



**DR. SAMUEL ADZEDU  
AMARTEY**

1954 - 2026

**BURIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE  
FOR THE LATE**



**DR. SAMUEL ADZEDU  
AMARTEY**  
— 1954 - 2026 —

**BURIAL SERVICE:**

SATURDAY 18TH APRIL 2026, 8 AM  
AT LASHIBI FUNERAL HOMES & CREMATORIUM, ACCRA

**INTERMENT:**

PRIVATE BURIAL, ADA-FOAH

**MEMORIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE:**

SUNDAY 19TH APRIL 2026, 9 AM  
BETHEL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ADA-FOAH

# ORDER OF SERVICE

## PART 1 - PRE-BURIAL

Call to Worship	—	Service Leader
Procession/Opening Hymn	—	'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds' (1-3)
Hymn of Adoration	—	"Blessed Assurance" (1-3)
Salutation	—	Service Leader
Scripture Sentence	—	Lamentation 3:17-26
Hymn	—	"Amazing Grace"
Prayers	—	Service leader
Praises and Adoration	—	Harmochestra Choir
Hymn	—	"What a friend we have in Jesus" (1-2)
Biography	—	Family member
Hymn	—	"Now the Labourers task is over" (1-2)
Tributes	—	Spouse, Child, Siblings
Hymn	—	"My Jesus I love thee" (1-2)
Tributes	—	Panel
Hymn	—	"Blest be the tie that binds" (1-2)
Scripture Reading	—	John 14:1-6 1 Thessalonians 4:14-18
Hymn	—	"Captain of Isreal's Host" (1-2)
Sermon and Creed	—	Rev Minister
Hymn	—	"Guide me O thou great Jehovah" (1-3)
Prayer for family	—	Rev. Minister
Christian charity	—	Harmochestra Choir
Prayer of Dedication	—	Service leader
Song	—	Bleoo 1970 year group
Announcement	—	Family member
Closing hymn	—	"The day thou gave us Lord has ended"
Closing prayer & Benediction	—	Rev. Minister

# ORDER OF SERVICE

## AT THE GRAVESIDE

Scripture Sentence	—	Rev Minister
Hymn	—	“When peace like a river” (1-2)
Exhortation	—	Rev Minister
Prayer	—	Rev Minister
Committal	—	Rev Minister
Hymn	—	“Abide with me” (1-2)
Vote of thanks	—	Family member
Benediction	—	Rev Minister

## OFFICIATING MINISTERS

**1. Rev. Alfred A. Oblitey**  
Presbyterian Church of Ghana  
Christ family Congregation, -North Kaneshie

**2. Rev. (Prof) Mrs. Doris Nkansah**





# BIOGRAPHY

## Dr. Samuel Adzedu Amartey

*"We are what we repeatedly do.  
Excellence, then, is not an act, but a habit."  
Aristotle.*

### A CHILD OF PROMISE

Samuel Adzedu Amartey was born on 2nd August 1954 to Nicholas Erasmus Amartey and Madam Juliana Daada Nkornu and grew up in Ada Foah - a small town at the mouth of the Volta River, where the community was close and life moved at a pace that made you pay attention to people. He was the last of his parents' children - the one the family called "Nakutso", as is the custom for the last-born. It was a name given with affection, and it suited him well. But there was nothing small about the person he turned out to be.

Ada Foah shaped him in ways that remained visible throughout his life. It was the kind of place where your character was known long before any certificate could confirm it, and where how you treated your neighbours and elders was the measure that counted most. Adzedu carried those values with him throughout his life. He was respectful, patient, and naturally at ease with people from all walks of life - a combination that earned him the respect and admiration of others from an early age. Those who knew him in his later years say he spoke of home with a warmth that time and distance had done nothing to reduce. Ada Foah remained, for him, a place of real and lasting feeling.

### SCHOLAR IN THE MAKING

Adzedu received his early education at Ada-Foah Presbyterian Boys Boarding Middle School - a formative chapter that grounded him in the values of his community before the wider world opened up to him. He went on to Accra Academy, where he was part of the 1970 year group, before proceeding to Achimota School for his Advanced Level studies. Both schools have a long history of producing

distinguished Ghanaians, and Adzedu was a worthy product of that tradition. He excelled academically, but those who knew him during those years remember more than his achievements. He was warm and approachable, generous with his time, and always ready to help and never one to make others feel diminished for not knowing what he knew. It was during these school years that he came to be known by the nickname "Lash" - the name by which many of those closest to him would call him for the rest of his life. The name was borrowed from Lash LaRue, the famous American Western actor, and it carried with it a particular affection - the kind that belongs to people who have known you at your most unguarded.

By the time he completed his A-levels, Adzedu was already someone that people naturally turned to. He had knowledge, and he shared it openly, good judgement that inspired trust and an understated wit that eased difficult moments. What he did not have, and never developed, was any tolerance for dishonesty or betrayal. On that, he was clear and consistent. He valued integrity in others as much as he practised it himself. Those who were honest and sincere with him found in him a loyal and dependable friend.



