



*Concise lectures on*

# HOW TO DIE

*the finest art ever man can learn*

**JEFFERY OPOKU**

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Unless otherwise stated, all scripture quotations are taken from the King James Version of the bible.

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*Concise Lectures on How to Die*  
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Dedicated to the blessed memory of my very good friend and brother, Joshua Osei Akoto who left us to go be with the Lord in 2012.

To the blessed memory of a cherished brother Ebenezer Ivan Kwakye, who bid us farewell in 2016 to go be with the Lord.

And to all the saints who have passed on to be a part of the church triumphant.



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## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

If there is one great lesson the church must endeavor to teach its converts and children, then it should be how to die and how to live at the same time. **'Ars Moriendi'** or rather say the 'Art of Dying', is by far one of the finest arts ever taught and learnt by man.

It is commonly said that there is pain in death or death is painful. Many individuals who have not even had near death experiences hold it as a very painful object. They consider it too scary and horrific. The mere mention of death alone does suffer the majority of people to chronic palpitations. It makes them tensed and feverish. It just appears to be one of the finest laxative for constipation; it makes men want to visit the restroom. For even Agag, that wicked king of Amalek, whose sword made many mothers childless, did grievously lament his own death when a sword was pointed at his head. For he, being spared some time to witness the wailings and agonies of his people as their blood trickled down the spears of Saul's armed men, and himself taken captive and arrayed before Samuel to suffer a more stylish death, did look up pitifully at the old prophet, his executioner, and said, **"Surely the bitterness of death is past."** He sorrowfully lamented the pains of death. I love how The Douay-Rheims version of The Book captures it. It records it as, **"Doth bitter death separates in this manner?"**

But the question is; Is death really that scary? Is it that horrifying as people estimate? Well, I for one have weighed death very diligently and I see no agony in it. The only pain in death is in its unpreparedness. Its only bitterness is in its unreadiness.

The soul who has adequately made preparations or should we say provisions for it will never find it bitter or painful. Because it is truly a happy moment and I trust I am being sincere here.

The portrait death presents to us is undoubtedly a big one, and it comes with different paintings; both fair and dull. But usually, we are not very fair in the manner at which we look at this portrait of nature. When it comes to matters and issues regarding death, we all seem to be strangely ingenious in inducing our eyes to only behold the obnoxious side of its imagery. We would scarcely look at the brighter paintings it projects at the other side. And so in casting down our eyes in grief, we hastily conclude that it is entirely ugly or bad.

The bereaved mother for example who hails on death as a monster, only does so with a heart prepossessed with hatred towards the same for ruthlessly slaying her son. But should she first empty her heart of bitter sentiments, and then proceed to look on it in the brightness of the Scriptures, she will probably see something contrary to her first disclosure. She would see a faint light at the end of her darkest tunnel; something that symbolizes hope and not one that seeks to utterly destroy like she thinks.

Our dealing with matters regarding death is always one of a prejudiced and a hasty outburst. When death for example takes a man on a happy day, or in the middle of a useful activity, we tag it as evil. But when it takes a person in the midst of a hopeless situation, we call it a liberator; a cruel liberator we say. It just appears that there is nothing good about death or dying. We reckon it a complete monster.

But let us not forget that the very rain which leaves the playing child in sorrow also puts the crop farmer in celebration. Though the first feels obstructed by it, the

latter loves it for the privilege of watering down his flowers and filling his irrigation tank. So, we may carefully estimate that nothing is entirely bad or completely monstrous. Because though an event may cause havoc at one side, it may generate happiness at the other end. And yours truly, most of the deaths that flung our world into bitter mournings and grievings, did plunge the heavens into joyous celebration. And many others too, that instigate the church militant to carol praises unto God, hardly excite The Cherubims and Seraphims to flap their wings in joy. Nothing, I should say, is entirely evil or monstrous. It all depends on the parties acting.

