



Acknowledgement

THE MILLS AND JOHNSON FAMILIES
SINCERELY APPRECIATE AND GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR
ACTS OF KINDNESS AND EXPRESSION OF SYMPATHY IN DIVERSE
WAYS. THEY WILL FOREVER BE TREASURED IN OUR HEARTS.
THANK YOU AND MAY GOD BLESS YOU ABUNDANTLY.

IN LOVING MEMORY
Honoring His Spirit



Ken

EMMANUEL MILLS

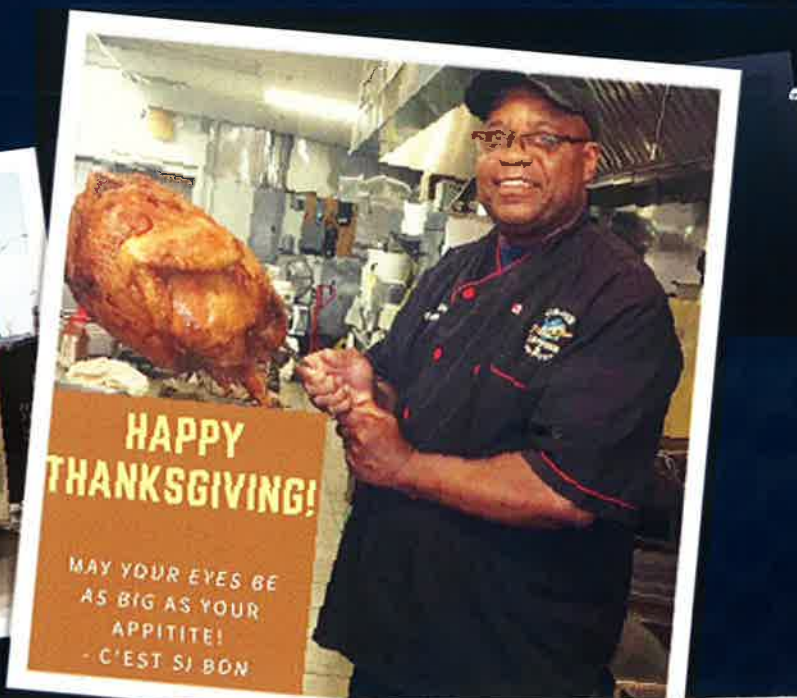
SUNRISE: MARCH 10, 1961 - SUNSET: JANUARY 25, 2021

Order of Service

FOR THE LATE

MR. KEN EMMANUEL MILLS

FUNERAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE



- OPENING PRAYER..... REV. MICHAEL ANNANCY
- HYMN..... *GUIDE ME OH, THOU GREAT JEHOVAH*
- BIOGRAPHY OF MR. KEN MILLS.....MR. LOGAN FLEISCHER
- TRIBUTE FROM WIFE DR. BETTY BAMPOE
- TRIBUTE FROM CHILDREN..... MR. ROYAL MILLS
- TRIBUTE FROM SIBLINGS.....MR. JOSEPH MILLS
- HYMN *CAPTAIN OF ISRAEL, HOST AND GUIDE*
- MR. KEN MILLS' FAVORITE SCRIPTURE - MATTHEW 25:35 - 40..... MR. WILLIAM MILLS
- MR. KEN MILLS' FAVORITE SONG..... *VICTORY* - BY REV. SETH BAAH (AUDIO)
- SCRIPTURE READING - ECCLESIASTES 12:1 - 8.....MRS. ADELAIDE HAMMOND
- WORDS OF COMFORTREV. HENRY JOHNSON
- REFLECTION OF LIFEVIDEO
- PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY..... REV. DR. DAVID ABBEY
- CLOSING PRAYER AND BENEDICTION..... REV. DR. DAVID ABBEY

Hymn (Please Stand)

CAPTAIN OF ISRAEL'S HOST AND GUIDE

*Captain of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace, our rule, Thy Word;
We've no abiding city here,
but seek a city out of sight;
thither our steady course we steer,
aspiring to the plains of light;
Jerusalem the saints' abode,
whose founder is the living God.*

MR. KEN MILLS' FAVORITE SCRIPTURE - MATTHEW 25:35 - 40

MR. KEN MILLS' FAVORITE SONG - VICTORIA, BY REV. SETH BAAH (AUDIO) (Please Stand)

SCRIPTURE READING - ECCLESIASTES 12:1-8

WORDS OF COMFORT

REFLECTION OF LIFE

PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY

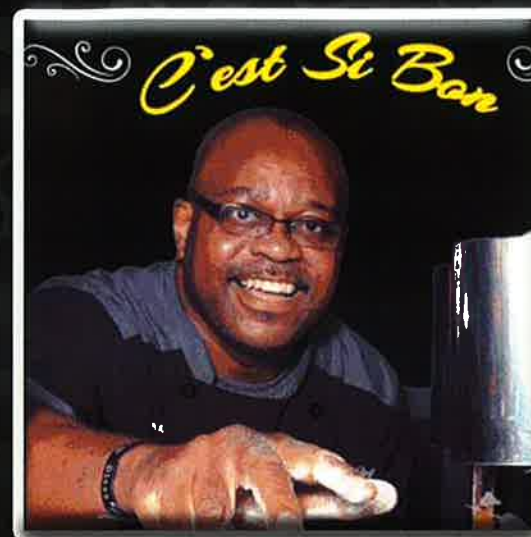
CLOSING PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

DISMISSAL



Biography of the Late

KEN EMMANUEL MILLS



This tour de force was known to be a Master Chef who introduced Cajun food to Oklahoma City, OK. His beaming smile lit up every passage of his life and remained on the forefront of culinary trends throughout his career. A self-taught Louisiana cook, he seared his way into, and, as the king of Cajun food in Oklahoma City. He wanted to share with the world his great love and passion for Louisiana food and was planning to extend his footprint to Accra, Ghana before his call to glory.

Ken Emmanuel Mills, 59, died unexpectedly January 25, 2021 at Mercy Hospital, OK. He was born March 10, 1961 in Accra, Ghana. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Osah "C.O." Mills.

