



*Celebrating the Life of*  
*Roland P. K. Elliot*



**Sunrise**  
**May 15th, 1963**

**Sunset**  
**July 19th, 2021**

**Saturday, September 11, 2021 - 8:00 a.m.**

**COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE**  
1025 Bergen Street • Newark, New Jersey



# Obituary

Roland Paa Kow Elliot alias (Paaks) was born on May 15th, 1963 in Tema, Ghana to the late Rowland Elliot and late Agnes Nketsiah both of blessed memory.

Paak's grew up in Tema (Ghana) with his loving family. He was the second of 3 children. He attended his primary and elementary school in Tema and his secondary school at Christian Methodist in Accra class of "79".

He worked as a clearing agent at the Tema port and harbor for some years before he migrated to the USA, settling in New York in October 1996 and lived there over a decade before moving to Irvington, New Jersey. He worked with Marriott Hotel in Brooklyn, New York over 20 years and took his work very seriously. He would always be at work whether rain or shine and was adamant on being punctual. He won admiration of his friends, coworkers, and management at his workplace.

Paaks was a loving person and loved helping others. His favorite pastimes were reading novels, listening to music, and playing soccer with his friends. He loved and played soccer and was a great fan of Accra Hearts of Oak. With smiles and open arms Paaks extended his love to a host of family members, friends, and neighbors. Many who came his way, enjoyed his generosity, respectfulness, laughter, jokes, strong will and received advice. His kindness and humble spirit contributed to being well loved by many. He had a smile that would light up a room. Always wearing a cheerful disposition, he was always good company. He was like family to the Crentsil family in Newark, Ben Odom and Baaba also of New Jersey and their abodes were like his second home.

Often, he stuck up for what he felt was right and could not be bothered but in the same measure allowed for human fault and viewed such fault with tolerance.

He appeared to have an encyclopedic memory of all family and friend's birthdays.

Suddenly on Monday, July 19th, 2021, he received his wings and flew away to be with his heavenly father.

Leaving to cherish his memory, is his beautiful wife Hannah, sisters, brothers, nephews, nieces, cousins, the Crentsil Family, and a host of other relatives and friends.

While he will be missed, Paaks memory will live on in all those he loved and impacted. May you now rest peacefully in the arms of your heavenly father till we meet again. Damirifa Due! Due!! Due!!!



# Order of Service

Opening Prayer.....	Bishop Nicholas Opuni
Bible Reading.....	(Ecclesiastes Ch.3-vrs 1-11) by Mrs. Lucy Addo-Cromwell
Hymn.....	Abide with me
Solo.....	Seraphina Cromwell
Reading of biography.....	Mrs. Faye P. Higgins
Tribute by the Widow.....	Mrs. Hannah Adonten Elliot
Tribute by Friend(s)	
Hymn.....	It is Well with my Soul
Sermon.....	Bishop Nicholas Opuni
Last file past open casket	
Prayer for the family.....	Bishop Nicholas Opuni
Announcemen	
Vote of thanks.....	Mrs. Bridget Ankobiah
Benediction.....	Bishop Nicholas Opuni

Interment  
Evergreen Cemetery  
Hillside, New Jersey

## TRIBUTE

It started as something casual and transitioned into a beautiful friendship. I can still picture your likeness, and your disarming smile. Roland Paa Kow Elliot alias “Paaks” came into my life through a mutual friend in the year 2015 in the state of Maryland.

He was always a gentleman, quick to interact with others, as matured adults there were no frills attached to our relationship just two adults making the decision to be together. We could talk for hours we barely had disagreements you were always encouraging. Paaks would always say everything happens for a reason. He could light the room up even amongst total strangers the life of the party. Thanksgiving 2018 in Auntie Irene’s daughter’s house he fit right in. Everyone gathered around him he was so easy to interact with him, he had that natural gift of making one feel special. Paa Kow had a deep respect for women, he told me he learnt that from his father. One thing that resonates with me is what he once told me, that only two people know what they mean to each other.

