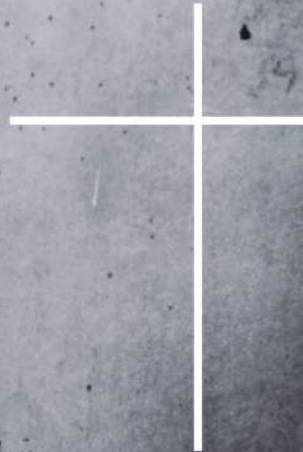


*In loving memory of*

ISAAC HUDSON  
BRUCE-VANDERPUIJE

OCTOBER 21, 1934 - JANUARY 13, 2026



February 17, 2026

LASHIBI FUNERAL HOME  
(OPPOSITE GHANA HIGHWAYS  
QUARTERS, NUNGUA-LASHIBI-  
ASHIAMAN ROAD)





# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<b>ORDER OF SERVICE</b>	<b>PAGE 4</b>
<b>BIOGRPAHY OF ISAAC HUDSON BRUCE-VANDERPUIJE</b>	<b>PAGE 7</b>
<b>TRIBUTES FROM FAMILY AND FRIENDS</b>	
<b>TRIBUTE BY WIDOW</b>	<b>PAGE 12</b>
<b>TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN</b>	<b>PAGE 13</b>
<b>TRIBUTE BY GRANDCHILDREN</b>	<b>PAGE 16</b>
<b>TRIBUTE BY GREAT GRANDCHILD</b>	<b>PAGE 17</b>
<b>TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS</b>	<b>PAGE 18</b>
<b>TRIBUTE BY NEPHEWS &amp; NIECES</b>	<b>PAGE 19</b>
<b>TRIBUTE BY IN-LAW</b>	<b>PAGE 20</b>
<b>TRIBUTE BY SAFO &amp; VANDERPUIJE CHILDREN</b>	<b>PAGE 22</b>
<b>TRIBUTE BY THE JAMESTOWN PARLIAMENT</b>	<b>PAGE 23</b>
<b>TRIBUTE BY THE VANDERPUIJE DESCENDENTS FELLOWSHIP</b>	<b>PAGE 25</b>
<b>TRIBUTE BY FRANCIS NII OBODAI PROVENCAL</b>	<b>PAGE 27</b>
<b>TRIBUTE BY KOFI YEBOAH TUAFO</b>	<b>PAGE 31</b>
<b>HYMNS &amp; PSALMS</b>	<b>PAGE 34</b>
<b>PHOTOS: JOURNEY THROUGH THE LIFE OF ISAAC HUDSON BRUCE - VANDERPUIJE</b>	<b>PAGE 42</b>



BURIAL SERVICE OF THE LATE

ISAAC HUDSON  
**BRUCE -  
VANDERPUIJE**

**OFFICIATING MINISTERS**

BISHOP TORTO  
DEAN LAMPTEY

VENERABLE ISAAC N.K. QUARTEY  
REV'D MRS. IRENE MOULD-KORSAH  
REV'D DR. EMMANUEL ODONKOR  
REV'D FR ANDREW CAMPBELL

# ORDER OF SERVICE

## PART 1 - PRE-BURIAL

RECEPTION OF THE BODY

PROCESSIONAL HYMN: **A&M 231**

INTRODUCTION/ OPENING PRAYERS

FILE PAST: **A&M 196, 436, 265**

TRIBUTES

FILE PAST: **A&M 260, 266, 228**

CLOSING OF CASKET

## PART 2

HYMN: **A&M 176**

THANKSGIVING PRAYERS

PSALM: **PSALM 121**

SCRIPTURE READING: **JOHN 11:17-27**

SONG: **SOLO**

BIOGRAPHY/TRIBUTES

HYMN: **SUPP. 22**

SERMON

OFFERTORY: **GOSPEL SONGS BY CHOIR**

BLESSING OF THE OFFERING

## **PART 3**

**HYMN: SUPPL. 57**

**THANKSGIVING PRAYERS**

**HYMN: A&M 298**

**ABSOLUTION**

**DEAD MARCH IN SAUL**

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

**RECESSIONAL HYMN: A&M 233**

## **PRIVATE BURIAL AT THE CEMETERY**

**PROCESSIONAL HYMN: A&M 609**

**SENTENCES**

**HYMN: A&M 401**

**COMMITTAL/PRAYERS**

**LAYING OF WREATHS**

**VOTE OF THANKS**

**HYMN: A&M 27**

**BENEDICTION**





# MAN BEHIND THE CAMERA

---

BIOGRAPHY OF **ISAAC HUDSON BRUCE-VANDERPUIJE**

---

**W**e gather today to honor a life steeped in light, memory, and profound national legacy: **Isaac Hudson Bruce-Vanderpuije**.

