

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

MR. LUKE  
MAALEKUU

4 MAY, 1941 - 15 FEB, 2026

2 TIMOTHY 4:7

I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT , I HAVE FINISHED THE RACE , I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH





## *Opening Prayer*

Lord God, Almighty Father, you are the resurrection and the life.

You are the comfort of those who mourn, the strength of those who stand at the edge of eternity and look beyond with faith.

We come before you today with hearts full; full of memories, full of love, full of gratitude for the years you gave us with the one we cherish.

You knew him before he was formed, you numbered his days with wisdom, you walked beside him through every season, through the mornings of his youth, the noons of his strength, and the evenings of his years.

And when the hour came, you reached out your hand and called him home.

We do not grieve as those without hope, for we know you have prepared a place specially for him.

We trust that he is there resting in your glory, at peace in your presence, complete in Your love.

So today, Lord, as we celebrate his life, strengthen our hearts. Remind us that death is not the end but a doorway, and that the best is yet to come for all who believe.

Into your hands, O Lord, we surrender all our grief, our gratitude, our memories, and our hope.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

# Hymn

## VERSE 1

When peace like a river, attendeth  
my way  
When sorrows like sea billows roll  
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught  
me to say  
It is well, it is well, with my soul  
It is well (It is well)  
With my soul (With my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul

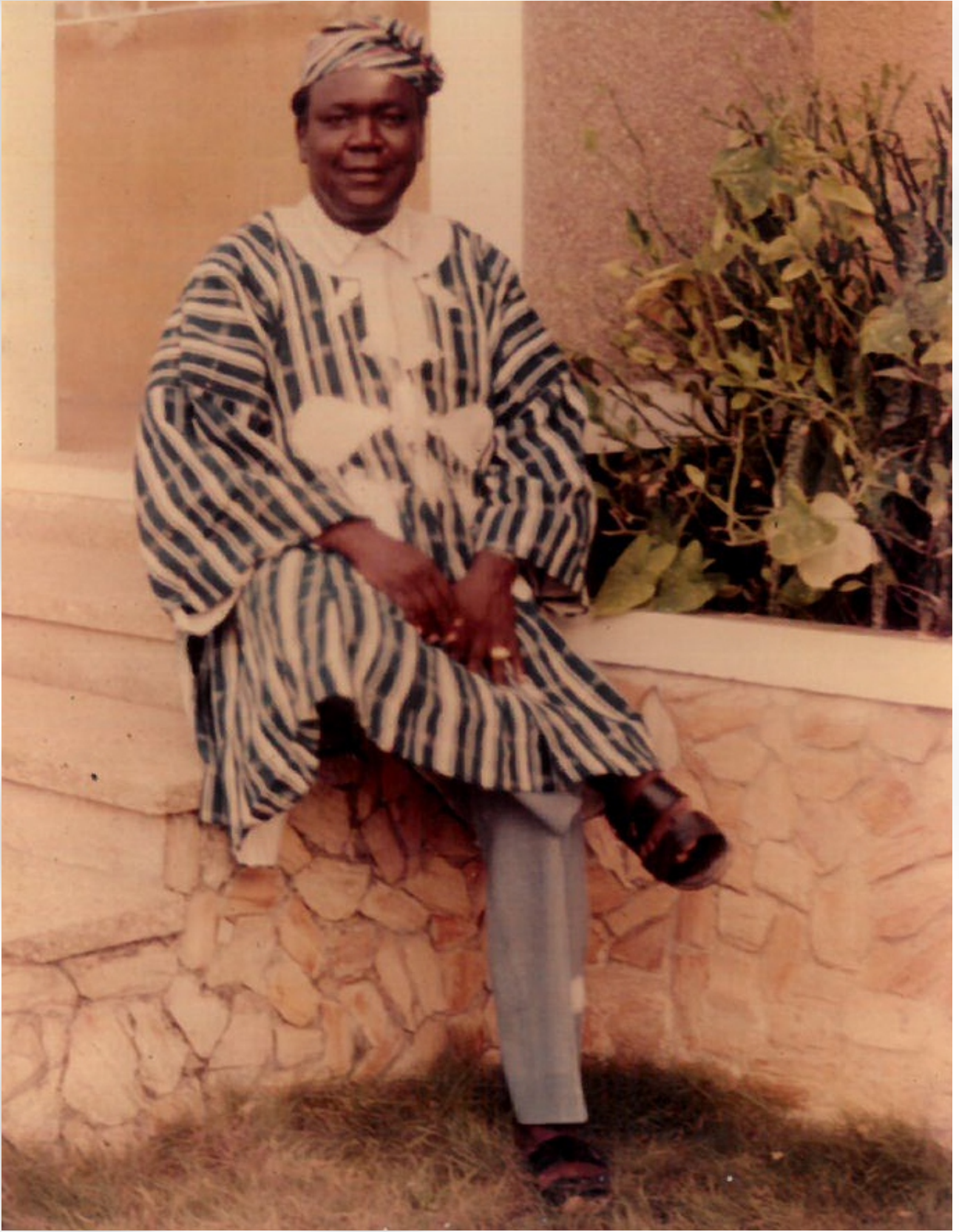
## VERSE 2


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

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





# *Biography of the late* **Mr. Luke** **Maalekuu**

## ***EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION***

**M**r. Luke Maalekuu was born on May 4th, 1941 at Gaaper in Fielmuo, Upper West Region, to Mr. Zacharia Maalekuu and Madam Victoria Dib Maalekuu of Kokoligo Kandemegan. Both parents are of blessed memory. He was the second of nine children. His father was a catechist, farmer and a man of deep faith, and his mother, a hardworking and devoted trader. Both held the firm belief and principle that character was built at home before it was tested in the world. Luke was raised in a family grounded in faith, discipline and integrity, values that stayed with him throughout his life.