The death, for example, which is very much despised by the free man on the street is so earnestly sought after by the prisoner on a death row. To this prisoner, death may appear like a venerated criminal attorney, with the exclusive rights of appealing his sentence and taking him away from his chains.

It is this same with the little boy on a hospital bed, whom medicine cannot cure. To this little kid, death may appeal as the only cure to his ailment wherefore he may long for it with fervor. But I doubt that endurance athlete, busily training on the track across the road, will be that careless to wish death for himself. No! He wouldn't do that; not when he seeks to unseat the incumbent champion with a startling sprint record and win himself a gold medal in the upcoming Olympics. He dare wouldn't think about death. It will give him tremors and fever. It will embitter his mood and make him want to visit the restroom.

Inasmuch as circumstances and situations carve diverse images of death before us, one thing is certain that the observations we all make about death has to do with the angle from which we look on it. And this, I can say, is often

hinged on the factors acting as well as the spiritual make-up of the viewer.

However, one fact still remains that until we first analyze the work death performs to the latter, we may end up slandering or maligning it. We may probably judge it as the greatest monster of all times whereas it is not. How can it be a monster if it has its own fears? For death, I say, has its own fears too!

I believe we can pass a better judgment on death if only we take time and pain to look at the final piece of art it produces at the end. For there only can we reckon it gain or loss; ugly or beautiful. But should Christ be our anchor, we may with eloquently declare with the same Apostolic voice as St. Paul; **“For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”**

The purpose of this book is to simply demystify the art of dying and also to teach by way of concise expositions, the methodology of living to prepare for that “great day”. Let me be sincere with you my dear reader that the content of this book might hit you a bit! It may also move you to occasional tears and probably bring back sober memories of departed loved ones. Honestly, I must say that, none of them is intentional. They were only penned as I was led by the Holy Spirit. I should say that this little piece only promises to move you unto true devotions. And inasmuch as it promises to do that, it also promises to break and consume your ego should you be in possession of one!

I strongly believe that all who in one way or the other are in great fear of death will find potent cure for their fear should they take time and pain to wade through the pages of this book in a devotional manner.

It is imperative to also point out that, nothing written here is new to the church or to the world except in the sense that it came out of prolonged silence and meditations which were illuminated by my Boss, the Holy Ghost.

And of course, I can say that many pious Churchmen and women, who lived before me, have presented much insightful and deeper exposés than I have here. Though this little piece might not be powerful enough to kindle light in any mortal soul nor rend the garment of any troubled man, I trust that there may be some who will see the light of Christ at its gentle warmth. It is my prayer that above all things, it makes you empty enough to long and thirst after The Kingdom of God and the righteousness thereof. **Amen!**

Jeffery Opoku  
Accra. November, 2016.



# FOREWARD

This elaborate work by Jeffery is indeed one of the revealing in the 21st century.

Normally, theological titles of this sort are really not for youthful persons to experiment with their pen. But the way and manner this young author and Evangelist dealt with the subject is just fascinating.

This evangelical piece is nothing but a product of frequent meditations, long hours of silence and constant prayers. It is not a collection of lectures he orally delivered but that which he wrote with his pen in his private study; there in the midst of complete silence and sincere devotions.

In this book, Jeffery takes his time in lecture by lecture to enlighten us on the arts of dying and he does it in a sound theological manner, and in an intriguing style as well.

His lectures are often interspersed with hymns and wonderful poetries by some of the ancient church fathers from whom he was much informed of theology.

As part of the lectures, we have also included five of his solemn letters we discovered in his study.

I can only say that this book is a must read for all, especially those who long to make it to Heaven. Thank You

The Editor  
Jeffery Opoku Publications



*“We know that we have passed from death unto life,  
because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his  
brother abideth in death.”*

**1 JOHN 3:14**

*“And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and  
DEATH and hell delivered up the dead which were in  
them: and they were judged every man according to  
their works. And DEATH and hell were cast into the  
lake of fire. This is the second DEATH.”*

**REVELATION 20:13-14**

*“I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am  
alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell  
and of death.”*

**REVELATION 1:18**

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