I felt that pain you were going through I wished I could relieve you of that. We talked about many things, plans on what to do in the coming months. The last week before you left us, we had a conversation there was no indication of anything out of the ordinary. The Thursday I called I had this premonition, I asked Auntie Irene to call you, you responded and stated you had been in a deep sleep and to tell me you would call me. I never received the call, I am still waiting Paaks, still waiting, I wish I could hear your voice again. The only hope I have is in the Lord and trusting that I will see you through the memories we made.

From your loving wife Hannah.

Indeed, we are deeply saddened as we write this tribute in memory of our beloved uncle Paakow. Affectionately called Uncle Paaks, this dynamic and hardworking man whose mortal remains lie before us today, proved to be a pillar in our lives. He was our father growing up. Most of us as we grew up passed through his hands either by way of living with him or listening to him counsel us on our education and career paths. His words of wisdom and willingness to share experience will never be forgotten by us. He always encouraged us not to take the path of least resistance or think of short term gratification in all situations but rather strive hard in all endeavours of life, always willing to use his life as an example. Sometimes we didn't understand why Uncle Paaks was so hard on us till we finally faced tough situations which then brought out the best in us due to the upbringing, a trait we believe was in all his siblings. Being like a father to us, one cannot forget the lessons of discipline that he instilled in us. Respect for authority and that was a hallmark he exhibited and constantly reminded us of. Time Consciousness was another discipline he loved; and woe unto you if you were to pick him up late for a program or attend a meeting late, his first comments would be "don't you have a watch" and uncle would clearly show his displeasure no matter who was involved. Indeed we learnt a lot of lessons from him which time and space would not allow us to put across. We cannot conclude our tribute without saying a big thank you for all the lessons you taught us in life, that spirit of self confidence, always using your favorite words "I know what I am doing". Uncle Paakow was an uncle in whose presence you never left empty headed. He would enquire about progress at school, workplace, etc.. We never had the chance to say good bye or bid farewells Uncle. It is God's own appointed time and it has pleased him to call you his faithful servant out of this world at this time. May the Lord God look cheerfully upon you and grant you rest in Abraham's bosom. One thing we know as children of God is that death does not have the last word; Jesus Christ does.

Uncle Da yie Nyame Nnfa Wokra nsie.

TRIBUTE TO ROLAND-  
From his secondary School Class Mates.

Our brother Roland Elliot was our Christian Methodist Secondary Schoolmate, from the year 1974 to 1979.

He was a very active student, availing himself in most school activities and loves to speak the English Language.

We have been recently bonded together through our Group's Whatsapp Page.

Roland loves forwarding philosophical messages to our year group's platform but loved to send more to our private pages as well.

It will surprise you all that the last messages forwarded to our platforms was on the 15th day of July 2021.

Folks, we have indeed lost and missed a good friend, brother, a calm and gentle schoolmate. This is a grieving period for us because we cherished his gentleness and kindness.

Dear Roland, may the Angels meet you halfway to your Eternal Rest!

We shall surely meet again!

Sleep on, Great Soul.

Fondly remembered by the 1979 Year Group of the Christian Methodist Secondary School.

# *I'm Free*

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free,  
I'm following the path God laid for me.  
I took his hand when I heard his call,  
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day,  
To laugh, to love, to work, to play.  
Tasks left undone must stay that way,  
I've found that peace at the close of the day.

If my parting has left a void,  
Then fill it with remembered joy.  
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,  
Ah yes, these things I too will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow,  
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.  
My Life's been full, I savoured much,  
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch,

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,  
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.  
Lift up your heart and share with me,  
God wanted me now, He set me free.

## *Acknowledgement*

The family of **Roland Elliot** will remember and cherish your many expressions of love, sympathy and prayers so graciously extended. Thank you and may God Bless you.

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Professional Services Provided By

### **COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE**

130 Main Street  
Orange, NJ  
973-675-6400

1025 Bergen Street  
Newark, NJ  
973-926-6400

### **COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME**

37 Clinton Avenue  
Jersey City, NJ  
201-433-1000