He was a tireless entrepreneur, a Master Chef that blended the art of cooking with savvy business tactics - branding his Cajun cuisine and personality to create three C'est Si Bon restaurants in the surrounding areas of Oklahoma City, OK - offering authentic Cajun food, whose gumbo was always the talk of town and whose catfish was said to rule in "the kingdom of catfish."

The man dubbed "Chef Ken" never forgot his roots and graduated from Accra Academy School in Ghana. Following graduation, he moved to the United Kingdom to attend Seaford College in Sussex, England, where he flourished in both academics and sports. At Seaford College, he earned his "A" Levels and was awarded, amongst other distinguished achievements, first place in the 100 meters in the South East Inter-Schools Track and Field.

In 1981, Ken moved to New Orleans, LA. He attended Southern University and graduated with a B.A. in Business Administration. Using his degree and entrepreneurship, he opened several businesses in New Orleans, including a restaurant and lounge, Creole Celebration and High Society, respectively. In 2001, Ken left New Orleans and moved to Dallas before settling in Oklahoma City, OK.

Ken's career in the kitchen traversed the ages and ends in Oklahoma. His culinary delights, which centered around exceptional seasonings, and a flair for creole recipes, will live on in his restaurants. Psalm 86 summarizes a plea for mercy, love, forgiveness and hope for which those that Ken has left behind will need to continue onward in their journeys. Sleep on brother Ken, and rest in eternal glory.

In addition to his wife Christie, Ken is survived by his mother, Rev. (Mrs.) Rosa Mills; three children, Brooke, Royal and Cyril; a grandson, Royal, Jr., siblings John, William, Barbara, Linda, and Joseph; Leslie and siblings; Fred and siblings; and Marian - his paternal siblings; uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews, and nieces.

"As the Father has loved me, so have I loved you." (John 15:9)

TRIBUTE FROM HIS EMPLOYEES

*Oh Lord Our God in ages past
Our hope for years to come
Our shelter from the stormy past
And our internal home*



Boss or Mr. Ken, Those are the names we used to call you. We are still in shock and hoping that it is a dream from which we will wake up. It's been almost a month since we saw or heard from you so we guess it is not a dream. You are no longer with us. The icy hands of death have dealt us a big blow.

Our boss was one of the kindest employers we know. He dealt with everyone according to their ability and strength. He was very patient, understanding yet stern. He jokes around with us whenever he comes around any of the restaurants he owned. Sometimes during trips to distribute food to the various stores, he will speak 'Twi' and one of us will let him know that is not how to say it. He will brag that he can speak 'Twi' more than all of us, resulting in laughter.

One time, a dollar bill fell from his pocket and the wind started blowing it away. He went after it and one of us commented that, 'eii boss! You will not let it fly away? He replied, "ye choo ne mlij"? meaning, in these hard times, which made us laugh.

In the beginning of the pandemic, he had to close two stores and operate just one. However, he made sure that at least each employee will work some few hours each week, so we wouldn't go without a pay check. That was how thoughtful and kind he was.

We are mourning the loss of a great boss. We will always remember your thoughtfulness and concern. We thank you for all that you did for us. We will miss you greatly!

May your soul rest peacefully in the bosom of your maker till we meet again.

A TRIBUTE FROM HIS CHILDREN

Royal, Brooke Et Cyril

The passing of Ken Mills will never go in vain. This God fearing man was a true servant of The Lord. He stood on morals and principles that would ultimately help him fulfill God's Will in the fifty-nine years God blessed us with His Child!!

Have you ever met a person who pushes everyone around them to be the best versions of themselves without even trying? Well, this is exactly who Ken Mills was. As a matter of fact, he is still this honorable person to this day as we know his loved ones are making a conscious effort to uphold the valuable lessons learned from his great wisdom. This wonderful man's spirit and legacy will always live on through his family and friends, so it brings peace knowing that he is indeed with us forever!!

We have always understood how driven our father was knowing that he was born in Accra, Ghana but eventually moved to the United States of America in search of his destiny. This thought process alone shows us that he was a man capable of thinking outside the box and wouldn't let anything stop him from pursuing whatever he desired. As long as we can remember, our father owned different restaurants and was undoubtedly successful as he supported himself and his family.

As the son of Ken Mills, I never brought too many of my female friends around my father but when I did he would openly embrace the connection me and my partner shared. I remember one time my dad invited me and my girlfriend to one of his restaurants for lunch one day while we were in town. He told us that he would personally prepare a meal for us. A few minutes after we sat down at the restaurant, my father brought us three large trays enough to easily feed twenty grown men. As the people in the restaurant stared at us like they knew we were royalty, I remember saying to myself this man has always been full of surprises and will always go above and beyond for his loved ones. Needless to say, I enjoyed the time spent with my dad!!

Being the daughter of Ken Mills has given me such a powerful outlook on the world. I have learned to overcome any adversity I'm faced with from my father. Just like my dad, I am able to navigate independently and conquer any challenge whether it was meant to destroy or elevate me. As a child, I spent countless hours with my dad helping out at his restaurant in New Orleans. Whether it was in the actual restaurant or at a festival, I was all in. I have now mastered culinary arts and I am getting rewarded tremendously as I have now set out on to my own business adventures. I can honestly say that I am the person I am today primarily because of my father. With a fearless mindset, I am ready for whatever life has in store for me. Thank you so much for everything. I am so proud to say that my strength comes from you, dad!!

A strong loving man with a strong work-ethic who was always willing to help anybody out is how Ken Mills will be remembered. An entrepreneur, loving husband, charismatic father/grandfather, and an outstanding big brother are just a few words that describe where his heart truly was. We truly love you, dad!! Let's remain to be encouraged from the ways of this inspirational man. As we continue to remember our loved one, never forget that he is at peace in the company of The Lord!!



