

REST WELL



Burial and Memorial
Service For
The Late



MICHAEL NII MOI ALLOTEY

FRIDAY, 26TH JULY, 2024 AT HOUSE NO. 9 ASAMAN CL GA-501-5447
ASAASE JORN, BEHIND THE ODORKOR APOSTOLIC CHURCH



PART ONE

Opening Prayer
Filling Past / Hymn
Tributes
Final Filling Past / Hymn
Closing of Casket

PART TWO

Greeting / Welcome
Announcement of Purpose of gathering
Hymns
Reading of Biography
Reading of tributes
Hymns
Scriptures Readings
Hymns
Sermon
Offertory
Prayer for close family
Members
Thanksgiving –Family
Members
Announcements
Closing Hymns
Benediction
Recessional Hymn

PART THREE-AT THE GRAVE SIDE

Hymns
Prayer and sentences
Committal
Laying of wraths
Vote of thanks
Closing hymn
Benediction



Bio graphy

OF THE LATE MICHAEL NII MOI ALLOTEY



“For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, declares the Lord. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts”. - Is. 55: 8, 9

Michael Nii Moi Allotey was born at Kokomlemle the Greater Accra Region of Ghana to James Adotei Annan Allotey and Lydia Akweley Annorkor Larkai of the Kokroko and Sika Yepena families of Odorkor respectively, both of blessed memory. He was baptised in the Seventh Day Adventist Church at Odorkor in 1978. He is survived by two children: Imara Adoley Allotey and Michael Adotey Allotey.

EDUCATION

Moi started his education at St. Luke's Anglican Primary School in Kwashieman and continued his education at the Hanson Road SDA Preparatory School – Accra before entering Adonten Secondary School at Aburi in the Eastern Region of Ghana for his Secondary School Certificate Ordinary Level Education.

He had Advanced Level Education at the Institute of Adult Education (Workers College). While working in the UK he studied law to become a lawyer.



WORK EXPERIENCE

After completing his secondary education, like all his brothers, he worked briefly with our father who was a bottle agent for Accra Brewery Limited.

He then taught briefly at the Datus Preparatory School in Dansoman.

Nii Moi joined the exodus of Ghanaians in 1980 to Nigeria and worked as a painter with IGCG Ltd. The painting of the Ogun State Hotel was one of his major works.

In 1983 when the Nigerian government sent Ghanaians packing home, Nii Moi returned to Ghana briefly and left for Europe. In Europe he worked and lived in France, Germany and Italy. He decided finally to settle in the United Kingdom. He worked as a chef in the United Kingdom. After his studies in law, he worked with Urban Outfitters until his untimely demise.

TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN

IMARA ADOLEY ALLOTEY

AND MICHAEL ADOLEY ALLOTEY

He came to Europe in the nineteen eighties (1980s) where he worked and lived in France, Germany and Italy. But decided to settle within the UK.

He went on to become a qualified chef and pursue a career in law but his best role in life was being a father. He had a passion for cooking in which he became a chef and worked at several aristocratic restaurants throughout London.

His passion for food led him to purchase a restaurant in London where he worked tirelessly to achieve success in this business. Our dad's dream was to return to Ghana.

You can tell from an early age that Dad was no ordinary man. He was driven, proud and headstrong.

Dad had a great sense of

humour and infectious laughter. He would tell us the same stories and jokes repeatedly and each time we would pretend like it was the first time we had heard them.

Over the last couple of years, in particular the last few months, Dad's health issues worsened. His passing was unexpected and still a shock.

Our Dad was a big inspiration to us, he taught us the importance of working hard and achieving our goals. He would always sit us down and tell us different ways in which we could reach our goals, and that there was never a limit to what we could achieve.

Dad's love language was making food, and since we recognised this, we would always sit with him and have great

conversations while he made us the most amazing traditional dishes, no matter how long it took to prepare we would discuss so many different topics like current affairs, Ghanaian politics and watching plenty of funny African videos.

Dad enjoyed singing and dancing and always reminded us he was a Lambada championship winner in the early nineties.

Although it may not have been a direct expression, we knew the love our father had for us was infinite.

Dad was firm in his principles and extremely supportive as we sought our ways. He would always be committed to ensuring he played the role of an inspirational father; we saw the love he had for us was unconditional and we're so grateful that we can be blessed with a father like him.

Sleep in Peace Dad. We Love you.



TRIBUTE

FROM SIBLINGS

Blest be the ties that binds ... When we asunder part... We hope to meet again".

We have gathered here today to bid our beloved brother farewell.

