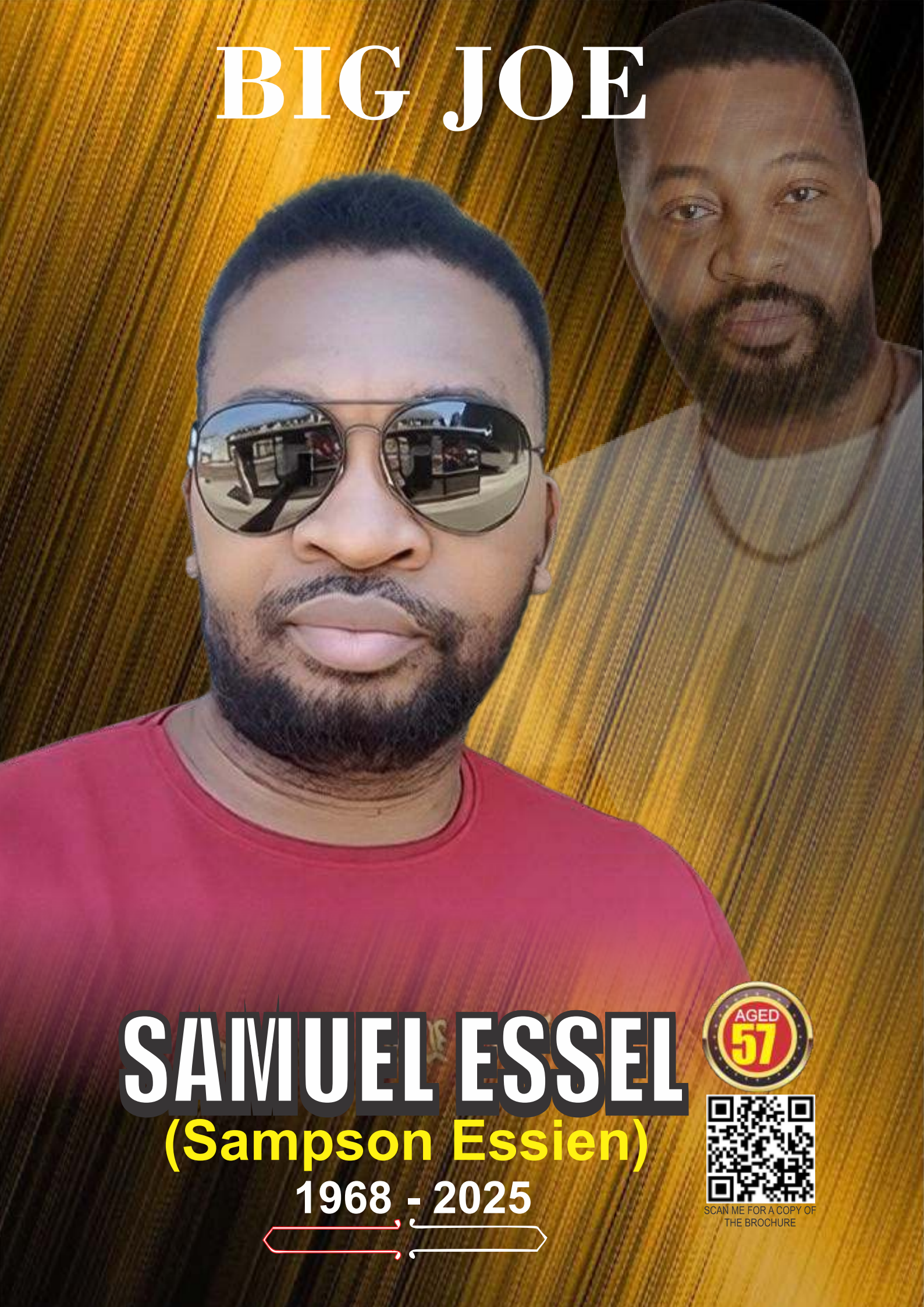


BIG JOE



SAMUEL ESSEL

(Sampson Essien)

1968 - 2025



SCAN ME FOR A COPY OF
THE BROCHURE

IN LOVING MEMORY



BIG JOE

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Mr. Isaac Ackom Anobil (Ministerial Student, Agona Kwaman)

IN LOVING MEMORY



SAMUEL ESSEL

Biography

SAMUEL ESSEL

(Sampson Essien)

In Loving Memory of Mr Samuel Kobina Essel

"For we know that if this earthly tent we live in is destroyed, we have a building from God, an eternal house in heaven, not built by human hands."