# BIOGRAPHY

## KUMASI & THE BEGINNINGS OF A SCIENTIFIC LIFE

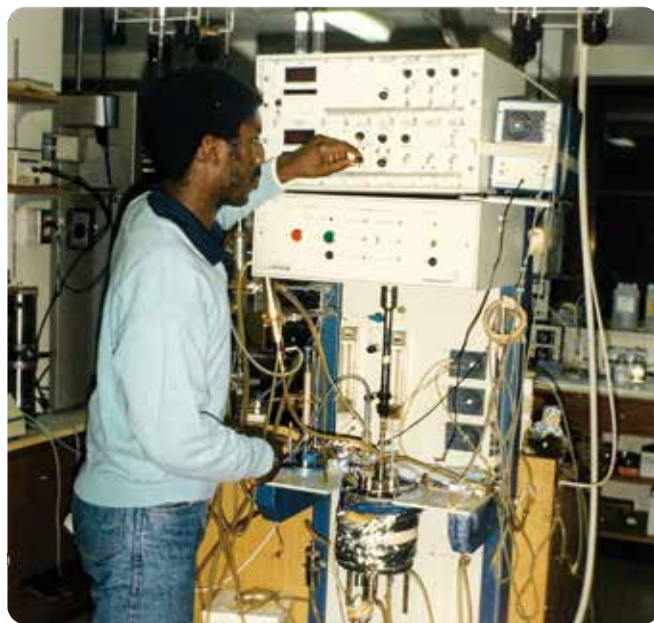
From secondary school, Adzedu proceeded to the University of Science and Technology (UST) in Kumasi - now KNUST - reading for his Bachelor of Science degree between 1974 and 1978, and returning to complete his Master of Science degree between 1979 and 1981. He had found, at UST, the kind of environment that suited him best: one where curiosity was rewarded, where difficult problems were worth spending time on, and where the standard were high enough to push him. He met those standards comfortably and distinguished himself as a student of real ability and application. Although they first met in their hometown of Ada, it was during his time in Kumasi that his relationship with Charity - who would later become his wife and the centre of his personal world - truly flourished and grew into something enduring and profound. Their life together came to be defined by the same qualities he brought to all he did: steadiness, loyalty, and genuine care.

After completing his postgraduate degree, he joined the Department of Biochemistry at UST as a Lecturer in Biochemistry and Microbiology - his first academic post, which he held with the same thoroughness he brought to all his work. In 1983, having established himself as both a teacher and a working scientist, he was accepted to read for his doctorate at the Centre for Biotechnology at Imperial College of Science, Technology and Medicine in London - one of the leading scientific institutions in the world.

## IMPERIAL COLLEGE & THE DOCTORATE

The five years Adzedu spent at Imperial College between 1983 and 1988 were the years in which his scientific identity was fully formed. Doctoral research at that level is not merely an intellectual exercise; it is a test of endurance and character. It demands the ability to keep working across months and years without certainty of outcome, to pick yourself up when experiments fail, and to hold your standards steady when no one is watching.. Adzedu had all of that in full measure.

He committed himself to the work completely - mastering the laboratory, its instruments and its demands, working long hours and, when the research required it, remaining at the bench through the night. It was a period of serious and, - sustained effort. His supervisors noted the quality of his output and the reliability of his method.



In April 1988, he was awarded both his Doctor of Philosophy and the Diploma of Imperial College, with specialities in Microbial Physiology, Molecular Biology and Fermentation Technology. The degree had been earned in full. He was now Dr. Samuel Adzedu Amartey - a moment of immense pride for his family and all who had followed the journey from Ada Foah. To those who loved him, however, he remained simply Adzedu. That had not changed, and it never would.

# BIOGRAPHY

## A CAREER ACROSS CONTINENTS

The career that followed his doctorate took Dr. AmarteY across several countries and institutions. He held Postdoctoral Fellowships at Imperial College and at the University of Toronto in Canada, and served as a Research Associate at the USDA Forest Products Research Laboratories in Madison, Wisconsin. Back in the United Kingdom, he worked as a Research Scientist at Imperial College in collaboration with Agrol Ltd in Surrey, before joining ECI Food Manufacturers in Wales as Chief Scientist and Member of the Board of Directors.

He subsequently joined Buckinghamshire Chilterns University College in High Wycombe as a Lecturer in Microbiology and Biotechnology, rising to Senior Lecturer. He was a capable teacher - precise, patient, and willing to give extra time to a student who needed it. He served as a visiting lecturer at the University of Ljubljana and the Forest Products Research Institute in Tsukuba, Japan, and as an external examiner for postgraduate students across Europe and India. He maintained his affiliation with Imperial College throughout, returning eventually as a Research Associate and Academic Visitor in the Division of Biology, Faculty of Life Sciences.



Colleagues across these institutions describe him consistently: dependable, generous with his knowledge, easy to work with, and without any trace of self-importance. He collaborated with research teams in the United Kingdom, Germany, Japan, the United States and Slovenia - connections built on mutual respect and maintained with the same personal reliability that defined everything he did.