TRIBUTE FROM HIS COUSINS

As the cap to tribute our dear and loving cousin Ken Mills has fallen on my head, permit me a little verbal latitude in opening this tribute in the words of the poem "PSALM OF LIFE" By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

*"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul!"*

As I was quietly contemplating the 9th anniversary of the passing of my dear mother, (Aunty KK as bra Ken fondly called her), who passed precisely on the 26th January, 2012 the sad news reached me on the same 26th instant, that my dear cousin Ken had also just passed, on the 25th January nine years later, 2021. Coincidence? No. It is beyond coincidence! I state without fear of contradiction that bra Ken and Aunty KK by their unified announcement of passage in time; are admonishing us, all of us, to Unify and Live in Love, Harmony, Peace and Togetherness. These words describe Ken no less than his Aunty KK. Kindness Empathy Nourishment, this is what K. E. N. stands for.

Growing up in the 60s and 70s and up to the 80s was great fun. Time spent at Link Road with my cousins was absolutely amazing and an excellent break from Takoradi. I recall especially the late 1970s Ken was at Accra Academy, Johnny and I, were at Mfantsipim and so was William. Being older than us and evidently much more sensible, mature, and of a calmer and yet effective disposition, we took many a cue from him to curb our youthful exuberance. We learnt social skills, table manners, cycling, dressing the list goes on... I have never seen nor imagined so many beautiful people loaded in one single family. Freda, Ckor, Ken, Johnny, William, Barbara, Linda, Mr. and their pretty Mum; my lovely Aunty we all call Ma, and of course Fa himself the Don, whose style and panache was next to none. A quintessential gentleman and astute business guru. The pretty Christians were there too Mame Ahan, Lucille, Esi et al; oh! what memories!

Ken was indeed our "**Lux inducens**". His light led us without shouting at us, or blinding our pupils, or imposing his will, we just wanted to be like him because he was just such a cool nice guy. He had a very special aura about him which was a great source of warmth and dare I say spiritual nourishment. The switch to this light was his smile and boy did he smile. I looked up the meaning of smile and it said, Ken Mills. His smile was heavenly and divine, exposing the purity expressed by his lovely and well assembled teeth.

I know that I speak for all the global family of cousins across the globe, from Africa to the Americas through Europe when I say that our "**Lux inducens**" lives on in our memories and in our hearts. So, when they say Ken is gone, we the cousins say no! He is gone only from Human sight but lives on beyond the horizon, the limits of human sight. He is and will forever remain in our loving memories and positive thoughts. Love is eternal.

A TRIBUTE FROM HIS SIBLINGS...CONTINUED

FROM HIS BROTHER WILLIAM

It was summer of 1985 and I was lost in London. I was at odds with my mother on what course my life should take and all she kept telling me was - your big brother Ken will soon be here, and he will deal with you and the situation.

Sure enough, Ken arrived with his best friend Chuck and immediately something shifted in me just by their sheer size - I remember walking around Marble Arch with both of them; with Ken wearing a "USA FOR AFRICA" T-shirt and it seemed everyone was in awe of how big they were. On another occasion, when we went into a Wimpy's, they each to the astonishment of me and the other patrons consumed at least six hamburgers and they kept saying "these are like biscuits." It wasn't till my transition to America that I understood what that meant, but more importantly was the words of encouragement he gave me that day, to which absolutely convinced me that my future was indeed in America. That encounter with my big brother unbeknownst to me, would shape how I view things to this very day - for when I left for New Orleans, LA in November of 1985 he had eschewed in my psyche to believe without seeing.

I love you my dear brother Ken for yours was a heart of gold, but fraught with our heavy culture that sometimes admonished us to certain impasses in our lives. Be that as it may, you set the standard of excellence in our family - of hard work, dedication and a blistering work ethic. I clearly understand and without a shadow of doubt know that you were part of that guiding light that God has used and continues to shine in my own onward journey in life and that, I will always cherish.

Looking back now nothing was ever wasted and I can now connect the dots. Now I see our troubles were our transportation that led us from glory to glory, nothing by itself will ever make sense; so know that everything is working for our good and keep that song of faith in your heart.