Corinthians 5:1

Sunrise: January 14, 1968

Sunset: October 6, 2025

Mr Samuel Kobina Essel, affectionately known as "Big Joe," was born on the morning of January 14, 1968, at the 37 Military Hospital in Accra, Ghana. He was the beloved son of Madam Agnes Cantil and the late Dr Samuel Kofi Essel.

Early Life & Education

Kobina spent his early childhood with his mother at the Nima Police Barracks. At the age of six, he was sent to live with his father in Adabraka, where he began his formal education. He joined his siblings at DATUS Preparatory School in Kaneshie.

Later, the family relocated to Mankessim when his father established the Aginkwah Clinic. There, Kobina continued his studies at Edumadzi L/A School. He eventually moved to Brehman Nwumaso, his father's hometown, where he completed his middle school (Form Four) education. Recognising his practical talents, he was enrolled in an apprenticeship in Auto Electricals.

Career & Life Journey

After middle school, Kobina returned to Tema to live with his mother at Community Seven Police Barracks. At 18 years, he continued his apprenticeship and reunited with his childhood friends, T'Zort and Flash. He briefly worked at Tema Textile Company (TTL) before traveling to Libya with Flash in 1991. They returned later that same year.

In 1992, following his mother's retirement to Kasoa, Kobina had no option than to live with brother Antwi, a young police officer then in the same barracks. In 1993, he traveled to Holland in search of greener pastures and later settled in London, UK.

There, he established "Big Joe's," a barbering salon in Forest Gate, East London. His shop became a community

hub, known for its welcoming atmosphere and excellent service.

Family Life

Kobina was a proud father of three wonderful children:

- **Isisi** – his beautiful daughter
- **Akerl** and **Osiris** – his two handsome sons

He loved his children deeply and often spoke of them with pride and joy.

Later Years & Legacy

In his later years, Kobina frequently travelled between Ghana and the UK, working on a project he believed would make a lasting impact. He spent his final four months in Ghana, fully immersed in this endeavour.

Tragically, he began experiencing severe abdominal pains and was rushed to the University of Ghana Medical Centre (UGMC). Despite all efforts, he passed away suddenly to his Maker on the morning of Monday, 6th October, 2025.

Our beloved brother was a gentle soul, respectful, loving, and always ready to lend a helping hand. Big Joe's presence brought warmth and joy to everyone he met. His absence leaves a void that words cannot fill. Though he is no longer with us in body, his memory lives on in our hearts and in the lives he touched.

We celebrate the life of a man who gave so much of himself to others.

May your soul find eternal rest, Big Joe.
You will never be forgotten.

Damerifa due, due ne amanehunul



IN LOVING MEMORY



BIG JOE

UK ONE WEEK CELEBRATION



Tribute By Children

Tribute to Dad “Big Joe”

We gather today in the presence of God to honour the life of a remarkable man a man whose soul shines bright our father, known lovingly to many as Big Joe.

When we hear his name, we can almost hear his famous “yes, yes, yes,” followed by his warm and joyful laugh. It was a laugh that welcomed everyone reminding us that love has no boundaries, and that every person is worthy of kindness.

Dad had a rare gift: the ability to make every person feel seen, accepted, and safe. It didn't matter who you were or where you came from you were welcome in his presence. He was someone you could confide in completely, and he would love you just the same.

