



Celebrating A Life Well Lived

ERASMUS ALEXANDER KWABLA  
**KALITSI**

1930-2025

# I am free

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

I could not stay another day, to laugh,  
To love, to work or play.

Tasks undone must stay that way  
I've found that peace at the close of the day.  
If parting has left a void, Then fill it with  
remembered joy.

A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,  
Ah, yes, these things I too will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow  
I wish for you the sunshine of tomorrow.

My life's been full, I savoured much  
Good friends, good times, a loved one's  
touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,  
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.

Lift up your hearts and share with me,  
God wants me now,  
He set me free

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**Shannon Lee Mosley**



BURIAL SERVICE FOR THE LATE

ERASMUS ALEXANDER KWABLA  
**KALITSI**

GARRISON METHODIST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
(GMPC), BURMA CAMP

## **OFFICIATING CLERGY**

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Rev. Prof. Daniel Y. Bruce  | - Synod Moderator, EPCG West Volta Presbytery   |
| 2. Rev. Dr. Cyril G. K. Fayosey                                      | - General Secretary, Christian Council of Ghana |
| 3. Rev. G. J. K. Golomeke  | - Ag. Synod Moderator, EPCG Southern Presbytery |
| 4. Rev. Felix K. Kadzahlo  | - Synod Clerk, EPCG West Volta Presbytery       |
| 5. Rev. Minua K. Ewovon  | - EPCG Rev. Paul Wiegrabe Parish, Nima          |
| 6. Rev. Mrs. Gifty Y. Tamakloe                                       | - EPCG Keta District                            |
| 7. Rev. Matthew K. Atsu  | - EPCG Woe District                             |
| 8. Rev. Mawuli Dzidula Agudogo                                       | - GEC (Bethesda Chapel), South-La               |
| 9. Rev. Dr. Dzidzo Etse Atsakpo                                      | - AME Zion Church, Tema                         |
| 10. Rev. Atsu Atsakpo  | - AME Zion Church, Madina                       |
| 11. Bishop Benjamin Agudogo  | - Accra   |
| 12. Very Rev. Cdr. David Benedict Quayson                            | - GMPC  |
| 13. Rev. Capt Benjamin Otuo- Acheampong                              | - GMPC  |
| 14. Rev D. N. A. Affram-E. P. C. G.Kaneshie                          |   |
| 15. The Rev. Frederick Fafanyo Logah<br>AME Zion Church, Head Office |   |
| 16. Rev. Fr. Ebenazer Akesseh  |   |
| 17. Rev. Fr. Gerald Owusu- Amankwatia                                |   |

## **CATECHISTS**

- |                                |                           |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Cat. Benjamin K. Banini     | - EPCG Nima Parish        |
| 2. Cat. Mrs. Alberta H. Yebovi | - EPCG Keta District      |
| 3. Ag. Cat. Innocent K. Goba   | - EPCG Dzelukofe District |

4. Cat. Lawrence K. Anamu

- EPCG Woe District

## **ORGANIST**

Chief Inspector Elikpim K. Adzroe

Major Michael Mantey

WOI Eric Nyarko

Mr. Nathan Danquah

## **IN ATTENDANCE**

Regimental Band Rev. Ebenezer

Church Choir

- EPCG Nima Parish

- EPCG Keta District

- EPCG Dzelukofe District

- EPCG Woe District

# **ORDER OF SERVICE**

## **PART ONE – PRE-BURIAL SERVICE**

1. Reception of Remains at GMPC

2. Prayer of Reception of Remains

3. File Past Hymns

4. Other Tributes

5. File Past Hymns

6. Coffin to be Closed

## **PART TWO – BURIAL SERVICE**

1. Procession

- Church Choir & Clergy

2. Call to Worship

3. Opening Hymn

- EPH 491: 1-3

4. Prayer and Creed

**5. Words of Welcome**

**6. Selections**

**7. Biography**

**8. Tributes**

- Widow, Children, Family, EPCG, Nima

**9. Praises and Thanksgiving**

- Church choir

**10. Hymn**

- EPH 451: 1-3 (MHB 427: 1-3)

**11. Reading of Scriptures**

**12. Sermon**

**13. Offertory**

**14. Dedication of the Offertory**

**15. Presentation of Wreaths**

**16. Recognition**

**17. Announcement / Vote of Thanks**

- Family Member

**18. Hymn**

- EPH 577: 1-3 (MHB 976: 1-3)

**19. Final Commendations**

**20. Closing Prayer and Benediction**

**21. Closing Hymn**

- EPH 281: 1-3 (MHB 831: 1-3)

## **PART THREE – AT THE GRAVESIDE**

**1. Invocation**

**2. Hymn**

- EPH 648: 1-3 (MHB 615: 1-3)

**3. Committal**

**4. Prayer and Benediction**

**5. Closing Hymn**

- EPH 591: 1-3



# BIOGRAPHY

## **BIRTH & FAMILY BACKGROUND**

**E**rasmus Alexander Kwabla Kalitsi was born on July 16, 1930, in Anyako, in the Volta Region, to Stanislaus Kwashie Kalitsi, a civil servant and railway clerk from Woe in the Keta Municipality. His mother, Matilda “Machide” Agudogo, was a trader, choir member and devout Christian who came from the esteemed Agudogo and Ladzekpo families of Anyako.

Fondly known as Efo Kwabla, Uncle Kwabla, or E.A.K. Kalitsi, he was



named after the Dutch philosopher Desiderius Erasmus and after his maternal grandfather, Alexander Agbaglo Agudogo, a highly skilled German-trained railway construction superintendent who had helped lay tracks in German Togoland. His grandmother, who hailed from the Ladzekpo family of Lashibi, connected him to a broad network of families, including the Lumors, Dzokotos and Adadevohs.

Mr. Kalitsi, and his sisters Aku and Nancy were brought up by their mother in a multigenerational family setting in Anyako. The family later moved to Koforidua, where their mother was trading. When Mr. Kalitsi was about five years old, he was sent to live with his father in Suhum, but his mother brought him back to Koforidua after he lost a finger in a tragic incident in a corn mill. Mr. Kalitsi also spent time with his maternal uncle Ganzar Agudogo, in Accra as well as with other relatives in

Winneba and Swedru. Ganzar Agudogo, a policeman, was a strict disciplinarian and seminal figure in his life. He inculcated discipline and a love of learning in the young E.A.K.

When he was only 12 years old, his mother tragically passed away at the age of 40. Concerned about his son's future, his father decided that E.A.K. would be best supported in the care of his maternal relatives in Keta – the Agudogos and the Adadevohs. Dealing with adversity and displacement thus became central to Mr. Kalitsi's early life narrative, sharpening his ability to adapt, endure, and succeed.

## **EDUCATION**

In January 1945, Mr. Kalitsi was enrolled in Zion College, Anloga, where he completed his secondary education, earning a Grade 1 certificate. He was academically gifted. In 1949 he was one of only 50 students nationwide to win a highly

competitive full scholarship to the University College of the Gold Coast (now University of Ghana) to study Economics. He obtained a BSC in 1955 with a focus on Descriptive and Analytical Economics. It was during this period that he built lifelong friendships with several of his mates from all corners of Ghana. Among them the late historian and politician Professor Albert Adu-Boahen, Professor Alexander Kwapong, Former Vice Chancellor of University of Ghana; and Lawyer Gilbert Boahene.

In 1961 he obtained his master's degree in public administration from Harvard University and returned to Ghana to join a select group of African civil servants who would help in steering the newly independent Ghana in the colossal task of establishing its public institutions.

Even as a university student, Mr. Kalitsi was active in leadership.

He was a member of the United Nations Students Association (UNSA), and served on COSEC, a student coordinating committee for civic and intellectual engagement. He was also Secretary of World University Service, arranging international exchanges for Ghanaian students. In this capacity he supported two women to study abroad – one later became headmistress of Accra Girls Secondary School, the other of Mfantseman Girls Secondary School.



## **ILLUSTRIOUS CAREER**

E.A.K. Kalitsi joined the Gold Coast Civil Service as a Government Administrative Officer soon after completing his first degree in 1955. Very quickly, his peers and superiors recognized his intellectual rigour and integrity, so despite his relative youth was soon appointed as a Government Agent, a position also referred to as District Commissioner (DC for short). This marked a clear turning point, effectively transitioning him from being a brilliant young civil servant to a recognised leader with administrative and judicial authority.

As DC, Mr. Kalitsi served in the Greater Accra, Volta, Ashanti and Brong-Ahafo regions, working simultaneously also as a magistrate, registrar of marriages and chair of timber and land concession reviews. A judicial reformist, he improved Native Authority and Local Authority courts, addressed

abuses of office by local court registrars and overturned erroneous judgments.

Mr. Kalitsi was a champion of economic justice also. He exposed exploitative timber practices by foreign companies, reformed pricing and compensation levels to ensure equitable distribution and enforced equitable harvest-sharing arrangements for Northern and Volta Region cocoa tenant farmers. He was also instrumental in addressing widespread cocoa smuggling to Cote d'Ivoire.

As DC Mr. Kalitsi was a model of probity, rejecting bribes, drinks and gifts to avoid being swayed in his judgements. He was widely respected and referred to as "Nana DC" and enjoyed high praise and special treatment from powerful chiefs such as the Dormaahene and Berekumhene.

His distinguished colonial civil service notwithstanding, Mr. Kalitsi

would later describe as one of his proudest moments, bringing down the Union Jack (British Flag) at Sogakope on 6th March 1957, to signal the end of colonial administration and hoisting in its place the new flag of Ghana as a mark of the country's independence.

### **VOLTA RIVER AUTHORITY (VRA)**

In 1959 Mr. Kalitsi transitioned from the Civil Service to join the Development Commission, which was responsible for the planning phase of the Volta Project. This was undoubtedly the move that began Mr. Kalitsi's 40-year-long love affair with the Volta River Authority (VRA) and his unparalleled contribution to the energy sector in Ghana.

He began at the newly established Volta River Project Secretariat, which evolved into the Volta River Authority. This elite body was charged with designing, executing, and overseeing what

would become the most ambitious infrastructure project in post-independence Ghana – the Akosombo Dam. President Kwame Nkrumah, a staunch advocate of large-scale, state-led development as the foundation of African liberation, envisioned Lake Volta and the Dam as the nucleus of a pan-African industrial economy. Mr. Kalitsi emerged as a key figure in transforming this visionary blueprint into both operational and financial reality.

In 1963, Mr. Kalitsi was appointed Chief Resettlement Officer, tasked with managing the complex and sensitive relocation of over 80,000 people from 700 villages affected by the creation of Lake Volta. By 1966, he had risen to the role of Director of Finance, responsible for financial planning, loan acquisition, and fiscal oversight during the expansion phase of the Akosombo Dam. In 1971, he was appointed Deputy Chief Executive of VRA. In

this capacity, he oversaw a broad portfolio including administration, finance, resettlement, lake transport, and township development. He also initiated key environmental, irrigation, and fisheries programmes, supporting the establishment of the Volta Lake Research Project and the Institute of Aquatic Biology led by Dr. Leticia Obeng. And he provided funding for biological and public health research on the lake's impact on diseases such as bilharzia and malaria, as well as its implications for fisheries.

Mr. Kalitsi took a one-year break from VRA in 1979 to work for the World Bank as Strategy Consultant for Energy & Infrastructure. Again, from 1983 to 1987 he was away from VRA, having been hired by the Commonwealth Secretariat to serve as a consultant providing technical assistance to the Government of Jamaica in the utility sector.

Shortly upon returning to Ghana Mr. Kalitsi was appointed as the fourth Chief Executive of VRA and led the organization from 1991 to 1998. His tenure marked a period of significant modernisation, diversification and regional integration. Under his leadership the first thermal plant in Aboadze was commissioned, signaling a strategic move from hydro-only to a more resilient hydro-thermal energy mix. It was the first major Independent Power Producer (IPP) deal and was contracted with CMS Energy (USA). He also led the rehabilitation of Akosombo Dam units, expansion of the national grid and initiated cross-border electricity supply agreements with Togo, Benin, and Côte d'Ivoire, cementing Ghana's role as a regional power hub and key player in the formation of the West African Power Pool (WAPP).

In addition, Mr. Kalitsi instigated institutional reforms. He introduced

performance-based management systems, streamlined procurement processes, implemented cost-recovery models, and prioritised technical training and professional development for engineers and administrators. His modernisation agenda included digitising billing systems, network monitoring, and internal communications. He also laid the groundwork for major sector restructuring, paving the way for the eventual establishment of GRIDCo and ECG as independent entities.

In 1998, after the end of his seven-year tenure as Chief Executive, Mr. Kalitsi was appointed as Chairman of VRA, becoming the first to hold both CEO and Chairman roles at the Volta River Authority.

## **ECG YEARS**

Before his appointment as Chief Executive, Mr. Kalitsi served as Managing Director (MD) of the Electricity Corporation of Ghana

(ECG) from 1987 to 1991 – a natural progression for a man who had dedicated much of his career to ensuring stable power supply across the country. As MD, he spearheaded the implementation of the Rural Electrification Programme, and drew on his experience with the World Bank to foster strategic partnerships that enabled the restructuring of ECG, and the rehabilitation of its aging power infrastructure. Leveraging his deep financial expertise, he worked to strengthen ECG's financial and operational systems and played a pivotal role in advancing Ghana's Power Sector Reform Programme (PSRP), including the transfer of Northern Sector power distribution assets to the Volta River Authority (VRA). It was during Mr. Kalitsi's tenure as MD that streetlights were installed along the ceremonial streets of Accra in time for the Non-Aligned Movement (NAM) Ministerial Conference hosted by Ghana

in 1991. The project left a lasting legacy by enhancing nighttime and security for residents along those key thoroughfares, benefits that continue to be felt today. Mr. Kalitsi was also deeply committed to staff welfare. Under his leadership ECG acquired flats at Redco in Madina and Tema for staff accommodation, and constructed executive bungalows at Roman Ridge as well as an executive guest house in Kumasi.

In his tribute to Mr. Kalitsi, Honourable Albert Kan-Dapaah, former Minister for National Security and a former Director of Finance who worked closely with him, praised his visionary leadership. He recalled that Mr. Kalitsi “inherited an organization burdened by persistent financial losses and operational challenges,” yet “transitioned it from a struggling entity to a profit-making institution – a feat that remains unmatched in the company’s history.”

## **HONORS AND COMMENDATIONS**

In recognition of his stellar leadership and diverse contributions, especially in the energy sector, Mr. Kalitsi received several awards, fellowships and commendations both nationally and internationally. These include:

- Grand Medal – Republic of Ghana (1978) for distinguished service to the nation and in recognition of his outstanding contributions through public service and transformational leadership in the energy sector.
- Chevalier de l’Ordre National du Mono – Republic of Benin, in recognition of his impact on international power cooperation in West Africa.
- Cavaliere del Lavoro, given by Italy to people who have “been singularly meritorious” in industry or public service.



and commendation award for outstanding public service, conferred by ECG, and a Lifetime Achievement award at the Ghana Energy Awards for his leadership in building the Akosombo and Kpong power infrastructure, steering VRA's modernisation, and fostering regional electricity connectivity.

## **COMMUNITY ENGAGEMENT**

Mr. Kalitsi was a life-long Freemason, having been initiated into Keta Lodge No. 7467 E.C. in 1957. His lodge community was where he forged some of his strongest friendships. A devoted member, he helped found additional lodges and contributed generously to Masonic activities, giving of his time and resources and mentoring many young lodge members.

In alignment with his professional expertise and interests, Mr. Kalitsi served on numerous national

and international committees and boards. These included the World Commission on Dams, the International Hydropower Association, the World Energy Council (WEC), the Volta Lake Research and Development Project, Kpong Farms, the Economic Society of Ghana, Volta Lake Transport Co. Ltd., the Aluminium Industries Commission, the National Energy Board, Kabelmetal Ghana Ltd., Volta



Aluminium Co. Ltd. (Valco), and the Ghana Institute of Management and Public Administration (GIMPA). Following his retirement, and up until his passing, he continued to serve the community as Chairman of Zone 42 of the Pensioners Association of Ghana.

## **PERSONAL LIFE**

Mr. Kalitsi's personal life was defined by deep love, devotion, and enduring companionship. In 1963, he married Charity Ama Klaye – a strikingly elegant woman whose father came from Anyako but who was raised in Kwanyako by her Fante mother. A vivacious and industrious woman, Charity had trained as a nurse in the United Kingdom. Though she



did not practice extensively, she channeled her energy into business and was a steadfast presence beside her husband, supporting his demanding public life with quiet strength and grace. Together, they built a joyful home rooted in affection and high standards, raising three sons – Kwesi, Kweku, and Mawuena – in an environment where discipline was balanced by laughter and love.

Tragically, Charity passed away in 1983, just as she was preparing to join the rest of the family who had relocated to Jamaica. Her untimely death was a devastating loss. Mr. Kalitsi never ceased to speak of her with reverence, often reflecting on the blessing of having shared 20 years with the love of his life.

More than a decade later, in 1996, Mr. Kalitsi met Cecilia Kumapley, a dynamic and intelligent nurse working with Catholic Relief Services. They married in

December 2006 and spent the next 26 years together, until his passing. Their life was built on mutual respect, quiet resilience, and discretion. Cecilia adapted to Mr. Kalitsi's deeply private nature, and he, in turn, remained a steadfast and devoted partner.

As a family man, Mr. Kalitsi was a doting grandfather. He was blessed with six biological grandchildren – one boy and five girls, just as he wanted – an adopted grandson, and a step-granddaughter who was inseparable from him.

Yet, for all the love and joy that surrounded him, two profound tragedies left lasting scars. The first was the death of his beloved wife, Charity. The second, decades later, was the loss of his son Kweku at the age of 51. Kweku, who had recently returned to Ghana after over 30 years in the United States, bore the closest resemblance to his father in temperament and intellect. He was

Mr. Kalitsi's confidant, caregiver, and closest companion in his later years. Together, they had begun work on a memoir – an effort Kweku championed – but his sudden passing brought that project to an end. The grief ran so deep that Mr. Kalitsi could not bring himself to continue the work they had started together.

Despite these heartbreaking losses, Mr. Kalitsi drew strength from his deep faith in God. He remained resilient, dignified, and unwavering in his devotion to family and country, and ensured his home remained a place of warmth, principle, and quiet joy.

## **LEGACY REFLECTIONS**

Mr. Kalitsi passed away on June 3, a few weeks shy of his 95th birthday. His was a life truly well lived – dedicated to the service of his nation, his community and his family. His career exemplified nation-building from the ground up

and symbolised hope for a Ghana led by smart, just, and incorruptible leaders.