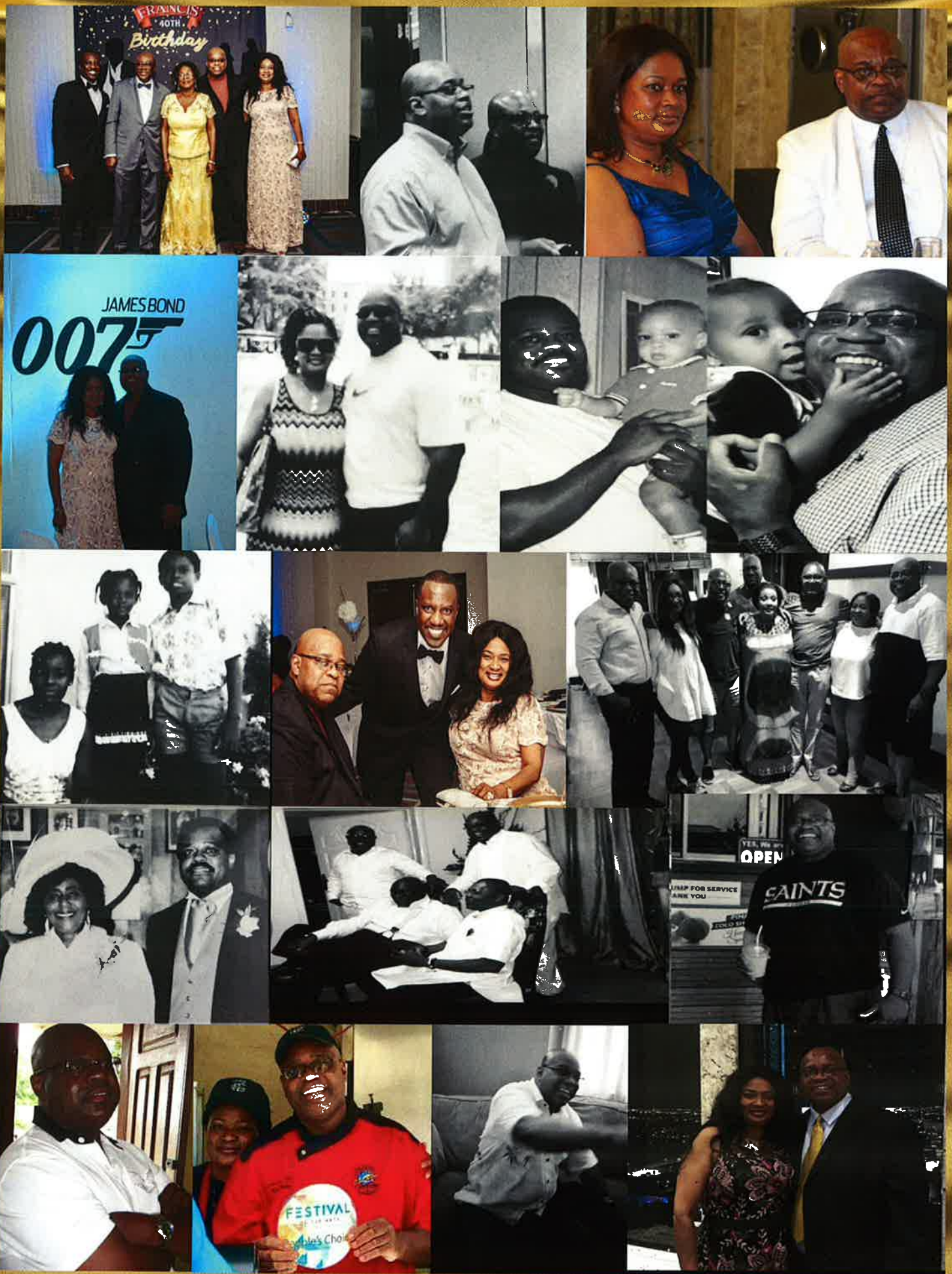
Brother Ken, this I know down in my spirit that you were hand-picked by almighty God to be with us but for a moment more, albeit your name is written in the lambs book of life - it is written in indelible ink and cannot be ever erased. The sum of parts has become whole and you will be sorely missed. I love you and may your soul rest in perfect peace.

FROM HIS SISTER BARBARA

Ken was my brother, my friend and my biggest cheerleader. He was there for my high days as well as my dark nights. Ken, affectionately known as "Big Dog" by his niece Olivia, was always ready with a joke and a gentle joshing. Ken showed me love and kindness and inspired me to know better so that I could be better.

That love and kindness sometimes had the edge of tough love about it. Take for example 1991. I had barely qualified as a barrister when he began to put pressure on me to buy a house in London to be a home for our mother and our siblings. I can tell you that that bit of responsibility was the last thing on my mind. I wanted a chance to live the young, free and single London life. So, to say I was reluctant is to put it mildly. However, Ken gently but firmly reminded me of where I had come from, what it meant to be family, the importance of ensuring that good fortune was shared and not kept to oneself, and good old-fashioned loyalty. So, it was with gritted teeth that I bought that first house which turned out to be the most important milestone for our family in gaining security abroad. Thank you, Ken.

The love Ken showed me also had a very tender and soft side. When I think of the care and devotion Ken showed to me in 2009, when I was profoundly ill and terrified, it makes my heart hurt ache.



In the Ghanaian sun
 To the heavenly Son
 Farewell my dear Big Brother
 And well done
 He Said
 My good and faithful
 You fought the good fight
 You finished the race
 And Kept the faith
 Where does my heart start to
 Express the Ken heart drumbeat
 Of Love

FROM HIS BROTHER JOE

Ken was just big bro to me and, as the youngest of the sibling group, it always struck me how larger than life he was, full of everything and how you always knew when he was in the room with his positive energy.

It's something that inspired me to be better, to make better and to have his sense of timing. Ken was always there for me, when I needed him, and I knew I could talk to him about any problems I had with his wise words and kind voice. I wish I hadn't taken it for granted that he would always be there for all of us as we were for him so this tragedy of losing him feels even more powerful.

The greatest love of seeing him so caring, loving, funny and so passionate about his restaurants and food has inspired me to fully realize my pursuit of ownership. My dearest brother Ken was a trailblazer and often shouldered the burden that can carry but he can rest easy now with the Lord. A loving Husband, Father, Dad, Brother and recent Grandad, you're going to be so missed Ken, but your spirit will live on in me and all those you touched, I'm just going to miss my big bro.

*WEEP IF YOU MUST, PARTING IS HELL
 BUT LIFE GOES ON, SO....SING AS WELL
 By Joyce Grenfell*



TRIBUTE BY HIS UNCLES AND AUNTIES

On behalf of Auntie Dorothy, Uncle James, Uncle Ben and myself, Uncle Attu, other members of our extended family: The Quartey, Lawrences and cousins, I express our profound condolences to Ken's widow Christina and children Brooke, Royal and Cyril.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes to our sister Mrs. Rosa Mills who has lost a son. To Ken's brothers and sisters, we share in your loss. We stand in solidarity to mourn with you.

We are mourning not by tearing our clothing, not by putting ashes on our heads, not by wearing sackcloth, not by neglecting our appearance, not by shaving our heads (bald heads are exempt), but by our presence, be it at the funeral home or through zoom. We are mourning with you by our apparel; **WE ARE WEARING BLACK!**

In the last day, our mourning with you will be transformed into gladness as Isaiah 51:11 states:

The ransomed of the LORD will return and come with joyful shouting to Zion, and everlasting joy will be on their heads. They will obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing will flee away.

Could you imagine when in March 1961, three boys ranging between ages five to twelve years, be told by your eldest sister who had given birth to her first child, a baby boy, named Ken, to tell you in no uncertain terms that henceforth you were uncles to my son. Our older siblings knew that they were uncles and aunts to Ken. It was not so with three young uncles, including myself, Uncle James and Uncle Ben.

