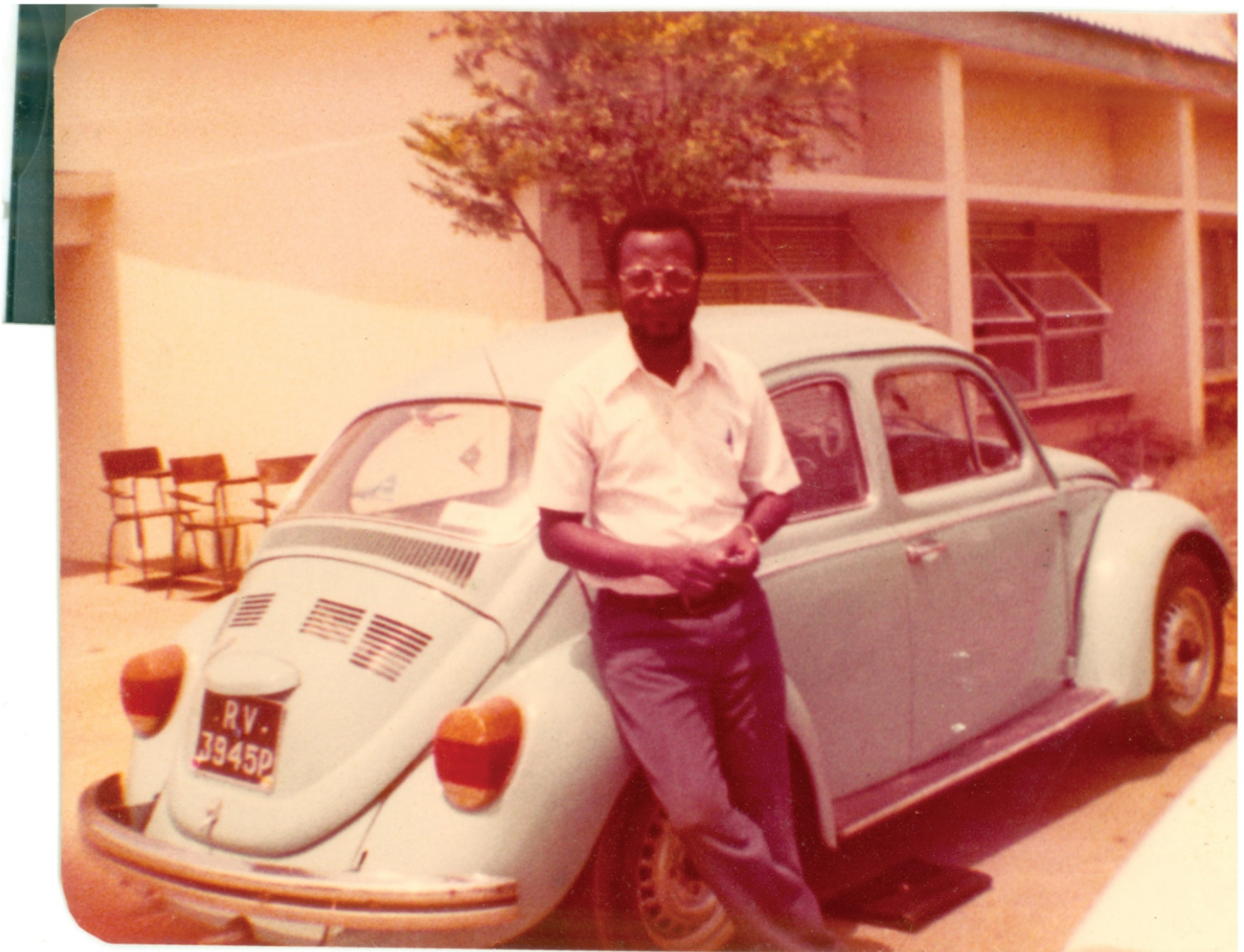
Prof. was a businessman and philanthropist. He was eager to help others succeed in business and shared strategies in financial management whenever he had an opportunity. In his entrepreneurial pursuits, he once owned businesses including a cold store, a sugar cane farm, and a fleet of buses for transportation.

He was survived by his widow Nancy Seglah. He had four children, Fredrick (deceased) and three children with his deceased wife Fidelia Esi Tengey Amatekpor; Cornelia (deceased), Belinda and Francisca. He was also survived by eight grandchildren: Mary, Tanefa, Dzidienyo, Sean, Ethan, Liam, Mya and Nya, and one great grandchild, Antonia.

Prof enjoyed music and had a large collection of vinyl records with an eclectic taste from country music to high life. He enjoyed dancing and reportedly engaged in dancing competitions in his youth. He knew how to be present with kin. He enjoyed time with his family and friends, he enjoyed good company, humor and laughter.

Prof was a beloved family head, father, grandfather and great grandfather. His presence will certainly be missed, his memory forever treasured.