He lived a life of generosity, compassion, and peace. Everyone in this sanctuary and everyone across London can testify to that. During the one week in London, we heard countless stories, each one confirming the same truth: Dad touched hearts everywhere he went. It is a blessing and an honour to call him our father.

Dad walked with a calm spirit. Sometimes his calmness made it seem like nothing bothered him but the truth is, he felt deeply... more deeply than many of us knew. His peace came from wisdom, from reflection, from knowing how to still his mind and guard his heart. Through that wisdom, he found the strength to carry others when they could not carry themselves.

By understanding himself and the world around him, he understood one of God's greatest teachings: that we are all children of God, and every person deserves to be treated with love. He lived by the belief that a life without love is a lifeless one. He loved those the world overlooked... the ones who had nothing to offer in return. For that, we believe God has richly blessed him.

Dad, you taught us that true courage is kindness, that true wisdom is lived not spoken, and that true love does not always need words to be felt.

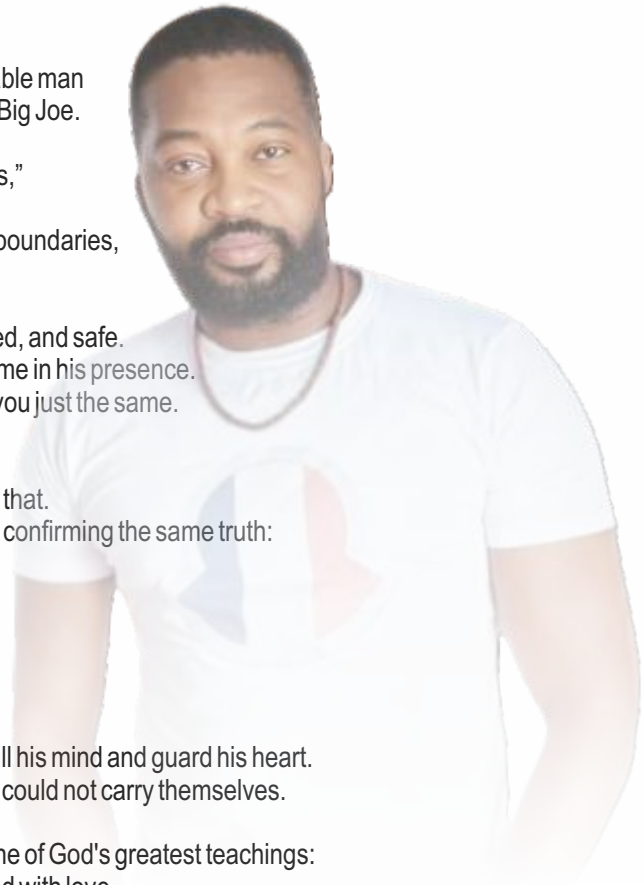
We carry your teachings in every step we take. Your strength guides us through our challenges. Your love surrounds us, even now.

Though we cannot see you with our eyes, we feel you in our spirits in the values you instilled, in the memories we hold, and in the love you planted in our hearts.

We pray Lord that you grant him eternal rest in Your presence, where there is no more pain, no more sorrow, and no more goodbyes only joy, peace, and everlasting life.

May his memory be a blessing. May his legacy of love be honoured. And may the love he gave continue to live in us all.

Thank you, Dad, for your lessons, and your love. You are missed. You are remembered. And you will forever be loved.