On my part, I would quietly sneak into my sister's room (Sister Rosa was visiting our parents with Ken at Takoradi) where Ken might have been sleeping or resting quietly in his crib. I would gently stroke him and whisper to him: I am Uncle Attu, overjoyed for being an uncle at that age. I was filled with joy and sense of pride. Wow, Uncle Attu. I performed this ritual anytime I found myself with Ken alone. We were able to win our sister's trust to allow us to baby-sit Ken. We did not disappoint her; we changed his diaper, sang him lullabies to put him to sleep. And we prepared his formula (Cow&Gate). I might have gained a few pounds in weight and grown taller through this assignment. I was sharing Ken's formula with him. I would prepare Ken's formula by the book. However, my portion was thick and would make ice-cream of it by freezing it in the refrigerator. I enjoyed being on call as Ken's baby-sitter. Ken chuckled with excitement every time a member of our large household went to his crib. As a baby he was a joy to be with. He was affable.

Our sister gave birth to five other children after Ken. We enjoyed each other's company both at Takoradi and in Link Road at Accra. We sang and danced together as children and as adults. Ken was no exception.

I would want to share with you one occasion which resonates well with me when Ken was a teenager. It was in Summer 1974. Schools were on vacation. Ken was student at Accra Academy. His mother had suggested if Ken would consider attending Summer vacation school at Labone Secondary School in Accra. Ken would want nothing to do with the Summer school, at first. My sister Rosa asked me to convince Ken to have a change of mind. To this day, I could not tell you how I was able to let him have a change of heart. Ken enrolled in the Summer vacation school. He enjoyed the vacation school. In fact, Ken brought his new-found friends to my apartment at LaBone Secondary school, where I was a tutor.

Uncle James recollects the one year in 1970 he stayed with Sister Rosa and her family at Link Road. Sister Rosa had five children at the time and his task was to help in organizing her three school-age children out of five for school each morning. Uncle James fondly remembers Ken as always attentive who showed respect and willingness for guidance.

Uncle Ben remembers the time Ken spent a semester in his pre-teen years in Takoradi. During that brief stay bike riding became their afternoon pastime. They rode their bikes through every nook and cranny in the city.

I left Ghana in 1975 and for the next many years Ken and I were lost on each other's radar.

However, I reconnected with Ken through his sister and my niece Barbara, who gave me Ken's telephone number in New Orleans. I lived in Alberta, Canada. New Orleans was a stone's throw from me. You see, all this while, I thought Ken had settled in the UK with the rest of his sibling. I was excited and thrilled when I contacted Ken. I was also able to talk to Johnny, Ken's younger brother, who had also made New Orleans his home. I could not wait to see my nephews and their families. I travelled south of the Canadian border to Louisiana. It was a very pleasant re-union. I met Ken, his children Brooke and Royal. There were also Johnny and his daughter Rosa, my niece Linda and her daughter Joy. We had a wonderful time together. Ken gave me William's telephone number in Houston, Texas. Ken informed me that Joe had grown bigger in stature than me and was at school in England. I had a trip of a lifetime.

Ken relocated to Oklahoma City. It became even sweeter for me. I was seeing Ken more often because I visited my son Awuley whose mother had relocated from Canada to Oklahoma. Ken was Awuley's wise and older cousin, a true family. Ken, Christina and Cyril bonded with Awuley and their closeness has remained till today. In fact, Ken and his family travelled to Salt Lake City to attend his younger cousin's college graduation. Ken had always been in close contact with Uncle James, Uncle Ben and Auntie Dorothy.

I will end with some few words of wisdom about mourning which is taken from the Apocrypha: Wisdom About Mourning:

My child let the tears run down your face for a person who died.

Sing a funeral song to show your terrible loss. Prepare the body and do not forget to attend the burial. Cry bitterly, sob loudly.

In public, display your grief in a way that honours the dead person's memory – at least for a day or two to avoid criticism.

Then allow yourself to be comforted.

Depression can drain your strength, and grief can result in your own death. After you bury your loved one, the loss remains.

However, a life of misery is hard to take. Do not allow yourself to become depressed. Get rid of depression because you do not want to remain depressed the rest of your life.

Remember that you will not get a second chance.

You cannot help the dead person, but you can harm yourself.

Remember his fate because it will be your fate as well.

Yesterday he died, and tomorrow you will die. When he has breathed his last breath, allow yourself to be comforted.

When the dead person has been laid to rest allow yourself to go on living.

End of quote.

Blessed Assurance:

Revelation 20:6 says

Blessed and holy is the one who has a part in the first resurrection; over these the second death has no power, but they will be priests of God and of Christ and will reign with him for a thousand years.

Mr. Ken, it is a tall order but hope we will see you at the first resurrection.

Ken wo dzogbaa !

-By Dr. Henry I. Quaye (aka: Uncle Attu)

A TRIBUTE FROM HIS SIBLINGS....CONTINUED

From the moment of my diagnosis until I was back on my feet, there was not a day that went by without a call and/or a video clip of a prayer. When he knew I was well enough to share a joke, he would send a video clip of something incredibly silly. Ken's sense of humor was childlike, infectious, magical and quite fabulous. There were times when both of us allowed the busyness of life to get in the way of frequent telephone calls, but I am so grateful that in the last few years, we were in almost daily contact even if only by text. We shared daily readings and affirmations and ensured that we were there to be each other's rock and pillar in the good times as well as the more challenging times. It was an honour to be your sister.

Ken, my dear brother - I learnt so much in the circle of your love: a tenacity of purpose; an indomitable spirit where failure was never an option; an unparalleled and impressive work ethic; loyalty; laughter, resilience and above everything else, the meaning of love and family. I have known you all of my life and your departure has left an unimaginable hole in my heart. I am so fortunate to have known you and to have known you up close and personal.