# BIOGRAPHY

## THE SCIENCE HE LOVED

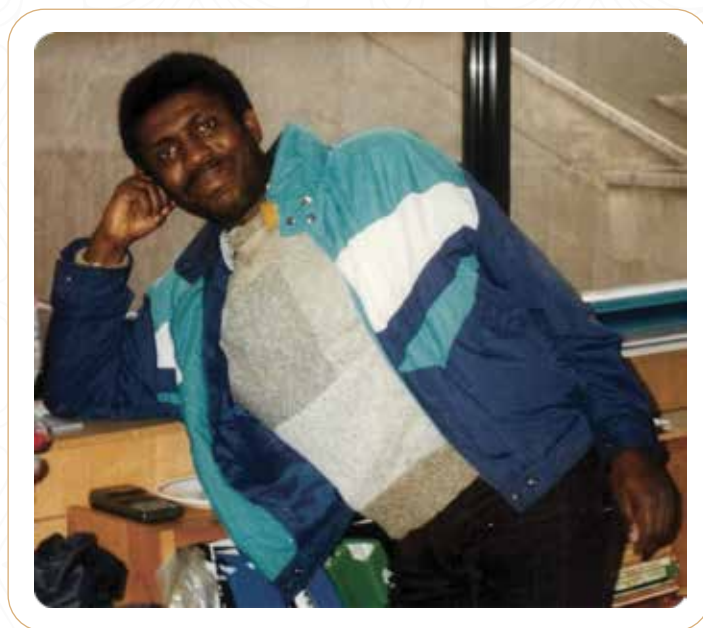
The Research undertaken by Dr. Amartey focused on exploiting the potential of microorganisms (fungi, bacteria and yeast), for practical application in medicine, pharmaceuticals, agriculture, food production, waste management and bio-energy. His specialities were Microbial Physiology, Molecular Biology and Fermentation Technology. He published more than thirty-five papers in peer-reviewed international journals over the course of his career and served as a scientific reviewer for publications including Enzyme and Microbial Technology, Chemosphere and the Biochemical Journal - a reflection of the standing in which his peers held his judgement. He was drawn to science that could actually solve something - that could improve an industry, clean up an environment, or address a problem affecting real people. That instinct never left him.

In his later years, Dr. Amartey shared with a few close confidants that he believed he had developed a practical scientific solution to the contamination of Ghana's water bodies caused by illegal artisanal mining, known as galamsey. He made no public announcement of this work. Instead, he intended to return to Ghana and present it through the appropriate channels, quietly and without fanfare, in keeping with his character.

## THE MAN

Those who encountered Dr. Amartey in professional settings found a scientist who knew his field thoroughly and carried himself with quiet authority. Those who knew Adzedu personally - as family, as old friends, as people who had shared a meal or a long conversation with him - found something warmer and more lasting.

He was the person you called when you needed help. He did not make a point of it, did not keep account of favours given, and expected nothing in return. His help took many forms: his time, his knowledge, his contacts, and when friends or family found themselves in financial difficulty, his pocket as well. He gave without fanfare and without making the other person feel indebted. Helping was simply part of how he moved through the world.



He treated people with consistent decency regardless of who they were. The friends and neighbours he had grown up with in Ada Foah found, when they encountered him years later, that nothing essential had changed. He greeted them the same way, asked after their families the same way, and gave them the same time. He was equally warm with strangers - the kind of man who made people feel at ease in a brief encounter, as though they had his full attention, because they did.

He had a sharp, well-timed sense of humour that came naturally and without effort. He did not force it. It surfaced at the right moments and had a way of making difficult situations feel lighter and more human. People sought out his company in part because of it.

# BIOGRAPHY

He was a man of wide interests and quiet passions. He was an avid reader with a vast personal library spanning biographies, textbooks, and fiction – the kind of collection that reflected a mind that was always working and always curious. He had a keen and lifelong love of music, with old-time jazz and classical music holding a particular place in his affections. He kept a large collection of CDs and vinyl records and would often have music playing throughout the day – a constant backdrop to his thinking and his work. He loved to travel, and found in movement a particular kind of pleasure. Plane watching was also among his favourite pastimes; he was genuinely fascinated by aviation, by the mechanics of flight and the engineering behind it, and he took real satisfaction in understanding how things worked.

He held honesty in very high regard - not as an occasional virtue, but as a standard he applied consistently and expected from others. He was straightforward in his own dealings and had little patience for those who were not. Those who were honest with him had in him a reliable and loyal friend. Those who were not found that he was clear about where they stood, and that some things, once broken, could not simply be reset.



He was a man of genuine wisdom - the kind that comes from paying close attention to life over many years. People brought him their problems because they trusted that what he said would be worth hearing. He listened before he spoke, and when he did speak, he was measured and useful. He was the sort of elder that families count themselves fortunate to have.

He loved his wife Charity and his daughter Jennifer with a steadiness and devotion that defined his home life. His care extended readily to his brothers and sisters, and to his nephews and nieces, whose lives he followed with real interest. He remembered the details of what was happening in each of their lives, asked after them individually, and made every one of them feel that he was genuinely invested in how they were getting on. He carried a deep love for his mother all his life. It is a comfort that his wish will be honored, and he will be laid to rest beside her.

# BIOGRAPHY

## LEGACY

There are two ways to measure a life. One is the formal record: the degrees, the publications, the institutions served and the positions held. By that measure, Dr. Samuel Adzedu Amartey left behind an impressive account. The other is the human record: the quality of the relationships he kept, the standard of conduct he maintained, and the difference his presence made to the people who knew him.