Biography of Prof cont'.



Biography of Prof Cont.





Condolences

Psaln 46:10-11
He says, "Be still, and know that I am God;
I will be exalted among the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth."

Name: Dr. Etay Dooler
Message: Rest in peace.

Name: Ishcitu Ishmaila
Message: Rest in Peace, maa.

Name: PATIENCE MAWULI NITSUGH
Message: I thought I was coming to mavin with you
the day I heard I ad was domore, But
all is weest RIP my sislov.

Psaln 121:1-2
I lift up my eyes to the mountains—where does my help come from?
My help comes from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth.

Name: Hanny Kuuky Seglah and family
Message: Rest well Atique, Please take care of your Dad

Name: Cornelius-K Avege
Message: Rest in peace.

Name: Rev. Kwame Felix Forster
Message: You left too soon but God knows why. Rest well with your maker.

Psaln 139:7-8
Where can I go from your Spirit? Where can I flee from your presence?
If I go up to the heavens, you are there;
if I make my bed in the depths, you are there.

Name: Ruth Apudah
Message: Dzudzo le Rut-fafa me, Amen

Name: Cornelius -K Avege
Message: Rest in peace.

Name: Rev. Kwame Felix Forster
Message: I thank God for your life. Rest well with your maker.

Psaln 46:1
God is our refuge and strength, an
ever-present help in trouble.

Name: NIKOBI OBUWONA
Message: REST IN PEACE. Amen

Name: Prof. T.A. Adjacleh
Message: Rest in Peace, Cornelia.

Name: Prof. SCK Adika
Message: Rest in peace, Madam

John 14:1-2
"Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in me.
My Father's house has many rooms; if that were not so,
would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you?"

Name: SAMIRA ADAM
Message: DADDY, MAY THE ANGELS LEAD YOU HOME SAFELY.
WE WILL MISS YOU DEARLY!

Name: SAMIRA ADAM
Message: REST SIS, REST! WE WILL MISS YOU DEARLY!

Name:
Message:

John 11:25-26
Jesus said to her, "I am the resurrection and the life.
The one who believes in me will live, even though they die;
and whoever lives by believing in me will never die. Do you believe this?"

Name: DAISY PREMPH - UPS'S
Message: LORD, KEEP HER IN YOUR BOSSEN TILL WE
MEET. AMEN! CORNIE RIP!

Name: SIBLINGS OF THE WIDOW.
Message: LORD, ACCEPT OUR DADDY AND GIVE HIM A
RESTING PLACE IN YOUR BOSSEN.

Name: Children of the late Theresa Nyindou-Kudindou (T. Gite)
Message: Great grandpa Rest well with your maker.

Condolences

Psalms 46:1
God is our refuge and strength, an
ever-present help in trouble.

Name: Prof. T.A. Afoladeh
Message: Farewell Professor! Rest in Peace.

Name: Dr. Etsey Doctor
Message: Rest in peace, Prof. Amalekpem.

Name: Prof. S.K. Aduke
Message: Rest in peace Professor.

Psalms 121:1-2
I lift up my eyes to the mountains—where does my help come from?
My help comes from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth.

Name: Ishmael Isumaila
Message: Rest in peace daddy.

Name: PATENCE MAWALI MUTUGHH & SONS.
Message: WE FEEL HOPELESS TO BELIEVE WE DON'T
HAVE A CARING DAD ANYMORE RIP

Name: Henry Kuuku Seglah and family
Message: Rest well, God knows best.

Psalms 139:7-8
Where can I go from your Spirit? Where can I flee from your presence?
If I go up to the heavens, you are there;
if I make my bed in the depths, you are there.

Name: WARDENU EDEM
Message: Rest in Peace

Name: Delight Akpene Seglah
Message: Rest in perfect peace.

Name: Daisy PREMEPA-UPSTEG
Message: IT'S WELL PAPA WITH YOUR SOUL

Matthew 5:4
Blessed are those who mourn,
for they will be comforted.

Name: EDEM WARDENU
Message: Rest in Peace

Name: Delight Akpene Seglah
Message: Say Julius Rest well in the bosom of the Lord.

Name: Georgina Ampaaheng
Message: Cornelia rest well you fought a good fight. God knows best till we meet again xxx

Matthew 5:4
Blessed are those who mourn,
for they will be comforted.

Name: Georgina Mainoo
Message: Dad rest well till we meet again
due ni amanehunu

Name: Siblings of the Widow
Message: Lord give our sister a resting place.

Name: Children of the Late Theresa Aghadow-Kudidi (T-GAGE)
Message: Grandma rest well with you maker

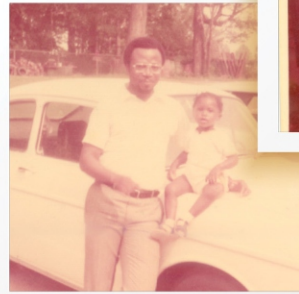
Psalms 46:10-11
He says, "Be still, and know that I am God;
I will be exalted among the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth."