Born on the 21st of October, 1934, in Accra, he entered this world as a son of vision, inheriting the sacred trust of telling Ghana's story through the eye of the camera.

His foundation was laid in Accra's esteemed halls of learning: he began his formal education at **St. Mary's Primary School**, continued at **Bishops Boys School**, and completed his secondary education at **Odogonno Senior High School**. His first apprenticeship in the family art was at the iconic **Deo Gratias Studio**, founded by his father, the pioneering James Koblah Bruce-Vanderpuije, in 1922.

A scholar of remarkable dedication, his path was then illuminated by a scholarship from the government of Kwame Nkrumah. He answered the call to higher mastery, training at the **High School for Film in Barbesberg, Germany**, and



achieving a Master's degree in Photo-Journalism from the **Technical University for Graphic and Book Art in Leipzig**, where he refined his craft over five intensive years.



Above all, as he was a devoted family man, Isaac met and married his wife, Jutta Stotzner, in Leipzig, Germany, in the year 1968, and was blessed with three children, Kate Naa Aku, James Isaac Nii Kpakpo Oti and Vivian Adukwei Bruce-Vanderpuije.

Armed with world-class knowledge and a deep sense of purpose, he returned to Ghana, first molding future generations at the Institute of Journalism and the Daily Graphic, before applying his genius to Ghana's creative industry at Ghana Textile Printing.



**“A SCHOLAR OF  
REMARKABLE  
DEDICATION”**



There, he revolutionized the craft, using photographic science to bring the vibrant wax prints, our beloved Dumas, to life, weaving Ghanaian beauty into fabric for the world to wear, as their engraving manager.

Yet, the call of heritage was strong. He returned to the heart of the family's calling, Deo Gratias Studio, standing beside his father in stewardship until his passing. Isaac then became the archivist of joy and daily life, capturing weddings, portraits, and the changing scenes of a nation. His work adorned the calendars of institutions like Ghana Airways and the Agricultural Development Bank, turning everyday moments into enduring art. He travelled with SSNIT, documenting Ghana's landscapes for education, ensuring that the nation's story was captured by careful frame.



**“USING  
PHOTOGRAPHIC  
SCIENCE TO  
BRING THE  
VIBRANT WAX  
PRINT TO LIFE”**





Isaac was a man of quiet passion, finding joy in the thrill of horse racing and the disciplined art of boxing. He was a guiding light to his daughter, Kate, who now carries the torch as custodian of the Deo Gratias legacy.

On this day, as we lay to rest his physical form, we do not say goodbye to his light. For Isaac Hudson Bruce-Vanderpuije was not just a keeper of images, he was an architect of memory. From the classrooms of Accra to the technical universities of Germany, he equipped himself to serve Ghana's visual narrative. He leaves behind not a void, but a gallery of a nation, a vast, precious archive of who we are, where we have been, and the faces that have shaped our journey.



His legacy is a solemn charge to continue to tell the Ghanaian story. To see with his same attentive eye. To cherish our moments as he did. To ensure that the name Bruce-Vanderpuije, and the hallowed walls of Deo Gratias, remain eternal vessels of our collective soul.

May his soul find perfect peace in the arms of the Almighty, as his work continues to speak for him, now and for generations to come.

**REST IN GLORIOUS  
PEACE, FAITHFUL  
SERVANT OF LIGHT.  
YOUR STORY IS  
FOREVER PART OF  
OURS.**



# TRIBUTES

FROM FAMILY & FRIENDS

TRIBUTE BY

# WIDOW

## To My Dear Bob

It is with profound sadness that I reflect on our life journey together. Our paths crossed in Leipzig, Germany, where you were pursuing studies in photography. I recall our initial meetings at the students' hostel, and how our friendship blossomed into a beautiful romance. Our bond endured, and we took the next step, building a life together in Germany, blessed with three wonderful children.

Upon my father's passing, we made the decision to return to Ghana, introducing our family to your loved ones. Adapting to this new environment was a challenge, but we persevered, establishing a fulfilling life and raising our children together.

As time went on, we faced health challenges, and our ability to care for each other became increasingly difficult. You bravely battled illness, living a full life until your passing on January 13, 2026.

I bid you farewell, dear Bob, trusting that you will rest in peace. I shall join you in eternity, where we will be reunited.

Rest in peace, my beloved.



TRIBUTE BY

# CHILDREN

MRS KATE NAA AKU TAMAKLOE, JAMES ISAAC NII KPAKPO AND VIVIAN ADUKWEI BRUCE-VANDERPUIJE



**W**e honour our father, whom we lovingly called Papa. We knew this day would come, yet we are humbled by the weight of its arrival. At 91 years old, Papa lived a full life, and we have attended many farewells, always wondering what it would feel like to lose a father. Now, we know. The grip of loss is indeed profound, and the warmth of his presence is deeply missed.