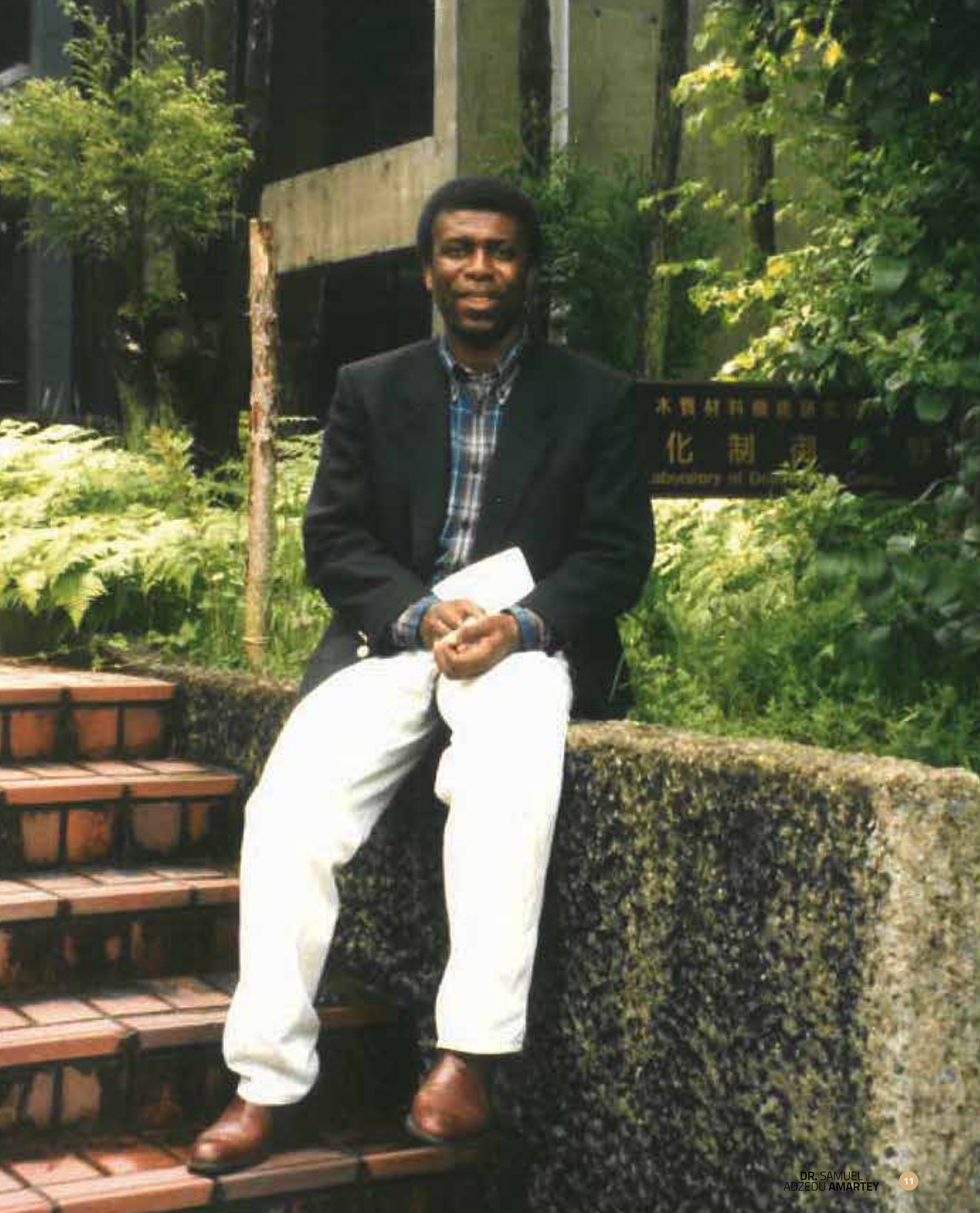
He was the kind of brother who stayed connected across years and distance, attentive to the details of their lives and always reached out at the moments that mattered most. He was the husband who gave his wife consistency and warmth over the long course of a shared life. He was the father who held his standards high out of love. He was the uncle who knew his nephews and nieces by name and by circumstance - who asked the right questions, followed their progress with genuine interest, and made each of them feel seen. He was the lecturer who gave his students more than the syllabus required, and the colleague who made the work around him better. He was the friend who answered when you called and who remained the same man from Ada Foah to London and back again.

He is survived by his wife Charity, his daughter Jennifer, his brothers and sisters, his nephews and nieces, and a wide community of family, colleagues, students and friends in Ghana and across the world. To his friends, he was Lash, to his colleagues, he was Sam, to his students, he was Dr. Amartey, and to his family he was Adzedu - but to all of them, across every country and every chapter of his life, he was the same remarkable man.

**YOU CAME. YOU SAW. YOU CONQUERED.**

*Rest in perfect peace.*





# TRIBUTE FROM WIFE

## Charity Kaki Amartey

*The tide recedes but leaves behind bright seashells on the sand.  
The sun goes down, but gentle warmth still lingers on the land.  
The music stops, and yet it lingers on in the sweet refrain.  
For every joy that passes, something beautiful remains.*

*- Martha Vashiti Pearson*

Love does not know its own depth until the hour of separation. And in that hour, we come to understand just how deep that love truly was. My beloved husband, you were not only my partner, but my greatest friend - my constant support through life's challenges, and the one who made even the most ordinary days feel special. Davies, as I affectionately called you, you had a unique way of making me feel seen, welcome, and deeply valued. Your laughter, your wisdom, and your quiet, steady acts of love will remain in the hearts of everyone who knew you. The memories we shared - the conversations, the simple everyday moments - are treasures I will carry with me always.



Sunday mornings will never be the same. You would wait expectantly for your full English breakfast, a little ritual that was so you. And yet, you never quite sat down to enjoy it all at once - you would wander back and forth to the kitchen, picking at bits here and there, as if you couldn't help but savour it in your own way. It's a memory that makes me smile through the tears, a reminder of the little things that made you special. You never quite mastered making tea the way I like it, but your signature taps on my cheeks more than made up for it - small, affectionate moments that spoke louder than words ever could.

You also had the most thoughtful way of showing your love. You would surprise me with small, sentimental gifts—never for any grand occasion, but simply because you knew they would make me smile. Those gestures meant everything. They were pieces of your heart, given so freely, and I will cherish them always.