From his earliest years, Luke stood out. He was calm, kind, and sharper than most children of his age, the kind of child adults trusted and peers naturally gravitated toward. He was equally gifted with his hands, always exhibiting practicality and resourcefulness in ways that drew admiration from those around him. It was this quality that earned him the nickname “**Gbanzaba**”, a name rooted in the trade of the shoemaker, yet given by those who knew him best as a tribute to his remarkable versatility. For to them, he could turn his hand to anything, and do it well. It was a name bestowed with both affection and respect, and one that followed him fondly into adulthood.

He began his formal education at St. Paul's Primary School and later proceeded to St. Andrew's Middle School, Nandom, where he distinguished himself not only academically but also on the football field as an exceptionally gifted player. This passion for the game followed him to St. Charles Minor Seminary in Tamale, where he gained admission in 1958 and once again made his mark as a standout member of the school's football team. By 1962, he had obtained the Ordinary Level Certificate of the General Certificate of Education, and in that same year, he was admitted to St. Victor's Major Seminary also in Tamale to train for the priesthood. Even as a boy, there had been a quiet sense of purpose about Luke, and his journey through education only confirmed it. He was not merely a student moving through schools. He was a young man being prepared, step by step, for a life of service.

*“Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, and before you were born, I consecrated you.”*

*—Jeremiah 1:5*

## ***CHRISTIAN LIFE AND SERVICE***

The path to the priesthood did not begin at the seminary. For Luke, it began at home. Raised in a devout Catholic household, faith was woven into the fabric of everyday life. Morning devotions and evening prayers were a routine, and his father's example of service to God was something Luke witnessed first-hand from a very young age.

By the time he walked through the gates of St. Charles Minor Seminary and later St. Victor's Major Seminary, the foundation had already been laid. His training across both institutions simply deepened what God had already placed within him. That calling was formally confirmed on the 3rd of August 1969, when he was ordained into the Holy Priesthood in Nandom. As a priest, he served with humility, compassion and a gentleness that drew people to him naturally. Whether among seminarians or the wider community, his kind and empathetic nature made him beloved by all who encountered him. Many looked to him as a guide and an example of what it meant to truly live out one's calling.

He served the Church faithfully until 1975, when he answered a different but no less a significant call, one that took him into a new chapter of Life. Taking up employment and marriage 10 years after, never stopped his committed service to God and humanity. The church never left him, and in his later years, he served as a Marshallan and a member of the Church Pastoral Council at Good Shepherd Catholic Church in Tema. To the very end, God remained at the centre of his life.

## ***WORK LIFE***

After leaving the priesthood in 1975, Luke stepped into a new chapter of his life with the same sense of purpose that had always defined him. He

joined the Ghana Cocoa Board and what followed was a career that spanned over two decades, taking him across the length and breadth of Ghana and into roles that spoke to the depth of his ability.

He began as Senior Produce Officer for the Northern Sector with the Ghana Cocoa Board's Shea Nut Industry in Tamale from 1977 to 1980. His grasp of the industry and his ability to manage people and processes with equal ease did not go unnoticed. By 1980, the organization recognized in him the kind of steady hand needed at one of Ghana's most demanding postings and he was deployed to the Tema Port as the Ports and Warehousing Operations Manager with the then Cocoa Marketing Board. It was a significant step up and he met it without missing a stride. By 1983, he had moved to the Ghana Cocoa Board Head Office, contributing his wealth of experience to the Statistics, Ports and Warehousing Department.

In 1984, he was handed one of the most delicate assignments of his career, Principal Administrative Officer of the Cocoa Industry Retrenchment Unit. It was a role that required not just administrative skill but genuine sensitivity, integrity, transparency and candour. He served in this capacity until 1988, handling the assignment with the fairness and compassion that were simply part of who he was. From there, his journey took him back to the North, a place he had always called home. As Regional Manager for the Upper West Region with the Produce Buying Company Limited in Wa, he was back in familiar terrain, the very shea nut operations that first introduced him to the industry years earlier.

His leadership in Wa was steady and impactful, and by 1991 he was posted to Takoradi as Deputy Regional Manager, where his experience in port

operations once again proved invaluable. The organization continued to rely on his expertise in the North, reappointing him as Acting Regional Manager for Shea Nut Operations in the Northern Sector from 1992 to 1995.

The closing years of his career brought him to the heart of the organization's commercial operations. As Deputy Marketing Manager at the Produce Buying Company Limited Head Office from 1995 to 1997, he contributed to shaping the direction of one of Ghana's key agricultural institutions at the highest level.

He concluded his distinguished career as Agency Coordinator at the Produce Buying Company Regional Office in Sunyani from 1997 to 1999 signing off on over two decades of service with the same quiet dignity with which he had begun.

It's worth recounting that Luke's honesty, humility, transparency, integrity and God-fearing character-trait in social and working life made him surmount the turbulent times of the military regimes in 1979 and 1981 when the cocoa industry became a target of scrutiny by the government in power. He kept his head above water and emerged as the honest person he was known to be. After frequent and in-depth investigations, and invites to the dreadful military camp (GONDAR BARRACKS), he was absolved and rather commended for a good job done.

Through it all, the man behind the titles remained unchanged. He was known simply as OSOFO “man of God”, a name given not in reference to his past but in recognition of his present. He treated every person with the same warmth and respect, from the most senior officer to the general staff who kept the offices running.

