

Celebrating the Life of
Michael Osei

December 15, 1959 - August 25, 2022



Friday, September 23, 2022 - 7:00 p.m.

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE
1025 Bergen Street • Orange, New Jersey

Obituary

Michael Osei, passed away on Thursday, August 25th 2022, at age 62. He was born on December 15th, 1959 in Koforidua, Ghana, by the late Timothy Obeng and Madame Christiana Owusu. He was the first of eight children, and belonged to the Ekuona clan.

Michael is survived by his mother, his three children, his six grandchildren and his beloved extended relatives. Michael was baptized in the Church of Christ.

His early education was at Koforidua, Roman Catholic School. He attended New Juabeng School of Commerce, and went on to pursue his accounting career at the Christian Institute Accountancy and Technology (CIAT) in Kumasi. His excellence in accounting led to his employment at CIAT.

Later in life, God blessed Michael with a wife and three children. He moved back to Koforidua with

his family. In Koforidua, he worked as an Accountant at the Ghana Water Company Limited. In the United States of America, Michael worked with a Security Company for 10 years.

Michel Osei was a gentleman. He was modest, passionate, respectful, caring and generous. He loved to read and study the bible. He not only cared for people in his inner circle, but always went the extra mile to embrace others. His goodness and kind heartedness are expressed by all who knew him.

Michael, you will be greatly missed by your family and friends.

The Lord bless you.

The Lord keep you in His Everlasting Salvation.

Damirefa Dwe!

Rest in Perfect Peace!

Order of Service

Part one – Cotton Funeral Home

Conductor: Elder Frank Arku-Korsah

1. Opening Prayer - Deaconess Rose Frimpong
2. Chorus/File Past Church leaders and others
3. Introduction of Dignitaries - Conductor
4. Song Congregation
5. Scripture Reading - Ecclesiastes 3 vs. 1-4

English/Twi – Elder Joseph Opoku

6. Prayer of Thanksgiving: Rev Dr. Karl Badu

8. Biography/Tributes

- Family

- Children

9. Exhortation – Rev. Dr. Karl Badu

11. Prayer for the Family –Rev. Dr. Karl Badu

15. Vote of Thanks - Family Representative

16, Announcement - MC

17. Closing prayer: Mrs. Gifty Badu

18. Benediction: Rev. Dr. Karl Badu

PART TWO - FINAL FUNERAL RITES

Conductor: Elder Ernest Dwomoh

Arrival & songs – DJ

Commencement prayer: Deaconess Tina Tetteh

Welcome of Guest - Bereaved family

Introduction: Conductor

Dance: Bereaved family

Exhortation – Deacon Peter Ampomah

Prayer for Bereaved Family: Rev. Dr. Karl Badu

Dance/Activities

Closing prayer: Elder Kofi Boateng

Benediction: Rev. Dr. Karl Badu

HYMNS

Ohoho ne mamfrani
M'asase mmen ha baabi, Minni fi pa wo ha
Ohaw, obra, amane, na yede tu ha kwan;
N'osoro ho na Nyame, bema mahome sann
So mamfi me mmofrase, Manhyia haw ne bra
Ahoguan ne amane, oko ne opere
Mannya nea me kon do, m'ani anawie gye;
Enti mema m'anan so, Na mantra ha menkye
Eha amane kwan no, Bebreedi adi so kan;
Oyame Adiyifo, Ne man mu mpanyin
Boasto ne gyidi, Na wode tuu won kwan;
Na won akyi na medi, Nkwa ne mu nyinaam

2. Guide me, O my great Jehovah,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but you are mighty;
hold me with your powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
where the healing waters flow.
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
ever be my strength and shield,
ever be my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside.
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever sing to you,
I will ever sing to you.
3. Akwantu bi wo ho a yebetu
Akwantu bi wo ho a yebetu
Enye wiase ha akswantu no bi,
Soro ho akwantu na yeretwen,
Anigye ben na saa da no beye
- Anigye na ye de betu kwan no,
Ahurisi na ye de behyia Kristo,
Gyidifo nyinaa bebom anantew,
Anigye ben na saa da no bye