In your quieter, more difficult moments, you would call my name or come to me for comfort, and that meant more to me than words can ever express. It was in those moments I felt just how deep our bond truly was. And yet, even with that closeness, you always carried a longing for your mother - a love and a loss that a love and a loss that never left you.



# TRIBUTE FROM WIFE

## Charity Kaki Amartey

There is a small peace in knowing that your wish will be fulfilled, and that you will be laid to rest beside your beloved mother.

Though your time with me feels far too short, the love you gave and the life you lived will never fade. You leave behind a legacy of compassion, devotion, and a deep, enduring love for me and your daughter.

You will be missed every single day, and I thank God for every moment we were blessed to share.  
Until we meet again, my love, you will forever live in my heart.

O Ke Nemi Samenya  
I Love you so much,  
*Charity.*



# TRIBUTE FROM DAUGHTER

## Jennifer Nana-Dedei Amartey

*Psalm 34:18*

*“The Lord is near to those who have a broken heart and saves such as have a contrite spirit.”*

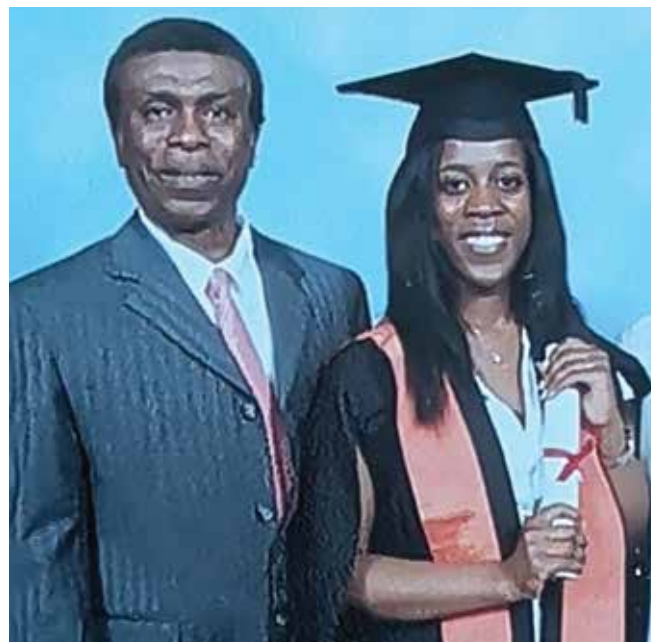
I’ve been thinking a lot about how to begin this, and I keep coming back to the fond ways my dad used to call me. When I was little, he had this distinct whistle he would use to get my attention - and wherever I was, I would come running. No matter how much time passed, I was always his “little girl.” In later years, he would jokingly call me “the number one argue-mentator,” because of what he said was my ability to argue with almost everything he said. Those are the things I hear most clearly now, and the memories I hold closest.

My dad was a man of strength, discipline, and quiet devotion. He believed deeply in the power of education and in building a future through hard work. Growing up, he was strict when it came to my studies. At the time, I didn’t always understand it, but now I see it for what it truly was - love expressed through high expectations and an unwavering belief in my potential. He wanted me to succeed not just for achievement, but so I could stand on my own - confident and capable in the world. Every lesson, every push to do better, every reminder to stay focused helped shape the woman I am today.

He had such a thoughtful and curious mind. He loved his books and his notebooks, always writing things down - his thoughts, his ideas, his interests, especially in science and his equations. There was something so steady and admirable in that part of him - always

learning, always reflecting, always striving to understand more. Then there were the everyday moments that now feel so vivid. His tea - always black with one spoon of honey - and my quiet frustration when he wouldn’t actually drink the teas he insisted I made for him. At the time, it felt like such a small, ordinary thing, but now it’s one of those memories that makes me smile the most. I also think of the times I would come home and find something unexpected he had bought - a guitar, a basketball, even boxing gloves. When I asked why, he would simply say, “I’m going to learn,” or “I want to keep fit.” It used to make me laugh, but there was something so endearing about it - his curiosity, his willingness to try, to keep growing, to keep becoming. Those memories now bring me quiet laughter in reflective moments.

Beyond his discipline and curiosity, he showed his love in the most protective and tender ways. He valued my mum and me so deeply, always watching over us with a quiet but constant care. He never wanted us to be hurt or unwell. I think of how, at the smallest cough or sneeze, he would rush to check on us and remind us to take care of ourselves. At the time, it felt like strictness or worry, but now I understand it for what it truly was - love, immediate and unwavering. He simply could not bear to see us in pain.



# TRIBUTE FROM DAUGHTER

He also had his own gentle ways of showing affection. Being his “little girl” never changed, no matter how much I grew, and there was something so comforting in that. I will miss hearing him call me that more than words can express. I will also miss his stories - so many built up over a lifetime, shared in his own way, each one carrying a piece of who he was. Whether they made me laugh, think, or simply listen, they are memories I will hold onto forever.

Losing him has left a space in my life that can never be filled. But even in that loss, I find myself returning to the memories. Though my heart aches in his absence, I hold onto a lifetime of moments that will never fade. They bring both tears and comfort—pain because he is no longer here, but also a quiet warmth that stays with me and gives me strength to keep going. His voice, his lessons, and his values will always live on in me, and I carry his influence in everything I do. I hope to make him proud in the way I live my life.

Daddy, I love you. Thank you for everything - for your guidance, your sacrifices, and your love.