He was a visionary with a clear sense of purpose and an ability to inspire all who worked with him. A man of integrity, probity, and accountability, he instilled in others the values of honesty and transparency. A transformational leader, he was deeply committed to mentoring and empowering others, led with humility, respected the contributions of his colleagues and shared credit generously.

Erasmus Alexander Kwabla Kalitsi's life-size bust is memorialised at the roundabout leading to the offices of VRA at Akosombo. He will forever live in our hearts and his legacy will continue to inspire us all.

Rest in Peace Uncle Kobla.

*Xede nyuie. Dzudzo le ntifafa me.*







**TRIBUTES**



# WIFE

## TRIBUTE TO MY HUSBAND

*"Fading away like the stars of the morning*

*Losing their light in the glorious sun  
Thus would we pass from the earth  
and its toiling*

*Only remembered by what we have  
done*

*Only            remembered,            only  
remembered*

*Only remembered by what we have  
done*

*Thus would we pass from the earth  
and its toiling*

*Only remembered by what we have  
done."*

**Horatius Bonar**

**E**fo Kobla and I first met in the late Dr Dogbatse's house. It was early November 1996 and we were his invited guests for lunch. Even though it was our first time meeting, we had a long chat and he graciously dropped me home after lunch. At the time, I was working in the northern regions of Ghana with Catholic Relief Services and left for Tamale a few days later.

We kept in touch after this and it was during our interactions that he discovered I shared my birthday, initials and profession with his late wife Aunty Charity.

My trips to Accra were irregular but by mid 1999 our friendship had blossomed and I relocated to Accra. We were now certain about our relationship and a few years later we tied the knot on the 24th of December 2006. We were together for 26 years until our relationship came to an abrupt end on June 3rd, 2025.

Like all marriages ours had its ups and downs but through it all my husband proved to be the perfect gentleman everyone knew him to be.

I learned so much from him and I will be drawing from those lessons in these difficult times. Many of the lessons will also guide me for the rest of my life.

Observing him in the last three months, there were days it appeared he was gradually fading away. But I looked back to the many health challenges he had overcome in the past four years

and prayed he would pull through like always, thanks to the expert medical and nursing care he was receiving.

I was looking forward to his next birthday on the 16th of July. We were expecting the children, grandchildren and all family members to join us to celebrate as usual. I also prayed quietly that Efo Kobla would be around a little longer after his 95th birthday just as he desired.

Efo, you assured me you would clock 100 years, so why the sudden departure. I cannot believe that you succumbed this time. You left us six weeks short of your birthday and we are shattered. God's ways are not ours, and it looks like He has other plans for you in the celestial realms.

Rest peacefully Efo.

I take this opportunity to thank our sons Kwesi Mawuena and their

wives Ethel and Gale. A big thank you to Vikki as well for her support. They did us proud by taking very good care of you. I deeply appreciate all their efforts to make you comfortable and happy in your old age.

I also thank all others, too numerous to mention, who supported our family in diverse ways in the ebbing years, especially your nephew Dr Jerry Agudogo who was at our beck and call during critical moments.

May the good Lord bless you all. May He also bless everyone gathered here today to honour the life, works and memory of my dear husband.

Sena, your sweetheart, is saddened by your passing. The question she asked when informed about your death was: "So Grandpa would not come home again?"

It is my prayer that she will hold on to the memories of the love and

care you showed her as a doting Grandpa.

*Efo Kobla Xede nyuie.  
Na dzudzɔ le ɲutifafa me.*



# CHILDREN

## **KWESI AND MAWUENA**

**T**o the world, you were a statesman, a builder, a man of quiet principles and lasting influence. But to us, you were simply Daddy.

And what a father you were, warm when we needed comfort, firm when we needed guidance, and always present, even across oceans.

You came from humble beginnings, but with brilliance, grit, and a steady moral compass, you rose to great heights. You built institutions, advised presidents, negotiated

national agreements, and travelled the world; over 80 countries by our count. You moved with ease among global leaders, yet could just as easily sit under a mango tree and talk to a stranger. You wore your dignity lightly.

Daddy, our home was a happy one. You loved to entertain, and you loved music. Highlife, classical and singers such as Miriam Makeba were some of your favourites; and you passed that love of music to Kwesi, just as you passed on your calm nature. We hosted dignitaries, weddings, and loving family

parties. Mummy was the soul of it all, but you were the steady center. Thank you for the joy, the calm, and the peace you built around us as children.

You also taught us the beauty of simplicity. You drove the same car for over 20 years without complaint, almost proudly. You loved roadside coconuts, Kofi brokeman with groundnuts, teasing your favourite kose seller, and sharing your meals with whoever was nearby. You believed joy lived in ordinary things.

You were also strict and yes indeed we gave you plenty of reasons. We still laugh about the time Kweku, with me as co-pilot, decided to “practice” driving your untouchable Peugeot 404; your so-called retirement car. Naturally, we stole it. Naturally, we ended up in a ditch. The punishment came fast. Even Mummy’s pleading couldn’t save us that day.

In 1983, with Ghana in crisis, you made the life changing decision to move us to Jamaica. But just months after we arrived, we lost Mummy. She never made it to Jamaica. You were left a widower, raising three teenage boys in a foreign land. That could have broken anyone, but not you.



You carried us. You kept us fully engaged, traveling all over the island every free weekend we had. You turned Jamaica into a classroom. We remember you sitting with Rastafarians in the hills, the air thick with ganja, asking deep questions about Haile Selassie, reggae, and the African-Caribbean bonds. We were just boys, but some of those moments shaped how we think and who we have become.



Eventually, we moved to America and you returned to Ghana and became Chief Executive of the Volta River Authority, a job you cherished. But fatherhood didn't pause. You called often. You visited as much as you could. You stayed close.

You were a devoted Grandpa to all your grandchildren, even those oceans away. But when Mawuena moved back to Ghana in 2007, the bond with his girls deepened. You took them to cultural events, connected them to their roots, and made every beach trip and Sunday dinner feel magical. It wasn't just what you did, it was how you did it: with warmth, curiosity, grace, and quiet pride. That's what made you great. They adored you and you adored them.

Then came 2017. The hardest blow. Kweku, our brother and core of the family, passed. You and Kweku were so close. We feared that loss would

undo you. But again, you rose. You kept the family close; insisted we gather each Christmas, and made sure Kweku's children felt wrapped in love.

You passed on your quirks too. Your legendary sweet tooth, midnight cocoa, "just a small slice" of cake (never small). And your books; always books. From *Roots* to Ayi Kwei Armah to Wole Soyinka, you filled our shelves and shaped our thinking. It was Arthur Hailey's *The Moneychangers* that first sparked Mawuena's love for finance. You were always planting seeds, often without knowing.

And then there were the whiskey nights. "Only a little more," you would say, knowing full well it wouldn't be. You would sit with Uncle Ben and cousin Jerry, spinning stories of growing up in Koforidua, road trips to visit your Adadevoh cousins in Lagos, your ties to the Kennedys of Boston, and

tales of pre independence Ghana. You were a master storyteller. We soaked it all in.

Even into your 80s and 90s, you remained sharp and full of humour. Your driver Kojo wasn't just an employee, you teased each other like old friends. Right to the end, you tutored Fafali, our housekeeper's daughter, in math after school. You welcomed everyone, treated strangers like family, and made people feel seen.

Since your passing, the tributes haven't stopped. In quiet calls, side chats, and unexpected messages, people have reached out; some in tears, their voices trembling. The words they use to describe you have moved us deeply: a man of honour, a pillar, a national hero, a great man, a legend, a quiet force. In your death, we have come to understand even more fully what we had in you.

Daddy, you taught us by example. Your sense of integrity wasn't performative, it was simply who you were. You lived cleanly. You stayed above scandal. You believed in doing the right thing even when no one was watching. That quiet moral strength is the compass we still carry through our own lives. Now you are with Mummy. With Kweku. With your siblings, loved ones and ancestors. We imagine you there – whiskey glass in hand, music playing, smiling and holding court, reunited with those you love. Rest well, Daddy. We love you endlessly. We carry you always.



# GRANDCHILDREN

## NICOLE

Upon hearing the news that my grandfather had passed, I immediately felt rudderless. Adrift with no direction. Our patriarch, the decisive head of the family whose sage advice has helped us weather many storms, is now gone. For as long as I can remember, Grandpa was the voice of reason, the source of guidance, and the connective tissue for our family. What will we do? How do we move forward? Without him, it feels like there's a hole in the world that cannot be filled.

Many people will remember him for his incredible accomplishments; his contributions to the country of Ghana, and his many enduring friendships. But to me, he was just Grandpa. My greatest supporter and one of the kindest people I've ever known.

Family was more important to him than anything. This is something that many people say, but Grandpa fully embodied. Every time I called, I could anticipate his usual response: "Is that my darling girl?" The love poured out

of him every time we spoke, and I will cherish every conversation we got to have over my lifetime. He never missed a single birthday, even as his health declined, and I don't know what I'll do next year when my next one rolls around and there are no sweet birthday wishes from him. His devotion to family went beyond just us grandkids. Our mothers became more than just the wives of his sons, but also cherished daughters who could rely on him whenever they needed him. When my maternal grandmother passed, Grandpa offered to pay for us to go to Trinidad to handle her funeral rites. Countless stories from my mom of the ways he offered support and guidance throughout our upbringing, even during times I didn't realize, show just how devoted he was to making sure each and every one of us was deeply cared for.

When you're a child, you don't stop to consider who your grandparents are or who they were before you were born. You don't consider the enormous effort it takes – long flights, layovers, travel expenses, etc. – to come all the way across the world to visit. I certainly didn't. In my mind, Grandpa was always a stable constant, able to flit from one continent to the next with ease. As an adult, I recognize the absolute privilege of being able to spend that time with him. He took the effort to come whenever he could to take us all to a museum (he loved going to the Smithsonian with us grandkids, something that has instilled a lifelong love of museums in me), hear about our classes, celebrate birthdays, and watch us grow up. Books, TV shows, and movies make it seem like having a present and caring grandparent is a given. The reality is it's an active choice and one Grandpa made every day.

In 2018, after my study abroad, I had the chance to finally come and visit him in Accra. My siblings and cousins were supposed to come that year too, but one by one, each had to drop out. At the time, I was annoyed that I wouldn't get to spend time with everyone. In hindsight, it was a blessing to get to spend that time with just Grandpa. I arrived very late at night and had a long wait to retrieve my bags after I'd landed. When I finally headed out to the car, I was shocked to see Grandpa had been patiently and eagerly awaiting me in the passenger seat. He was so excited to have me and had come all the way out to see me as soon as I got there. He made me a day by day itinerary of all the places, people, and things he wanted me to see. Each night, we'd sit in his office, and I'd listen to him recount stories or fill me in on what he'd been up to that day if he had separate plans. We took a trip to Akosombo to see the dam, and seeing everyone's excited reactions to him being there made me so proud to call him my Grandpa. On the way home, we bought mangoes and napped in the back of the car. It's a memory I'm grateful to have made with him.

I have so many precious memories with him that will continue to define who I am and who I am continuously working to become. One of my absolute favorites that I think of often is his support when I found out I was a Fulbright semi-finalist. Months of hard work went into my application for the program and despite feeling confident, the news was still a pleasant surprise. I'd often send Grandpa updates about how school was going through WhatsApp, and he'd read but not always respond (understandably, since typing was hard, but I liked keeping him in the loop on days when I didn't have the time to call). I sent the message, not expecting a response. Instead, he sent me a beautiful heartfelt message of support and ended it with the words, "more grease to your elbow." It's been one of my mantras ever since and whenever

I've felt discouraged, I remind myself of the phrase. There has never been a time Grandpa hasn't believed in the greatness of his grandchildren. In grade school, he would pore over my report cards, going line by line through each class and discussing my grades with me. In undergrad, his check-ins would keep me motivated through my difficult course load, and he would encourage me to continue to pursue further education (yes, that included impromptu 5am calls urging me to go to law school). When I moved across the country away from my family and friends for grad school, we'd have long calls as I walked through my neighborhood, and he'd tell me about his own time in Los Angeles, and how things were going back in Ghana. He was so present, and I never doubted that if I needed him, he'd be a quick call away. Navigating life without him will be so difficult.

Grandpa, the enormity of your loss has been felt every day and will stay with me always. I feel unprepared for the painful process of grieving you, and I know the healing journey will be long and slow. On the hard days, I remind myself that even though you're no longer here with us, you're watching on and continuing to guide us. I remind myself of the lessons I've learned from you during our time together; that I have the ability to shape and change the world around me for the better and there is more to life



than just working for personal gain. That my mind is a powerful tool that I should continue to sharpen whether or not I'm in school. Most importantly, that family, love, and devotion are paramount above all else.

Through us, your grandchildren, the wisdom and love that you carefully poured into us is constantly reflected back out into the world. Your spirit will live on forever through us and through everyone you have deeply impacted – and there are certainly many. Perhaps, that is how we fill the hole left behind. By carrying you with us each day, there are echoes of you in all that we do. I love you and miss you, Grandpa. I thank God for the honor of being your granddaughter. Rest well

## **NATALIE**

**W**hen I think of memories with my grandfather, I'm taken back to 2008. I remember family portraits for Christmas. I remember walking to his house in 4th grade because I knew he'd be happy to see me. I remember our French lessons, where he'd sit with me for hours, even though he'd long forgotten the language. I'd look up at him, deep in admiration, and know without a doubt that my grandfather loved me.

My grandpa instilled in me not only the importance of education, but the strengths that come with being a learned and curious person. When I'd talk to him on the phone, we'd talk of books and articles and history – not as abstract concepts, but as artifacts encapsulating the richness of life itself. And that's one thing I know I got from him—an appreciation for all the little things that make living so rich.

When I think of reverence, I think of him. I am so proud of all the things he's

done in one lifetime, and the ways he has shared his love of community and country with the world. He is someone who truly lived; through triumph and tragedy, he persevered. He carried himself with a light inside that's only available to a select few who believe in the goodness of life.

The last day I spent with my grandfather was this past April. I had returned to Ghana and spent six straight days running errands to prepare for his Easter journey to Dzelukope. One morning, I got up early to enjoy the day's slow unfolding. And there, of course, was Grandpa, preparing to sit outside and enjoy the sun. We sat in the driveway for 30 minutes, hand in hand, not saying much at all. We watched the trees sway and the house awaken as the morning heat settled in. We sat in the sun and enjoyed the world around us—grateful for another day. This is how I will remember my grandfather – as the man who would hold my hand to make sure I was there alongside him, absorbing the world's many blessings.



## KOJO

**E**ver since I can remember Grandpa has been the north star of our family. "Shoot for the stars so that if you miss you'll land on the clouds," was undoubtedly the most repeated quote during our childhood.

Grandpa taught us the power of putting your mind to something and supporting us every step of the way! When no one believed in me, Grandpa did and he always had his family's best interest at heart. We will love and miss Grandpa forever and aspire to accomplish even greater things in his name!



## NATASHA

**G**randpa was not only a pillar of strength within our family, but a visionary whose impact reached far beyond the walls of our home. He lived with quiet dignity, unwavering determination, and a sense of purpose that shaped the lives of so many, including mine. His work in helping to bring electricity to Ghana is just one testament to his brilliance and commitment to progress, but his greatest legacy, to me, will always be his love for family. One of the most profound lessons Grandpa passed on was the importance of staying connected to one another no matter the distance. Though we lived oceans apart, he never let that space weaken our bond. He celebrated my accomplishments with pride, offered words of encouragement during difficult moments, and reminded me, time and again, that I was seen, supported, and deeply loved.

I will miss our conversations – the way he listened with care, the stories we shared, and the comfort of knowing he was always just a phone call away. But even in his absence, I will carry his wisdom, his values, and his love forward. I will hold our family close, just as he taught me to, and strive to live a life that honors the example he set.

Grandpa lived an extraordinary life – one marked by service, intellect, compassion, and quiet strength. His



influence will echo through generations, and I am endlessly grateful to have known him, to have loved him, and to have been loved by him.

May he rest in eternal peace, his spirit forever lighting our path.

### **CANDACE SETOR**

**M**y grandfather was one of the kindest, most genuine people I've ever known. He had this quiet strength and a heart full of love. To me, I wasn't just his granddaughter—I was his "darling girl." And hearing him call me that always made me feel special.

Some of my favorite memories are the simple ones – just the two of us sitting on the porch, talking about life and listening to music. Those moments meant everything to me. We didn't have to say much; just being

there together was enough. He had a way of making the world feel calm and steady, no matter what was going on. He taught me so much just by being himself – to be kind, to stay grounded, and to value the people you love.

Losing him was hard but I'm so grateful for the time we had. I'll carry those porch talks, the music, and his love with me always.



## ELIKEM

**D**ear Grandpa,  
I have so many memories with you, but my favorite one was when I was around 6 years old, and you, Natalie, and I went to Aburi Gardens. At around 4'5 back then, I was surrounded by these gigantic trees that were so tall, I thought they could touch the clouds. Holding your hand, I felt so small, but you taught me to stand tall like those trees. You showed me that If I work hard and stay grounded I can grow strong and reach for the sky just like those trees. Thank you for teaching me that nothing is impossible and I hope to walk through the aburi gardens again with you in the future.



## SELORM

**E**ven though we lived in America, my grandfather always found a way to stay deeply involved in my life. Growing up, he would spend six months of each year at our home, making countless memories with us. During that time, he never missed a chance to support me; whether it meant sitting outside for hours at my soccer and lacrosse tournaments or simply cheering me on from the sidelines.

As he got older, his support never wavered. He stayed active in my sports life by watching live streams of my games and continued to celebrate every milestone with me. When I told him I'd be attending Howard University, he was overjoyed. He constantly asked about my classes, my friends, and everything happening on campus. He also encouraged me to stick with Boy Scouts, always reminding me of the value of discipline and community.

Despite his busy schedule, he never missed a birthday call. But what I treasure most are the quiet moments we shared and the stories he passed down to me.



**SENA**

**G**randpa was kind and loving.  
I will miss him



## **CHRIS, FELICIA, MAKAFUI AND MAWUENA OKLU**

**G**randpa, we stand here today, our hearts heavy yet full of love, to honor you and the incredible life you lived. It feels so strange to speak about you in the past tense, so we won't. We'll speak to you just like you always called to speak to us.

You were a pillar of care and kindness. Even in your old age you never stopped checking on us. Whether it was a quick call to ask how we were doing, how school or work was going, or even just to say hello, you always found a way to remind us we were in your heart. You cared about everything that mattered to us — our welfare, our businesses, and our academics. You never stopped encouraging us. And in your own quiet way, you made sure we always felt supported and loved.