His home was never just his own. It was open to all, a place where colleagues passing through from other regions could stop, rest and feel welcome before continuing on their journey. In a career that took him across Ghana and into many rooms of responsibility, it was his openness, humility and genuine care for people that left the most lasting impression.

### ***MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE***

Having secured employment with Cocoa Marketing Company (now COCOBOD) and serving diligently for seven years, Luke entered into Holy Matrimony.

His life-long marriage was to Madam Elizabeth Osumanu Ambanye, whom he married in 1985. Their union of four decades was blessed with four children and eight grandchildren, a family that stands today as the most enduring fruit of his life. He loved his family deeply.

They were his safe place, his pride and everything he had worked and prayed for. No matter where life took him, home was always where his heart was.

Guided by his deeply held belief that as Christ is the head of the Church, so is Man the head of the family, Luke's pre-occupation was always his family. He was a present, responsible, caring, loving and deeply cherished husband and father. He attended to every family need with diligence and attentiveness, ensuring that not even the minutest home issue escaped his eyes and attention. His children's education and upkeep, his wife's comfort and the provision of the home were never compromised but handled with priority and pride.

## ***SOCIAL LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS***

Luke was many things to many people and that was never by accident. He was naturally outgoing, deeply empathetic and the kind of man who could walk into any gathering and within minutes transform the atmosphere making everyone in it feel seen and warm. People were simply drawn to him.

He was an active member of the Cocoa Board Golf Club and the Tamale Tennis Club, and those who knew him in those circles would tell you that the game was never really the point. It was the people. It was always the people. Away from the club and the court, his greatest social investment was in the lives around him. He opened his home without hesitation and quietly supported more people than most will ever know. He never made a show of it. He simply saw a need and met it.

To know Luke Maalekuu socially was to know a man who gave generously, lived openly and left everyone he met a little better than he found them.

## ***INTO THE ARMS OF THE FATHER***

Luke Maalekuu was such a remarkably healthy and strong man who hardly fell sick, let alone requiring hospital admission.

He was careful with his lifestyle and very consistent in his approach to his health and well-being. It was therefore with great surprise that in December, 2025 he fell ill. Initially believed to be one of the ailments that come with old age.

The intensity of the sickness and his growing weakness prompted the family to fly him to Accra

to receive the best of care at the 37 Military hospital and the University of Ghana Medical Centre.

What struck all who visited him during that period was the extraordinary grace with which he faced the illness. Even from his hospital bed, Luke remained cheerful and full of life.

He became a source of encouragement to fellow patients and those around him, urging them to be strong and assuring them that they would be fine. He who was ill became the strength of others. Tried as the dedicated medical team did, it was clear that God had other plans.

In the early hours of Sunday, 15th February, 2026, our beloved Luke answered the final and most sacred call and was received into the eternal embrace of his Maker.

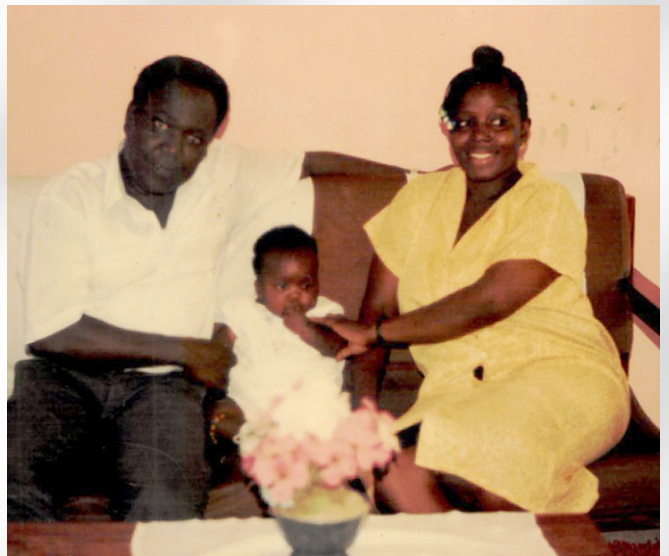
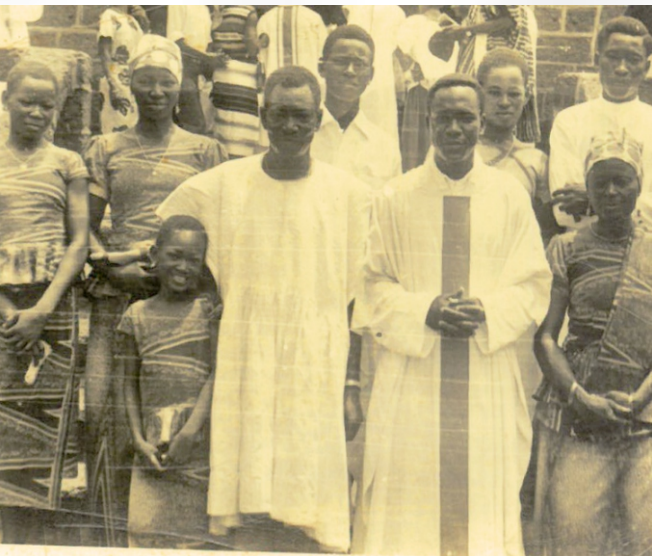
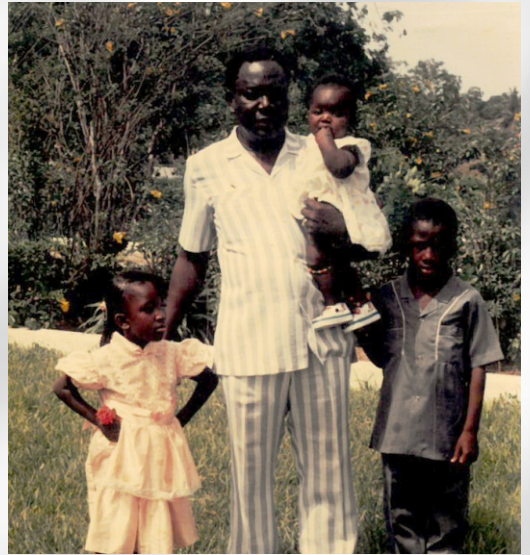
## ***HIS GOLDEN LEGACY WILL LIVE ON.***