Isisi Essien



Osiris Kamogelo Essien Mofolo



Akeri Ayanda Mofolo

CHILDREN



Isisi Essien Graduation



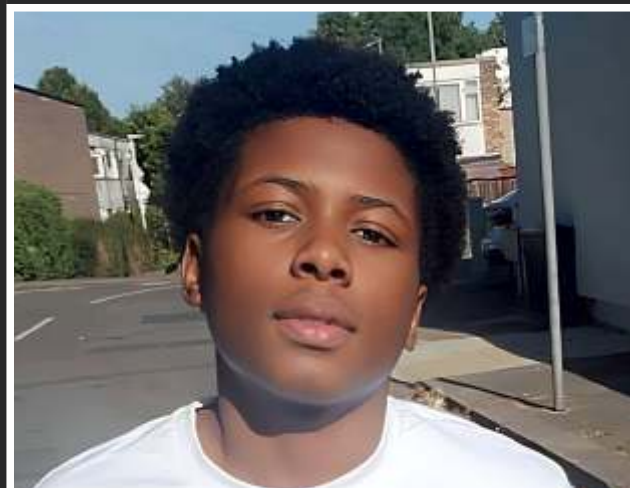
Osiris Kamogelo Essien Mofolo, Akeri Ayanda Mofolo



Big Joe & Isisi



Osiris Kamogelo Essien Mofolo



Akeri Ayanda Mofolo



Osiris Mofalo & Acale Mofalo

Family Tribute

Agnes Cantil Mother

When I was pregnant with Samuel, my colleagues at work always served me rice with stew, and I really enjoyed it. This continued for some time till one day, they confessed to me that the meat in the stew that I was served was "cat meat." I later rejected every dish served me by my colleagues till I gave birth. Samuel was such an adorable baby. He was very handsome, and everyone who saw his infancy always had to give a gift to baby Sammy. He was always adored at church, at the photo studio, on our way to the hospital, and even when at times I had to take him to work. His cute, handsome face made my colleagues attribute it to the "cat meat" I ate when I was pregnant with him.

Growing up, my boy (Sammy) was a very calm and respectful young boy always carrying a cheerful face. He was sent to stay with the father at age 8. He returned to me when he finished school during his teenage years. Kobina, as I affectionately call him, was always with his friends Abeam and Alex. During his teenage years, these traits were what I found in my child, he was ambitious, peaceful, tactful, always carrying a smile, respectful, jovial, and selfless. He never threw tantrums or questioned his superiors. Whenever he disagrees with anyone, all he does is walk away from the situation. Kobina, never talk back at me whenever he does something wrong and correct or punish him.

These few years were the most memorable years with my son ever since he travelled to the United Kingdom to live there. We grew so fond of each other that he always wanted to call me and cater to my needs. Kobina always cared about the well-being of his siblings and would not rest till he found out that everyone was doing fine.

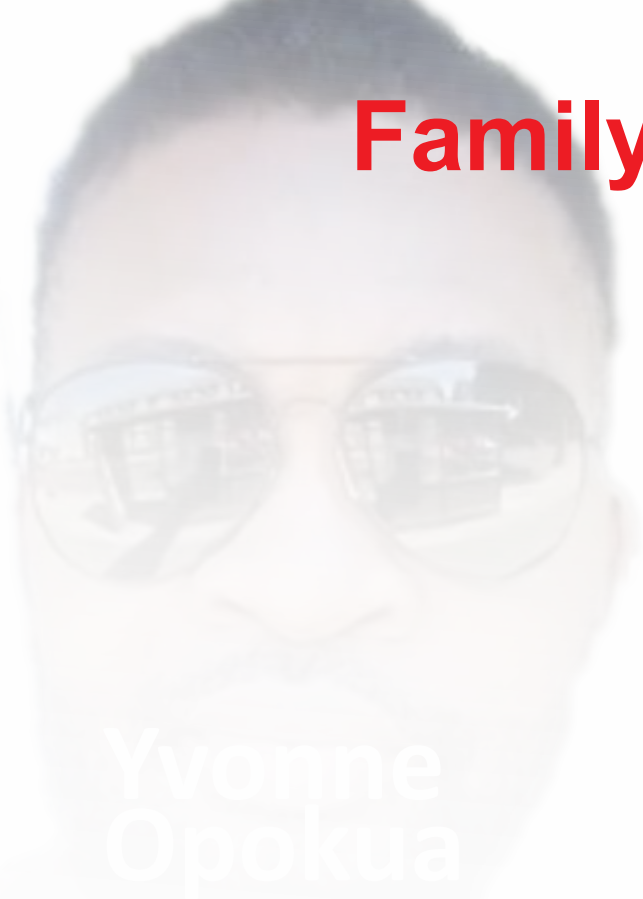
A day before the demise of my son, on that faithful Sunday, thought I wasn't feeling well, I decided to attend church service. Upon getting there, I went to the pastor to write my son's name as a long-distance member of the church (Wesley Methodist Church, Agona Odoben). Not knowing that my son was in pain at that moment and he is dying.....