Love always,  
Your “Little Girl”  
*Jennifer*



# TRIBUTE FROM SIBLINGS

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Otanyeh Ye! Otanyeh Ye! Otanyeh Ye!

These words remind us of the vibrant and memorable personality of our beloved Adzedu.

You came into our lives as the youngest, unexpected yet deeply cherished. Over the years, you grew into an exceptional individual, distinguished by excellence, discipline, and determination. Your achievements, particularly during your time at Imperial College, earned you admiration and respect. You stood out for your brilliance and consistency, truly living up to the description of being among the very best.

As a family, we are proud of your unwavering commitment to education and your efforts to uphold and strengthen the academic values within our home. You inspired us, and we believed in your vision just as you believed in us.

We also acknowledge and appreciate the strong network of friends who supported and stood by you throughout your life. Your relationships reflected the kind of person you were loyal, kind, and dependable. Your time in the United Kingdom remains a significant part of your journey. Your dedication to your studies, particularly your long hours in research and the laboratory, demonstrated resilience, focus, and a deep passion for your field. Your work did not go unnoticed, as you earned the respect of your peers and colleagues.

Though we share a few fond memories that bring smiles even in this moment of grief, we choose today to honor the remarkable life you lived and the legacy you leave behind. We take comfort in the belief that you have gone ahead to join our parents and our departed siblings. You made them proud, and we are confident that you are being received with love and honor.

As your brothers and sisters, we express our deepest gratitude for all that you have been to us. We are committed to preserving your legacy and ensuring that your dreams and aspirations continue to live on within this family.

With heavy hearts, we say goodbye.  
Rest peacefully until we meet again.

# TRIBUTE TO UNCLE ADZEDU

## From his Nephews & Nieces

*"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."*

*- Thomas Campbell*

Uncle Adzedu, you had the kind of presence that stayed with us - warm, steady, and impossible to fully put into words. There was simply too much good in you for any single description to do the job. You remembered what mattered to each of us, followed up without being asked, and had a way of making us feel - every single time - that out of everyone, you had been thinking specifically about us.

Across all our different ages, all our different lives, all the distance between us - you never lost track of a single one of us.

Your career took you far - across continents, to places some of us had only seen on maps. But the postcards and letters still came. Handwritten, personal, addressed to each of us as though our individual lives mattered deeply to you. Because they did. Distance never changed that - and the fact that you made sure we knew it says everything about the kind of man you were.

You gave generously of everything you had - your time, your knowledge, your counsel. You were a man of great intellect, and you wore it gently. You never made us feel small for not knowing something. Instead you sat with us, explained, guided, and sent us away better informed than when we arrived. You advised on careers, on decisions, on life - and for those of us who needed it, on our health too, drawing on a depth of scientific knowledge that most people never get access to outside a consulting room. You always had something for everyone - a word of advice, a well-timed joke, a way of stretching your warmth so that no one left without something.

It may be a bold thing to say, but you had the spirit of someone who could feed five thousand with five loaves of bread - and everyone who ever sat with you knows exactly what we mean.

You loved this family fiercely and deliberately. You held us together across distance and years without ever making it look like work. For some of us, the line between uncle and older brother was never very clear - and that closeness was one of the great gifts of our lives.

We are still not fully recovered from losing you, and we won't pretend otherwise. There are moments, even now, when something happens and the first thought is - Uncle Adzedu needs to hear this. That impulse does not go away. It probably never will. You are irreplaceable - not as a consolation, but as the plain and honest truth.

Rest well, Uncle.

You gave us more than you will ever know.

# TRIBUTE BY CYNTHIA HUSHIE

*“As the sunsets in the dust,  
The moon rises in its mists.  
In everyday a life is born another life is lost.  
It’s in the Lord’s bosom do we pray to rest  
when we rest eternal sleep”*

Grandpa Adzedu, I knew I would write a tribute to you one day but never thought it would come this early. However, as a Christian with the hope of the resurrection, I give thanks to God in all circumstances.

Though you are officially my grandfather, I have always called you dad and related to you as a daughter. Our relationship grew stronger from 2005, when we began having regular conversations about family, work, lifestyle issues, and academic matters. Over time, those conversations turned into a meaningful bond, built on respect, shared stories, and a deep appreciation for each other. It was during these moments that I came to appreciate your strength, principles, and values.

You were a man of principle and discipline, and this was evident in your lifestyle. I remember waiting to pick you up at the airport during your visit to Ghana last year. I grew worried as almost all the passengers on board the BA flight had disembarked, yet I still did not see you. Then I noticed an elderly man at a distance in a confrontation with the airport officials, and I said to myself, “That is my uncle Adzedu - the one who stands for his rights.” When we met, you told me you were seeking an explanation for why your luggage had been delayed for so long.

I was one of your confidants back home; we exchanged ideas on academics, work, and personal matters. You always asked for my opinion on things you wanted to do and buy. Uncle Adzedu, all of this and more brought honour to me and elevated my standing in the family - I am now fondly recognised as “Adzedu’s secretary.” I truly value this honour and will always treasure it.

One of my most cherished memories was your stay with me and our drive to Ada and Accra. Also, at the airport last year, when you were returning to the UK, you told the kids and me that you would return in September of the same year. The kids kept asking me when grandpa Adzedu would come back to Ghana - he promised us last September and then changed it to this year, which we have not forgotten ooooo.