Your generosity was unmatched. You gave without hesitation — your time, your wisdom, and even the little things that showed how deeply you cared. From Dad (Chris), Mum (Felicia), Makafui, and Mawuena — we want to say thank you, Grandpa. For loving us so well, for being so present, and for leaving us with the gift of your legacy.

Rest well. We'll carry your love with us always.

# IN-LAWS

## ETHEL

**D**ear Daddy K (Grandpa),  
We thought we had more time; time to celebrate your 95th birthday with you and all the grandkids but as the saying goes, the best laid plans often go awry. I thought about what I would have said had I had the opportunity to raise a glass and give a toast to you on your 95th birthday. You always said, "have a drink Ethel, wine? whiskey? not just water!"

I would have thanked God for bringing us to that momentous occasion. I would have recalled

how Judith used to enjoy visiting you and having long conversations with you while sipping on some wine. I cherish the memories of those visits that she recounted. She really enjoyed those conversations and how you welcomed her into the family. This June, on the anniversary of her death, I came across a letter you had written to me during that difficult time; I read it twice, struck by your thoughtfulness.

Thank you for taking Kojo and all the grandkids under your wing. I know how much he looks up to you and I know he enjoyed the personal

calls with you.

I was looking at my facetime call log and smiled. Somehow, a couple of years ago, Nicole and I were added to a facetime group; just you, Nicole and I. Every so often, we would receive a call — it could be at 5AM or 4PM and whenever I saw the missed call, I would call Nicole immediately and ask if she had spoken to you. If she hadn't, we would call you back, hoping that someone would hear the incoming call and connect us to you. I enjoyed those impromptu calls; they made my day, blurry images and all! I'll always remember the proud Grandpa moments; the phone calls, the voice notes celebrating all the birthdays, graduations, and big moments in your grandkids lives. They looked forward to telling Grandpa about those life moments and you made each of them feel special with your expression of pride. I remember mentioning to you on one of my

recent visits that I had never been to Keta, and I heard the beaches were lovely. I didn't think much of that conversation, but by the next day you had made some phone calls and just like that a weekend trip to Keta was organized. I had such a good time in Keta and Elaine and I got to see and learn so much about the history of Keta in addition to experiencing the lovely beaches. On my last trip in November, we sat on the verandah as you told me stories of a mutual family friend and I was amazed at the history of the friendship. I wished I could have recorded that oral history you passed down that day.

I will miss you dearly Daddy K. You have been the greatest grandpa my children could have. Even as we grieve your loss, I am comforted by the fact that we were blessed to have had you in our lives.

Rest well Grandpa,

Love, Ethel



## VIKKI

**D**addy and I met over 30 years ago, when he invited me to lunch at the JW Marriott hotel in Washington, DC, so he could meet the American that Kweku had started a life with. Little did we know that this luncheon would be the beginning of a beautiful and enduring bond between us.

I will always fondly remember the times we spent together, especially during his annual visits. He didn't just form a special connection with me – he extended that warmth and affection to my entire family. I remember him once saying, "Kweku married a family, not just an individual." That is exactly how he lived his life — with an open heart and a generous spirit.

Daddy became an integral part of our family, joining us on vacations, at reunions, and for Sunday dinners. He celebrated our joys and supported us through our challenges. When my own father passed away, Daddy stood by my side. On that difficult day, he stepped in as a father – offering guidance, wisdom, and unconditional love. He was always there to help me navigate tough decisions, and he never failed to speak blessings over my life.

One of Daddy's greatest gifts was his ability to uplift those around him.

He always made sure that when you left his presence, you were in a better place than when you arrived. His kindness, generosity, and unwavering support have left an indelible mark on my life.

I thank the Almighty for the precious years we shared with Daddy. I love you, and you will forever hold a special place in my heart.

Rest well, Daddy

### **GALE KALITSI**

I first met Daddy while I was in law school in the U.S., even before Mawuena and I were engaged. From the beginning, I was struck by his depth, his quiet compassion, sharp intellect, and the genuine interest he took in my life. We debated legal ideas, exchanged book recommendations, and bonded over our shared love for Jamaica. I had no idea then that he would one day become my father-in-law.

When I visited Ghana for the first time in the early 2000s, Daddy welcomed me not just as a guest, but like a long-lost daughter coming home. He immersed me in Ghanaian life, taking me to Cape Coast to learn the history of our ancestors, to a durbar to witness a traditional ceremony, and introducing me to Ghanaian cuisine. He hosted dinners with young professionals I could relate to, fussed over the details, and made sure I had a wonderful experience. That trip sparked a deep and lasting love for Ghanaian culture.

One of my fondest memories was a birthday cruise on the Dodi Princess with Daddy and my daughter, Elikem. As the Volta lake stretched endlessly around us, held back by a dam he helped build, Daddy came alive with stories. He spoke of a time when the area was all forest, and how, as a young professional, he would travel into

remote communities to explain the development of the dam. He was proud of the role he played in building a national landmark and even more joyful sharing that history with his granddaughter.

He was a master orator. At my wedding, he raised a toast and spoke of how he never imagined that his journey from Ghana to Jamaica would one day lead to one of his sons plucking a beautiful Jamaican hibiscus. The image was unexpected and striking, one I never forgot. Poetic, thoughtful, and classic Daddy. He always honored not just the person, but their story.

Over the years, Daddy and I shared many quiet fun times and meals together; no ceremony, just great conversations about life, ideas, and family. I respected him deeply for his intellect, his calm presence, and his rare ability to make people feel they belonged.

During my years living in Ghana, he introduced me to every Caribbean person he knew. He understood the importance of connection and made sure I had a community to call my own.

I am deeply honored to have known him, to have been shaped by his wisdom, and to have called him Daddy.

You ran your race with grace and purpose and left the world better than you found it.

Rest in perfect peace.



# KALITSI FAMILY

**A** mighty tree has fallen. He meant so much to us, our strength, our pride, and our hope. Now that he is gone, we feel a big emptiness in the family. We don't know how he is doing in the next life, but we believe he is resting peacefully. We pray that God will bless the Kalitsi family again with someone like him; someone full of courage, wisdom, and love.

We are proud to share the Kalitsi name with you. Whenever we go out and mention the name Kalitsi, people smile and show us respect. They quickly begin to cheer, "VRA VRA VRA VRA!", a clear sign of the love and honor you brought to our family. Your name opened doors, and your life gave meaning to the name we proudly share.

Your presence was a gift, your voice a comfort, and your love a light that warmed our hearts. You made each of us feel seen, heard, and valued. We will miss the joy you brought to every gathering, the wisdom in your quiet words, and the peace that followed your steps.

Even though we are sad, we thank God for your life. You gave us good memories and taught us how to live with love, humility, and strength. We will hold on to your name and walk in the path you left behind. Rest well. You were deeply loved and will never be forgotten.

Uncle Kobla, Tordia Kobla, Grand Pa Kobla!

Rest in Perfect Peace.  
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

# THE AGUDOGO FAMILY OF ANYAKO

**T**oday, the Agudogo family, together with friends and relations from far and near, gather to celebrate the life of a truly remarkable man, Erasmus Alexander Kobla Kalitsi. Known to many as Efo Kobla or Uncle Kalitsi, he was the beloved patriarch of our family, a man of quiet strength, noble humility, and boundless compassion.

Mr. Kalitsi was not just the head of the Agudogo family; he was the heart of it. A unifier, a counsellor, and a constant presence in the lives of his extended family, he dedicated himself to keeping the family connected. Even in his advanced years, he made it his mission to visit each family when he was able, reminding us, through his actions, of the importance of unity, care, and shared responsibility.

His warm smile could light up a room, and his words carried the wisdom of experience; always delivered with kindness. He welcomed all with grace, young and old alike, and made everyone feel seen, valued, and loved. His guidance, patience, and steadfast support were a source of strength for us all. He taught us the meaning of family – not just in name but in love, loyalty, and service.

We remember fondly those visits to his home, where a handshake often came with an envelope; a quiet gesture of generosity he never needed to

explain. It was his way – thoughtful, practical, always giving.

Today, we, the Agudogo family, celebrate a life that touched many – a husband, father, mentor, and friend who was deeply respected and widely loved. Efo Kobla's affable nature and kind heart left lasting impressions on everyone he met. His generosity, empathy, and deep moral values continue to inspire us to be better people.

Though his passing leaves a great void, his legacy is forever etched in our hearts in the traditions he preserved, the relationships he nurtured, and the values he passed on. His memory will continue to bring us together, reminding us to live with kindness, empathy, and love, just as he did.

As we mourn this great loss, we take comfort in the timeless truth found in Psalm 34:18: "The LORD is close to the brokenhearted and saves those whose spirit is crushed."

Even in this moment of sorrow, we find peace in knowing that God is near and that the spirit of Efo Kobla lives on in each of us.

We will miss your laughter.

We will miss your smile.

We will miss those warm handshakes.

But we will carry your legacy forward proudly and faithfully.

We reflect on the words of the cherished hymn, "It Is Well With My Soul,"  
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.*

Rest in peace, Efo Kobla. Your race is run, and your work is done.



# NIECES AND NEPHEWS

## DIVINE AKABA & FAMILY DIVINE

**U**ncle Kalitsi was a towering figure in my life, and that of my wife and kids— a constant presence since I was a boisterous 6-year-old. Alongside Uncle Alex Ashiagbor, Professor Foli, Uncle Alex Agodogo, and Auntie Monica, he was one of the Accra-based uncles and aunts from my father's side who I'd see at family gatherings and celebrations. As I grew older, Uncle Kalitsi and Uncle Alex Agodogo became more than just familiar faces—they became my mentors, confidants, and

guiding lights. Many called him Uncle Kobla, but I was never able to shake off the official name of Uncle Kalitsi—probably because I felt that changing it might dilute who I thought he was to me.

Uncle Kalitsi's love for reading was contagious, and he'd always ask about the latest book I was devouring. His intellect was awe-inspiring and I cherish our debates and conversations, which were always laced with humor and wit.

His dedication to his work was admirable, and I'd often visit him at

his office at ECG, waiting patiently for hours until he finished his tasks. Even when he worked at VRA, our routine remained the same, and his secretaries and drivers grew fond of me. One habit of his that stood out was running his hands through my well-combed hair, akin to petting a favorite dog.

Our bond deepened over the years, and he became more than just an uncle – he was a friend, a mentor, and a source of inspiration. I vividly remember the first time he gave me \$200 pocket money as a struggling young boy going to the UK for the first time. Upon his visits there, he'd always make time to see me, leaving me with some much-needed pounds and words of encouragement. His presence in my life was a blessing, and I'm grateful for the countless memories we created together.

As I built my own family, Uncle Kalitsi was always there, offering

guidance and love. He was the chairman at my wedding, and my children adored him as their favourite grandpa while keeping the name "Uncle Kalitsi". They looked forward to visiting his house during Christmas holidays and attending the end-of-year soirees. My daughter was particularly close to him. His ability to balance intellectual pursuits with cultural and traditional values was a testament to his character, and he taught me the importance of staying grounded despite any achievements one attains in life.

Uncle Kalitsi's passing leaves a void in our lives, but his legacy will live on through the countless lives he touched. We'll always cherish the memories of his wit, his wisdom, and his unwavering love. Uncle, we love you, and we'll miss you dearly. Thank you for being such an incredible influence in our lives. We know that as Christians, we'll meet again. Give our love to

Mom, Dad, and all our loved ones who went before you.

### **HELEN**

**M**r. Kalisti was a truly remarkable man - He had a youthful vigor that defied his years, capable of keeping pace with anyone half his age. I vividly recall one time at the gym, working out alongside him and Gloria Agodogo – his energy was truly inspiring.

### **NUTEFE**

**U**ncle Kalitsi was one of our most treasured uncles. Though he was our dad's uncle and technically our grandpa, we always called him "Uncle". Perhaps it was hearing Dad use that title, or maybe it was just how casual and vivacious Uncle Kalitsi was for a grandfather.

We both loved to read, and whenever I visited him, he'd ask me about the latest book I was reading. His memory was astonishing; during those visits I would sit and listen to him recount tales of his

life under Ghana's past political regimes and his incredible travels. I will cherish those moments spent in his library, and I am forever grateful for the nuggets of wisdom I gained from him.

### **NUNYUIE**

**H**e was an uncle that showed a genuine interest in what we were up to in terms of our hobbies and interests — whether it was how we fared in our last swimming competition or the current piano piece we were learning.

### **NUKUNU**

**U**ncle Kalitsi always asked about school, encouraging us to "do well and make your parents proud." This advice took on new meaning when I stumbled upon a plaque in his home. When I took a closer look, it read that he was a Harvard University alumnus. My jaw practically dropped. It wasn't just some nice uncle giving generic pep talks anymore; this

was a seriously smart guy telling us to study hard. And the best part was that he was so humble that he never even brought it up himself. Suddenly, “work hard in school” wasn’t just words; it was a powerful piece of wisdom from someone who’d clearly walked the walk. Rest well Uncle Kalitsi

**DR. JERRY AGUDOGO**

*“Now you are gone,  
Gone like a storm that passed  
After watering the earth.”*  
— Léopold Sédar Senghor

**U**ncle Kobla, you were a distinguished public servant, a respected elder, and to me, a beloved uncle and trusted mentor. Beyond your monumental contributions to Ghana’s governance, nation-building, and especially the energy sector, you were a pillar of our family; a constant source of wisdom, compassion, and strength.

We shared a close and enduring

bond. I look back fondly on holidays spent at your home during my childhood, and even more so, I treasure our later journeys to Keta, where you shared heartfelt anecdotes and timeless wisdom that still guide me. I will miss those cherished moments in your study – often seated together with a glass of whiskey in hand, exploring life’s deeper questions or simply laughing over the little things. And yet, one cannot help but wonder what moved you to forbid alcohol at your own funeral?

Despite your extraordinary achievements, you remained humble and approachable. You treated everyone – from dignitaries to children – with the same warmth and respect. You took a sincere and lasting interest in my family, especially in the lives of my children, Jerry and Sroda. To this day, Sroda still speaks of the surprise visit you and Kweku paid her during her first year at university in the U.S. – it

meant the world to her.



Your life stands as a lasting example of integrity, humility, and service. You continue to inspire us not only by how you led, but by how you lived. We are grateful for the time we shared with you, the example you set, and the enduring legacy you leave behind – a legacy of devoted service to God, unwavering love for family, and loyal commitment to country.

You will be dearly missed.  
Rest well, Uncle Kobla – in peace,  
and in the Grand Lodge above.

Dzudzo le nutifafa me.

## **FRANK, AUDREY, KELI AND SESE AND THEIR CHILDREN**

**T**hough we called him Uncle Kobla, he was in fact our cousin – our mother's nephew. But far more than that, he was a pillar in our lives; a constant presence of warmth, wisdom, and love.

Uncle Kobla passed at the remarkable age of 95, leaving behind a legacy that cannot be measured in years alone, but in the depth of his relationships and the numerous lives he touched, including ours.

He was the proverbial night owl – he could visit you at night, travel late at night and work late throughout the night. And like the owl symbolized he was full of wisdom, knowledge and intuition, which he generously shared with us.

Our memories of the fond times we

spent with him are too numerous to recount. One of Audrey's is when he took her along on a work tour across the country. What an absolute privilege that was! They set out late at night, of course; had loads of stimulating debates on the way as she got a personalized history of the complexities involved in powering the nation at the feet of the master himself.

Sese's relationship with Uncle

Kobla was particularly special. She was the 'daughter' he never had. She recalls that when our father passed, Uncle Kobla took on a new significance for her – stepping in without hesitation. He offered her the strength, guidance, and steady support she needed – never imposing, always encouraging and filling the gap left behind by her father with grace and quiet dedication. Like a true daughter,



she in turn was often at his side; fussing about his health, sharing deep conversations with him and providing whatever comfort she could.

To our children and their friends, he was Grandpa. And just like us, they too basked in his love and kindness and were proud of his many contributions to our nation. As one of our children said: "When God made grandpa, he threw away the mould."

Uncle Kobla was warm, affable, and deeply engaging – a man who made us all feel seen and heard whenever we were with him. He had a genuine interest in our lives, often offering thoughtful counsel that stayed with us long after the conversation ended. He was undoubtedly a man of substance, but also of great humility. He carried his achievements with quiet dignity, never seeking the spotlight; only wanting to serve

and uplift.

We were truly blessed to have had such a special person in our lives. His absence leaves a void, but his memory is a gift we will continue to treasure.

Rest well, Uncle. You have run your race with honour and love, and now you are at peace.

## GRACE

**T**oday, I celebrate the life of a man who was more than just an uncle and a cousin to me, he was a pillar of strength, a source of wisdom, and a constant presence



of love in my life. From the time I was young, I remember his visits, always filled with warmth, laughter, and genuine care. He didn't just come to see us; he came to remind us that family is everything.

He had a special bond with my mother, whom he mostly referred to as one of his favourite aunties. His concern for her was unwavering. He always made time to check on her. Even in her moments of illness, he will constantly check in on her and when she passed, he with my uncles, aunties, siblings and cousins stepped in with a love so deep to make sure she was laid to rest with the dignity and honour she deserved. For that, I will forever be grateful.

To me, he was more than family, he was a guide. He took pride in my growth, and gently steered me with his wisdom whenever I needed direction. His belief in me gave me

confidence, and his words of advice remain etched in my heart. Though he is no longer with us, his legacy lives on in the lessons he taught, the love he shared, and the memories held dear. Rest well, dear uncle and cousin. You were a blessing in my life and I will carry your love with me always.

*Neva eme be wò gbogbo  
nagbo de eme le ñutifafa deblibo  
me*

## PHYLLIS

**I**t is hard to say goodbye to someone who meant so much to me; someone whose quiet strength and genuine love I always felt, even from miles away. I was so proud of him and his achievements that I never hesitated to brag that I was his niece when the opportunity presented itself!

The day he passed, I had a strong urge to come and visit him — I didn't know he was already gone. Maybe



it was his way of saying farewell. He was not just an uncle. He was a constant, caring presence in my life. He visited me in some of the countries I found myself in. Those visits meant the world to me. And he always came bearing souvenirs/ gifts from the countries he had just

visited before coming to me. He followed my career closely and took a real interest in my wellbeing. I will never forget how he would call my mother Monica to check on me whenever he saw on TV that there had been bombings or civil unrest in the countries in which I worked. In fact, he joined my mother in “pushing” me out of those war-torn regions to return to a civilized existence! In retrospect, I see that it was a timely intervention because it took me an eternity to return to some sort of “normal”! That is how much it meant to Uncle Kobla. He cared deeply, and it wasn’t for show! He genuinely worried when he didn’t hear from me for a few months and religiously asked my brother John about me and how I was faring.