I struggle with the statement, "It is well" because, to put it simply, it is not well. Death steals, death is cruel, and death is painful. Yours has been the most painful of all for me so far.

Rest well, my son.
Nantew yei me ba,
Nanatew yei Kobina,
until we meet again.



Family Tribute



Yvonne
Opokua



It's ironic that I'm considered the writer in the family. Yet it took me the longest to pen this piece about my dear brother. Tears would well up in my eyes, and my throat would tighten every time I attempted to write because, truly, where do I start?

Do I start with my nursery days when you always opted to take me to school on your bicycle against Dada's advice? Or do I start with 11-year-old me, realising my brother had left the shores of Ghana to the United Kingdom? Or do I start with the countless times I had to buy a card and travel from Kasoa to Mallam junction to use the phone booth only because I wanted to hear from my brother? Or do I start with the countless times he showed up for me financially and emotionally? Truly, there isn't enough time, space, or ink to fully capture my brother.

Bra. Kobina, who will I call when Mama does something unexpected or funny? Who will I talk to about the well-being of Mama, bra. Kofi and sister Yaa? Who will tell me not to give up and to remain steadfast?

Two days before the demise of my brother, he called me, and our conversation lasted for 3 mins, 25 sec. In his voice, I realised my brother was in pain, I asked, and he complained of waist pain. Bra, Kobina assured me he is in the hospital at Takoradi and returning back to attend hospital here in Accra and that I should expect him in the same evening. I didn't hear from my brother again.

On the said day of his demise early in the morning, I called my brother several times, to no avail, his phone was off. On my way to work, Mama called me complaining of pain in her pelvic area due to a surgery she did about 10 years ago. So, I told her to get something to eat and then take a pain killer, she will be fine. Later at work, around 12:30 p.m., Mama called telling me, Kobina's driver just informed her on the phone that my brother had been admitted to Legon UGMC and that I should go there immediately. Upon reaching the door of the emergency ward, I was informed of his death.

Little did I know that that faithful Saturday were the last words of my brother, "Nana, meba Nkran eyinbir yaa....se me dur aaa, ebe ti menka"

Oh, "bra Kobina," your presence was a blessing, your guidance a gift, and your love a treasure. May your soul rest in eternal peace. You will forever be remembered, cherished, and missed.

With love and eternal memory.
Yvonne Opokua(Nana Pokua)

Tribute

Tribute from the Siblings of Mr Samuel Kobina Essel

Our hearts are heavy, and our words feel small in the face of this great loss. As brothers and sisters of Samuel Kobina Essel, our dear Kobina, our Big Joe, we come together to honour a man who was more than just a sibling. He was our friend, our protector, our laughter in difficult times, and our strength when we felt weak.

From the very beginning, Kobina stood out. His energy was unmatched, his smile infectious, and his presence unforgettable. Whether it was his childhood days at Nima Police Barracks, his school years in Adabraka, Mankessim, or Breman Nwumaso, or his journey across continents, from Tema to Libya, Holland to London, he carried with him a spirit that could not be dimmed.

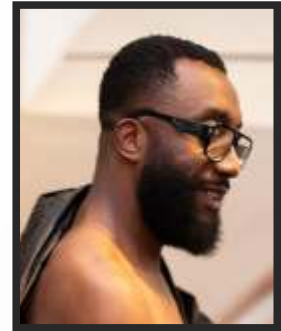
He was a man of many talents, sharp-minded, hardworking, and endlessly resourceful. But beyond all his achievements, what we will miss most is his heart. Kobina was kind to a fault. He gave freely, loved deeply, and always made time for others. He was the glue that held us together, the one who checked in, who made us laugh, who reminded us of the importance of family.