Papa was a man of few words, but his silence was never an absence of care. He was a pillar of quiet strength and unwavering principle. He believed deeply in discipline and did not hesitate to correct us when we strayed. We may not have appreciated it then, but we see clearly now how his steadfast guidance shaped us, molding our character with a firm and loving hand.

Our childhood is built upon the bedrock of his quiet routines, many of which were set against the beautiful backdrop of Leipzig in Germany, the country where we were all born. Those years were a gift. I vividly recall starting school, a curious child with dark skin and hair, amidst a sea of new faces. Yet, we were met with kindness, and a world of wonder opened up to us.

What we loved most, perhaps, were the pristine white winters. Together, we would build snowmen in the yard, creatures adorned with Papa's old hat, Mutti's knitted scarf, coal for eyes, and a carrot for a nose. The air was filled with our laughter, and Papa, ever-present, would never fail to capture these moments. He would gather us, rosy-cheeked and bundled up, to be photographed amidst the tons of glistening snow, preserving not just an image, but the very feeling of family joy he diligently cultivated..



where packed lunches tasted of adventure and family bonds grew stronger. The nights before these trips were filled with restless excitement, and Mutti's gentle pleas for us to sleep. He gifted us the magic of German Christmases, the anticipation of stockings on the sixth of December, and the wonder of celebrating on Christmas Eve with presents glowing beneath the tree. He built for us a childhood of security and celebration.

**“JAMES”, HE SAID,  
“I CAN SEE YOUR  
SPECTACLES ARE  
DARK”**

Weekends back in Ghana, in the 1970s meant grocery trips with Mutti, our dear mother, and strict instructions for us to stay indoors. But curiosity and the call of play often led us to discover a secret escape, a door without a handle that could be opened with a spoon. We thought we were clever, until the day Papa returned and immediately saw through our deception. "James," he said, "I can see your spectacles are dark." He explained, with a patience that somehow made us feel both caught and cared for, how photochromic lenses betrayed our time in the sun. In that moment, we learned more about honesty than any lecture could teach.

He was also the architect of our joy. He and Mutti would drive us into the countryside,



About a decade ago, Papa began to gradually lose his eyesight. Yet, he met this challenge with the same quiet determination that defined him. He adapted, insisting on his independence, managing his daily routines with remarkable precision—so long as no one moved his things! His memory remained a fortress, holding us gently accountable to every promise we made. He listened to his radio, sharing the day's news, or "toli," with anyone who would listen. James and Vivian would spend hours catching him up on their lives during visits, and he always saved room for his beloved Toblerone, his declared dessert for a sweet tooth he never outgrew.

Even without sight, his vision for preserving history remained sharp. He helped me catalog archives from the Deo Gratias Studio, which he managed for decades after the passing of his father, J.K. Bruce- Vanderpuije, who founded it in 1922. I would describe an old photograph, and from the vault of his impeccable memory, Papa would provide names, dates, and stories, ensuring a legacy was not forgotten.

Papa, from your children, Kate, James, and Vivian, we say thank you. Thank you for your quiet strength, your unwavering love, and the profound lessons woven into the fabric of our everyday lives. We will miss your presence more than words can express, but we will carry you in our hearts, in our stories, and in the values you instilled in us, for as long as we live.



**MAY YOU REST NOW  
IN ETERNAL PEACE,  
IN THE BOSOM OF  
THE LORD, UNTIL  
WE MEET AGAIN**



TRIBUTE BY

# GRANDCHILDREN

**RUDDI, JEANI & STEFANI TAMAKLOE, AND SONYA ESSEL**

---



Our grandfather, “Granpa” to us and “Opa” to his great-granddaughter, was the kindest, most loving and gentle person. His love was a quiet kind, often shown by feeding us with hot bofrot, “Kofi brokeman” or kenkey and fish with all the sides, especially while we visited his photo studio in Jamestown.



Despite us all living many miles away, he still was very interested in our lives and whenever we visited he would ask many questions, often offering wisdom and comfort. He had a great sense of humour and could make us laugh and lift the mood with a joke or a smile. His laughter was contagious, and it’s something we will always remember and miss dearly. Being a man of faith, we would never leave him without him firmly clasping our hands in both of his and sending us off in prayer.