Niece's (Viola Adjei) Tribute

*Poem to my Uncle,
Where are the words
To express such moments
When a loved one, an angel
From you, has been stolen
Such things are known, our common fate
But watching your light dim
Please, just wait
You have yet to see me
Grown up and fully matured
If only I could give you my brain
What's mine is yours
Please don't go, we have much more to do
More life to see, a new me, a new you
Your sister breaks down, every day before my eyes
So painful to see; please Lord, why?
God has made it clear; this life is not forever
One day I will see you, we will again be together
I pray in your life, you've surrendered to Christ
That on your darkest days, you've seen His light
Know that we love and miss you, a kind heart like no other
Let God's love shine upon you, now and forever. Amen.*

My Uncle was a kind, gentle soul. His presence in my life, always made me feel like no matter how dark and rough my life became, it'll get better. Even when I fought with my mother and or my father, he would be there, calm and collected and would even chuckle or lightly laugh, as though conquering sin through God, right before my eyes. I couldn't see it then, but he was the greatest example of God's kindness I've ever known.

He was an extremely hard working man, dedicated to his strict routine of work, rest, and enjoyment. He rarely ever complained in his life; only when his body became weak and pained from all the decades of hard work. In his spare time, he used to plant food in the backyard, the only family member to do so. He planted corn and diligently tended to his crops. I was blessed enough to have enjoyed his harvest, never realizing until recently how much consistent, hard work and care goes into growing your own food. That was just the kind of man my uncle was; consistently caring and compassionate.

We had this bit, where whenever he would see me in the kitchen, he would say, "Cho cho! Fro, koshwaygu! Agi sa me chi, agi sa mene haw!" The translation is essentially that whenever I see food, I won't leave it behind. When my mother translated, they would laugh together and I was sit there pouting, because I was always saying I'm working on losing weight and I don't want to eat too much anymore, then I would join them in laughter. Even when I moved out and would visit the family house, there I would find him in the kitchen, and then he would proceed to say again, "Cho cho!" and I would finish the saying, knowing he was teasing me but enjoying every moment of it, because that's what family does.

It pains me so much that I'll never hear him say those words to me ever again. What I wouldn't give to visit the family house, turn the corner and find him in the kitchen, greeting me with a smile and laughter again. We never go through life thinking about those who are closest to us, suddenly dying. We go through time in our routines of work, responsibilities and moments of enjoyment, assuming that everyone will remain in their places in our lives forever. My uncle transitioning to his resting place has been one of the greatest lessons in my life. To never take anyone in life for granted. To treat them with consistent care and compassion and to work hard and diligently in anything I do, for that is what God calls us to do.

Blessed are my family I, to have known you Uncle, for you were a true gem, given to us from God to show His glory through your life. I pray that you have left me a piece of your spirit so that I too may be able to be an example of God's kindness and love in this world. I love you, always and forever.

Thank you all.

CHILDREN'S TRIBUTE

We never thought it would come to this. In our heads, you were going to live forever but we guess that was just wishful thinking. As Christians, we are taught to thank God in all circumstances. Death is something no one can prepare for and we learned this earlier than we would have wanted to in life. Never in our entire lives, did we think we would have to write your tribute so early. Papa, as we affectionately call you, we still struggle to come to terms with losing you; our father, our confidant, our motivator and big brother everyone would wish for.

Father, we are yet to encounter an individual who works harder and has more determination than you did. Father, you made sure whatever you set out to do, you did to the best of your ability. You were a visionary. Your intuition was spot on, your unflinching obedience to God ensured you had favour wherever you went. You taught us to persevere and instilled in us the need to give our best in whatever we set out to do which was worth doing. We watched you forgive, forget and welcome with open arms, people who had hurt you deeply. You epitomized the Christian principle of true forgiveness and forgetfulness. Your grandchildren and great grandchildren, both born and unborn will hear of the wonderful man you were.

Dad, you taught us to be strong, so although this hurts immensely, we will be strong, for we know you would not have it any other way. We will miss your early morning calls and chats. We are very grateful for the privilege of being your children. Thank you for being the best father anyone could ask for. We console ourselves with the belief that he has hidden you in a cool, comfortable nurturing place, where there is only love, peace and joy; a place where you will no longer experience sorrow, anxiety, pain, betrayal or disappointment. We hope you are well and well-rested. Thank you for your selflessness, support, and the boundless love you showed us.

REST IN PERFECT PEACE
FATHER! Damirifa Dua!!!

Acknowledgement

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

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