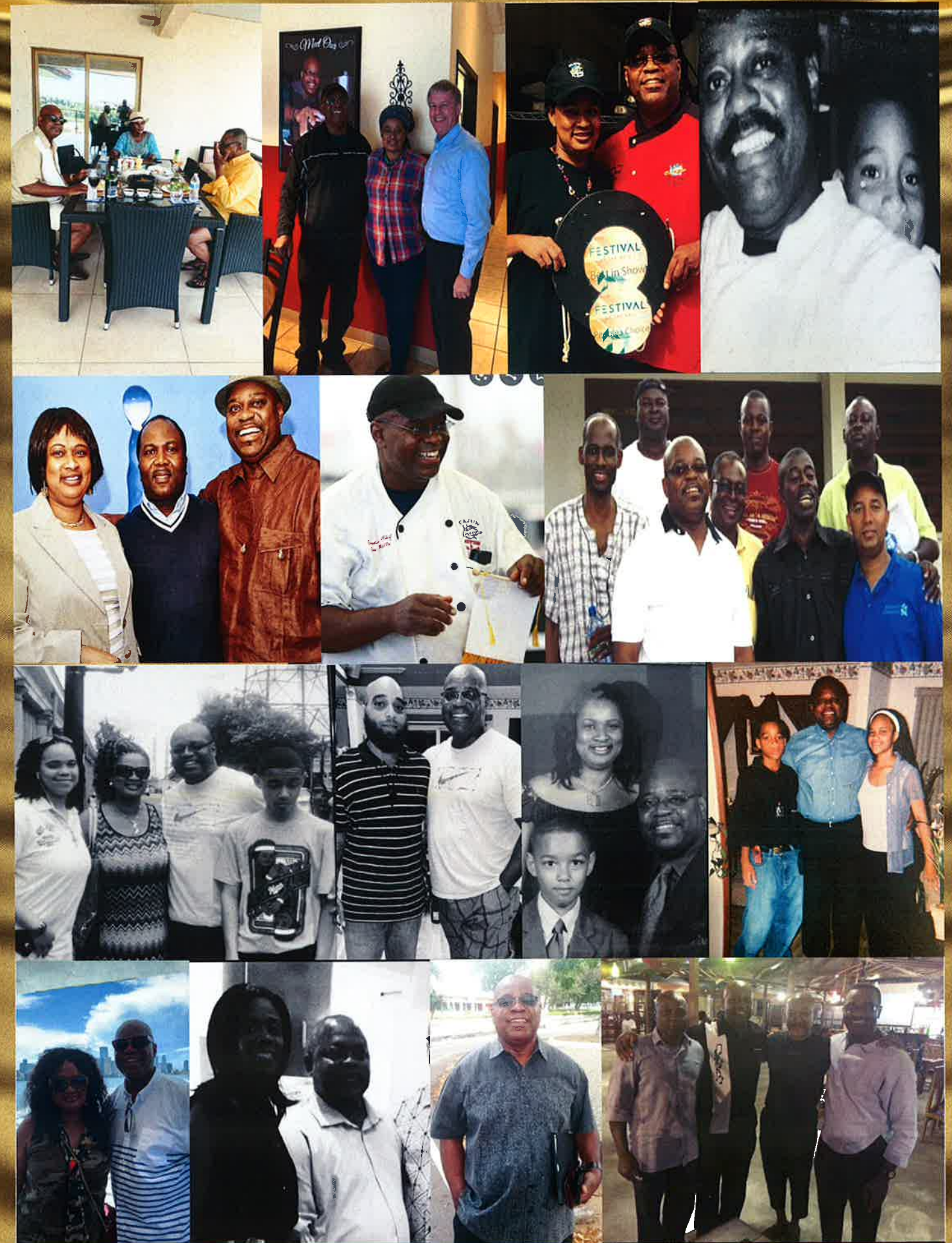
When the sharp edge of this impossible grief passes, I will continue to strive to be the best version of myself every single day as a tribute to you.

Until we meet again Ken....

FROM HIS SISTER LINDA

Ken

Where does the heart start to
Express the African heart drumbeat Of Love
Nothing compares to you
Your smile
Your heart of gold
Your warm hugs
Your encouraging words
Your words of Affirmation
The gentle hand that
Reminded me that
You would always be my
Big brother
To talks on the phone
To calls at length
With dreams
Unfolding
To doors closed and to be opened
Your smile
Keep us going
Your jokes
Kept us laughing
I will miss you



A TRIBUTE FROM HIS SIBLINGS

John, William, Barbara, Linda Et Joseph

God has called our brother home. Our perfectly even number – a sibling group of six- reduced to an odd and painful five. We are bereft but we know you have gone to your peaceful resting place. We may not be able to see that winning smile with our human eyes, and we cannot experience that incredible hug which would envelope us and make us know that we were safe and anchored, but we have our memories and so we will forever carry you in our hearts.

FROM HIS BROTHER JOHN

For me, what stood out about Ken was his sparkling eyes and a smile that lit up his whole face and tempered the all-knowing attitude of the eldest. My brother Ken was a quietly warm-hearted and the gentlest of souls - devotion beyond expectation and a highly principled man who believed in correction before connection. Above all else, Ken lived the art of humility.

Our early years in the USA started modestly – we lived in a garage. Ken refused to acknowledge we were living in a garage and insisted that we maintain our standards- even down to cooking proper food such as his favourite chicken

stew which was all done on a hot plate which was kept in the bathroom. In that first year, Ken supported me when I felt entitled and did not think working was for me. Then came the tough love – he kicked my ass and got me a job as a line cook. I felt that job was for other people and Ken would remind me that at that moment, “other people” was me.

I learnt about being an adult and taking responsibility for myself from Ken. Ken believed I was capable of great things when I could not see it. Ken freed me from a mindset that saw things as out of reach. To him F.A.I.L simply meant FIRST ATTEMPT IN LEARNING. With Ken in my life, impossible became “I’m Possible”.

Looking back on my twenties, I can see that I was an adult in name only until Ken showed me the practical application of what it is to be an adult. I had zero confidence in making the transition from being spoon fed to feeding myself. My life and business perspective was born out of the building blocks Ken laid. Plain and simple. Christ, I wish he was here for me to show him this gratitude. In other words, I might be the boxer fighting in the

ring, but the person who gave me my first boxing gloves and introduced me to the very art of fighting was Ken.