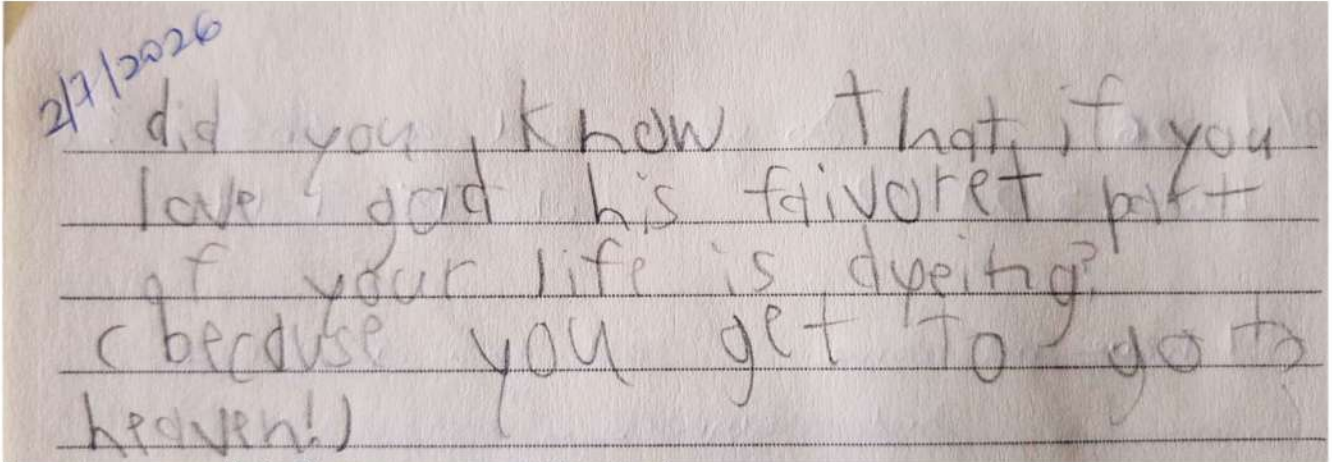
It is our turn now to send you off Granpa; while we are heartbroken and grieving, we shall take comfort in that as His faithful servant, your passing is precious in the sight of our Lord. May He welcome you home with open arms and a hearty, “Well done!”

**REST WELL, GRANPA.  
WE LOVE YOU, ALWAYS.**

TRIBUTE BY

# GREAT GRANDCHILD

DAELYNN KEKELI KOFFI



**“DID YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU LOVE GOD, HIS FAVOURITE PART OF YOUR LIFE IS DYING (BECAUSE YOU GET TO GO TO HEAVEN!)”**

Written by Daelynn in memory of her “Opa”.

TRIBUTE TO OUR BELOVED BROTHER

# SIBLINGS

---

Today, unfortunately, we are grieving the loss of our beloved brother, Isaac Bruce-Vanderpuije, who had been a senior member of the family for decades.

**“For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither heights nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”**

**Romans 8: 38-39**

Our brother Isaac was the 5<sup>th</sup> child of 11 children of the late J.K. Bruce-Vanderpuije of Deo Gratias Studio. 5 of our siblings have already gone to be with the Lord. May their souls rest in peace!

A bright light from our family is gone, a voice we love to hear is stilled and a place in our hearts has become vacant that cannot be filled. Today our family has lost a great human being, a mentor and a humanitarian.

He worked diligently with our father for several years before leaving to Germany for further studies. He was the first black African to study Photography at Hoch Schule for Grafiek in Leipzig.

Upon his return to Ghana, he worked with Ghana Textile Printing Co at Tema where he rose quickly to managerial level. He returned to the Deo Gratias Studio after our father's retirement and worked diligently till his retirement few years ago. He has exhibited a lot of interesting historical photographs at the Studio which is now 103 years old.

While we grieve today, we also find solace in the realization that he completed his tasks on earth and the life he led has reinforced the old adage that “ Family faces are magic mirrors and that looking at people who belong to a family enables us to see the past, present and the future”

He is gone but not forgotten. His legacy remains indelible

**Bro. Isaac “ You gave us strength in all we do. In every storm you stood so tall**

**A sturdy presence through it all. You made our burdens feel less tough**

**A beacon shining through the night**

**Now you are free to rest. Your memory lives, forever blessed**

**A legacy, time cannot erase”**

**REST IN PEACE.  
“YAA WO OJOGBANN!!”**

TRIBUTE BY

# NEPHEWS & NIECES

---

**“NEITHER CAN THEY DIE ANY MORE  
FOR THEY ARE EQUAL UNTO THE  
ANGELS;  
AND ARE THE CHILDREN OF GOD  
BEING THE CHILDREN OF  
RESURRECTION”**

**LUKE 20: 36**

Uncle Isaac, we are here together with one voice, one heart and one accord, to say thank you.

Thank you Uncle. Indeed you lived your life in God's service you have fought the good fight.

You were an extraordinary example of fatherhood, a rare gem. Our counsellor and friend. You taught us to respect everyone who came our way, irrespective of their background.

Uncle Isaac was very meticulous, emotionally stable and highly compassionate. He had such a pleasant and warm personality that drew everyone to him.