As recently as a few weeks ago, I dropped by unannounced with my mother to see him. We did not take his favorite kaklo that time around for fear he might be on a restricted

diet. Those were the hugest of all the hugs ever! And those joyful tears were deeply felt. They will always be cherished.

May you rest in the arms of angels, surrounded by serenity and eternal love.

Rest peacefully my dearest Uncle!

## ABLEWOR

**M**y dear Uncle Kobla,  
It feels surreal to be writing this tribute. I knew this day would come, but my heart was never fully prepared to say goodbye.

Thank you for proudly walking me down the aisle those many years ago - it was such a special and unforgettable moment. You have always been that loving, dependable presence in our lives — the cool dad and grandpa anyone would be blessed to have. Though there are many conversations we never got to have, I thank God for the meaningful ones we shared.

Thank you for the unconditional love you showered on us all. Your home was always filled with warmth, kindness, and treats — especially your famous plantain chips! Your grandchildren will miss hearing your stories and feeling the joy of your presence. We will miss your warm smile, your bear hugs, and your quiet wisdom.



We hold onto the promise of Scripture in **2 Timothy 4:7-8** — that you have fought the good fight, finished the race, and kept the faith. Now, there is laid up for you a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will

award to you.

We are comforted knowing that you now rest in the presence of our Lord, where there is no pain, no sorrow, and no more tears (Revelation 21:4). We trust in the hope of the resurrection and look forward to the day we will meet again in glory.

Rest peacefully in the arms of the Almighty, dear Uncle. I know you're smiling down from heaven, watching over us with love.

I love you, Uncle.

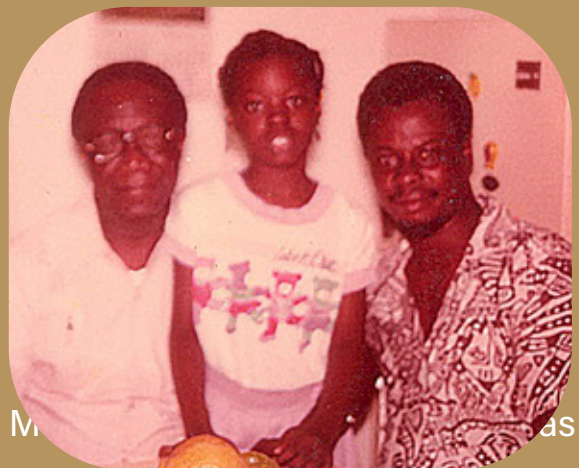
Until we meet again — Xede nyuie na dzudzo le *ɲutifafa* me!



## EMEFA

How do I say goodbye to someone who has been a part of my life since the day I was born; someone who had the title of Godfather. From Cantonments all the way to the shores of the West Indies, you were always there.

Even though you are gone I will still have the memories. Memories of a little girl proudly going to the store to buy a coloring book and pens with her money; money she had received from her godfather when he came to visit in Grenada.



M... as

Memories of eating christmas cake filled with raisins because I just couldn't tell you that I hated raisins. Memories of you visiting us on Saturday mornings (I take credit by saying you came because of my omelettes). Memories of sitting and chatting with you as you sorted through your files and papers. Memories of walking you to your car anytime we attended the same functions and memories of you calling me "my darling girl."

We had a dinner date planned but then came Covid and plans had to be postponed, visits curtailed. You kept reminding me about our dinner date but life took its course and you weren't able to move about easily like you used to. I am still holding you to that dinner date because I know we will see each other some day.

**You can shed tears that he is  
gone,  
Or you can smile because he**

**lived,  
You can close your eyes and  
pray that he will come back,  
Or you can open your eyes and  
see all that he has left.  
Your heart can be empty  
because you can't see him  
Or you can be full of the love that  
you shared,  
You can turn your back on  
tomorrow and live yesterday,  
Or you can be happy for  
tomorrow because of yesterday.  
You can remember him and only  
that he is gone  
Or you can cherish his memory  
and let it live on,  
You can cry and close your mind,  
be empty and turn your back,  
Or you can do what he would  
want: smile, open your eyes,  
love and go on.**

He is Gone  
By David Harkins

Right now I am shedding tears  
that you are gone but I know I will

smile because you lived and were a part of my life. I will cherish the memories of you. Your darling girl says rest in peace until we meet again.



## **SELORM AND ESINAM KLAYE**

**W**e are blessed to have many aunties and uncles, but some often stand out. Uncle Kalitsi, as we called him, was one of those.

It most likely started before we were born — with the close relationship between our Dad and his sister Auntie Charity, Uncle Kalitsi's first wife. May they both rest in peace. Apparently, when our Dad wanted to approach our grandfather, Daa, to ask for our Mom's hand in marriage, it was Uncle Kalitsi he enlisted to smooth the way. He's been a huge part of our lives and many wonderful memories.

## **SELORM**

As far back as I can remember, Uncle Kalitsi has always been a significant part of our lives. I remember him in my early days in Labone when he lived just a short drive away and we used to go and visit him. I remember him and Dad

in our house in London, the sad day Auntie Charity passed away.

I remember happier times too — like when he came to my graduation in London when my folks couldn't be around, and how he took an interest in my studies and professional development. He was always asking about what I was working on, and how I could explore new avenues.

Right up to the last time I saw him, he was sharp, lucid, and inquisitive — still trying to get me to drink whisky or gin, and totally aghast when I opted for a non-alcoholic sparkling juice. Then sending me to go and drink Auntie Cecilia's drinks instead! We had some laughs.

Thank you for all that you invested in us, Uncle. You were a favourite uncle, and we shall miss you. Rest in peace.

## **ESINAM**

One of my favourite memories of Uncle Kalitsi is the fact that he was the last person to pick me up as a child. I was 11 years old and thought I was too old to be picked up! He was larger than life in so many ways — telling stories, investing time and attention that children don't always get from their aunties and uncles.

From his many conversations with me over the years, I felt him most of all as a steady rock — full of warmth, compassion, and care. The attention he lavished on family and friends was unique. It extended throughout my life and even stretched to wrap around my children as well.

It's been such a privilege and a pleasure to have him as part of my life, and I will miss him dearly.

Thank you, Uncle, for all you were and all you inspired in us.

We will truly miss you.

Rest in perfect peace.

## **ESINAM GLOVER-OKAI AND SIBLINGS**

**D**eath is painful, however, death when it happens to a precious jewel like you is more painful. Yes you told us you will clock 100. When the news reached me about the departure of our beloved uncle Kobla, a friend and mentor, a cold shiver ran through my spine. Even though death is an inevitable phenomenon, it is an experience we never get used to because each incident of death comes along with its unique challenges.

Uncle Kobla without doubt was most discerning, attentive, and knowledgeable; full of compassion and humility, with a contagious smile and infectious laughter. He was indeed very diplomatic, tender and humourous. These qualities earned him great respect.

It is true that some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them. You were born great and also went ahead to achieve more greatness. You have shown every one of us what true greatness means. Greatness is not only in building monuments and leaving great empires behind, your life was a great monument and empire that was not physical. You lived a life worthy of emulation. You loved everybody around you and invested heavily into them. I celebrate your dedication to the right standard of life and commitment to the moral value which resulted in a fulfilled life for you and many more you have influenced.

It is so difficult for me to write this tribute in honor of you. You lived a life of sacrifice by helping others build their own lives. You are a great inspiration and embodiment of peace and humility to us all.

You have gone forever but you are not forgotten. Your departure is hard to

believe but that is the truth. Now we feel left alone in the presence of many. You remain one of the most important people in our lives. Truly you came, you served and your service is well appreciated.

Rest in peace my great and honourable Uncle. We thank God for giving you to us.



## MAAME AMPOMAA

**T**oday, I speak with both a heavy heart and immense gratitude as I honor the life of a man who meant the world to me; my grand-uncle Kwabla. His life was a lesson in grace and dignity. He built legacies in hearts, in values and in love.



His absence now feels vast, like a sky without its brightest star. But even in this grief, I find comfort.

Thank you, for being a part of my story in the most beautiful way. I will always be proud to call myself your grand-niece.

Rest well, You were deeply loved, and you will be forever missed.

## SUSAN AMPONSAH

**U**ncle Kwabla, it was not easy writing these words. I would rather be listening to your words of wisdom and encouragement that have marked my life than to be writing this tribute . I recall warm welcomes; you showing me black and white pictures, then images in colour that recorded our treasured moments together. I would rather listen to your anecdotes about me as a toddler during the Muswell Hill days, or think about times when our families

enjoyed short trips and picnics at the beach, with tons of love and

laughter in tow.

Over the years, your affection for me was extended to my children and then my grandchildren, showing them a keen interest in how they were doing. You had a heart of love that was big enough to share with everyone.

You also became a Silver Surfer! I was so impressed with the ease and dexterity with which you adapted to modern technology. You would tap effortlessly into applications on your tablet and smartphone. I remember you once asked me a question, then immediately said “oh don’t worry, I will just Google it!”, and so you did.

Our face-to-face conversations evolved to phone-calls, then video calls. Uncle Kobla, the last time I saw you was in March, and I promised to see you again soon with your Marmite. Sadly, my au revoir became an adieu shortly

before my return. That is fine though, because I believe our times and seasons are in God’s hands. After all, I have memories that can not be erased.

My consolation comes from knowing that you are with God, in the best place, and in peace.

Uncle Kwabla, my precious Godfather, and one of the rarest and true gentlemen I know, rest in perfect peace .

Love from your Goddaughter

### **AMESIKA**

*They are happy men whose natures sort with their vocations. -Francis Bacon, (1561-1626)*

**T**hese words describe Uncle Kobla; kind, compassionate, generous and knowledgeable — all seamlessly converging with his professional acumen, and mentoring roles.

Everyone should have an uncle like him. For as long as I can remember, he was a towering, larger-than-life figure, belying gentleness and calmness. I remember the compassion he showed me when we lost our father. A quintessential gentleman with timeless sartorial taste.

He was so knowledgeable that he seemed like an expert on almost every discipline, laying out his facts as he compared them over time and space. Professionally, he was recognized as a trailblazer. He had a meticulous measured-in-speech manner as he explored very complex topics, but came alive with a special spark when it came to issues of energy. On other issues to which his expertise did not extend, he was an avid listener, and a piercing questioner.

Uncle Kobla was a “peoples’ person” who attached importance to relationships and connected

with like-minded people. When I was studying in the U.S., he introduced me to various networks, and ensured I had the company of those who shared my profession. As a result, Tess has been a dear, solid and valued friend for 30-odd years.

Throughout his life, his generosity was phenomenal. He gave freely of his time, intellect and resources. My enduring regret is that I could not spend more time listening to his profound wisdom, especially at the end.

Auntie Cecilia, thank you for the loving care you took of Uncle. Uncle Kobla, rest in perfect peace.

*“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on.” “Yes,” says the Spirit, “they will rest from their labor, for their deeds will follow them.”* Rev. 14:13

# FAMILY AND FRIENDS

## **PROF. SYDNEY W.K ADADEVOH**

"The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."  
- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

**T**o speak of Efo Kobla is to speak of a man who lived with quiet strength, deep conviction, and a generous heart. He was many things to many people: a leader, a mentor, a family man, and if you were lucky like I was a big brother in every sense of the word.

Our paths first crossed during his days at Zion College of West Africa (ZICOWA) in Anloga. I still remember clearly when his father brought him to my father, the late Emmanuel Mawueli Adadevoh, who was not only his uncle but also his guardian. That moment marked the beginning of a relationship

that would grow from cousinhood into one of warm companionship and abiding respect.

After graduating from the University of Ghana, Efo Kobla returned to Keta as a Government Agent and District Commissioner. For me and the late Patrick Kwami Kpodo, it was an absolute privilege to visit him on weekends. We were pampered with sweet delicacies, endless kindness, and the loving warmth of a true big brother. It was during these visits that I learned the full measure of his generosity.

Years later, I visited him while he was serving as a Commonwealth Consultant to Jamaica and Chief Executive of the Jamaica Water Company. He picked me up at Montego Bay, and we drove along the northern coast through Ocho Rios, where we met then Prime Minister Edward Seaga, while visiting his Botanical Garden modeled after Ghana's own Aburi Gardens. We passed through lantern-lit towns reminiscent of Gawu Bar in Keta and made our way to Kingston. It was an unforgettable adventure: reggae on street corners, my first pickpocket experience at an Agricultural Exhibition during Marcus Garvey's centenary celebrations, and the electric energy of Jamaica's cultural scene. That wasn't our only great escape. Efo also treated me to a thrilling weekend at Niagara Falls. Dinner atop the rotating tower with a breathtaking view,



Kingston, Jamaica - 1987

an audacious boat ride to the foot of the falls, and a visit to the Daredevils Museum. With Efo, every trip was both educational and entertaining.

But beyond the glamour, Efo Kobla was always there when it mattered most. As a seasoned administrator and manager, he was my go-to advisor during some tense moments with my Dean at the School of Medical Sciences (SMS). I would call him from Kumasi, and we would dissect the issue together. His counsel was always clear, measured, and spot on. I owe much of my professional calm and clarity to those late-night phone calls.

Efo Kobla was also a dedicated public servant. As an officer of the Volta River Authority (VRA), his work ethic was unparalleled. I stayed with him at his VRA bungalow in Cantonments whenever I was in Accra. He would often return home past 8 p.m. after a long day, yet he never failed to knock politely on my door, and initiate our usual jolly debates and conversations, often stretching past midnight. Always courteous. Always generous. Always present.

One of the greatest honours of my life was when Efo asked me to propose the toast at his wedding to Cecilia Kumapley. The Master of Ceremonies was none other than Godwin Avenorgbor, the legendary GBC Broadcaster, it was a celebration full of love, laughter, and community. Efo Kobla was one of my earliest role models.



The way he and his contemporaries, Uncle BTK, Efo John, Efo Dick, and Efo Perfect, carried themselves when they returned home on vacation left an indelible mark on us younger ones. Their poise, education, and worldly grace reminded us that education was indeed worth pursuing.

He was hard-working, honest, and deeply patriotic. But more than anything, Efo Kobla lived a life that inspired others. Not through loud declarations, but through quiet acts of wisdom, consistency, and love. He was light-hearted yet deeply thoughtful, kind yet firm, and fun-loving yet full of depth.

"Say not in grief that he is no more  
But say in thankfulness that he was. Death is not the extinguishing of a light, But the putting out of a lamp, Because the dawn has come."

- Rabindranath Tagore

On behalf of my family and with a heart full of gratitude, I say: Thank you, Efo Kobla, for the love, the guidance, the laughter, and the memories.  
Rest well, big brother.

Requiescat in Pace. Xede Nyuie. Dzudzor le Nutifafa me.

## **REV. MAWULI DZIDULA AGUDOGO**

'Teach us to number our days, that we may gain a heart of wisdom' –  
'Psalms 90:12 NIV

It is with a heavy heart, yet with immense gratitude, that I pay tribute to the life and legacy of my dear cousin, Mr. Erasmus Alexander Kwabla Kalitsi.

Efo Kwabla was more than just a relative – he was a guiding light in my life. His unwavering support and generosity played a pivotal role in my education. At times when the path seemed uncertain, it was his belief in me and what I could do that kept me going. He ensured that I had access to the best possible healthcare, never hesitating to step in when I needed help. As the family head of the Agudogo family, he served with dignity, wisdom, and compassion. He was a unifier, a pillar of strength, and a custodian of our traditions. His leadership was marked by fairness and an abiding sense of responsibility, qualities that earned him deep respect from all who knew him.

Efo Kwabla's passing is a great loss, not only to our family but to all who were fortunate enough to have been touched by his kindness. His legacy will live on in our hearts and in the lives he so selflessly impacted.

Rest well, dear cousin. Your memory will forever be a blessing.

## **PROFESSOR ALBERT FIADJOE**

**T**he loss of Erasmus Kobla Kalitsi is a heavy blow for not only his family but for Ghana and the world. This sad occasion, however, provides an opportunity to write a short tribute to an extraordinary individual who exhibited deep scholarship, decency and humility beyond measure. He was a man of quiet strength, deep conviction who carried himself with unwavering dignity and self-respect. In his lifetime, Mr. Kalitsi exhibited qualities of integrity, honesty, hard work, commitment to nation building and selflessness to Ghana, qualities which, alas! are fast vanishing in the Ghana of today.

His monumental achievement in the settlement of communities affected by the building of the Volta Dam, the largest dam in the world at the time, is well-known. And he accomplished this task with

no fanfare, no needless publicity and with impeccable integrity. No one ever associated him with any scandal with this huge project unlike in modern times when every project is afflicted with graft and shameless kleptocracy!! So, as we mourn the loss of uncle Kwabla we also take off our hats to him for the monumental legacies that he left us with.

Kobla and I first met several decades ago, not in the familiar surroundings of Ghana, but in Jamaica where he was working as a consultant to the Government of Jamaica. That encounter left an indelible mark on both of us. I had heard so much about him that I was in awe of him. However, a few minutes into my encounter with him, he totally disabused my mind of him as an aloof and austere gentleman. On the contrary, he was full of chat on almost any topic that came up, full of jokes laced with witticisms, the difference in our

ages notwithstanding. We shared many sessions devouring delicious portions of jerk chicken and pork, the specialty of the Caribbean but especially of Jamaica. We struck a lifelong friendship from them on. He had the knack of making each person loved, valued and special.

In each other, we found a shared spirit, sharpened by purpose and lifted by the dream of building a better and more just Ghana. From those early days, I came to know Kobla not just as a compatriot, but as a man of deep intellect, gentle humour, and extraordinary grace. He wore his brilliance lightly, never boastful, always thoughtful. Whether discussing public service, development, or the simple joys of life, Kobla spoke with clarity and wisdom that made you stop and listen. His commitment to nation-building was not driven by applause or recognition, but by a sincere love for Ghana and for Africa. Our conversations over the

years spanned continents, and yet the themes remained the same: purpose, integrity, and the enduring power of friendship. Kobla remained steady through life's many seasons—a man you could count on, a man who walked his path with humility, dignity, and faith.

His legacy in public service is clear, but for those of us who knew him personally, it is his character that will live on most vividly. He was a good man. A kind man. And in these times, that is no small thing.

Back in Ghana, I kept constant touch with him. I tried against all odds to persuade him to write his memoirs. He started the exercise but did not complete it, a classic case of the spirit being willing, but the flesh weak! Ghana is the loser because he did not document his extraordinary life story for posterity. Fortunately, there are still records of his massive contribution

to Ghana's development in the archives. Though he is no longer with us, his spirit and works live on. Those of us who were privileged to have encountered him would be the poorer now with his passing but richer for having him cross our paths.