It is difficult to write a tribute for another beloved brother in a spate of six months, but we have no choice. You left for Nigeria but returned after a brief stay and left the shores of Ghana to the United Kingdom in the early eighties to seek greener pastures but have been visiting home occasionally to keep in touch with family.

We remember some of our childhood jokes and playing football within the community.

Arap- Moi as affectionately called by your friends, we recall how you always want to argue your case. You will be remembered for your long talks without swallowing saliva. You're someone who socialises easily and is too friendly. Always giving pieces of advice to your peers on how to go about life situations.

We never dreamt of you leaving us so early, but God knows best. You have left us in a state of melancholy.

The news of your demise was a shock to us though you have not been well for the last months of your life because you spoke to some of your nephews and nieces a few days before your demise. Though you were in pain you still had a cheerful hope, but the Lord has relieved you from all the pain you experienced.

We also remember your favourite term "ko sament"

In Loving memory of the late MICHAEL NII MOI ALLOTEY

Today as we part company for you to join your ancestors we say, "FARE THEE WELL" We will keep you in our memory, so God be with you till we meet again on the first resurrection.

**Nii Moi rest in PERFECT PEACE
Nii Moi yaa woo ojogbann
Amen**



Tribute

BY NEPHEWS AND NICES-TSATSU DEGBOTSE

For everything there is a season, this season, is the season to let the world know about a special person, my uncle Moi.

Though technically he is my uncle, he is more of a friend than an uncle. The transition from uncle to friendship was gradual but it all started when I was preparing for my ordinary levels and went to him for help. He looked at me, laughed and said he could not help because his Math was not too good, but made sure he found someone to help.

This was pure friendship, there was never a reminder of the uncle, or nephew's relationship so either could impose their world view. We talk very often, but before any conversation, I must be sure that other activities have been taken care of, because one never knows

when the conversation will end. One feels bright and cheerful after a bout of conversation with Uncle Moi.

My uncle is someone you run into and are better for it, never met anyone who never liked Uncle Moi. He was authentic, what you see is what you get, never p r e t e n d s . I h a v e classmates who met Uncle Moi in London, who are never tired of reminding me what a wonderful uncle I have. Each story about my uncle ends with the fact that he offered them a job. Uncle Moi was the man of the people, he was very generous and friendly, always willing to engage on all topics.

He has an infectious smile that is second to none. The smile is like a signpost with the words "helpless are welcome".

People may have taken

advantage of his generosity, but he never gives up. Sometimes he has been misunderstood because of his generosity.

He has quietly influenced the lives of many, for others, he quietly helps them to cross the proverbial finish line in many ways. I never met anyone who had needs that Uncle Moi did not extend a hand to.

Uncle Moi, the selfishness in me would like to say that you left too soon but I do understand the challenges you faced in your last few days. Instead, I believe it is appropriate to argue that your time on this earth was put to excellent use.

Uncle Moi, thanks for the memories, I will always cherish them. Thanks for the countless pieces of advice, listening to them contributed to who I am today. Thanks for being part of my life and best of all thanks for being a wonderful uncle.

I hope I did not abuse the privilege you afforded me to be your friend. I will surely miss our long conversations, miss your smile and most of all, miss you.

I pray God's presence be with you and may his grace be upon you for this season and beyond. This is the season for Uncle Moi to rest gently and peacefully in the presence of the Almighty.

Uncle Moi, Rest in peace. Amen

Tribute

BY NEPHEWS AND NICES-ADA ADOLEY ALLOTEY

Let us endeavour so to live that when we die even the undertaker will be sorry - Mark Twain.

I am sorry that Uncle Moi is no more. It saddens me that his desire to return home did not come true. My earliest memories of Uncle Moi were when he returned home in the mid-1990s. Not surprisingly, he shared traits like reading and an interest in current affairs with my dad and his other siblings. He had an interest in our local governance, and I am sure he would have some thoughts on the upcoming election later this year if he were still with us. He was a cuisine connoisseur, very generous and conversational. I once told him that when he returned to Accra, we could open a restaurant together and I had learned a recipe from him. Uncle Moi was always welcoming when I wanted to visit him. He once said to me "Listen you're my daughter and I am your uncle you can stay as long as you want'. He always checks up on me and my family, especially Adorkor and Adotei. But the last five years saw me also returning the same favour, especially during his ill health. Though Isaiah 55:8 states, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, said the Lord," it has always been my sincere prayer that God would heal Uncle Moi. All I have left to live with are your memories and no more "meni sane p) ne", one of his favourite expressions. My heartfelt condolences are extended to Adoley and Adotey, and I pray that God will bring you peace and solace.