“He is gone from our sight, but never from our hearts. His footprints remain, and his light continues to shine in all whose lives he touched. Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. May his gentle soul rest in perfect peace.

Fare thee well “**Labe**”. We will sorely miss your laughter, your wisdom, your gentle strength and your boundless love. The world is quieter without you, but heaven is richer for your presence.

Until we meet again, sleep well in the arms of the Father you served so faithfully”.





# *Tribute to my dearest husband*

By Mrs Elizabeth Osumanu  
Maalekuu (Widow)



## *My Companion, my Strength, my Forever Love*

**M**y beloved husband, it is difficult to find the right words to speak of you, because what we shared was deeper than words can fully express. You were not just my husband, you were my companion, my strength, and the steady presence that held our home together.

When we first met in 1983, I knew God had prepared you just for me. God blessed us with four beautiful children: two boys and two girls. I can never forget the excitement on your face when we had each one of them. They were all you ever prayed and wished for.

From the very beginning, I knew I was walking life's journey with a man of faith. Your trust in God shaped everything; how you lived, how you loved, and how you led our family. You carried yourself with a quiet confidence, never shaken for long, because you believed that God was always in control. Even in moments when life weighed heavily on you, you chose calm over fear and hope over despair.

You had a way of making our home feel safe and complete. You were present not just in body, but in heart. You paid attention, you listened, you guided. You gave so much of yourself to ensure that we lacked nothing of value, always wanting the best for us and working tirelessly to make that a reality. You took pride in your family, and it showed in every sacrifice you made.

You were a man of dignity and kindness. I watched you treat everyone with respect, never looking down on anyone, always ready to lend a helping

hand. Your generosity was quiet but constant, and your compassion knew no limits. You could not ignore someone in need, and you never allowed anyone to leave your presence without offering comfort or encouragement.

In our home, you were more than a husband and father, you were a teacher. With your words, your stories, and your example, you shaped lives. You believed in growth, in learning, and in striving for excellence, and you passed that belief on to our children with such intention and care.

I vividly remember when we had the girls; you would lie in the sofa, pretend to be gone for a moment, open your eyes and playfully ask me; “Mama, If I am not around today, what will you do? That question always shifted something in me and I never found an answer because I never imagined fitting into shoes so big as yours. I still do not have an answer.

What will remain with me forever is the depth of your faith and the way you leaned on God in all things. Prayer was not just something you did; it was who you were. Every day, you entrusted our lives into God's hands with quiet confidence and unwavering belief. Even as your strength faded, your focus never shifted.

In your final moments, you carried a calmness that spoke louder than words. There was no fear, only a gentle peace that reflected a life truly rooted in God. We always called ourselves “Fighting partners” yet enjoyed every moment of being around each other. Though I longed for more time with you, I find comfort in knowing that you gave your all, and that your journey here was complete. My heart is heavy but I am consoled for I know you are ever present in the children you blessed me



with. Your love showed me how good life could be, but your death has truly shown me how cruel life can sometimes get. The pain of your absence is deep, but so is my gratitude. Thank you for the love you gave so freely, for the wisdom you shared so generously, and for the life we built side by side. What you have planted in me and in our children will continue to grow and guide us.

Daddy, thank you for loving me, thank you for loving the children, thank you for opening your arms wide to my family and all who came to know you.

Rest well, my dear. You live on in the love we carry, the prayers we say, and the quiet strength you have left behind.

Until we meet again, Love always, from Posaah.

*The Best  
to Ever do it*

Tribute by Children



***A Father  
Anchored in  
Faith, Guided  
by Scripture,  
and Sustained  
by Prayer***

**D**addy, you lie before us today still, peaceful, and finally resting in the arms of the Father you served so faithfully. And as we stand here looking at you, we find ourselves lost for words. Not because we have nothing to say, but because everything we want to say feels too small for the man you were.

Where do we even begin, Daddy? Do we begin with your faith; that quiet, unshakable dependence on God that held our entire family together? Do we begin with your wisdom; the kind that had an answer for everything, Or do we begin with your love; that, consistent, selfless love that showed up not in grand gestures, but in the smallest and most faithful things?

Where do we begin with a man who was everything?

As children, we hated people calling you 'old man' because, that meant to us, you were going to heaven in no time. That fear grew with us and so we called you 'young man'. The thought of ever losing you was unimaginable and so to be living it now is a feeling we can never explain.

Your foundation was God. In all things you chose

faith over fear. You never let us see you crumble. You let us see you pray instead. One scripture lived not just on our walls as decoration but in the very atmosphere of our home:

"When you pass through the waters, I will be with you; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow you." — Isaiah 43:2

And then there was that song you gave us, simple, yet deeply spiritual. The one we sang together as a family, and one we still sing today. It was never just music; it was prayer, it was surrender, it was faith spoken through melody: and it was yours:

*"Keep us through Lord, Jesus keep us through.  
Keep us through Lord, Jesus keep us through.  
There are mountains to be climbed, there are  
rivers to be crossed,  
Keep us through, every hour of the day."*

That song became the heartbeat of our home. It carried us through trials, through uncertainty, and through moments when words alone were not enough. You gave us that song and we will sing it for the rest of our lives.