Posthumously, we say Uncle Kobla, thank you immensely. Thank you for being a stalwart whose attributes we can all emulate.

To his beloved family, I extend my deepest condolences, especially to his wife, Cecilia, and his children, Mawuena and Kwesi. Thank you for sharing him with us. I pray you find strength in the knowledge that Kobla's life was meaningful, impactful, and beautifully lived.

Walk well, our senior brother.

You have earned your rest.

And we are all the better for having known you.

May the Angelic Hosts shepherd you gently and safely to your Heavenly abode!

*Hede Nyuie!!!*



## **FRANK KPODO**

It is with deep respect and immense gratitude that I pay tribute to a man whose guidance and mentorship shaped the very foundation of my professional life – Efo Kobla Kalitsi.

I consider it a great privilege that Efo Kobla took an active interest in my development during my formative years. He became not just a mentor, but a trusted advisor, counselor, and a friend whose wisdom and insight deeply influenced the trajectory of my career.

Through his support, I secured my very first job after completing St. Augustine's College – serving as a Junior Resettlement Officer under the VRA/Lands Department. This role, which involved compensating landowners affected by the Volta Lake flooding, was a vital stepping stone into public service and the energy sector.

One of the most defining moments in our mentor-mentee relationship came when I stood at a crossroads – choosing between going to the military academy or pursuing a university education to pursue a professional engineering/management career.

The military was a strong and attractive option at the time, particularly for someone with aspirations in engineering and management. For a while, I pursued the military academy path and was accepted to show up, even though my big sister, Lt-Col. Edith Tamakloe, preferred and encouraged the university option for me.

It was at this critical juncture that I turned to Efo Kobla to show the way. True to his thoughtful nature, he didn't choose for me but rather offered a perspective that broadened my vision to thoughtfully explore all available opportunities.

Shortly after, I was on my way to a leading university in the USA for my engineering studies, deferring the military academy option until after the university. That balanced counsel became a cornerstone in my decision-making process.

In time, our paths converged in Ghana's energy supply sector, a field he served with passion and commitment. In the twilight of Efo Kobla's illustrious professional life, I had the rare opportunity as Chevron's lead project engineer on the West African Gas Pipeline Project to build a pipeline to supply natural gas from Nigeria to one of his special energy supply projects: the Takoradi Thermal Power Plant at Aboadze, operated by VRA for power generation.

He arranged a follow-up trip for his driver Kodjo to drive us to Aboadze to visit our common project in operation. It was a special honor to walk a professional path once

inspired by his steady mentorship. Efo Kobla Kalitsi was more than a mentor – he was a compass, pointing the way not just to success, but to integrity, service, and purpose. I will forever cherish his impact on my life and carry forward the values he so gracefully embodied.

Efo Kobla! *Na xedenyuie.*  
*Nadzudzo le ntifafa me*

### **HON. ALBERT KAN-DAPAAH**

**T**oday, I stand with deep gratitude and profound reverence to celebrate the extraordinary life and legacy of the late Erasmus Kobla Kalitsi, a visionary leader under whom I had the immense privilege of serving as Director of Finance at the Electricity Company of Ghana (ECG). To me, Mr. Kalitsi was more than a leader – he was a mentor, a beacon of integrity, and a transformative figure whose influence continues to inspire and

guide us all.

When Mr. Kalitsi assumed the role of Managing Director of ECG, he inherited an organization burdened by persistent financial losses and operational challenges. Yet, with his extraordinary vision, unyielding commitment, and quiet strength, he reshaped ECG into a beacon of hope and progress. Under his stewardship, ECG transitioned from a struggling entity to a profit-making institution – a feat that remains unmatched in the company’s history. His ability to inspire excellence, foster innovation, and instill a culture of transparency transformed the operational and financial landscape of ECG, leaving an indelible mark on the organization and its people.

As part of his top management team, alongside Mr. Chris Adom (Engineering), Mr. Fred Asante (Operations), Mr. Accu-Addo (Administration), we were

privileged to witness and contribute to his vision. Together, we worked tirelessly under his guidance, driven by his passion for progress and his unwavering dedication to the greater good. His leadership was not about personal accolades but about uplifting an institution and empowering those around him to strive for excellence. We remain immensely proud to have been part of his legacy, a legacy that continues to inspire us.

What made Mr. Kalitsi truly exceptional was his integrity. In a world often clouded by compromise, he stood as a pillar of principle. I recall a poignant conversation we had when I asked why ECG had struggled to sustain the remarkable achievements he left behind. With his characteristic blend of diplomacy and wisdom, he reflected on the importance of leadership free from interference. He spoke fondly of his sector Minister, Hon. Ato Ahwoi, who

trusted him implicitly, never once attempting to micromanage ECG or impose external pressures. "That trust," he said, "gave me the freedom to lead with clarity and purpose." His words struck a chord, a timeless lesson in leadership that should echo in the halls of governance and inspire future generations.

Mr. Kalitsi was more than a leader; he was a guiding light; a man whose quiet strength and profound wisdom touched countless lives. His legacy is not confined to the balance sheets he turned around or the systems he transformed – it lives on in the values he instilled, the people he mentored, and the hope he ignited. To have known him, to have worked alongside him, was to witness greatness in its purest form.

As we bid farewell to this extraordinary soul, we do so with gratitude for the gift of his life and

sorrow for the void his departure leaves behind. Mr. Kalitsi, your light will continue to shine through the countless lives you touched and the enduring legacy you built. Fare thee well, our mentor, our leader, our friend. You will forever hold a cherished place in our hearts.

### **ERIC N. YANKAH**

*"You call me 'Teacher' and 'Lord,' and rightly so, for that is what I am. Now that I, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you also should wash one another's feet. I have set you an example that you should do as I have done for you. Very truly I tell you, no servant is greater than his master, nor is a messenger greater than the one who sent him. Now that you know these things, you will be blessed if you do them.." John 13:13-17*

**A**nd with these words, I am humbled to pay tribute to my former boss, mentor and corporate father, Mr. Erasmus Alexander

Kobla Kalitsi. I recall the call I received from Mrs. Margaret Keelson asking if I had heard that Efo Kalitsi had joined the ancestors that morning. Immediately I called up a couple of other buddies and inquired. Then as if the floodgates of sorrow had been opened, the news rushed in thick and fast. It was true – the doyen of Volta River Authority, the mentor of many, the shepherd of managers, a true leader, had indeed fallen. What a sad day it was. The flashes of several years of working closely together and growing up at his feet and all the nostalgic anecdotes he shared, flooded my mind.

He was a great statesman, an example of discipline and a man of character with a heart so expansive that it could contain and tolerate even the lowest ebbs and convert them into prosperous and valuable public servants. It is not only those who served and learnt at his feet that experienced it all.

He was so affable he also reached out to people and made them feel at ease. Mr Kalitsi was one person who never forgot who you were. If you have ever dealt with, or encountered him, you could be sure he would recall your name and where you met. He might even remember a joke or something funny or unique the day you met several decades ago.

I met Mr Kalitsi for the first time when I was a student intern from Legon during the long vacation in 1975. I had become fascinated with hydrological statistics and I had the opportunity to spend some time in the hydro unit at Akosombo, then headed by Engineer R.O. Ankrah and the computer section on the first floor of the Electro Volta House. One morning, we were in the computer room when a big man entered. I was introduced to him by the expatriate systems analyst. A few questions asked and off he went.

In 1980, I was formally employed by VRA and as it turned out Mr Kalitsi was my boss. As I grew up in the function our director, Mr. Norris, would insist we came along to explain our work and that led to a stream of close engagements with Mr Kalitsi. Long hours, sometimes late into the night and very early starts with coffee, biscuits and stories of VRA became part and parcel of our relationship. Several opportunities to travel, especially to Lome and Abidjan by road, brought our relationship even closer as he was an exacting leader who expected accurate and comprehensively value-adding reports and analysis to be submitted.

His guidance as to how to make it better was always on point. Indeed, his mantra was that every public servant must aim for the situation where his draft letter or paper on any situation fully captures the desired state, not requiring any

amendment by the signatory.

Mr Kalitsi also taught us how to deal with anger and pain – if you have to write anything in anger or pain, do so, but when you are done, leave it in your drawer overnight and when you come in the morning, read it over and if you still feel it worthy, then send it. It was his calm way of ensuring that only professionally motivated correspondence representative of the VRA he served, left the Authority. For that alone, VRA's reputation as a world-class utility was unquestionable in addition to the engineering and operational excellence.

He continued to loom large in my professional life even during his leave of absence to serve the World Bank. When I was in graduate school in Boston, he found time to pay me a visit not once, but twice. The second time, a colleague, Asamoah-Krodua, was also visiting Boston on official duty and that was the night before my final exam.

The two of them regaled me with stories till morning, when Mr Kalitsi left. Somehow, that was my best paper. Most of the lessons from the night found expression in the examples I quoted in my answers.

Long after his return to Ghana, he kept up the occasional call. Several years into his retirement, Mr Kalitsi continued to engage on various platforms and at speaking engagements, always posing new ideas to prompt us to keep abreast with energy and world affairs.

Mr. Kalitsi, you were a blessing to me and many others for moulding into vibrant public servants and for the knowledge and development structures you helped nurture. I am proud to have served with you and will forever be super-grateful for your love, care and mentoring. I can confidently say that I am what I am today because of that special foundation you placed my feet on. I did not know you from anywhere,

but somehow you plucked me and gave me a chance at leadership. With pride, I will continue to trumpet and celebrate your greatness. A life so active, a mind so sharp, a friend and mentor so dear!!

Even as we pay our last respects to you today with tears in our eyes, may your Journey be smoothened with smiles and bountiful love! I am confident that you will be received warmly in His Kingdom.

Bye Bye, Dear Mr. Kalitsi.  
Rest in Perfect Peace, Efo Kwabla

## **MUSTAPHA ZAKARIA-CISSE**

It is with profound respect and deep admiration that I pay tribute to Mr. Erasmus Alexander Kwabla Kalitsi — my boss, mentor, and father figure — whose guidance shaped my professional journey and personal growth in immeasurable ways.

I first met Mr. Kalitsi in 1988, fresh from national service and newly recruited into the Electricity Company of Ghana (ECG) as a first-time graduate. Assigned to the Board Secretariat, I was to spend three months under his supervision as Managing Director to familiarize myself with the company's operations. However, recognizing my potential he refused to release me after the initial period, insisting I remain as his assistant. For six transformative years, I worked closely with him, sharing the same office space and absorbing invaluable lessons until his appointment as Chief Executive of the Volta River Authority (VRA).

Beyond the formal employer-employee relationship, Mr. Kalitsi — affectionately called Efo — became my mentor and father figure. He instilled in me the importance of merging theory with practice through observation, active listening, hands-on experience,

and relentless questioning. His first cardinal lesson was humility: "Respect every worker, including the cleaner." To emphasize this, he recounted how a cleaner once saved a manager's life by revealing a plot against him — a lesson in how mutual respect fosters loyalty and trust.

## **Principles That Shaped a Career**

### **1. Professional Discipline & Organizational Integrity**

Efo was a staunch advocate for workplace discipline. He cautioned against forming personal relationships with the opposite sex in the office, since it could undermine professionalism. He also emphasized adherence to organizational hierarchy and once declined an out-of-turn promotion to preserve harmony — a testament to his selflessness and commitment to institutional stability.

## **2. Critical Thinking & Intellectual Independence**

A firm believer in intellectual discussions, Efo encouraged skepticism and independent thought. He once showed me a letter from Ghana's first President, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, who, despite warnings about the dangers of Efo's critical mind, urged him to maintain it, stating: "I do not want people who accept everything they hear, hook, line, and sinker." This lesson stayed with me, reinforcing the value of questioning assumptions and seeking deeper understanding.

Efo himself led by example — when presented with superior arguments, he readily conceded, saying, "I think you have a better point than me." His humility and commitment to meritocracy set a powerful example.

## **3. Excellence in Communication & Trust**

A stickler for precision, Efo

meticulously reviewed official correspondence, often marking directors' letters with a red pen like an English teacher. Yet, he had unwavering trust in two individuals — Mr. Albert Kan Dapaah (Director of Audit and later Director of Finance, ECG) and Mrs. Angelina Domakyaareh (a VRA Lawyer) — whose work he signed without review. When I inquired why, he simply asked, "Do you understand the word TRUST?" Their competence and reliability had earned his complete confidence.

## **4. Financial Prudence & Modesty**

Efo lived by the principle of financial discipline: "Do not spend more than you earn." His was a life of humility. During a visit to his modest VRA guesthouse bedroom, I was taken aback to see only a writing desk and a small radio. "Mus, this is all I need," he said. The lesson was clear: live within your means, prioritize substance over appearance.

## **5. Preparedness & Problem-Solving**

His practical wisdom extended to fieldwork. He advised always to carry tools (an axe, rope, machete) when traveling through forested areas — a lesson from his time as District Commissioner in Goaso, where he cleared fallen trees himself. This foresight proved invaluable in 2009 during a West African Power Pool project in Liberia, where I used his advice to improvise a bridge after ours collapsed, enabling stranded vehicles to cross for pre-bidding site visits to the Nimba, Grand Gedeh and Maryland counties.

## **A Champion of Growth & Local Empowerment**

Efo was relentless in pushing me toward self-improvement. He encouraged my MBA pursuit, learning German up to Mittelstufe Zwei at Goethe Institute, and later, my legal studies. He even personally

delivered a reference letter for me to the University of Ghana Law Faculty. His belief in continuous learning was unwavering.

A visionary advocate for local enterprise, he championed Ghanaian participation in industries long before the Local Content Law (LI 2354). During ECG's 5th Power Project in 1990, he lamented the scarcity of Ghanaian contractors and actively supported ventures like the DuPaul Wood Treatment Plant in Takoradi. His message was clear: *"Empower local industry whenever you can."*

## **Legacy of Leadership**

Mr. Kalitsi's mentorship was not only professional — it was life-changing. He taught me to consult experts, make informed decisions, and keep moving. When he noticed I had overstayed in one role at ECG, he urged me to seek new challenges, leading to my

transfer to the Customer Services Directorate.

His wisdom, humility, and unwavering commitment to excellence left an indelible mark. To me, he was more than a boss — he was a guiding light whose lessons continue to resonate.

*Dzudzɔ le ɲutifafa me. Rest well, Efo. Que ton âme repose en paix, Patron. Mein Boss, Möge deine Seele in Frieden ruhen.*

Your legacy lives on in those you shaped.

### **ODETTE NYAME-KUMI**

**U**ncle Kwabla, you were more than just a father figure in my life. After I lost my dad, you became a pillar of love, support and kindness. There are many fond memories of growing up in the VRA bungalows, but one that stands out is whenever you visited our home. You would call out 'Akua!' as

you walked through the front door and with excitement, I would run towards you. You would scoop me up in your arms, making me feel like the world revolved around me.

Your love, though not biological, felt just as real. And by some dint of fate, Kwesi, your eldest son, married my Aunt Ethel and that made me feel an even greater connection to you; a connection I gladly spoke about.

To say I'll miss you is an understatement but your legacy lives on. I take solace in knowing you're now at peace, cradled in the bosom of the Lord. You certainly



deserve this! You were simply a lovely person.

You've completed your life's path, leaving behind a legacy of love and wisdom. Rest in peace, dear Uncle Kobla.

*The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Job 1 v 21.*

### **CHIEF MRS ODEINDE**

**W**hat a celebrated life of an icon of our generation to behold? What positives and strengths wouldn't you equate the life and times of Efo Kwabla with?

An achiever he was; everything he touched turned into gold.

He was a very brilliant and thorough personality who served his nation and people with pride, in truth and in vigour. Despite his workload, he created much time for family and friends. A moment with him either in the corporate or social circles always resonated with affection and genuine commitment to a cause.

### **THE VERY REV. BRIGHT OBENG-BOAMPONG**

*Praise we the wise and brave and strong,*

*Who graced their generation;*

*Who helped the right, and fought the good fight,*

*And made our folk a church and nation.*

**(MHB 896, stanza 2)**

**M**y family and I are pleased to pay tribute to a great and accomplished personality; one of a kind – Mr. Erasmus A. Kwabla Kalitsi. He was my former chief executive who took a liking to me and adopted me as his son when our paths crossed at VRA over 30 years ago. Indeed, I feel privileged and thankful to God to have known Mr. Kalitsi who really blessed me in my professional career and in many other ways. The filial relationship grew over the years, and I took pride in being part of his family. That he “took a personal liking for Bright” were his own words said as part of

his best wishes for me during my 60th birthday celebration.

VRA became the first corporate institution to procure a giant photocopier to facilitate academic work at UPSA (then, the Institute of Professional Studies) during the time when Mr. Kalitsi was Chief Executive. Mr. Kalitsi granted the request made through me, and joined me in presenting the item to the Institute, when I was a part-time lecturer there.

Mr. Kalitsi also approved VRA sponsorship for me to undertake my postgraduate MBA (Finance) Course in Leeds University and an attachment program from 1996 to 1997.

I worked under his direct supervision in the corporate office for some time as Co-ordinator, VRA-CMS of Michigan Joint Venture and we worked with VRA partners to negotiate and conclude the tough

agreements that were to usher in VRA's first "privately-owned" thermal power station. This was a remarkable achievement that saved the country from a looming power crisis.

Mr. Kalitsi was a gentleman of great faith, inspiration and passion who went all out in furtherance of noble objectives. He was known to be virtuous, affable, humane, humble, compassionate and of high integrity. His deep spiritual roots manifested when I had to decide to quit VRA in pursuit of the holy ministry. To my surprise, he urged me on, advising candidly that I should not only do pastoring but also find time to help my church improve its finances. To him, while corporate entities have the capacity to hire the services of finance professionals, the church was not so well-resourced and needed those called into ministry to play that role. For the past 15 years I have been addressing his charge: doing both in the Methodist

Church of Ghana.

Dad Kalitsi really excelled and painstakingly devoted his service to the cause of VRA and the country. His was a life of sacrifice and labour, without counting the cost. Many will remember him for coming straight to the office from the airport anytime he travelled. There was no time to spare. Clearly, he fulfilled his life's endeavours, blessed the earth, and graced his generation. He was a gem, who played his part in this life with excellence. He was a good man. It is a joy that God granted him a fulfilling life of almost 95 years before his passing.

As we say final goodbye to our beloved dad, we give God alone the Glory for blessing this world with this selfless personality and dedicated worker. Our condolences go to the entire bereaved family; particularly mum Cecilia and the children, For VRA and the entire power industry

this is a huge irreplaceable loss. Our prayer is that his good deeds will follow him all the way to the New Jerusalem. May the Good Lord grant him perfect peace in Heaven until we meet again. Rest well, dad!!!! Amen.