Tribute

FROM WORK PLACE-URBAN OUTFITTERS

The last time I ever spoke to Michael was on 15th December 2024. We spoke about everything and anything, he told me how despite his pain he was keeping strong and positive and looking forward to spending time with his family during the holidays. I told him my mom had passed away not long ago and again, despite his struggle, he shared his love, support and prayers for me and my family. He asked about her, and said he felt like he knew her through me - a woman never to be forgotten.

My dear, good friend Michael, your words, at a time when you were fighting such a hard battle, gave me hope, strength and courage.

His dedication to the people he loved and cared for was unparalleled by anything else - a man never to be forgotten.

I don't know what I'll miss the most about Michael, his big smile, contagious laugh, perseverance, and big heart. The times we discussed Ghanaian music in detail, broke into dance during busy shifts, and his stories. The love he had for life, his family and us, his adoptive work family, and his never-ending kindness.

For every flame that runs out, the warmth they once shared with us never dies.

Always and forever, Michael in our thoughts, our hearts and all around us.

We love you, Mike, may you rest in peace.

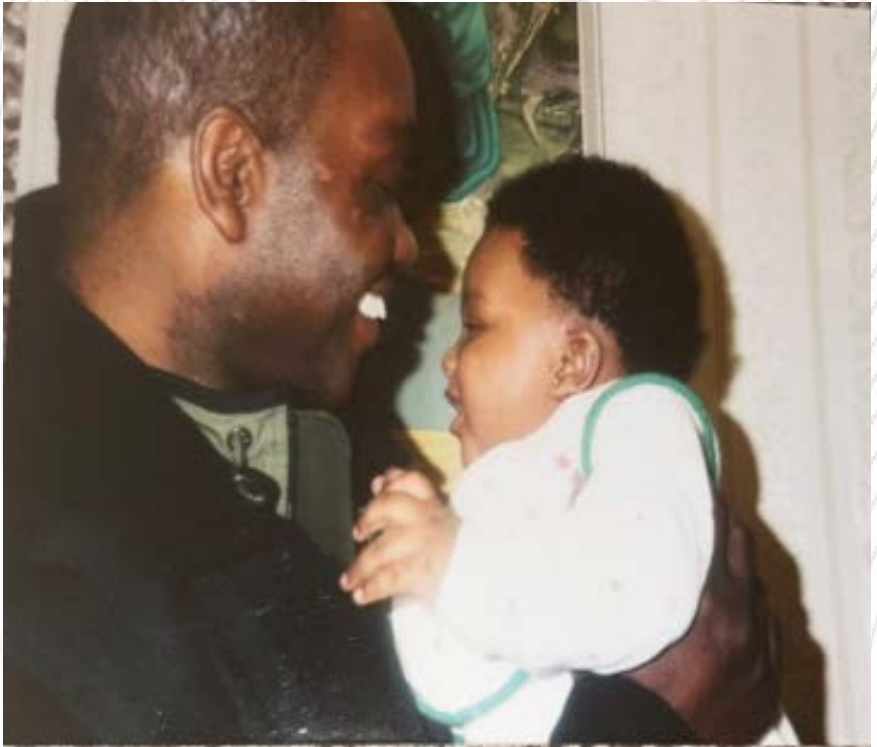
A man never to be forgotten.

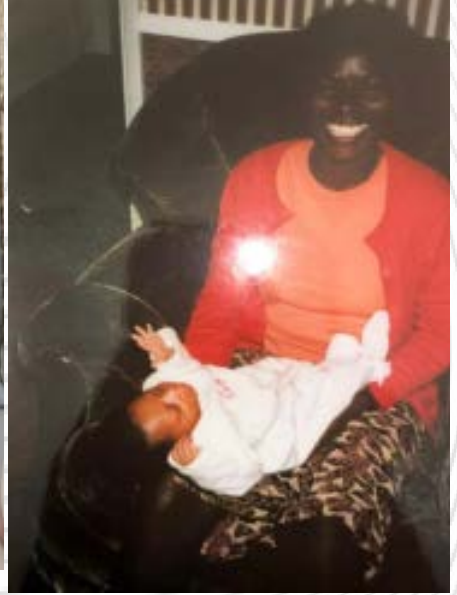
In Loving memory of the late MICHAEL NII MOI ALLOTEY

PHOTO GALLERY



In Loving memory of the late MICHAEL NII MOI ALLOTEY









Appreciation

The family of
MICHAEL NII MOI ALLOTEY
acknowledge with heartfelt gratitude,
your love, kindness and words of sympathy, expressed
in many ways
since the passing of our dear one.

May the Lord Richly Bless You All