We remember the way he would light up a room with his stories, how he never hesitated to help, and how he always made each of us feel special. He was proud of his roots, proud of his children, and proud of the life he built, even when it wasn't easy.

His sudden departure has left a void that can never be filled. But in our grief, we find comfort in knowing that we were blessed to call him our brother. His memory will live on in our hearts, in our stories, and in the love we continue to share as a family.

Kobina, we miss you more than words can say. Thank you for being our brother, our joy, our Big Joe. Rest peacefully in the arms of the Lord. Your legacy of love, laughter, and loyalty will never be forgotten.

Forever in our hearts,
Your brothers and sisters.



TRIBUTE FROM PAMELA



Some connections in life are beyond words, quiet yet deeply felt. You had a way of touching hearts without even trying.

Your kindness, laughter, and quiet strength will always stay with me. Though your absence leaves a silence that words can't fill, the memories of you continue to inspire and comfort me every day.

**Rest well,
knowing you are loved, remembered,
and cherished always.**

The Best of 3

T'Zort & Flash to Our Brother, Veejays

It is difficult to put into words the pain we feel as we write this tribute for our brother and friend, Mr Samuel Kobina Essel, known to us and to many, as Veejays.

Our story began at the Community 7 Police Barracks in Tema, where our parents all worked and we were raised side by side. We weren't just neighbours or childhood companions, we were brothers. So close was our bond that people rarely saw us as friends; they saw us as family.

We were three: Veejays, (Big Joe), Flash (Alex Fosu Ankamah), and T'Zort (Dr Nick Danso Adjei). Young boys with big dreams, we gave ourselves nicknames to match the strength and swagger we believed we carried. And truly, we did.

We grew up together, laughing, hustling, dreaming, and daring. We shared meals, secrets, and ambitions. We planned our futures under the streetlights of Community 7, believing that no matter where life took us, we would always find our way back to each other. When life eventually pulled us in different directions, that bond never broke. Even when oceans separated us, our hearts remained connected.

Veejays was the one who kept us grounded, who reminded us of where we came from and what we stood for. When one of us returned home after years abroad, the dream was simple: to reunite the brotherhood, to build something meaningful together, and to relive the joy of our youth. Flash was employed by T'Zort, as Veejays didn't hesitate. With the same loyalty and faith he had always shown, he joined the vision. He became more than a friend, he became a partner, a pillar, a co-architect of our shared dream.

He took charge of the construction and installation works for the cement factory, pouring his heart into every detail. He worked not just with his hands, but with his soul, driven by belief, by purpose, and by love for what we were building together. Then came the blow we never saw coming.

A simple complaint of waist pain. Nothing serious, we thought. But in the blink of an eye, he was gone. Just like that. No warning. No goodbye. The pain of that moment is something we still carry. It was too sudden, too cruel, too final.

We had plans. We were supposed to grow old together, to sit back one day and laugh about the old days, to celebrate how far we had come. That dream will now remain a memory, a beautiful, aching reminder of what could have been. But even in our grief, we are grateful. Grateful for the years we had with him. Grateful for the loyalty, the laughter, the humility, and the strength he brought into our lives. Veejays was a good man, a rare soul who stood by his people without question, without condition.

His absence has left a void that can never be filled. But his memory, that will never fade. It lives on in the legacy he helped build, in the lives he touched, and in the brotherhood we will always cherish.

Rest well, Veejays.

You may be gone from our sight, but never from our hearts.

Until we meet again, brother.