### **THE GLYMIN'S**

*'When an elder dies, it is like the shade of a tree has been removed'*  
— *An African Proverb.*

It is with deep sorrow that we pay tribute to Uncle Kobla Kalitsi. Uncle Kobla was one of the last surviving uncles of our family, and what a remarkable presence he was. His impact on our family was profound, and the memories we have of him are precious.

We fondly remember his late-night visits to the home of our parents Barton and Mispah Glymin of blessed memory. Uncle would arrive just as the gate was being locked for the night. Sleep was no longer

on the agenda whenever Uncle Kobla arrived. He would engage all of us in lively conversations that stretched deep into the night. His presence in our lives was constant.

For us, the rich voice and warm, engaging personality were his unmistakable hallmarks. Despite the enormous responsibilities that came with being the CEO of major institutions, Uncle Kobla always made time for family. He was dependable, devoted, and deeply connected to us all, including the younger generation.

When we lost our dear sister Dela, also of blessed memory, Uncle Kobla stood by our parents in their grief. He took it upon himself to inform family and friends of her passing, a responsibility he shouldered with grace and care.

We recall with fondness the time he travelled with us to Denver, Colorado, for a family wedding.

True to his nature, he was warm and engaging with the guests, even those he was meeting for the very first time.

Our visits to him were never ordinary. Uncle Kobla was able to hold conversations that were thoughtful, rich in wisdom, warm and humorous. These moments are treasures we will hold dear.

We truly hoped that Uncle Kobla would live to be a hundred, given his zest for life and his unwavering spirit. But God, in His infinite



wisdom, decided it was time to call him home.

We will miss his wise counsel. We will miss his warmth. But above all, we will miss him.

Uncle, rest in perfect peace. You were loved deeply, and your legacy will surely live on.

**REV. PROF. ESTHER E. ACOLATSE (ON BEHALF OF MERCY ACOLATSE AND THE WADEWOR FAMILIES)**

**W**e grew up with a name among others, Torgbui Kalitsi as known to our mother Mercy. We would later in our teens and adult life associate that name with our uncle Erasmus. I don't recall if we ever called you by your given name, uncle covered it all.

We recall in later years overheard conversations you carried on with our mum – some intense and some light, but always loving.

It is now only in death that we realize that you were the elder. The difference in education and age gap never affected the way you communicated.

There was always mutual respect and that taught us lessons on how to relate with people. Your visits with us were always fun because you treated us like we were grown-ups and took us seriously. You were also always attentive, not just to our mother but to us as well. I recall one occasion when mom was out of the country and one of us was in dire need, you rose quickly to the occasion, stood in the gap and made what could have ended disastrously end well. We will always be grateful.

Some memories of more recent visits are encapsulated in photos that we will continue to cherish. You would send out a message requesting our presence at mom's since she had become immobile

and we would gather around sharing food and conversation in her room.

Those were the few occasions that all the siblings got together. We will miss you. Rest well, Uncle. See you in the resurrection!

Enyonam

## **AWO & THE BAMPOES**

**T**here are people who walk into our lives and quietly shape our world for the better – our dear Uncle Kobla was one of them; one in a million. He didn't need grand gestures or loud declarations; his love was the kind you felt in the little seemingly inconsequential things: a steady hand on your shoulder during hard times, a chuckle in the middle of your chaos, but most importantly his unmatched words of wisdom, which he imparted many a time!

He had the rare gift of making people feel seen, heard, and wholly

accepted. Uncle Kobla had a voice that soothed and a presence that reassured. When he told stories, and boy did he have them, it was as though time paused – his words had a rhythm that drew you in, not just to entertain, but to teach, to comfort, to connect. Whether recounting a childhood adventure or spinning wisdom into a laugh, his tales were never just stories. They were windows into who he was: generous, wise, and brimming with quiet strength.

He showed his love not through words alone, but through action. He was the first to step forward when someone in the family was in trouble and needed help, and the last to ask for anything in return. His warmth didn't demand attention, it drew you in like the soft glow of a lamp on a dark night.

Uncle Kobla was more than just a relative – he was special. The deep unwavering bond he shared with

our mums – Shika and Rita – laid the foundation for the closeness we came to share with him. Every trip to Ghana had an itinerary which was not short of a visit to Uncle Kobla – whether it be having dinner or enjoying a tippie, which he loved! The intimate chats on the porch were countless and not only did he always give us words of encouragement as he shared snippets of his illustrious career but ensured those precious nuggets of wisdom were truly embedded. They're tucked away now in the quiet corners of our memory, vivid, eternal and will forever be cherished.

Like he did for my mum Rita, he stood beside me at each outing of my three children; his smile – ever radiant – like the morning sun breaking through clouds. In his voice, the name 'Awo' danced – soft, proud, and full of grace – a sound that lingers still, echoing comfort in my quiet moments.

I will forever honor him, for destiny twined his light with ours because my firstborn, Nii Attoh, entered this world on the day he was born too. A shared birthday, a sacred bond, that deepens the joy in remembering him.

Though we no longer see him, his legacy is woven into the fabric of our everyday lives. He is in the laughter we share, the comfort we offer others, the patience we try to practice. He's there when we choose kindness, when we forgive freely, when we greet the day with gratitude.

Thank you, Uncle Kobla, for your unwavering love, steady guidance and the example you set just by being you.

You are deeply missed and forever loved.

## THE BOAHENE FAMILY

**A**s we write this tribute to our dear Uncle Kalitsi, the unthinkable has happened, and we are left with vivid memories of a man who was so influential in our lives and the lives of our parents. You were a gentleman of the highest order; part of a generation of highly distinguished individuals known for their understated expression.

Growing up on your watch, you showed us what loyalty and friendship meant by visiting mum and dad regularly as they went through some challenging times. You were the true definition of a best man from start to finish, and the respect and love we have for you, dear Uncle, will live forever.

Your voice was one of calmness and reassurance, and we were the beneficiaries of the wisdom you so freely imparted. Uncle, you fought this race with valor and class. Many will speak of how they

were impacted by your presence in their lives. We love you, we respect everything you accomplished on this leg of your journey, and by faith, we hold on to the promise that we will be reunited in the Heavens.

Da ye, Uncle. May you rest well with the angels, as you catch up with mum, dad and all who have gone before you.



## **THOMPSON FAMILY IN TRINIDAD**

**T**he passing of the men who were colleagues and classmates of my father reminds us that we stand on the shoulders of giants. I often wonder how it was to be a pioneer of the newly independent Ghana; the huge responsibilities and burdens which we took for granted were upon them at a relatively young age. Yet they carried out their duties stoically and sometimes without reward.

It is for his acts of kindness and extreme consideration that I remember him. When Judith died in June 2000 the way was smoothed by all the small courtesies and thoughtful gestures he extended to the Thompson family — from providing transport from the airport, to ensuring that, as part of the extended family, care was fully taken of our grieving parents. That is the essence of the man and we will always remember that

extraordinary friendship.

Our late father, along with Uncle John Dadson, were part of the Volta Basin Research Project, which was established as a multi-disciplinary body to research and manage resources related to the river and the impact of the Akosombo Dam and Lake Volta. To be honest, as children we were more interested in the trips to Akosombo and the opportunities it afforded us to stay at the guest house there, but that was also the earliest memory of Mr. Kalitsi, who was a good friend of Dr. John Dadson.

His work took him to Jamaica, and I think the knowledge and experience of living in the Caribbean was particularly important to his understanding of the complexities of being in the diaspora.

I was fortunate to be in Accra on my daughter Nicole's first visit to Accra in December 2018. It was also the

first time the children visited Accra, and our visit was made all the more memorable by the hospitality of the Kalitsi family.

It was a blessing that he lived a long life, providing such a great example of intellect and leading by example.

I am reminded of the words in the hymn by Vaughn Williams:

*Let us now praise famous men, and  
our fathers that begat us.  
Leaders of the people by their  
counsels, and by their knowledge.  
All these were honoured in their  
generations, and were the glory of  
their times.  
Their bodies are buried in peace,  
but their name liveth for evermore.*

May he rest in peace.

## **CHILDREN OF THE LATE MR. S.Y.M. QUANSAH**

It is with profound respect and affection that we pay tribute to Mr. Erasmus Kalitsi. He was a towering figure in Ghana's public service, but to our family, so much more than just a former Chief Executive of VRA. He was a neighbour, a mentor, a loyal friend to our late father, Mr. S.Y.M. Quansah.

As the former Chief Executive of VRA, Mr. Kalitsi belonged to that rare generation of nation-builders who helped shape Ghana's post-independence future with principled leadership. His stewardship laid a foundation upon which generations have continued to build.

But for those of us who knew him beyond the boardroom, it was his personal presence that lingers most vividly in our hearts. As our neighbour in the VRA bungalows at East Cantonments, Mr. Kalitsi

was calm, composed, and deeply respected by all the neighbours.

And who could forget that powerful baritone voice? It was unmistakable — resonant, commanding, yet always measured. When he spoke, people listened. His voice carried authority, but also warmth; it could fill a room without raising itself. It was the voice of a man who led with dignity and who inspired confidence without ever needing to insist on it.

That same voice moved us deeply when he stood, as the last of his peers, to deliver a tribute at our father's funeral. In that moment, his words were more than remembrance — they were a bridge to a fading era, spoken with sincerity, reverence, and profound affection. That gesture of respect and brotherhood will never be forgotten by our family.

To have outlived an entire generation of colleagues is, in

itself, remarkable, but what made Mr. Kalitsi truly extraordinary was not just the span of his years, but the depth of his impact. He was a man of great intellect, unwavering principle, and quiet strength. A leader whose influence was unmistakable.

As we now bid him farewell, we honour a life lived with grace, purpose, and quiet grandeur. His baritone may be silent, but its echo will remain with us, in memory, in gratitude, and in admiration.

May he rest in perfect peace, and may his legacy endure in the lives he touched, the institutions he shaped, and the example he set.

### **COUSINS, NEPHEWS AND NIECE (MEDZEDZEMO DOGBASTE FAMILY)**

**U**ncle Erasmus was more than just an uncle to us – he was a father, a mentor, and a dependable guide. His presence in our lives

was one of strength, wisdom, and unwavering support. He was a great family head whose leadership brought unity and progress to our extended family.

He spearheaded most family programs, always at the forefront of initiatives that kept us together and moving forward. Whether it was a wedding, a naming ceremony, funerals or a family meeting, Uncle Erasmus was there – not just as a participant, but as a pillar. His willingness to help knew no bounds, and he gave freely of his time, resources, and counsel.

In every gathering, his laughter, kindness, and encouraging words brought warmth and light. He made time for each of us, and his interest in our lives was genuine and deep. As we say goodbye, we carry his legacy in our hearts. His life was a model of service, love, and commitment to family. We are grateful to have had him as our

uncle, and we will continue to honor him in how we live, love, and support one another.

Rest well, Uncle. You will forever remain in our hearts.

### **CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. DKT DJOKOTO**

*"When he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven  
so fine That all the world will be in  
love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish  
sun."*

*Author: William Shakespeare (Juliet speaking of Romeo, Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Scene II)*

**T**oday, we celebrate the extraordinary life and enduring legacy of our beloved Uncle Kobla Kalitsi — a remarkable man whose presence shaped us all.

Uncle Kobla took a profound,

personal interest in our future. He wasn't just an advisor; he was an active champion of our education and dreams. We could always count on him for wise counsel, unwavering encouragement, and his physical presence when we needed it. If an opportunity arose, a door needed unlocking, Uncle Kobla was there — not with a note, but in person, using his influence, his voice and providing unwavering support.

He was not only our uncle but a steadfast pillar for our family, especially in the years after our father passed. His loyalty and deep friendship to our dad were proven through a lifetime of care for us.

As a devoted father, grandfather, and uncle, he embodied kindness, care, and compassion. His guidance inspired not only us, but countless others whose lives he touched. We cherished his visits to our schools, brightened by the thoughtful gifts

he brought from his travels abroad — tokens of a world he helped us believe we could explore.

Uncle Kobla was a witness at our marriages and a guardian of our heritage. He took us — our children included — to the Hogbetsotso festival, ensuring we knew and cherished our ewe roots. We know he shared this precious gift with Lotsu and Letsa too, weaving the fabric of family and culture tighter with each trip.

Who could forget the sound of his arrival? That unique, resonant baritone voice, followed by his warm, familiar chuckle. He greeted the world with a smile, his mind sharp and vast. He shared captivating stories from his life, effortlessly intertwining them with the proud history of the VRA. His memory remained sharp, right until the end — he never forgot a name, a face, or a story.

His legacy stretches far beyond our family, resonating deeply in the energy sector where he made a significant impact. While we will miss him dearly, we find comfort in the treasure trove of memories he gave us: his wisdom, his laughter, and his unwavering presence.

Uncle Kobla, yours was a life so bright and impactful that we have no doubt that your essence transforms the heavens, outshining the ordinary. A truly luminous life! Rest well, Uncle Kobla. Your kindness, your wisdom, and your quiet leadership will live on in us forever.

Fondly remembered by Catherine, Anthony, Helen, Vincent and Juliana.

**ODENEHO KWAFO  
AKOTO III  
AKWAMUHENE**

In the annals of Ghana's development, certain names shine

not only for their achievements, but also for the respect they earned across the land — both in state and in traditional protocols. One such noble figure is the late Mr. E. A. Kalitsi, a founding pillar of the Volta River Authority (VRA), and a cherished friend of Akwamuman.

As one of the first architects of Ghana's energy independence, Mr. Kalitsi stood with vision, wisdom, and an unwavering dedication to nation-building. Yet beyond his technical accomplishments, he forged bonds that transcended the boundaries of industry, building bridges not only over water, but between peoples and traditions.

In his lifetime of service, Mr. Kalitsi cultivated a warm and fruitful relationship with Odencho Kwafo Akoto II, the revered Akwamuhene, a sovereign of deep wisdom and vision. His rapport with Okokodrofo Ohemea Afrakoma II, the distinguished Akwamuhemea,

also reflected mutual admiration and the noble values of leadership, respect, and peace.

To the people of Akwamuman, Mr. Kalitsi was not just a technocrat from the capital — he was a brother, a partner in progress, and a man who honoured tradition while charting the course of modernity. His legacy is etched not only in hydroelectric dams and policy frameworks, but in the hearts of those who shared his dream of a strong, self-sustaining Ghana.

As we pour libation to honour the ancestors and those who have walked before us, we invoke blessings upon his soul. May the spirits of our land receive him with joy. May he rest among the revered elders in the ancestral village, where the drum never stops beating and the stories are forever told.

Fare thee well, Mr. Kalitsi.  
Akwamuman remembers you.  
Damirifa due! Due ne amanehunu.



# ORGANIZATIONS

## **THE VOLTA RIVER AUTHORITY (VRA)**

*A Life of Service*

*A life well lived, a heart so true,*

*In every task, in all you do.*

*With humble hands and vision clear,*

*You served your people year by  
year.*

*Through trials faced and mountains  
climbed,*

*Your faith and courage stood the  
time.*

*A guiding light, a steady hand,*

*You built with care this cherished  
land.*

*Your legacy, a lasting flame,*

*In every heart, we speak your name.*

*Rest now, dear soul, your work is  
done,*

*Your journey here, a race well run.*

*May peace embrace you, calm and  
deep,*

*As loved ones hold your memory  
keep.*

*A servant's path, a noble quest,*

*Forevermore, may you find rest.*

**Atsi ga de mu (A great tree has  
fallen)**

**Amega ade bu ta (A great man  
has died)**

**Mawu yor Amega ade yi afe  
(God has called home a great  
man)**

**G**hana has lost a towering figure in its energy sector. The Volta River Authority (VRA) mourns the loss of one of our most illustrious founding fathers – Mr. Erasmus Alexander Kwabla Kalitsi. Today, we honor the remarkable legacy of our late former Chief Executive, a visionary leader who left an indelible mark on our organization.

Mr. Kalitsi demonstrated exceptional leadership, guiding VRA through periods of growth, challenges, and transformation. His strategic vision and unwavering commitment to excellence inspired us all. He began his public service career in 1955, initially working with the Development Commission responsible for the planning phase of the Volta Project, which later evolved into the VRA. He was a foundation staff member of the VRA, starting with responsibilities in planning, mobilizing, and managing finances. It therefore comes as no surprise to know

his staff number was 003, the third employee of VRA when the Authority was established in 1961.

In 1963, he served as Chief Resettlement Officer, overseeing the resettlement of over 80,000 people across 700 villages affected by the creation of the Volta Lake. By 1966, he became Director of Finance at VRA, managing all financial business processes, including securing funding for the expansion of the Akosombo Dam. In 1971, at age 41, he was appointed Deputy Chief Executive of VRA, a role he held until 1983. During this time, he led initiatives such as developing water-borne transport on the Volta Lake and managing socio-economic and environmental impacts of the dam reservoir.

After a stint with the World Bank in Washington D.C. in the early 1980s focusing on African electricity and water sectors, he returned to Ghana to become the Managing Director

of the then Electricity Corporation of Ghana (ECG), where he worked on improving operational efficiency and advocated for cost-reflective tariffs.

In 1991, Mr. Kalitsi became the fourth Chief Executive of VRA; one of the few non-engineers to serve in that capacity. It was a position he managed very well until 1998 when he was appointed Chairman of the VRA Governing Board.

Mr. Kalitsi was more than a leader; he was a visionary architect of Ghana's power infrastructure and a steadfast guardian of the Volta River Authority's mission. Under his stewardship, VRA expanded its generation capacity significantly, overseeing the retrofitting of the Akosombo Generating Station, the development of Ghana's first major thermal power plant at Aboadze, introduction of private sector participation in the power sector via a joint venture with CMS Energy

of the USA, and the pioneering of regional grid interconnections with neighbouring countries.

His efforts did not only transform Ghana's electricity landscape but also fostered regional cooperation in West Africa. His leadership created a lasting impact that will continue to shape the sustainable future of VRA. As we reflect on his tenure, we are reminded of his proficient management of VRA, which contributed immensely to the Authority's ability to stand the test of time after independence.

His contributions to the economic and industrial growth of Ghana's post-independence period were critical in supporting the agenda of successive governments towards the socio-economic growth and development of the country.