Uncle was principled. He believed in moral uprightness and demanded nothing less from us.

Uncle Isaac/ Papa, we love you and will definitely miss you. Your death has created a vacuum and a sense of loss which will be difficult to fill. But one thing we do know “anything that has a beginning has an end”.

Indeed your task is over and it's our turn to make you proud. To make sure that your toil, training and love was never in vain.

Papa, The Lord who needs you most has indeed called you to a higher service. Lord in thy gracious hands we leave your service sleeping.

**REST NOW OUR DEAR UNCLE!  
REST IN GOD'S SWEET BOSOM  
TILL WE MEET AGAIN IN  
PARADISE!!  
PAPA DA YIYE. AMEN!!**

TRIBUTE BY

# IN-LAW

**MR LESLIE MENSAH TAMAKLOE**

---

I had the rare privilege of knowing Isaac Bruce-Vanderpuije not only as a man of stature and principle, but over 3 distinct phases as a father, a grandfather, and ultimately, as a father-in-law who welcomed me into his family with quiet strength and dignity.

He was a man whose presence spoke before his words—measured, thoughtful, and deeply grounded. In a world often rushed and noisy, he carried himself with calm assurance, guided by values that never wavered. Integrity was not something he spoke about; it was something he lived, consistently and without compromise.

I first met him as a father to Kate, his daughter, my girlfriend and then my wife. I knew a man who observed quietly from a distance, often without a word. While the pursuit was more in collaboration with ‘Mutti’ who would become my mother in law. “Poppy” as I affectionately referred to him maintained a quite smiling, knowing demeanor. His legacy is unmistakable. It lives on in the character, discipline, and compassion of his children, and in the love and stability of the family he built.



In marriage as my father in law, the quiet unassuming father remained a pillar, speaking little other than the “How are you’s”, never interfering and enjoying time with his grandchildren as they grew. As a grandfather, he was a steady anchor—firm yet gentle, principled yet warm—leaving impressions that will endure across generations.

To me, he was more than a respected elder. He was a quiet teacher. Through his actions, he showed what it meant to lead without arrogance, to correct without cruelty, and to care without condition. His approval was never loud, but when given, it carried weight. His counsel was never forced, but always timely.

Our closeness grew as his aging progressed and he came to live with us. We bonded over his commitment to speak Ga exclusively, the NDC political discussions, the shared deep sadness of loss of the 2016 election, the excitement and over joy of winning the 2024 elections and so forth. It was hard to receive the final phone call from Kate confirming he was gone.

Though his passing leaves an undeniable void, his life leaves us something far greater—a standard to live by, a legacy of honour, and memories that will continue to guide us. We grieve his absence, but we give thanks for the fullness of his life and the depth of his impact.

**MAY HIS SOUL REST IN  
PERFECT PEACE, AND MAY  
WE WHO REMAIN FIND  
STRENGTH IN LIVING OUT  
THE VALUES HE SO  
FAITHFULLY EMBODIED.**



TRIBUTE BY

# SAFO & VAN DER PUIJE CHILDREN

---



Affectionately known as “Uncle Bob”, he was family in the truest sense of the word – not only by blood, but by presence, loyalty, and shared history. He belonged to that rare circle of friends who became extended family, bound together across cultures, borders, and children of the same age growing up side by side.

He was part of a generation shaped by love that crossed continents – Ghanaian fathers and German mothers. This mix was not just heritage; it was lived through friendship, laughter, and mutual support, especially in difficult times. Uncle Bob carried this naturally, never needing to explain himself – he simply was.

Uncle Bob’s captivating smile lit up every room and remains etched in our hearts. We cherish the beautiful memories of Bunso and Adabraka, when our families came together and everyday moments became lasting memories.

Who could forget his sleek Ford Capri sports car, always turning heads? And of course, his legendary hot kenkey pepper – fiery enough to bring tears to our eyes, laughter to our souls, and stories we will always tell.

**UNCLE BOB WILL BE REMEMBERED FOR HIS WARMTH AND THE QUIET WAY HE HELD PEOPLE TOGETHER. HE REMAINS FOREVER PART OF OUR GROWING-UP STORIES.**

TRIBUTE BY

# THE JAMESTOWN PARLIAMENT

---



The late Isaac Hudson Bruce-Vanderpuije was the first Speaker of the James Town Parliament which was formed around 1992 in his photo studio “The Deo Gratias”, an old establishment in the heart of Accra, James Town. At the invitation of the late Speaker most of the members often stopped by to have a drink and to chat with him. It started with Mr. Alex Quartey of Kwatsons who visited every Friday evening and was soon joined by Dr. Paul Hammond, a bosom friend of Alex and subsequently others including Theophilus Codjoe Esq., Samuel Tetteh Letsu Esq, Lesley Arde Acquah, Nii Adotey Din 11 (Micheal Nunoo), Gifty Naa Adei Neequaye, and Teacher Faustina Korkoi Aryee who were the core original members.