I sit humbly in gratitude for the many lessons of my life – though this pain of you leaving is heavy and hard, I know it is guided by the tender hand of the unseen. As the prophet writes “love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation.”

Ken taught me so much. Everything beautiful you see in me is Ken. Ken; thank you for your unwavering heart. I love you.



Ken as we know left for the UK and then the US to sing his song on the world stage. He graduated from Seaford college in the UK and proceeded to the US earning his Business Admin degree at Southern University in New Orleans. His imprint in Southern Cuisine is legendry. From New Orleans to Oklahoma, Ken nourished the senses. Cajun King and C'est Si Bon are undoubtedly part of his legacy. This passion runs through the family. The last time I saw Ken was at Ma's 80th birthday celebration in Accra and he was as usual very generous with his well-preserved smile.

BRA KEN AS YOU JOIN AUNTY KK, UNCLE NEE, UNCLE WILLIAM, AUNTY OYOE, UNCLE Q, and all the faithful departed; I, on my personal behalf and on behalf of all your cousins pray for your peaceful repose and sing with the angels.... Great is thy faithfulness.

I close in the words of Bhagavad Gita in "**Song Celestial**"

“Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;

Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!

Birth less and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever;

Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!

Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained,

Immortal, indestructible, —shall such

Say, “I have killed a man, or caused to kill?”

Nay, but as when one layeth

His worn-out robes away,

And, taking new ones, sayeth,

“These will I wear to-day!”

So putteth by the spirit

Lightly its garb of flesh,

And passeth to inherit

A residence afresh.”

Fare thee well Ken. Your soul, your spirit, and love will know no dust and cease not. Your smile and light shall shine immortally through us all.

Any3mi wo odzogbaa y3 ts3l3 den.

By Chris King, Esq.

My dear husband, Ken was such a wonderful man. I am not sure I can really express just how much I will miss him. Not only was he a wonderful husband, but a wonderful father, sibling, friend, colleague ...and so much more.



TRIBUTE FROM HIS DEAR WIFE

Christina Mills

Ken's ability to make everyone feel comfortable, secure, and loved were his greatest strengths. There was rarely a dull moment being married to Ken, and now I look back over those years with so much joy.

Ken and I met through my cousin, Nii Annan in Virginia. We had a phone friendship for about three to four months before we first met in person. I knew it was him as soon as he said "too"- that was our inside joke. It felt like we had known each other forever. We hit it off right from the very start.

Unbeknown to both of us, we both lived in Latebiokoshie back in Ghana, but never met. His kind heart and his forgiving nature are what made me fall in love with him.

Ken was such a gentleman, and a sweet one at that. Coming from a Jehovah's witness family, he was the first person to ever celebrate my birthday. He loved to surprise me on my birthdays. He was a great and loving father to his children, and they loved and admired him. His love for my mom was very refreshing. He often spoiled her, especially with her favorite chocolate. They had a genuine love for each other as mother and son.

Ken never stopped fighting for what he believed in. He was a workhorse — the kind of guy that would put his head down and get the job done. You could count on him to show up hours before he promised, even in the wee hours of the morning. His passion for his restaurant and catering business is bar none. I am most proud of him for creating his famous "Tiger Sauce" and for the numerous awards he

received during the Oklahoma Art Festival for "Best Food", "Best in Show" and the "People's Choice."

"Every man's life ends the same way. It is only the details of how he lived and how he died that distinguish one man from another."

Ken lived an unbelievable life. He touched the lives of thousands of people through his business, and most importantly through his personal relationships. He was a good friend to many and made everyone feel like family. The children and I are blessed to have the biggest family in the world, thanks to Ken.

The outpour of love to us during this demise is evidence of that.

Ken was very jovial and loved a good laugh. You would always find him at functions making others laugh or on the dance floor challenging someone to a good dance. He loved to dance indeed. He was looking forward to his 60th birthday in March during which he planned to bring out his best moves and dance the evening away. Little did we know it will be a heavenly birthday party with his maker.

I have suffered the loss of many dear to me, but I did not realize how painful it would be to lose my best friend and soul mate. Ken, although I know you will always be with me in my heart, I specifically chose your final resting place close to home, so that I can visit whenever I need to feel close to you.

I will miss you dearly, Ken.
Rest well my love. Wo odzogban.

TRIBUTE TO OUR CLASSMATE AND FRIEND

(KEN NII AKRASHIE MILLS FROM BLEOO '78)

On September 17, 1973, Nii Akrashie as he was called by a few of his close friends joined us to begin our life journey at Accra Academy and was placed in the Michigan Hall(Boarding House). We came from diverse backgrounds and Ken was from more privileged background and this showed in his deportment and character during our time at school.

Ken was an unassuming and simple person who appreciated everyone and always encouraged those around him. Ken was always ready to assist his friends in times of need and stood out even in his early years as a gentleman. Always had a smile and loved table tennis and soccer which he played with his friends.

He also participated in playing pranks like the 'powder' prank where friends who slept early were powdered by their colleagues. Ken was also a religious person and one of his favorite hymns was

*'Lift up your hearts!' We lift them, Lord, to thee;
Here at thy feet none other may we see:
'Lift up your hearts!' E'en so, with one accord,
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.*

We are still trying to come to terms with news of the passing of our classmate and friend Ken Nii Akrashie Mills known by most as Ken Mills. News of his death trickled in to us on the night of January 25, 2021 and we received this with great shock and sadness.

He visited the country last December from the United States and immediately notified us of his arrival and upon hearing that we were scheduled to carry out an annual visitation to some of our past teachers to present gifts to them he graciously agreed to be part of the trip and consequently joined us in spite of his tight programme for his stay in Ghana so this was something that came to us as a rude shock since he was in good health during the period we were with him.

We shared our many struggles with illness, life, etc. and reminiscences of our time at school. Ken had such a deep faith in God and His promises over our lives. We encouraged each other and when we parted ways, we promised to keep in touch with each other but alas he has gone to be with his maker.