Mr. Kalitsi's legacy extends beyond infrastructure. He was a man of integrity, intellect, and humility,

whose commitment earned him several national and international honours such as the Grand Medal from the Government of Ghana (1978), Honorary Fellow of the Ghana Institution of Engineers (2000), "Chevalier de l'Ordre National du Mono" of Benin and Italy's "Cavaliere del Lavoro." In 2019 he was awarded a Lifetime Achievement Award at the Ghana Energy Awards for his landmark contributions to the country's energy sector. And in 2021, the VRA honoured him by unveiling a life-size bust at Akosombo as a permanent testament to his monumental contributions and enduring influence on the Authority and Ghana as a whole.

With a career spanning over five decades, Mr. Kalitsi accumulated a vast repository of institutional memory, experience, and wisdom. His ability to recall intricate details and historical context has been a valuable resource to

successive administrations of VRA management.

He had an encyclopedic understanding of the business of VRA and continued to be a beacon of guidance, support, and inspiration to the Authority and countless individuals.

"Erasmus Alexander Kwabla Kalitsi, your time on earth may have ended, but your legacy will forever illuminate the path of progress in Ghana's energy sector!"

On behalf of the entire Volta River Authority family, we extend our deepest condolences to the widow, his family, friends and loved ones, and all who had the privilege to know him.

"God is not unjust; he will not forget your work and the love you have shown him as you have helped his people and continue to help them." (Hebrews 6:10)

Rest In Power, Mr. Kalitsi.  
Ameaga Kalitsi, Hede Nyuie, Dzudzo  
le ntufafa me  
Fare thee well and rest in perfect  
peace  
May God give you a good resting  
place in His Bosom, till we meet  
again.

## **RETIRED EXECUTIVES AND DIRECTORS OF THE VRA**

**T**he Volta River Authority (VRA) has over the years been blessed with some of the best corporate leaders this country can boast of, thanks to excellent human resource training and succession planning.

Mr. E.A.K.K epitomized one of such great corporate leaders of his time. If any one person qualified to be given the moniker of “Mr. VRA”, that was Kwabla Kalitsi for reasons amply and vividly documented in other tributes. His leadership style of hard work, good listening skills and democratic traits filtered

down to the rank and file of the organization. However, for those of us who held executive and heads of department positions during his tenure as a Deputy Chief Executive and later Chief Executive, working with him was a daily exposure to good corporate mentoring and leadership education.

Chief Kalitsi as he was affectionately called, became the boss during a challenging period of VRA transitioning from a wholly hydro generating company to one of thermal complementation of our operations. He was great at negotiations and this was brought to the fore in our dealings with an American Company, Messrs CMS of Michigan, Detroit in the mid-1990s. This company had expressed the desire to take a stake in VRA’s first thermal plant at Aboadze near Takoradi. He impressed all by his spirit of patriotism as he admonished that all decisions taken should be guided by the fact

that we were working “IN TRUST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GHANA.”

This was the time he set up what he labelled the WAR CABINET. Members of this WAR CABINET had the misfortune of bidding farewell to social life, at the height of our work. We met to deliberate on matters of strategy after normal work hours and our families had to come to terms with us arriving home late at night for extended periods – weekends were no exception. We recall with great humour his habit of dispatching his driver to the Osu night market for Domedo, fish with banku and kenkey as “fuel” for the long haul. Those of us from the “hinterland” who did not have the palate for these items on the “coastal menu” benefitted from kelewele and fried yam to keep us going till around 11pm, at the earliest.

Mr. Kalitsi was a pleasant person who always approached his work

with good cheer.

We all considered him as a “workaholic” and by extension we all had to fall in line. He hardly showed anger at work but whenever he got angry, it was for good reasons. He could not stand undue political interference, tardiness and mediocrity at work. He always had “political mapping” skills to get well thought-out projects accepted and implemented without making “political masters” feel bad.

His leadership style sometimes had the “mavericks” in the War Cabinet apprehensive. However, he would oftentimes explain the perceived “inertia” by stating that “no decision is a decision.” With the benefit of hindsight, he was always proven right.

Although Mr. Kalitsi was a colossus and a citadel of knowledge with a great finance mind, he had the humility to ask for a “second opinion” from his expansive

network of engineers, surveyors and experts from other disciplines outside VRA before taking “big budget” decisions. In VRA, these decisions really involved huge forex outlays.

We learned the adage of “hardwork never killed anyone” from him as we laboured day and night to get things done, and done right. We look back with admiration at the achievements we accomplished under his leadership, in the historical records of VRA. It was most appropriate that the immediate past Executive, with the blessing of the Board of Directors decided to erect busts to honour Ghanaian Chief Executives in commemoration of VRA’s 60th Anniversary as a testament to the roles played by these trailblazers. Today the bust of Mr. Erasmus Alexander Kwabla Kalitsi is proudly located, in a pride of place in Akosombo, at the crossroads of the streets leading to the Akosombo Generating Station

and the administrative offices, in honour of a good man who dedicated the best part of his life to the organization he loved so much — Volta River Authority.

Once in 2018, there was a gathering of past CEOs of VRA and GRIDCo at the Polo Restaurant, Accra. Though everyone present was once a CEO and therefore a “Chief”, it was only Mr. Kalitsi who was addressed as “Chief.” This gave rise to the saying that “when Chiefs meet, there is only one Chief.” Chief, you will be sorely missed.

Rest in Perfect Peace.

## **THE ELECTRICITY COMPANY OF GHANA LTD.**

**T**he Electricity Company of Ghana (ECG) Limited mourns the passing of Mr. Erasmus Alexander Kobla Kalitsi, a distinguished economist, visionary leader and dedicated public servant par excellence.

Mr. Kalitsi served as Managing Director of ECG from 1987 to 1991. It was during his tenure as Managing Director that Ghana started the implementation of the Rural Electrification Programme. With his experience from the World Bank, Mr. Kalitsi fostered collaboration between ECG and Electricity Supply Board International of Ireland (ESBI) under a World Bank Programme. The collaboration saw the restructuring and re-organisation of ECG as well as the rehabilitation of the Company's power network. Through his instrumentality, ECG's engineers benefitted immensely from the ESBI collaboration in terms of training and capacity building.

Mr. Kalitsi's strong leadership values, discipline and commitment to duty played a significant role in strengthening ECG's financial and operational foundations. He was very instrumental in

the implementation of Ghana's Power Sector Reform Programme (PSRP) – a programme which has transformed Ghana's power sector to date. As part of the PSRP, Mr. Kalitsi successfully oversaw the transfer of the Northern Sector power distribution assets to the Volta River Authority (VRA). This hitherto was managed by ECG.

One thing that is worth mentioning about Mr. Kalitsi is the pivotal role he played in the Accra Street Lighting Project. The project involved the installation of streetlights along the ceremonial streets of Accra as Ghana prepared to host the Non-Aligned Movement (NAM) Ministerial Conference in 1991. This project significantly improved safety, security, and the public image of Accra and Ghana as a whole.

As Managing Director of ECG, he was noted for his deep commitment to staff welfare. Probably, the role

he played in the Volta Resettlement Project influenced his commitment to staff accommodation. Notable among his achievements in this area include the construction of ECG's Executive Bungalows at Roman Ridge in Accra and the Executive Guest House in Kumasi. He also led the acquisition of the Company's flats at Redco in Madina and Tema for staff accommodation. Between 1991 and 1998.

Mr. Kalitsi also served as Chief Executive Officer of VRA. During that period, he served on the Board of Directors of ECG. As a board member of ECG, he championed closer co-ordination and collaboration between the VRA and ECG.

His dedication to public service remains an inspiration to us all. We at ECG remain deeply grateful for his leadership. The examples he set and his lasting contributions to the development of the power

sector in Ghana and Africa will not be lost on us.

May his gentle soul rest in perfect peace.

## **CENPOWER GENERATION LTD.**

**W**e are deeply saddened by the passing of Mr Erasmus Alexander Kwabla Kalitsi, a stalwart and dedicated leader in the power and energy sector, a father figure and a friend to many. He was one of our first independent directors, appointed to the Cenpower Board in June 2010 and a valued member of the Board from 2010 to 2014.

Mr. Kalitsi was instrumental in various aspects of the KIPP project. We were privileged to have access to his immense experience in the power sector, his institutional knowledge of the sector and corporate governance support as well as his management guidance on the Project Development and Technical Board Committee of the

KIPP project. This was during the developmental stages from 2010 through to the end of the financial year in 2014 and also several years after his resignation from the board. Mr. Kalitsi was known for his attention to detail, towering intellect and unwavering integrity as well as his genuine interest in the KIPP project. He provided us with various useful insights ensuring that KIPP remained at the forefront of power sector, as an Independent Power Producer. His ability to translate complex technical challenges into actionable strategies was unparalleled, inspiring teams and fostering a culture of collaboration and forward-thinking.

He served the board with great commitment. He was an excellent advisor who brought his deep knowledge of operational performance to a variety of issues that have been critical to the transformation of our organization over the years. He leaves a legacy

of incredible business acumen and technical excellence recognized by everyone in the sector.

His impact will live on in every project inspired by his thoughtful counsel and every life touched by his exemplary leadership.

We will always remember him and will miss him dearly.

We would like to extend our deepest sympathies to his family and the entire country.



## OLD STUDENTS OF ZION COLLEGE (NAFRICANS)

*["When beggars die there are no comets seen*

*The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes"*

*- [Julius Caesar, Act 2, Scene 2.]*

It is with deep sorrow that we mourn the passing away to eternity of a distinguished, renowned, prominent, and devoted and loving family man, the ultimate professional and an old student of the first secondary school in the Volta Region, founded in 1937 in Anloga. The school was named New Africa University College (Nafrico) and later known as Zion College. Mr. Erasmus Alexander Kwabla Kalitsi, was a member of the class of 1948, leaving in his trail a record of hard work and outstanding student leadership.

During his time in the 40s, the school had a liberal and rather broad field of study encompassing

English Language, Logic, Ethics, Trigonometry, etc. He took advantage of the courses offered by the school and diligently applied himself. This training formed the cornerstone of his life and served him throughout his academic and professional life.

Mr. Kalitsi was amongst the batch of new graduates recruited and made government agents in the administrative class of Ghana right after independence. As a Government Agent, he applied the skills and knowledge gained from NAFRICO to excel in his career. The watershed moment of his life, indeed he considered it proudest in life, was when President Nkrumah handed over the direction of the V.R.A. to him in the 60s as CEO. So, the V.R.A. was Kalitsi and Kalitsi was the V.R.A.

In 1949, just a year after he left Zion College, Mr. L.C. M. Seshie, a former student and tutor of the school

and some other dedicated alumni established the Old Students Association (NAFRICANS) and Mr. Kalitsi became a member. His attachment and interest in his Alma Mater did not wane throughout his working career, which manifested in his association and contribution to the school's many projects. The list is a tall one but includes: anniversary celebrations, such as ZICO @ 50, ZICO @ 70, ZICO @ 75, ZICO @ 80, ZICO @ 85; and countless speech and prize-giving days. Not only would he send substantial funds but participated in person in the actual events in the company of his better half, Mrs. Cecilia Kalitsi, who became an honorary NAFRICAN.

He was ever ready, even in his senior citizen years to meet financial obligations required of all old students when the need arose. He continued to associate and contribute to school projects throughout his life – the most

recent ones being the Sick Bay and the construction of a wall around the school. His dedication to ZICO was also evident in his regular visits to the campus to stay updated on developments. This, more or less, became a regular item on his travel itinerary to Anloga, Woe and Keta.

Mr. Kalitsi did not only provide financial donations, he did a lot more in other areas. In the late 1990s the old students' association was hard pressed to find a venue for its general meetings. When he was contacted by the executives of the association, he readily made available to them the big Hall of the V.R.A. Complex in Accra at no cost. Throughout his life he had a very 'open-door' policy towards anyone, or anything connected with Zion College. In spite of his year group's advanced age and increasing immobility, he became more or less a one-man Year Group on the list of ZICO Old Students Association. Anytime an old student of his

generation passed into eternity,  
Mr. Kalitsi was the repository of  
information for that generation.

NAFRICAN Erasmus Kalitsi's  
shining example is a testament to  
the impact of true alumni spirit. He  
was a worthy alumnus of Mother  
ZICO. Mr. Erasmus Alexander  
Kwabla Kalitsi's selflessness,  
dedication, commitment and  
kindness, have left an indelible  
mark on Zion College and the Old  
Students Association. His legacy  
will serve as an inspiration to all  
and will continue to encourage  
future generations of NAFRICANS.  
NAFRICAN Kalitsi, you have fought  
the good fight. You have finished  
the race well.

How appropriate it is to quote from  
the poet Langston Hughes (1901-  
1967) in his poem "Dreams"

" Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams  
die  
Life is a broken-winged bird

That cannot fly.  
Hold fast to dreams  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow"

Our alumnus Mr. E. A. K Kalitsi, you  
surely held fast to your dreams as  
a student of ZICO. You lived your  
dreams and carried it all over  
the world as in the ZICO school  
anthem "Arise and Shine now, Oh  
New Africa. Behold the dawn of  
hope has since appeared." When  
news about your departure to  
eternity reached us, it was like the  
death of a prince and the heavens  
themselves blazed forth from  
Ghana, through the rest of Africa,  
Europe, the Americas, Asia and  
wherever you set forth your foot in  
honour of mother Ghana and Africa.  
For all these we the Old Students  
of Zion College salute you and say,

*Xede nyuie  
Mawu neno kpili wò  
Dzudzò le ñutifafa me.*

## HIS BRETHREN IN FREEMASONRY

*"Brethren, You are all aware that we mourn the death of W/Bro Erasmus Alexander Kwabla Kalitsi. He was a faithful Brother in the Craft, always eager to take his part in its work and benevolence. We realised, perhaps not fully, his worth and character, but he was one whose place cannot easily be filled, but whose influence and fraternal affection will avail as an example for us all.*

**" By W.Bro J. Walter Hobbs, P.A.G.D.C (ENG), ETC.**

**W**/Bro Kalitsi was initiated into Keta Lodge No. 7467 E.C. on 6th April 1957, passed on 3rd August 1957 and raised on 7th June, 1958. He became the Worshipful Master thereof on 2nd August 1975, in the first instance, and the 60th Anniversary Master on 6th August 2016.

He joined Travellers Lodge No. 6758 E.C. on 11th June 1960 and was installed as Worshipful Master thereof on 12th February 2005.

Being a zealous brother, he was a founding member of Legon Lodge No. 8266 E.C. on 29th March 1969 and served as the first assistant secretary of the Lodge. For his sterling contribution to the Lodge, Worshipful Brother Kalitsi was elected and installed as the Golden Jubilee Master on 16th March, 2019.

He was also a founding member of Volta Lodge No. 8652 E.C. and became the Worshipful Master thereof for the year 2002/2003. W/Bro Kalitsi was exalted into Concordia Chapter No. 7199 E.C. on 25th November 1974 and was installed MEZ on 21st February 1995.

He was also a Founding Member of Legon Chapter No. 8266 E.C. on 5th

March 1993. As a mark of advancement, W/Bro Kalitsi rose to the rank of PDSGW at the District Grand Lodge of Ghana (EC) in the year 2000, received a Certificate of Fifty Years' Membership of the Craft in March 2016 and PDScr.N at the District Grand Chapter (EC) in 2008. Furthermore, he was perfected into Meridian Chapter (RX) No. 905 on 21st November 2001, enthroned MWS in January 2007 and elevated to the 30th Degree on 31st May 2008.

Throughout his membership of the Lodge, he made himself responsible for the workings of the lodge through selfless donations toward the upgrading of the Temple in Keta, ensuring harmonious and peaceful co-existence of the brethren and making his residence available for committee meetings, rehearsals and other masonic functions worthy of performance outside the Temple. W/Bro Kalitsi mentored many brothers in their masonic journey. He was charity personified. He was humble, generous and loving, almost to a fault. Even at the ripe age of a nonagenarian he had more friends amongst the youth than anyone could imagine. Young masons were always excited to be with him because he shared knowledge to all who were ready for it.

One could sit at his feet from morning to evening without getting bored. His attention to detail, intelligence and sharpness in his old age were phenomenal and just adorable. He applied energy, tact and tenacity to his endeavours to assure the success of the Craft. His latest gesture of extending the cordial hand of friendship was the offer to host the brethren in his residence for the fireside ceremony on 1st August 2025. We will utilise the opportunity and ever remain grateful for a life spent with dedication to the GAOTU and mankind. Worshipful Brother Kalitsi leaves a lasting legacy of faithful service spanning six decades—marked by unwavering fidelity and exemplary com-

mitment to the timeless principles of Freemasonry: Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. Though he has laid down the Working Tools of life, his memory remains with us, upheld by the fraternal bond that transcends time and the grave.

We will deeply miss him, but we are comforted that the Great Architect of the Universe, the all-seeing and the all-loving, will give our brother, Erasmus Alexander Kwabla Kalitsi, peaceful rest and solace from his earthly afflictions and we will, when time shall be no more, be deemed worthy to be united with our dear brother, once again.

So mote it be.



**THE EVANGELICAL  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
(REV. PAUL WIEGRABE  
PARISH), NIMA**

*"Now the labourer's task is over,  
Now the battle day is past;  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.  
Father in thy gracious keeping,  
Leave we now thy servant sleeping."*

John Ellerton, 1826-1898.

**M**essages about the demise of our Father and Brother, Erasmus Alexander Kwabla Kalitsi, came through the various communication channels available to us in our present times.

Mr. E. A. K. Kalitsi was amongst that crop of young professionals who burst onto the Ghanaian scene immediately after independence. A public servant par excellence, he was.

He, and many others gone before him, belonged to that group of young

men and women of the Evangelical Presbyterian faith who relocated, as it were, to the Evangelical Presbyterian Church, Ghana, Nima, in the early sixties. Those were the formative years of the Church in Accra.

There was a lot of work to be done for Mother Ghana and much more to be done in the Lord's Vineyard. Torn in-between the two, He, by the Grace of God, was able to marry both and managed them very well. Whether in or out of Accra, or even out of the jurisdiction, his involvement in church activities were diverse and significant, encompassing various roles and responsibilities.

Mr. E. A. K. Kalitsi was a Patron of the Choir, and went to all lengths to champion their cause as far as music, singing, and worship were concerned.

When the Men's Fellowship got inaugurated under the able leadership of Engineer B. T. K. Adadevoh (#035) of

blessed memory on Sunday, the 28th of March 1993, #057 E. A. K. Kalitsi and three others were made Trustees; a role they played very well.

We have lost a devout Christian, a kind-hearted and soft-spoken gentleman.

Indeed, like Mark Anthony spoke in praise of Brutus, we confidently will agree that, "His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'" — William Shakespeare.

As we bid Him farewell, we take solace in the memories we shared together.

We will miss Him dearly, but His legacy will surely linger on. Our thoughts and prayers are with His Family and loved ones during these difficult times.