This humble gathering soon developed into an informal assembly of prominent individuals who troop to the studio every Friday evening to share a drink and discuss topical issues including politics of the day, social and environment matters among others and because of the open nature of discussions, the group was named JAMES TOWN PARLIAMENT and the Late Isaac Bruce-Vanderpuije was made its First Speaker.

In the course of its sittings covering over 30 years, the group had sessions with a number of prominent persons with whom it engaged in discussing matters of development of the area, financial support for the poor and needy and general politics. Some of the high-profile persons that attended sessions of the Parliament are:

- Hon. Mankattah, MP of Odododiodoo, then Constituency
- Hon. Ismeal Aryeetey – former Mayor of Accra
- Dr. Alex Glover Quartey – former Head of the Civil Service
- Ambassador R. O. Solomon
- Hon. Prosper Douglas Bani – Former Chief of Staff under President John Mahama (2013-2015).



Under the direction of Speaker Isaac Bruce-Vanderpuije, the group undertook various charitable activities in helping the poor and venerable in the community, in paying of school fees for brilliant but needy students, in paying of medical bills for the sick and vulnerable, in arranging of scholarships for qualified students etc.

Mr. Late Speaker, you were a true gentleman, soft spoken and full of wisdom, caring and sharing with both the young and old. A real gem to the group formed at your behest.

The members of the James Town Parliament: Alex Quartey, Paul Hammond, Theo Codjo, Samuel Letsu, Leslie Arde Acquah, Gifty Naa Adei Neequaye, Jonathan Addy, Nii Amaa Amarteifio, Nii Oku Nortey, Dr. Aristotle Kotey, Dorinda Lamptey, Ataa Eddie Pappoe, Vivian Ewang (Mrs), Bobby Williams and all our many visitors will forever love and cherish the wonderful time spent with you as Speaker.

**MAY YOU REST IN THE BOSOM  
OF THE ALMIGHTY.  
SPEAKER ISAAC,  
YAA WO OJOGBANN.**

TRIBUTE BY

# VANDERPUIJE DESCENDANTS FELLOWSHIP

---

**“COWARDS DIE MANY TIMES  
BEFORE THEIR DEATH  
A VALIANT NEVER TASTE  
OF DEATH BUT ONCE  
OF ALL THE WONDERS THAT  
I YET HAVE SEEN  
IT SEEMS TO ME SO STRANGE  
THAT MEN SHOULD FEAR DEATH  
AND THAT DEATH BEING  
A NECESSARY END  
WILL COME WHEN IT WILL COME”**

**— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—JULIUS CAESAR**

Today the Vanderpuije descendants family with a heavy heart pay this glowing tribute to one of its own, Isaac Hudson Bruce-Vanderpuije, whose earthly life came to an end on January 13, 2026 at Lashibi, Accra.

Uncle Isaac was born in Accra into a prominent and well endowed paternal family of the Vanderpuijes who hailed from Zeeland in the Netherlands and the maternal family also from the Ohenewe We, Djase division of Otublohum.

Uncle Isaac after completing his education in Accra, left the shores of his home country to continue his studies abroad.

Despite having to spend most of his life in a foreign land, he made sure he was always in touch with the family, i.e the Vanderpuije.

Uncle Isaac during his healthy days, and due to the proximity of where the Vanderpuije Fellowship meeting were held, he was always punctual at the meetings which took place at Jacobus House.

Most of the times he came in the company of the late Hans Otto Vander Puije, a.k.a. Ringo, who was then the Head of the Vanderpuije family of Naa Densua – Nii kpakpa Oti We, Otublohum.

Members of the family fellowship can testify to the fact that the meetings of fellowship was dear to his heart, and made meaningful contributions, comments, and suggestions which enhanced the growth of the fellowship.

His punctuality to meetings and activities hosted by the Vanderpuije family was noted, therefore he was quick to query members who were late to meetings.

Uncle Isaac was indeed one of the strong pillars of the fellowship, and his actions impacted the lives of many. His dedication coupled with his demeanor was a shining example.

Indeed, Uncle Isaac, the descendants of the family commend you for having served the fellowship meritoriously, and dedication, honesty, integrity.

Uncle Isaac ensured that all his financial obligations in the payment of his monthly dues, was honored, and also contributed towards organizing of activities like the Annual Descendants Quiet Time Prayers Meeting which were held at the Holy Trinity Anglican Cathedral Church, Accra.

When the history of the Vanderpuije descendants family fellowship in future is being compiled, the name of Uncle Isaac will appear in GOLD!!

Uncle Isaac, you have really played your part. May the Angels of Heaven welcome you into their fold.