On that fateful day, February 5, I was on my way home from work. My phone kept ringing; I then decided to look at the missed call list and return the calls later. While at a grocery shop, Uncle Dickson called - all he said was ‘we don’t have good news.’ I suddenly felt cold; I replied, ‘Daddy, I will call you back.’ I knew the worst had happened, but in a state of denial - which I am in until today - I headed home. I returned all the missed calls; unfortunately, all had news of your passing.

Whilst on a call with Uncle Dickson, the kids asked if I was talking to grandpa. I asked which grandpa, just to

# TRIBUTE BY CYNTHIA HUSHIE

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be sure what they meant. They replied, "Grandpa in London - ask him when he will come; he promised us last September." In tears, I told them grandpa Adzedu was very sick. Kwadwo said, "I hope the doctors are taking very good care of him." I replied, "Yes," knowing all too well we had lost you forever - Bro Adzedu, Uncle Adzedu, Grandpa Adzedu.

Grief is like the ocean; sometimes it is peaceful, sometimes it is wild and rough. Though I am heartbroken, I take consolation in the faith that you've gone to a better place - a place where there is only joy, peace, and love; a place where you'll no longer experience sorrow, anxiety, pain, stress, or disappointment. To the immediate family, especially Mama Charity and Jennifer, I sign off with these words:

*"Ye tsuifaa ke amane mli*

*Edamo mimasei.*

*Etamo tesaa ni efaa*

*Ahum ke ashokei fâe.*

*Ekâe: "Otsui anyo omlì,*

*Natsui ke miishâe oo!*

*Miji ola ye duâ le mli,*

*Miji oheremo."*

PH 644 - 3rd Stanza

Rest well Uncle Adzedu

With much love

Cynthia!!

# TRIBUTE FROM FRIENDS

## **ALBERT OSEI (KNUST)**

My good friend Lash, you may be gone but you will never be forgotten. Your love, laughter, and light will forever shine in my heart. I still remember the good moments and the jokes we shared together. I miss you more than words can express, but I take comfort in knowing that you are at peace. I will continue to celebrate your life, honor your memory, and keep your spirit alive in my heart.

Rest in peace, my dear Friend.  
vMay our precious Lord be with you until we meet again.

## **DR. NAMDAR BAGHAEI-YAZDI (IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON, UK)**

It is with deep sadness that I write these few words in memory of my dear friend and colleague, Dr. Sam Amartey.

Sam was not only an outstanding scientist, but also a truly warm, loyal, and generous human being. I had the privilege of knowing him both professionally and personally for over 30 years, and in both spheres he was exceptional. We shared a long-standing connection through our work on thermophilic microorganisms and bioethanol production, and I always held the greatest respect for his scientific insight, dedication, and seriousness of purpose.

What made Sam especially remarkable, however, was that his professional excellence was matched by the quality of his character. He was a good and faithful friend, someone you could rely on completely. He had integrity, kindness, humility, and a quiet strength that left a lasting impression on those who knew him. In an academic and professional world that can often be demanding and impersonal, Sam brought humanity, sincerity, and decency.

I will remember with gratitude not only our shared scientific interests and discussions, but also his friendship, his loyalty, and the calm, thoughtful presence he brought into the lives of others, not forgetting his great sense of humour. His passing is a profound loss, and it is difficult to accept that someone so valued and so full of goodness has been taken so suddenly.

My thoughts and heartfelt condolences are with his wife, his daughter Jennifer, and all those who loved him. Sam will be remembered with affection, respect, and gratitude, and his memory will remain alive in the hearts of his family, friends, colleagues, and all who had the honour of knowing him.

May he rest in peace.

# TRIBUTE FROM FRIENDS

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## **PETER GILLAH (BUCKINGHAMSHIRE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, UK)**

It is with a heavy heart and profound gratitude that I write these words for a man who was so much more than a colleague. To many, he was Dr. Samuel Adzedu Amartey, a brilliant researcher at the Forest Products Research Centre; to me, he was my mentor, my guide, and my best friend.

Our journey began during my student days at Buckinghamshire University College. As a researcher at the Centre,

Dr. Sam didn't just offer academic advice, it was more than that. To me he offered his heart. He saw potential in me that I hadn't yet seen in myself. As a Microbiologist, his brilliance was evident in the laboratory, and I was privileged to work alongside him on research that extended far beyond my PhD. He taught me the precision of science, but more importantly, he taught me the value of integrity and persistence.

Dr. Sam had a rare gift for bridging the gap between being a formidable mentor and a loyal friend. We shared countless hours discussing research, life, and the future. I owe so much of my professional path and my personal growth to his steady hand and generous spirit, leave alone our family friendship.

To Charity Kaki Amartey his wife, Jennifer Nana-Dedei Amartey his daughter, and the entire family: thank you for sharing Dr. Sam with us. While I cannot be there in person in his home village Ada-Foah in Accra on 18th and 19th this April 2026 to bid him a final farewell, please know that his legacy lives on in the forests of our research and in the hearts of every student and friends he touched.

Rest well, Dr. Samuel Adzedu Amartey.  
Your work is finished, but your impact is eternal.

# TRIBUTE FROM THE ACCRA ACADEMY BLEOO '70

We, the Bleoo '70 fraternity, honour the memory of our dear colleague, Dr. Samuel Adzedu Amartey - a man of quiet brilliance, humility, and kindness.

Sam came to Accra Academy from the renowned Ada-Foah Presbyterian Boys Boarding Middle School to join a group of innocent young minds to be moulded to serve our nation, great and strong.