With eternal love,

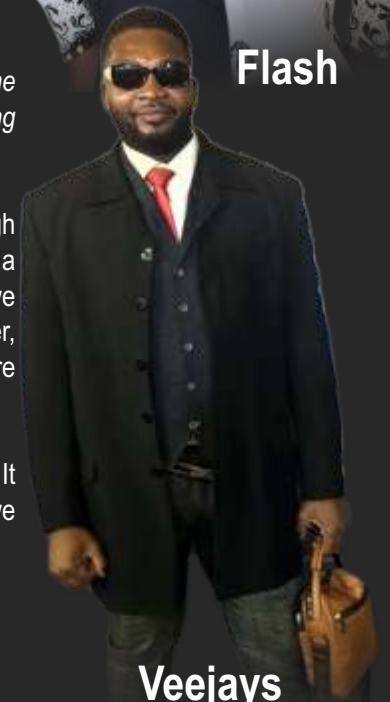
T'Zort & Flash



T'Zort



Flash



Veejays

VEEJAYS, (BIG JOE), T'ZORT AND (DR NICK DANSO ADJEI)

'We take breakfast every Sunday'



Samuel Essel & Dr. Nick Danso Adjei



HYMN

HYMN 110

1. JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

1. Jesu, me kra no Dofo,
Ma munguan mbɛhyɛ Wo bom',
Ber a esu no repem yi,
Ber a ehun no rutu yi,
Me Gyefo, fa me hunta,
Ma ehun no mbo mbɛsen;
Gya me kodu berano,
Ao, ewiei no gye me kra.

2. Minnyi sumabew biara,
Me kra twer Wo nkotonoo;
Mma nndan mo nkotonoo nngya,
Suo mo mu, kyekye mo werɛ:

Mo werɛ gyina Wo do,
Mo mboa nyina fir wo ho;
Fa W' atsaban kɛse no
Kata m' etsikwa yi do.

3. Christ, morohwehwe Wo nko,
Minya W' a menya adze nyina,
Ma mo do si, hyɛ me dzen,
Yɛ m' edur na gye me nkwa:
'Wo na eyɛ tseneneenyi,
'Midze, meye brakyewnyi;
Bon na ahyɛ emi ma,
Adom ahyɛ wo so ma.

4. Adom pii wo Wo nsam' a
Okata mo bon nyina do;
Ma nkwa nsu no ɔmpem mbra,
San mo ho na fa me sie:
N-kwa Nsuniwa nye Woara,
Ma membesaw bi monnom,
Bra betaa mo 'koma mu,
Taa mu ko mfesantsen nyina. Amen.

HYMN 353

1. Mbrɛ metse yi ara, minyi hwee ka
Dɛ wɔkaa Wo bɔgyaa gui maa m',
Na efrɛ m' dɛ membra Wo nkyɛn,
Nyame Eguambaa, maba!

2. Mbrɛ metse yi ara, monnkɔtweɔn dɛ
Mara meper tu me kra ho fi,
'Wo na Wo bɔgyaa tum tu fi,
Nyame Eguambaa, maba!

3. Mbrɛ metse yi ara, kansa aperper
Onye ekyingye piinara
Ko nye suro amen me mpo a
Nyame Eguambaa, maba!

4. Mbrɛ metse yi ara, hianyi, furafo;
Enyiwa onye ahonya,
Dza mihia nyina wo Wo mu,
Nyame Eguambaa, maba!

5. Mbrɛ metse yi ara, ebɛgye m', 'beyi m',
Edze bɛkyɛ m', na atsew mo ho
Megye W'anasɛm dzi n-tsi
Nyame Eguambaa, maba!

6. Mbrɛ metse yi ara, Wo do kɛse n'
Ebubu mpampi nyina mu,

N-kyii m'beye Wo nko Wodze,
Nyame Eguambaa, maba!

7. Mbre metse yi ara, adehye do n'
Ne tre, no war, no bun, no kron,
M'bosɔ wo ha na sor mahwe
Nyame Eguambaa, maba!

1. JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3. Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fighting and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6. Just as I am-Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down-
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7. Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

HYMN 468

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer to Thee!

2. Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone.
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God to Thee.
Nearer to Thee!