You always called us "**the blessing that came out of your crisis**". We did not always fully understand the weight of those words when you said them. But as we grew older, they began to settle deep within us; that out of your most turbulent season, when life as you had known it had changed completely, God brought us forth. To you, we were not just your children. We were your evidence. Your living proof that even in the darkest chapters, God was still writing something beautiful.

Daddy, if we were your blessing then you were ours. Our father, our bestfriend and the greatest gift God ever gave us.

You were our walking encyclopedia. There was nothing, absolutely nothing we could bring to you that you could not speak to with knowledge, wisdom and calm. School assignments, work problems, life decisions, it did not matter.

You always had something to offer. Many times, we will call you when we were confused and overwhelmed, and by the time the conversation ended, our chaos had become clarity. But what made it extraordinary was not just that you knew so much, it was that you always made time. You listened. You sat with us in it. And to you, if it mattered to us, it mattered to you.

You could even read us from miles away. You would call out of nowhere and say you felt we were having a hard day. And you were always right. Always. On those days you would remind us we were brilliant, we were fighters, and whatever we were facing was just a minor setback and urge us on with a tight fist, to Get up and keep going. We got up, Daddy. Every single time. Because of you.

There are moments, that we will carry with us for the rest of our lives. The nights we came home late and exhausted, only to find you still sitting in your chair waiting, quietly, refusing to eat until every one of us was safely back under that roof. And when we finally drifted off to sleep still dressed from the day, we would wake up covered; a blanket gently placed over us while we slept, your way of tucking us in without disturbing our rest.

And on the days when sickness found us, there you were again running to the kitchen, making tea and sitting by our side, your presence alone making us feel that everything was going to be alright. You never announced any of it. You never asked for

recognition. You simply loved us quietly, consistently, and in the most practical ways imaginable. That was you, Daddy. In every small thing, you showed up. And we felt every single bit of it.

We had to share you with the world and we never even fought for a spot, because we understood that you were truly called to the service of humanity. You belonged to everyone who needed you. Yet somehow, even when you were not home, we felt you.

You created a balance so rare and so beautiful that your presence was never measured by proximity. You occupied our hearts so completely that distance never once made us feel your absence. You were simply always there; in the lessons you had taught us, in the values you had instilled, in the voice in our heads that sounded exactly like yours.

You called each of us regularly, not just to talk, but to ask if we had heard from the other. You were our unifier; you never allowed grudges to take root among us. You always reminded us that people were built differently, trained differently, and we should extend grace wherever we found them. That grace you taught us we carry it with us everywhere we go.

Every friend we ever had knew you. Our home was never closed. You welcomed them, fed them, handed them a book to read and told them to come back and share what they had learned. You turned our friendships into classrooms without anyone realising it. If we speak with any fluency or confidence today, it is because you sat us down and made us love words, love knowledge, love learning.

Your rosary was never far from your hand. Every morning began with deliberate and consistent prayer. You said mass for us. You prayed for each one of us by name. And your message to us never changed “**pray always, and remain united**”.

You taught us that before we led, we must serve. And you lived that truth every single day checking that the doors were locked, the gas was closed, the lights were off, nothing in the house was left broken. You were the leader who served. And because of you, wherever we find ourselves today, we are always looking for ways to serve before we seek to lead.

Typical when you were the one lying in the hospital bed; when the tables had turned and it was our turn to sit beside you, even in your own pain and weakness, you will say we were not resting enough. You were still being you, Daddy. Cheerful. Encouraging. Telling the other patients around you to be strong, that they would be fine. The man who needed care became the comfort of everyone around him. That was not performance. That was just who you were. All the way to the very end.

We believed that just as you bounce back after every setback, you would beat the illness hands down but God had a different plan. He was done sharing you with us. He needed you more.

What becomes of us? We see you in everything. In every decision we make, we hear your voice. In every challenge we face, we feel your hand on our shoulder. In every room we walk into, we carry you with us.

You are in every area of our lives and we would not have it any other way. You did not just raise us. You

became a part of us. And that, Daddy, is a legacy that death cannot touch.

We are honoured to carry your name and we find peace in knowing that your assignment here was complete. Your Father called you home not in defeat, but in fulfillment. Your final words still echo within us: “**I will smile at the right time.**”

And Daddy you are smiling now. Your smile now belongs to eternity.

The angels better be prepared for all the stories and knowledge you love to share, and if they think that you would stop at some point because they already know, oh no! they will soon hear you say, if they haven't already, “there is always something new to learn from these conversations.”

Thank you for all you taught us. Thank you for being such an amazing father, grandfather, husband, uncle, brother, cousin and friend.

Talk the ears of the angels off, until we meet again. We are honoured to be the blessing that came out of your crisis.

We will keep singing that song. We will keep extending grace. We will keep getting up.

Sleep well, Daddy. Until we meet again.

***Your Biggest Blessings,  
Johnny (Doo), Sister (Mama),  
Gwen (Dr. Gwen) and Junior (Dada).***







# *Honouring A life of Wisdom, Love, and Grace*

Tribute by In-laws

**W**e wish to pay our heartfelt respects to our father-in-law, affectionately called “Daddy”. A father-in-law, a mentor, and a friend. He was a man of integrity who loved without condition and built his home on faith, discipline, and kindness.