At Accra Academy, Sam's lighthearted sketches on the classroom blackboard brought laughter and eased the pressures of school life. "Bob Lee," as we fondly called him, had a gift for lifting spirits. Later at KNUST, he became known as "Lash," yet remained the same warm and grounded friend.

Decades after we parted ways, Sam reconnected with us with the same sincerity and gentle consistency that defined him in youth. His modesty, thoughtful messages, and steady friendship reminded us that true Bleoo bonds endure. He was a great host in his flat for several of us while in the UK. His dear wife recalls that he often talked about the Bleoo '70 fraternity with such warmth.

He lived without fanfare, yet with unmistakable dignity. We remember him with deep affection, respect, and gratitude.

Your memory remains a blessing.

Rest peacefully in the Lord, Sam.







# HYMNS

## 1. When peace like a river, attendeth my way

When sorrows like sea billows roll

Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say

*Chorus: 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

*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!

*It is well (it is well)*

*With my soul (with my soul)*

*It is well, it is well with my soul*

## 1. The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;

the darkness falls at Thy behest;

to Thee our morning hymns ascended;

Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2. We thank Thee that Thy church, unsleeping

while earth rolls onward into light,

through all the world her watch is keeping,

and rests not now by day or night.

3. As o'er each continent and island

the dawn leads on another day,

the voice of prayer is never silent,

nor die the strains of praise away.

4. So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,

like earth's proud empires, pass away.

Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,

till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

## 1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!

O, what a foretaste of glory divine!

Heir of salvation, purchase of God,

born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

*Refrain: This is my story, this is my song,*

*praising my Savior all the day long;*

*this is my story, this is my song,*

*praising my Savior all the day long.*

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
visions of rapture now burst on my sight;

angels descending, bring from above  
echoes of mercy, whispers of love. [Refrain]

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest,

I in my Savior am happy and blest;

watching and waiting, looking above,

filled with His goodness, lost in His love. [Refrain]

## 1. Amazing grace (how sweet the sound)

that saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found,

was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Tis grace that taught my heart to fear,

and grace my fears relieved;

how precious did that grace appear

the hour I first believed!

3. Through many dangers, toils and snares

I have already come:

'tis grace has brought me safe thus far,

and grace will lead me home.

4. The Lord has promised good to me,

his word my hope secures;

he will my shield and portion be

as long as life endures.

5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,

and mortal life shall cease:

I shall possess, within the veil,

a life of joy and peace.

## 1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

in a believer's ear!

It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,

and drives away our fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole

and calms the troubled breast;

'tis manna to the hungry soul,

and to the weary, rest.

3. O Jesus, shepherd, guardian, friend,

my Prophet, Priest, and King,

my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,

accept the praise I bring.

4. How weak the effort of my heart,

how cold my warmest thought;

but when I see you as you are,

I'll praise you as I ought.

# HYMNS

## **1. What a friend we have in Jesus,**

all our sins and griefs to bear!

What a privilege to carry

everything to God in prayer!

O what peace we often forfeit,

O what needless pain we bear,

all because we do not carry

everything to God in prayer!

2. Have we trials and temptations?

Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged;

take it to the Lord in prayer!

*Can we find a friend so faithful*

*who will all our sorrows share?*

*Jesus knows our every weakness;*

*take it to the Lord in prayer!*

3. Are we weak and heavy laden,

cumbered with a load of care?

Precious Savior, still our refuge--

take it to the Lord in prayer!

Do your friends despise, forsake you?

Take it to the Lord in prayer!

In his arms he'll take and shield you;

you will find a solace there.

## **1. Now the laborer's task is o'er;**

Now the battle day is past;

Now upon the farther shore

Lands the voyager at last.

*Refrain: Father, in thy gracious keeping,*

*Leave we now thy servant sleeping. A-men.*

2. There the tears of earth are dried,

There its hidden things are clear,

There the work of life is tried

By a juster judge than here. [Refrain]

3. There the penitents, that turn

To the cross their dying eyes,

All the love of Jesus learn

At his feet in Paradise. [Refrain]

4. 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'

Calmly now the words we say;

Leaving him to sleep, in trust,

Till the resurrection-day. [Refrain]

## **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. I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death,

and praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath,

and say when the deathdew lies cold on my brow:

If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4. 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.

## **1. Blest be the tie that binds**

our hearts in Christian love;

the fellowship of kindred minds

is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne

we pour our ardent prayers;

our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,

our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,

our mutual burdens bear,

and often for each other flows

the sympathizing tear.

4. When we are called to part,

it gives us inward pain;

but we shall still be joined in heart,

and hope to meet again.

# HYMNS

## **1. Captain of Israel's host, and Guide**

of all who seek the land above,  
beneath Your shadow we abide,  
the cloud of Your protecting love;  
our strength, Your grace; our rule,  
Your word; our end, the glory of the Lord.

2. By Your unerring Spirit led,  
we shall not in the desert stray;  
we shall not full direction need,  
nor miss our providential way;  
as far from danger as from fear,  
while love, almighty love is near.

## **1. Guide me, O my great Redeemer,**

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.

## **1. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;**

the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.  
Change and decay in all around I see.  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

3. I need thy presence every passing hour.  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,  
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Fare  
thee  
well DR. SAMUEL ADZEDU AMARTEY



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Bereaved Amartey & Allied families,

Wife and daughter of the late

**DR. SAMUEL ADZEDU  
AMARTEY**

wish to express our profound gratitude

for your sympathy, prayers and support during this time.

Thank you for honouring his memory.

God Richly Bless You.