We seek consolation in our faith that he is resting with the Lord where there is no more pain, no more worry nor suffering. One day we will meet again to relive the happy moments. He is gone but will always remain in our thoughts and hearts. We Love you Nii Akrashie. Rest in peace our brother, till we meet again Ken.

Since we are not in Oklahoma to sing for you, we leave you with the words of our School Song:

Accra Academy our pride. The school of no regrets. In her our little minds were shaped. To serve our Nation Great. In Ellen House our School was born. To men of sacrifice. The cradle low, the hands so few. The future blurred and bleak. We humbly bow in gratitude. To all who chiseled us. Their praises we shall sing always. Their memories still revered. From humble growth this school of ours. A pride of place has won. Her children great in every clime Of Ghana's great domain. O Lord, to Thee we dedicate Accra Academy. Esse Quam Videri, we say and Bleoo, Accra Aca.

ACCRA ACABLEOOO

Hymn (Please Stand)

GUIDE ME OH, THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

*Guide me, O Thou great *Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand.
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more;
Feed me till I want no more.*

*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.*



GRAVESIDE SERVICE

OPENING PRAYER.....REV. MICHAEL ANNANCY

Hymn

*Abide with me; fast falls the eventide
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide
When other helpers fail and comforts flee
Help of the helpless, O abide with me*

*Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me*

BURIAL SERVICE.....REV HENRY JOHNSON

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.....REV. DR. DAVID ABBEY

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AND ANNOUNCEMENT..... REV. HENRY JOHNSON

PALLBEARERS

MR. ROYAL MILLS MR. FRANCIS BAMPOE
MR. EMMANUEL BARNOR MR. LOGAN FLEISCHER
MR. DAVID ACQUAYE MR. DENIS ADU-MENSAH

OFFICIATING

REV. HENRY JOHNSON. REV. MICHAEL ANNANCY
REV. DR. DAVID ABBEY

Please drive with your lights on for safety and fasten your seat belts.

Family Entrusted Final Arrangements To:

Temple & Sons
FUNERAL DIRECTORS, INC.

2801 North Kelley Avenue • Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73111

Phone: 405-427-8321

"We Care" II Timothy 4:8

OBITUARY

Tolon Head of family: Nii Ashia Lamptey Tolon Mantse: Nii Okunka Manye: Naa Odarley Osrodza. Nii Dzaase: Professor Mills Seitse: Nii kojo Lantei, Elizabeth Lamptey and Bro Lankwei Mills. Adoley Akoshia family Head of Korle Wokon: Emmanuel Ago Pappoe, Emmanuel Azumah Nelson, Festus Tetteh, Mrs. Col RTD Monica Andoh, Madam Elizabeth Dodoo, Becky Cato and the Johnson family of Krobo Odumasi announce with deep sorrow the sudden death of their beloved

KEN EMMANUEL MILLS

SUNRISE: MARCH 10, 1961 - SUNSET: JANUARY 25, 2021
Which occurred at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma on January 25, 2021



59
Years

FUNERAL & BURIAL ARRANGEMENTS AS FOLLOWS

THERE WILL BE NO WAKE KEEPING

VIEWING:

Friday, February 19, 2021 at 2am-7pm
Temple Memorial Funeral Home
2801 North Kelley Avenue, Oklahoma City, OK 73111

FUNERAL SERVICE:

Saturday, February 20, 2021 at 10am
Temple Memorial Funeral Home

BURIAL:

Saturday, February 20, 2021 at 11:30AM
Resurrection Memorial Cemetery
7801 NW Expressway, Oklahoma City, OK 73132

WIDOW: Mrs. Christina Mills

MOTHER: Rev (Mrs) Rosa Mills

CHILDREN:

Ms. Brooke Mills, Mr. Royal Mills, Mr. Cyril Wiegand - Mills

BROTHER & SISTERS

Mr. John Mills, Mr. William Mills, Ms. Barbara Mills
Ms. Linda Mills, Mr. Joseph Mills, Mr. Leslie Mills, Dr. Ben Mills, Mrs. Eileen Ammateifio, Prof. Dr. Charles Osah Mills, Jan Nii Osah Mills, Mr. Frederick Mills, Ms. Freda Mills, Mrs. Christiana Ampah, Mr. Tony Mills, Mr. Charles Nii Lantei Mills, Mrs. Marian Party.

AUNTIES:

Mrs. Dorothy E. Quaye-Attivor

UNCLES:

Dr. Henry J. Quaye, Mr. James Robert Quaye
Mr. Benjamin R. Quaye

COUSINS

Mr. Christopher King and siblings
Dr. Senyo Lord Attivor, Mr. John Setor Attivor
Mr. Gerald Quaye, Mr. Naadu Quaye
Mr. Awule Quaye, Mr. Micheal Sedem Attipoe
Mrs. Shirley Sintim-Aboagye & Siblings, Mr. Kofi Anokye Owusu Darko, Mrs. Ama Sybil Agyemang Yeboah, Ms. Ivor Asuansah Dacosta Quaye

CHIEF MOURNERS:

Tolon Head of family: Nii Ashia Lamptey Tolon Mantse: Nii Okunka Manye: Naa Odarley Osrodza. Nii Dzaase: Professor Mills Seitse: Nii kojo Lantei, Elizabeth Lamptey and Bro Lankwei Mills. Adoley Akoshia family Head of Korle Wokon: Emmanuel Ago Pappoe, Emmanuel Azumah Nelson, Festus Tetteh, Mrs. Col RTD Monica Andoh, Madam Elizabeth Dodoo, Becky Cato. The Johnson family of Krobo Odumasi, Mr. & Mrs. George Bampoe, Mrs. Tina Van- Tagoe, Mr. & Mrs. John Gallie, Mr. Avalon Foley, Mr. & Mrs. James Acquaye, Ms. Clara Mills-Dodoo and Family, Accra Academy Class of 1978 and The C'est Si Bon Staff.

MAY YOUR SOUL REST IN PEACE



Chef Ken