His life was marked by quiet strength and steadiness. He valued responsibility and routine, and through his words and example, he guided us with wisdom and clarity. His calm and reassuring presence brought comfort in uncertain times, reminding us that true strength is found in faithful and consistent living.

Dada, as we fondly called you, thank you for welcoming us with open arms. You never made us feel like in-laws, but like your own children. Your advice was steady, your jokes were endless, and your love for this family was evident. You always

prayed and blessed us whenever we met, and for that we remain deeply grateful.

You often said that a man's true wealth is the family he raises and indeed, that was your life. As Proverbs 20:7 says, “The righteous man walks in his integrity; his children are blessed after him.”

We are blessed to be part of your legacy.

We are grateful for the values you instilled in our spouses, which continue to shape our lives today. Your life taught us patience, humility, and the true meaning of love and leadership within a family. Though your absence leaves a void, your legacy lives on in all of us.

DADA NANTE YIE, DA YIE DADA,  
AWURADE MFA WO NSIE DWOODWO.  
May the angels welcome you home, until we meet again.





# *Our Sweet Grandpa*

Tribute by Grandchildren

**G**randpa, you lie before us today and we are not sure the world fully understands what it has lost. But we do. We know. Because we were the ones who got to sit beside you, learn from you, laugh with you, and be loved by you in the most personal and unforgettable ways.

You called each of us by name. Not just our names, but the special names that only you had for us. And whenever you called, we came running. Always. Because being near you was never something any of us wanted to miss.

You taught us things, Grandpa, things that no classroom could ever teach. You taught us how to colour. You taught us how to skip. You taught us the fugu dance, turning around in it with such joy that we could not help but join in. You told us Bible stories whenever you came around.

You shared family history with us; telling us about Great-grandpa Zakaria, how kind he was, how he never discriminated among his children but

showed them all equal love. You told us about the women who came before us; strong, loving, protective. You gave us roots, Grandpa. You showed us where we came from so, we would always know who we are.

You never shouted at any of us. Not once. When we did something wrong, you would look at us gently and say, "No, no, no. Don't do that, okay?" That was enough. It was always enough. We never needed more than that from you because the way you said it made us want to do better. Not out of fear, but out of love.

We remember how whenever you came to visit, we would all move into the same room just so we could sleep beside you. We did not want to miss a single moment. And at mealtimes, we would wait for you even when you said you were going to bathe. We would shout after you, "Grandpa, we will still wait for you so we can eat together!" And we meant it every single time.

You always came back from town with surprises

for all of us. We would jump around happily the moment we saw you walking in, because we knew. We always knew. Grandpa was here, and Grandpa never came empty handed.

You gave us a Bible, Grandpa. You placed it in our hands and said, "this is a gift from me to you". We want you to know that we use it. For our morning and evening devotions. Every time we open it, we think of you. Every time we read it, we hear your voice.

You stood up for us, Grandpa. Whenever we found ourselves in trouble, you were there. You never made us feel alone or ashamed. You told us you were proud of us and you said it like you meant it, every single time. You encouraged us to study hard, to reach for greatness, to believe that there was nothing we could not become.

One of us told their friends that their grandpa was Einstein, and Grandpa, that was not an exaggeration. You were the smartest person we knew. You had an answer for everything. A story for every moment. A lesson wrapped inside every conversation.

We loved your eyes, Grandpa. Those blueish-grey eyes that looked at us with such kindness. We loved your laugh. We loved the way you made us feel like we were the most important people in the room, every single time.

You always cared about our parents and stood up for them too. And when they heard that you had passed, they wept. One of us heard mom say that you had promised to be there when she walked across the stage. Grandpa, we wish you could have stayed just a little longer.

But we know you are watching. And we will make

you proud. Every single one of us.

We loved you so much that we wrote you a song:

*"You are our grandpa,  
Our only grandpa,  
You make us happy when we are sad.  
We always know how much you love us,  
Please guide us throughout our days."*

Grandpa, that song is all of us. Every word of it.

We will remember you in the colouring books, in the Bible you gave us, in the fugu dance, in the stories, in the surprises from town, in the gentle "No, no, no" that corrected us without ever breaking us. We will remember you in the room we all squeezed into just to sleep beside you. We will remember you in every meal we sit down to eat.

You were our grandpa. Our teacher. Our storyteller. Our protector. Our very own Einstein. And the greatest grandpa any of us could have ever asked God for.

We love you, Grandpa. More than these words can carry.  
Rest well.

***Your Grandchildren,  
Jayden, Marcella, Jayda, Ethan, Annabel,  
Jaymie, Alvin & Jayanna***



# *A Life poured out for others*

A Tribute **Felicitas  
Maalekuu**, Sibling

*"He will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain anymore, for the former things have passed."*

— **Revelation 21:4**

**L**arbe, there is a better place and we have always known it. A place where pain does not exist, where sadness has no name, and where every soul that arrives finds nothing but everlasting peace. We find comfort today in knowing that you are there. That you have finally arrived at the place you spent your whole life pointing us toward. But that does not make this easy. Nothing about this is easy.

You were Larbe. You were Saakum. You were our firstborn not by biology, but by the way you carried yourself, by the weight you willingly bore for all of us, by the way you stepped forward every single time the family needed someone to step forward. I, the last born, always felt the warmth of that. Always.

Do you remember when you and the late Fr. Kizito were ordained as priests? You had three and a half weeks of leave and you chose to take me with you.