We end this tribute with St. Paul's letter to the Church in Corinth in which

he wrote,

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

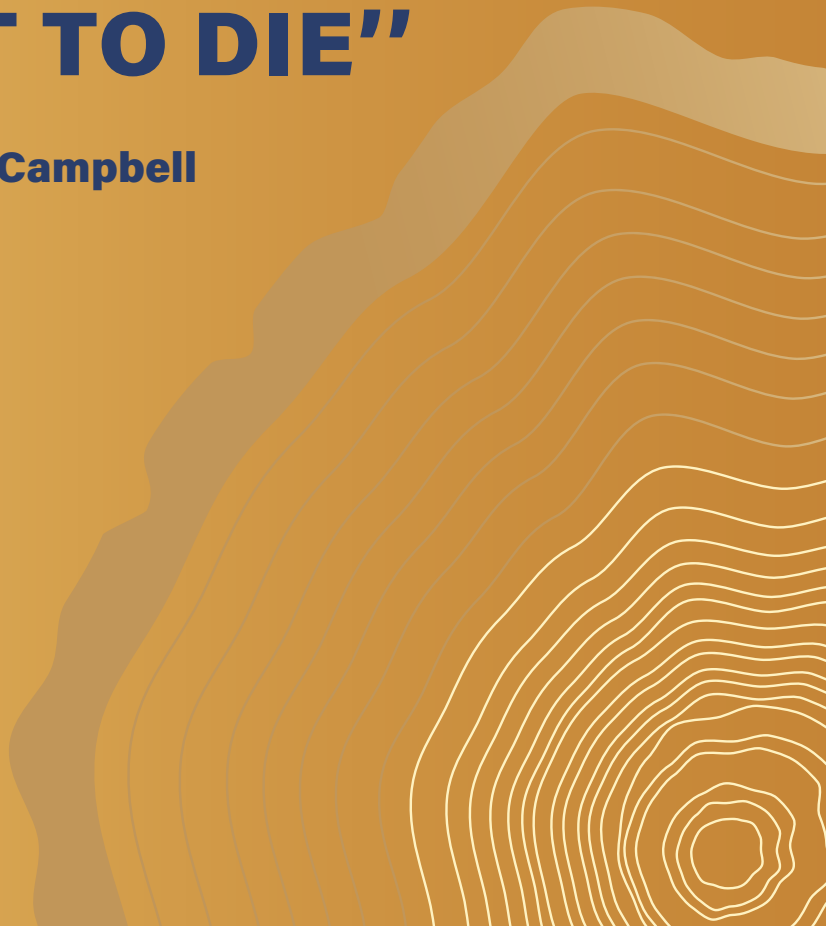
For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality" (I Corinthians 15:52-53 (RSV).

May the soul of Erasmus Alexander Kobla Kalitsi, Rest in perfect peace. Amen.



**"TO LIVE  
IN HEARTS  
WE LEAVE  
BEHIND IS  
NOT TO DIE"**

**Thomas Campbell**







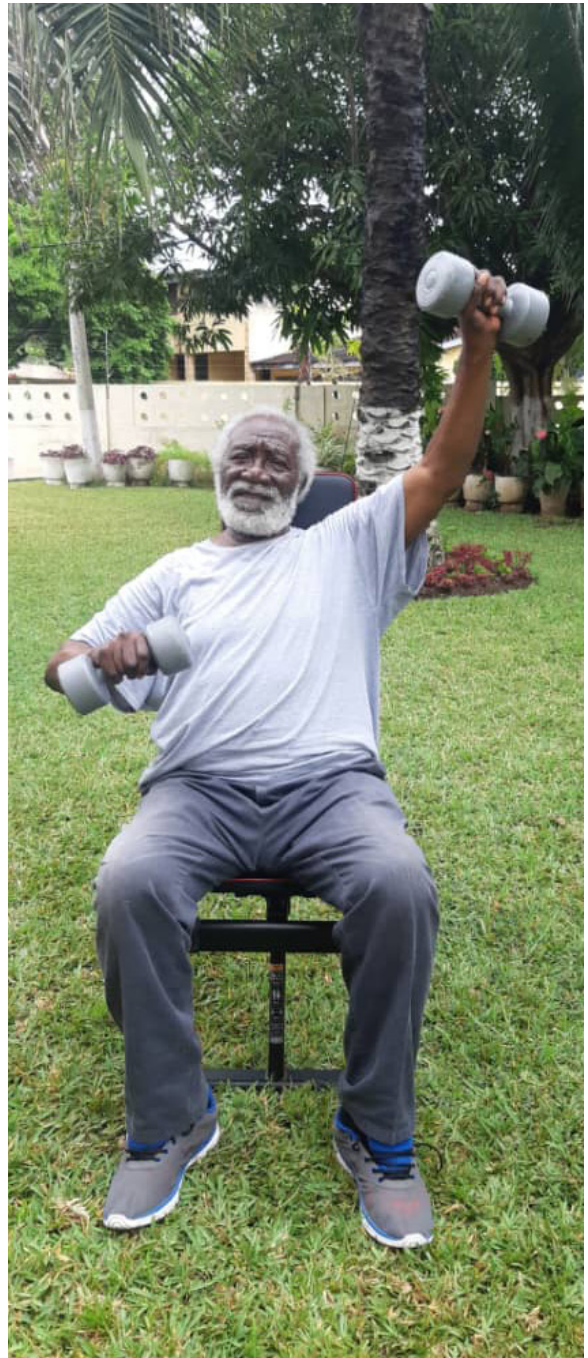






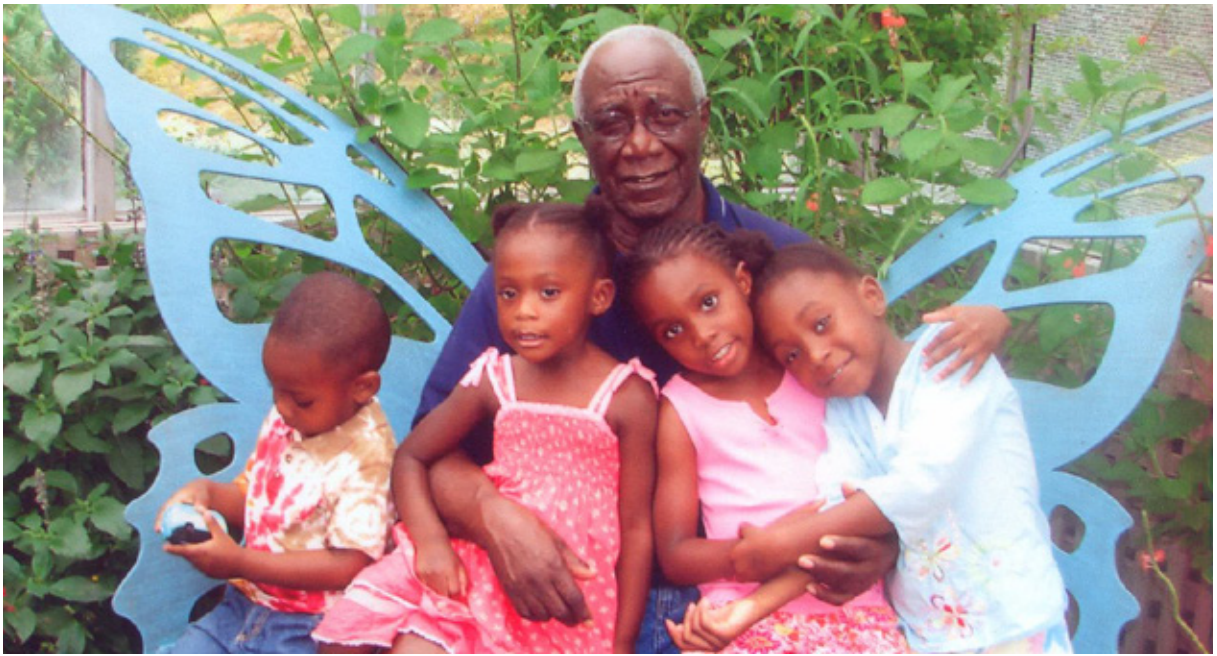
















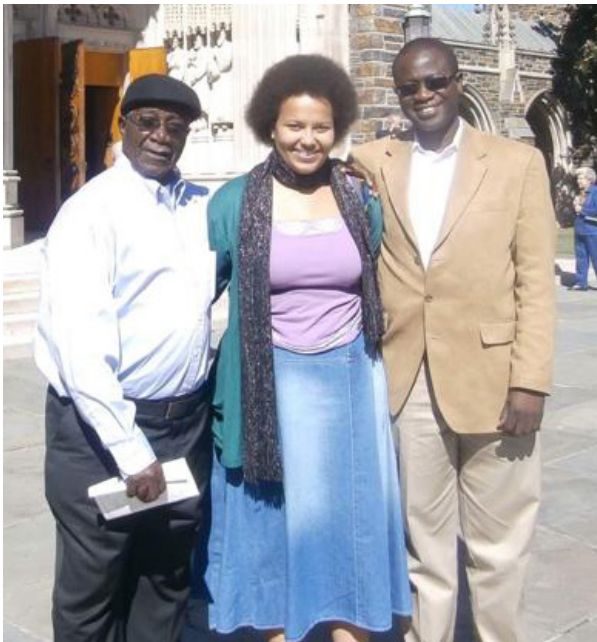
















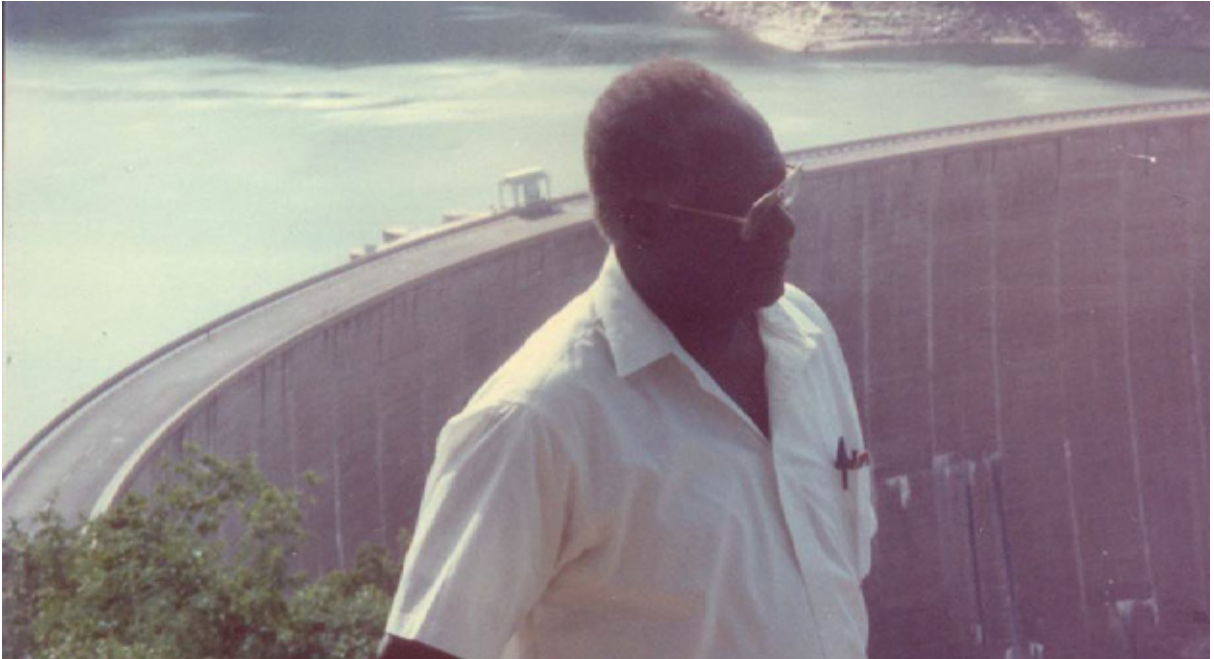














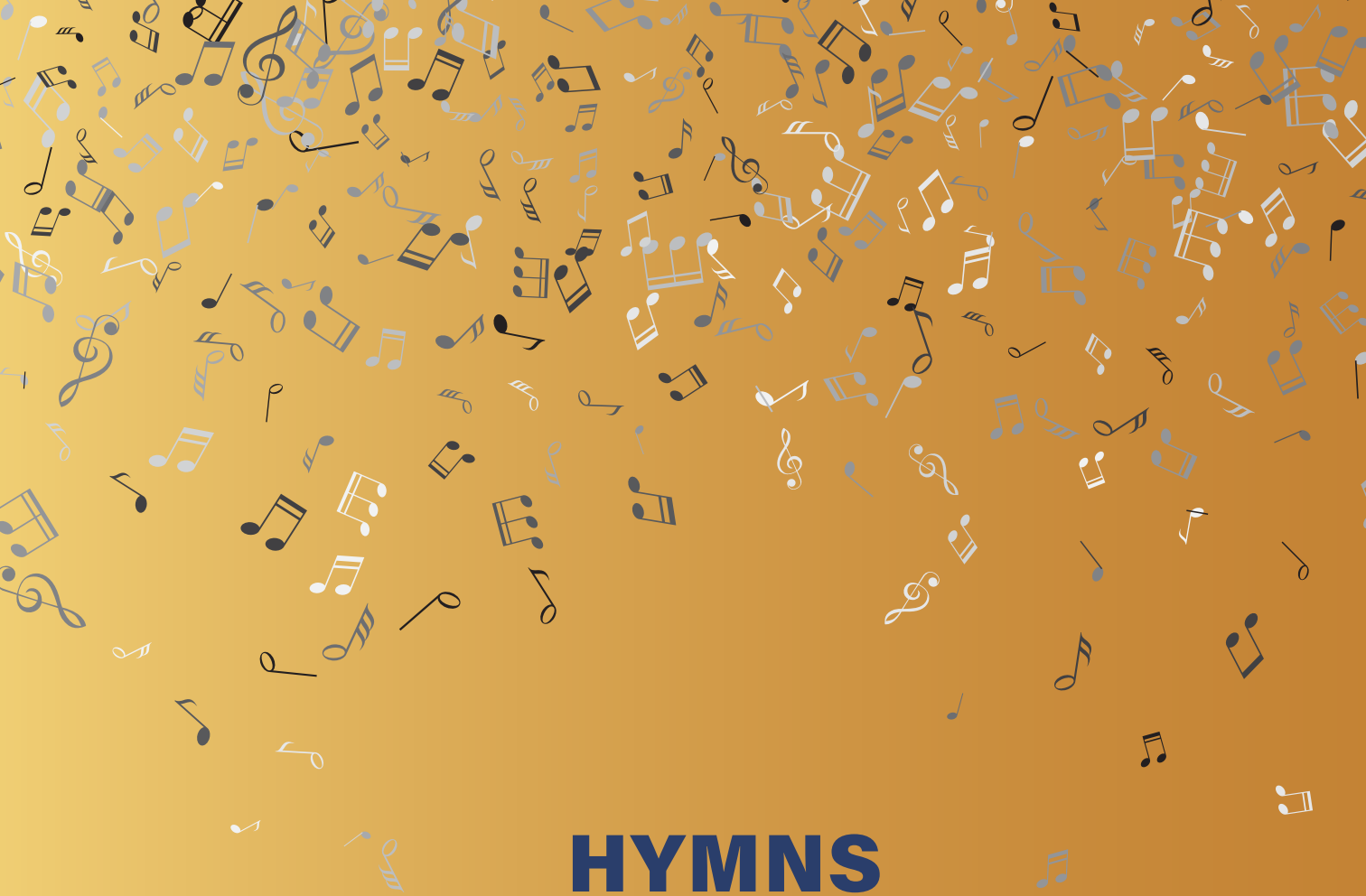












# HYMNS

## **THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE**

Through all the changing scenes of  
life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

Oh, magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt His name;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Deliverance He affords to all  
Who on His succor trust.

Oh, make but trial of His love,  
Experience will decide  
How blest they are, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you His service your delight,  
Your wants shall be His care.

## **NOW THE LABORER'S TASK IS O'ER**

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.

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]

There the penitents, that turn  
To the cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Jesus learn  
At his feet in Paradise.

[Refrain]

## **GIVE ME THE WINGS OF FAITH TO RISE**

**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 mourning here  
below  
And wet their cheeks with tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts and fears.

**3.** I ask them whence their victory  
came;

They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.

### GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

**1.** Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
pilgrim through this barren land.  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
hold me with thy powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,  
feed me till I want no more;  
feed me till I want no more.

**2.** Open now the crystal fountain,  
whence the healing stream doth flow;  
let the fire and cloudy pillar  
lead me all my journey through.  
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,  
be thou still my strength and shield;  
be thou still 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 give to thee;  
I will ever give to thee.

### Dò ló, ló ló, dò ló nadzudzo

**1.** Dò ló, ló ló, dò ló nadzudzo  
Zìó wo ta dè wo xòlá f'a-kò nu  
Mielò wo vevie, Yesu ló wo wu

Dò 'gbe! Dò 'gbe! Dò 'gbe!

**2.** Emlò 'nyi abe vidzi dzaa ene  
Ke maganyò dè xexe sia me o  
Dzudzo vivi tró zu tó tówo azò  
Dò 'gbe! Dò 'gbe! Dò 'gbe!

**3.** Va se dè xexe sia nu ava yi  
Woafo 'fè kòkòetòwo fu d'e-gbò  
Va se d si agbe sia awu nu  
Dò 'gbe! Dò 'gbe! Dò 'gbe!

### Fofonye, wo ko malé d'a-si

**1.** Fofonye, wo ko malé d'a-si  
Manò gbòwo le xòse me  
Ame si dọa ọ́u dè ọ́uwo la

:l Mètsoné fua gbe gbẹdẹ o, :l  
Tòwo menye tso dẹvi me  
:l Nye nuwuwu hã nye tòwo :l

**2.** Etsò wo ló ló hem dè ọ́uwo  
Ekpò tanye, do ọ́usem dọ́a  
Ekplóm to dzifo kple veve me  
l: Le wo nukumò nyui la dzi :l  
Na be, mawu nye zòzò nu  
l: Le wo ọ́utò wo afò nu! :l

**3.** Le ku hã mado wo dè dzi  
Makafu wo le yòdò nu  
Mava nò gbòwo le mavò me  
l: Akpò wo ọ́utikòkòe la :l  
O nye Mawu, xóm dè gbòwo  
l: Na nye luò fafa! :l



# *Appreciation*

The entire family of the late

ERASMUS ALEXANDER KWABLA  
**KALITSI**

wish to express their sincere appreciation  
and gratitude to all who in diverse ways have  
supported and mourned with them  
in their time of sorrow.

Thank you and God Bless.