**IT WILL ALWAYS BE THE  
FERVENT PRAYER OF THE  
VANDERPUIJE FAMILY THAT  
THE ALMIGHTY GOD KEEP  
YOUR SOUL IN HIS BEAUTIFUL  
GARDEN OF ETERNAL REST  
TILL WE MEET AGAIN.**

**AMEN!**



TRIBUTE BY

# FRANCIS NII OBODAI PROVENCAL

---

So much of the history of twentieth-century Accra is vividly told through the photographic portal of The Deo Gratis Studio, founded by James Koblah Bruce-Vanderpuije just over one hundred years ago. Yes, a century of service dedicated to Ghana. The studio's archives offer us not only visual recordings of our traditional leadership, political figures, and statesmen, but also the events that shaped what would become Ghana, an independent nation with her own strong and unique identity, vibrant and determined to make her mark on the world as a free and modern state.

The Deo Gratis Studio hosts one of the most beautiful and dignified portraiture collections of our families and social life throughout the timeline of the last century. It is unique in this regard, no other photography studio in Ghana holds this achievement. This speaks to the dedication and rooted vision of the Bruce-Vanderpuije family, who clearly understood, more than any other, that our photographic history is our treasure for the future, and that we must do all we can to preserve these great works.

Situated in Jamestown, Accra, this great studio was perhaps the most influential photography establishment that had a defining and grounding impact on my early days as a photographer. In 1996, I made the decision to dedicate myself to the practice of photography. I was mostly self-taught, learning through whatever books I could find and through daily visits to Internet Ghana, Ghana's first internet café, which had opened in Adabraka. For those of us who remember, the opening of the café marked the beginning of a new technological era for us, propelling us into the realm of global knowledge. In those days, there was not much on the internet, and the rendering of pages was excruciatingly slow, but it still afforded me access to what was there.

Knowing I was in need of deeper knowledge, I came to Deo Gratis, where I met Isaac Bruce-Vanderpuije, a man of few words, but one who would gladly share the story of the studio's history and mentor me with his precise technical knowledge, which would become the foundation of my practice.

To this day, I remember with clarity the astonished excitement that took over me when he first showed me the glass plate negatives his father, J.K., had produced in the early 1900s. Prior to this, I had only ever read about and seen images of glass plate photographs made by Europeans, images that often portrayed us Africans in ways that did not fit our context of self-identity or the dignity with which we radiated into our world.

As we know, the European use of photography often served a dark and derogatory purpose, weaponizing the medium to advance Europe's imperial vision, to dominate and subjugate through the erasure of histories and cultures. Yet here, placed in my hands, was a very different story using the same photographic processes. Photographers like J.K. Bruce-Vanderpuije took on the mission to overcome that injustice.

What made his mission so important was that he instilled in his children an appreciation for the economic and cultural power of what he had established. I remember Uncle Isaac showing me boxes filled with these glass plates, quite a few broken, but many more intact, and we spoke often about restoration and preservation. What could we do?

In 1998, I met a French photographer, Guy Hersan, who had come to Ghana to see my work and invite me to exhibit at the Bamako Encounters photography biennial. During his stay, I wanted him to meet Isaac—my mentor and inspiration—so I arranged a visit to the studio. Guy's eyes lit up when he saw the glass plates, and we discussed showing them at the next edition of the festival.



Bamako '98 would be my first time exhibiting work outside Ghana, and of course, you can imagine my excitement at meeting African photographers from across the continent. In truth, I had not known much about "African photography" due to the limited access our continent experienced at the time. Mostly, I encountered photography through local publications and foreign Western magazines.

**“I MET ISAAC  
BRUCE-VANDERPUIJE, A  
MAN OF FEW WORDS, BUT  
ONE WHO WOULD GLADLY  
SHARE THE STORY OF THE  
STUDIO’S HISTORY”**

Bamako became another defining moment in my photographic journey, this time rooting my understanding of why photography was much more powerful than the image alone. Photography was communication. It told the realities of our lives and could support art and social justice. I became a member of a highly esteemed family of mainly documentary photographers, many of whom were known for using photography to visualize the injustices of apartheid, colonization, and post-independence struggles. They brought with them an ideological foundation upon which I could stand firm. I returned to Ghana with impassioned zeal to continue my work, never taking for granted the power of photography.

As soon as I returned, I went to Isaac and shared my experience. The following year, Guy communicated that he would love to show the Deo Gratis glass plates in France. I was excited and relayed this to Isaac. Hersan returned, and in our naivety, we handed over a good number of the plate negatives with the promise that they would be returned after the exhibition. A year passed with no news. I grew increasingly nervous. It would be about two years later that I learned, through my friend and fellow photographer Bruno Boudjelal, that the exhibition was traveling without our knowledge.