I was eight years old yet you took me places I had only ever dreamed of. Visiting the south had always been my greatest wish, and you made it real without me even having to ask. What you gave me on that trip; I have carried with me my entire life. That was the kind of brother you were. You thought of us even in your moments of celebration.

Even at your first station in Tumu, you made sure I came to visit. I sat at your table and dined with your fellow priests. I felt so special. And after I left, you made sure our late sister Benedette came too. You never wanted any of us to feel left out. Ever.

When you left the priesthood and began working with the Ghana Cocoa Marketing Board, your home became our home especially in Tema, where I stayed with you to further my education after secondary school. Larbe, I want you to know that I am who I am today because of you. You opened doors for me that I could not have opened for myself. You invested in me quietly, consistently, without making me feel like a burden. For everything you did for me as your kid sister, thank you. From the deepest part of me, thank you.

You were a peacemaker. When siblings disagreed, we looked for you. When the family was in tension, your voice was the one that brought us back together. You had a gift for that; the ability to hold people together without making anyone feel like they had lost.

And your generosity, Larbe, your generosity was something else entirely. You gave to the poor, the needy and the marginalised even when giving cost you everything. When your pockets ran empty because of your giving, you would call us and ask

us to send you something, not for yourself, but so you could keep giving. I nicknamed you “Father Christmas”. When we complained that you were giving too much away, you would smile and remind us that Christ shared with the poor without excuses. You never stopped, not once.

You were a friend, a father, a counselor, a teacher and a mentor to us all. You never discriminated. Even our children knew your love. And on your sick bed, you were asking after the patient lying next to you, wanting to know if they were being cared for. That nature of yours. It never left you. Not even at the very end.

After our father passed, you took up the mantle without being asked. You managed our family affairs in Kokoligu and in Accra with wisdom and with grace. When our siblings began leaving us one after the other for eternity, and we were the three left behind; You, Boni and I, you told me I was now the mother and father for all the children. I always argued with you. I always said you and Boni were here, why should I carry this alone? I never imagined that you two would follow each other so soon, leaving me here with this task. In person, I feel alone. But spiritually, I know God is with me. And I know you are too.

When you visited Boni and told me you were not happy about his health, I did not know that within a year, I would be saying goodbye to you both. We were still preparing for Boni's one-year remembrance when we heard you were unwell. We brought you down for treatment; first to the 37 Military Hospital, then to UGMC. And through it all, Larbe, your rosary never left your hand. You led us in prayer from your sick bed. You told us not to be afraid. You promised you would come home.


And you did for a little while. But two weeks later there was a setback. And then came that Saturday, February 15th 2026, the last time we would be with you on this side of eternity.

It is hard to accept, it is so hard. But we know you have not gone to a place of defeat. You have gone to continue the work; the generosity, the charity, the love with your Maker. And somehow, that brings us peace.

Who will welcome us when we come home Larbe? Both in Accra and in the village, who will be there? Your legacy will live on. And you will forever remain in our hearts.

Till we meet again, Fare thee well. Te ga vella.





# The life that Brought us Together

Tribute by Nieces and Nephews

*“Blessed are the  
peacemakers, for they shall  
be called children of God.”*

— *Matthew 5:9*

**Y**ou were the bridge between generations, the keeper of our family's unity, and a constant source of unwavering support. To us, you were more than just an uncle. You were a fixed point in our world, a compass that always pointed us back home.

To many, you were the man with endless stories and a voice that filled every room with warmth. But to us, you were the heart of our history; the one who reminded us of where we come from and what truly matters. At every family gathering, you encouraged us to find joy in the moment and in each other's company. You were deeply loved by everyone in the family. A peaceful soul and a gifted storyteller. You had a genuine love for learning and conversation, and you took a sincere interest in our lives, our growth, and our well-

being. You didn't just ask how we were, you truly cared about the answer.

As the senior uncle, your sense of family extended far beyond what is expected. You embraced everyone with dignity, compassion, and kindness. In moments of tension or uncertainty, especially within the family, you were our calm, reminding us to let go of resentment and to allow love to prevail.

Your true legacy lies in the love you gave so freely. You taught us the value of unity, patience, hard work, and kindness not just through words, but through the life you lived each day. You led with quiet strength and unwavering integrity, leaving an impact far greater than words can express.

Even in your final weeks, when your body was weak, your spirit remained strong reassuring us with calm confidence that, you were well. Instead of seeking comfort, you gave it. That quiet courage spoke volumes about the depth of your character and the peace within you.

Uncle Luke, you taught us that true strength lies in peace, and that family is bound not only by blood, but by love, compassion, and understanding.

Thank you for being our North Star, for guiding us with steady grace, and for loving us so completely. Though you will be deeply missed, your spirit lives on in every gathering, every shared memory, and every act of love within this family.

Until we meet again, we carry your light with us. Rest easy, Uncle. We love you always.

# *To my Lovely Brother*

A tribute by  
Dr. Augustine G. Kabir

**M**y dearest brother, though words fail me, I must bid you farewell with a heavy heart

I first met Luke Maalekuu when I went to form one at st. Charles minor seminary in 1960; he was then in form five.

After one year, he completed st. Charles and proceeded to st. Victor's major seminary. I did not hear much from him until he was ordained a priest.

Then there was this long gap, during which he left the priest hood and joined cocoa marketing board (CMB) and was posted to tamale as the manager for the three northern regions. I was also working at tamale teaching hospital then. That was when I became very close to him and the family, and we remained so until his retirement and final settlement in Kokoligu.

From then on, we communicated daily through WhatsApp messages and occasional calls, speaking the Latin that we so loved.