3. There let the way appear,
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou send'st
In me, in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer to Thee !

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer to Thee!

5. Or, if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I'll fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

1. Wo nkyen ara, Nyame,
Wo nkyen ara!
Kaansa mbeamudua mpo
Na oma mo do a,
Mo ndwom dabaa nye de
Wo nkyen ara, Nyame,
Wo nkyen ara.

2. Kaansa mirikyin mpo
Ma wi akoto,
Ma adze so asa me,
Ma mesum bo a,
M'adaaso mu m'bepin
Wo nkyen ara, Nyame,
Wo nkyen ara.

3. Ma kwan m-beda ho a
Wodze ko sor;
Dza edze ma m' nyina
Ehumbobor kwa;

Abɔfo refrɛfrɛ m'
Wo nkyɛn ara, Nyame,
Wo nkyɛn ara.

4. Ber a m'enyi betsetsew n',
M'beyi W' ayɛw;
M'bodua m'awerchow mu
M'esi Nyame fi;
Menam me yawm' m'bepin
Wo nkyɛn ara, Nyame,
Wo nkyɛn ara!

5. Sɛ so medze ahomka
Mutu ba sor,
Mo werɛ fir wi, bosoom,
Onye nworaba a,
Mo ndwom mber nyina nye dɛ,
Wo nkyɛn ara, Nyame,
Wo nkyɛn ara!

HYMN 831

1. Ma m' gyedzi ntsaban na muntu
Nko fua n' mu ho nkɔhwe
Sor esiarfo hɔn dɛw kɛse n',
Mbrɛ hɔn 'nyimnyam hyɛn pa.

2. Ber bi nna wogyam wɔ ase ha,
Na wɔkaa m' kyii nyinsu;
Wɔnye bɔn, ekyingye na suro
Dzii aper dzen dɛ hɛn so.

3. M'bisa dɛ hɔn konyim n' fir hen?
Hɔn nyina bɔ mu ka dɛ
Hɔn konyimdzi fir Eguambaa n',
Hɔn konyim fir No wu.

4. Wɔhyɛ mbrɛ otsiatsiae no nsew;
No ndwuma hyɛ hɔn nkuran,
Na wɔkaa Nyame- nyimpa N' do
Nyaa anohoba ahomgye n'.

5. Hɛn kandzifo hia hɛn nkamfo
Wɔ Ne fasusu ntsi;
Na adasefo mununkum no
Kyerɛ dɛm sor kwan n' ara

1. GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2. Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I asked them whence their victory came
They, with united breath:
Ascribed their conquest to the lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4. They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

HYMN 1058

1. Da yie, dɔfo fonafo,
W' edwuma abɔ adze;
Ahomgye pa, siar mbordo
Na dɛw mapa nye wodze.

Da yie, da yie, Nyame mfa w' nsie,
Adzesaa ahyɛ sum, da yie!

2. Nyinsu bɔnsam' kwantunyi
Hom fi yaw na suro nsa,
Hom mbrɛ sũ na mbusu nnyi,
W' akwantu ber no asa.

Da yie, da yie, Nyame mfa w' nsie,
Adzesaa ahyɛ sum, da yie!

3. Twer Jesu N' abaw mu komm,
Nyame dɔ nkata wo do;
Sun W' Agyenkwa No bom' sɔnn,
Mbrɛ bɔn biara nnkehaw wo.

Da yie, da yie, Nyame mfa w' nsie,
Yebehiam' afeboɔ, da yie!

4. Kwantunyi bèrefo dɔfo,
W' akwantu abɔ adze;
Atsew esian nyina mu,
Efi awèrchow wiadze.

Da yie, da yie, Nyame mfa w' nsie,
Dzi fie kan kotweɔn hɛn, da yie!

Adieu **BIG JOE**

Appreciation

The Entire family express their utmost
appreciation and gratitude to all friends and sympathizers
for their support, donations, compassion and prayers
during the final funeral rites of their beloved

Samuel Essel



SCAN ME