Name: Nwando Idunwa
Message: You have fought a good fight.
MAY GOD GRANT YOU ETERNAL REST. RIP.

Name: JOSEPHINE NIMAMBOR
Message: DADDY REST IN PERFECT PEACE
Bubba

Name: Prof. H. Akussal
Message: My Senior brother rest in perfect peace.
You have played your part. God is in control.
H.A.

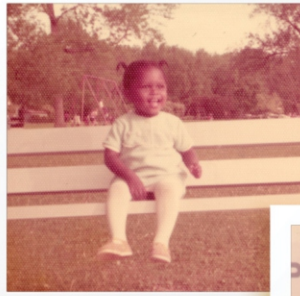
Picture Gallery



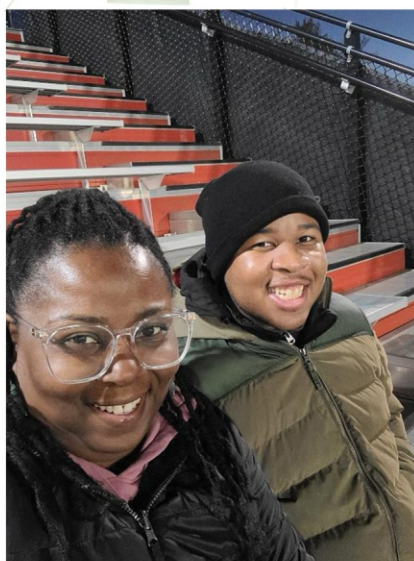
Picture Gallery



Picture Gallery



Picture Gallery



Picture Gallery

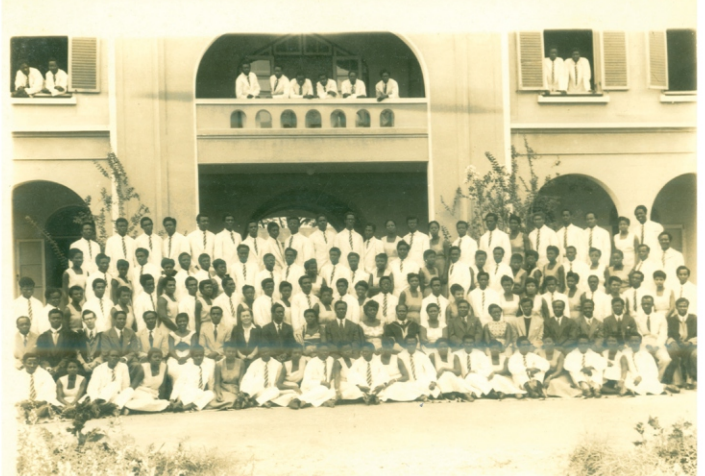


Photo Gallery





WESLEY COLLEGE: EWE GROUP





Appreciation



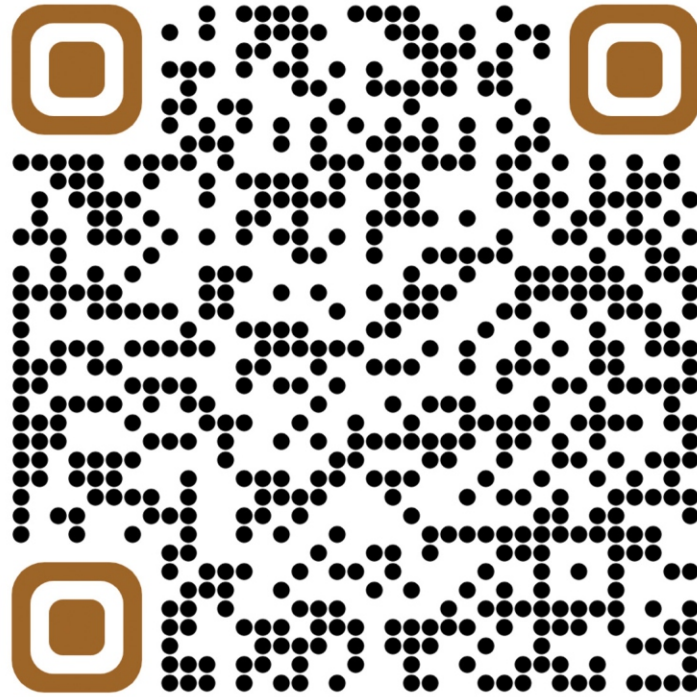
Our hearts go out to all who in diverse ways
mourned with us through prayers, generous
donations, phone calls, text messages, words of
comfort and expressions of condolences.

We have been surrounded by a lot of amazing people.
Thank you for being one of them, we really appreciate that.

The Amatekpor and allied Families.



*Thank
You!*



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