He stopped replying to my WhatsApp messages and answering my calls when his illness worsened. When he was taken to Accra, I spoke to him twice before he succumbed to his illness.

There is nobody else in this world with whom I can speak Latin or sing our Gregorian chant from the *liber usualis*

Carissime vale mi frater major  
(farewell my dearest senior brother)

Requcat anima tua mitis in pace perfecta  
(may your gentle soul rest in perfect peace)



# *A Tribute to my good friend and brother*

By Dr. Ernest Obuobi

*“He heals the broken-hearted  
and binds up their wounds”  
— Psalms 147:3*

**H**ow can I write a tribute to an active, lively and a healthy-looking man who was all over and into all things? I am consumed by sadness and overwhelmed by the circumstances of his demise. So sudden, highly unexpected and very devastating.

Mr Luke Maalekkuu's life is a tapestry woven with threads of unwavering faith, resilience and compassion.

I came into contact with Luke some eight years ago. Not known anywhere, we realized we had many things in common. His strong Christian faith, honesty, stance for the truth, fearlessness, gentleness, love and support for others were sterling qualities I readily found in him which made me think he was a brother from another mother.

The bond was so strong that one would think we had known ourselves for decades. His pieces of advice, and share of life-experiences brought out the warmth in him.

The true measure of a man is how much love he gives, how selflessly he shares whatever he has to help others, how consistently he lifts up those around him with his kind words. Luke undoubtedly, had these. His story is a testament to the quiet power of a life lived with purpose, dedication and profound love for those around him. He was disciplined, smiley and calmness personified.

Mr Maalekkuu was knowledgeable and an impeccable speaker with whom I enjoyed discussions. We could have varied range of conversation – from Archaeology to Zoology, through Politics. Economics and Sociology. His background in Philosophy and Latin made him a fantastic and pleasant debater.

The man and friend we loved, cherished and respected has responded and departed peacefully to join the heavenly choir above to sing hallelujah with the angels.

Daddy Luke, rest well in the bosom of the Lord.





# *Unshaken Faith in the Midst of the storm*

A tribute by **Mary Agnes  
Chime Bognuor**

**T**his—was it a poem? A prayer? Or the story of a man who was broken, yet kept his focus on Jesus, who stood with him in his brokenness?

He held no grudge, nor any hatred for those who broke him. Fr. Luke, as he was still known in Rome and by the Order of Melchisedek, simply smiled and forgave all.

He remained calm, even when the storm raged all around him. He believed strongly that Christ Jesus has the final word in all things.

Farewell, my brother.

“Beloved Jesus Christ, enfold his soul now in Your luminous presence”.

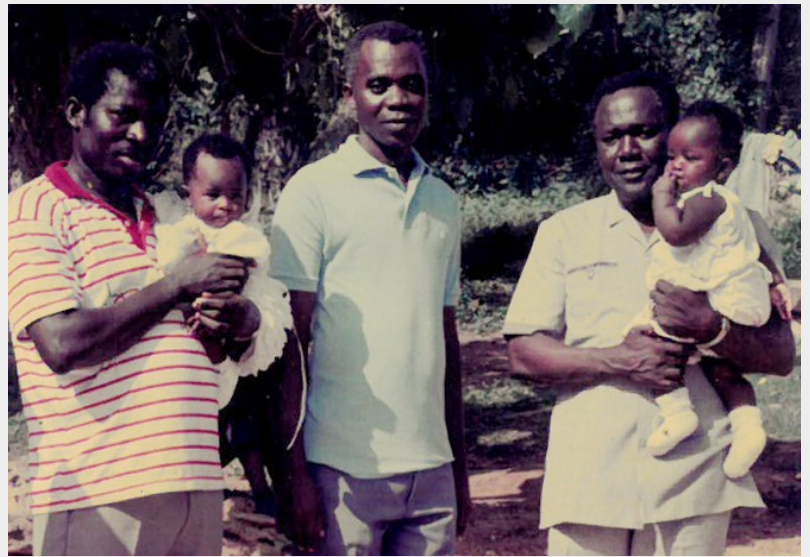
May he rest in eternal peace.

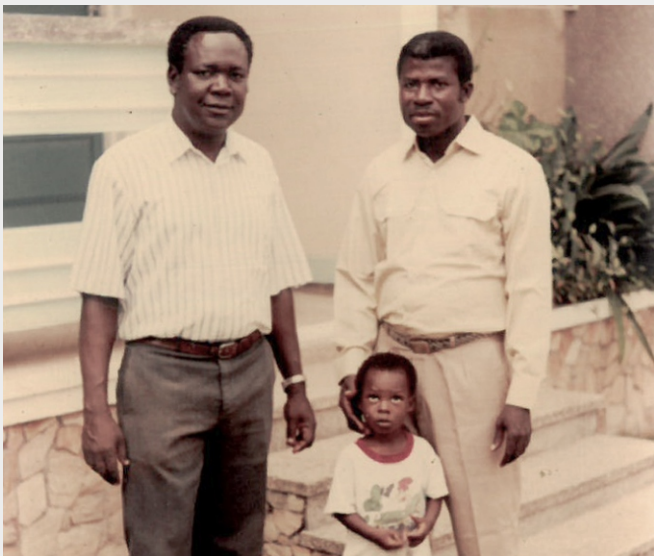
Amen.













## APPRECIATION

We, the family of **Mr. Luke Maalekuu** express our deep gratitude to God for his immense blessings, protection and guidance during this difficult time.

We profoundly appreciate everyone who has supported us in diverse ways in the season through prayers, words of encouragement, advice and attendance at the funeral.

God Bless You.!



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