To cut a long story short, it took us nearly ten years to get them back, with me traveling to France and using whatever means I could to locate Hersan. Finally, through the intervention of the French Ambassador at the time, the plates were returned. Through those years, I carried a deep-seated guilt that only lifted once the Bruce-Vanderpuijes had their legacy restored. From that time onward, I reinforced my dedication to the studio, supporting its archiving and conservation efforts and helping to nurture its future. I also became close friends with Kate, Isaac's daughter, who, though not a photographer, was deeply dedicated to her family's legacy. We said, "NEVER AGAIN." Lesson learned.

In 2015, I established Nuku Studio: The Center for Photographic Research and Practice to support young photographers and guide them in much the same way Uncle Isaac had guided me.

It only made sense that with each group I mentored, they should connect with The Deo Gratis Studio. We often visited to view the archives, glass plates and prints alike, to learn and to have conversations with the old man about photography in Ghana. Over the years, he became less active and began losing his sight, which has to be one of the greatest fears for any photographer. For vision, through our eyes and the lens of the camera, is how we tell our stories. Yet he still gave us his time and whatever energy he had left to talk, listen, and answer our questions.

Our next generation of photographers, including Francis Kokoroko, Eric Gyamfi, and Seton Nicholas, became regular visitors to the studio. Among ourselves, we have since held many conversations about the immense value this archive holds.

I would like to thank Uncle Isaac for the time he gave me, time that helped shape and grow my photographic practice. Not only are we related by family ties, one of my grandmothers and Kate's grandfather share the same mother, but we are also deeply connected by what I believe is a wonderful stewardship: serving our country as photographers. His legacy, and that of his father, will live on.

As I often say, it's our photographic works that will allow future generations to see who we were, what we did, and through scholarship, to better understand the world they are born into. As Uncle Isaac and The Deo Gratis Studio have done for me, they have gifted us a remarkable visual record of life in Ghana from before the nation's birth and throughout her evolution into a great nation-state of proud, dignified people.

**THANK YOU, SIR. MAY YOUR  
JOURNEY INTO THE BEYOND  
BE AS FRUITFUL AS IT WAS  
DURING YOUR TIME HERE  
ON EARTH.**



TRIBUTE BY

# KOFI YEBOAH TUAFO

**AUTHOR & RESEARCHER**

---

## **YOUR “VISION”**

### **AN INSPIRATION TO US ALL**

I stumbled upon the Deo Gratis Photo studio at Jamestown British Accra. At the time the Charlie Wote street art festival was in its inchoate stages and the reason for strutting out there in the first place. I was instantly awestruck at the depth of work in historical photos dating from colonial times- tea parties at the Osu castle with various British governors to President Kwame Nkrumah at Achimota school and 6th of March to president Rawlings cutting sods for road constructions and other engagements in the streets of Accra in the 1990's - I silently screamed my “EUREKA”.

Deo Gratias was 100 years old in 2022 having been established in 1922.

As a Pan African Author with focus on Kwame Nkrumah's life the studio was a sine qua non to my research efforts. A photo wall collage-arranged, curated pictures, prints and frames eclectic and exuding an intense historical nostalgia I am yet to recover from.

On enquiry Mrs. Kate Tamakloe introduced herself as the Grand Daughter of the founder of the studio- J K Bruce-Vanderpuije and daughter to his son, Isaac Hudson Bruce-Vanderpiuje who was sent to Germany to study photography by Osagyefo and she HAPPENED (laughs). Apparently her dad met her mum when he was studying at Leipzig.

It's been a wonderful working symbiotic-relationship with Auntie Kate from then on- its been a whole new world of experience - negatives on class plates and the camera obscura that drove the innovation- black and white photo prints - timeless, dramatic, high-contrast nature and pristine.

Sweet adieu to Mr. Hudson Bruce-Vanderpiuje whose mortal remains lie before us today - together with your brother and father you have enlightened our research paths - your eye for details has frozen important moments in the past so we do not lose sight of our colorful past- a glorious Gold Coast society you were a part of. Your work tells a unique story in every frame, standing astride your times - capturing fleeting, emotional and unforgettable moments, mastering light and emotion to preserve something of the past for our current times.


**“YOUR EYE FOR DETAILS HAS  
FROZEN IMPORTANT MOMENTS  
IN THE PAST SO WE DO NOT  
LOSE SIGHT OF OUR  
COLOURFUL PAST”**

I never met Mr. Vanderpuije in person but his connection to his works often amazes me. At his advanced age and having challenges with his eye sight Auntie Kate most often is able to extract any meta information on various pictures from him by simply describing the details of the shot. Papa Hudson was blessed with an agile mind to the end.

Thanks Sir - we would partner Auntie Kate to keep your dreams alive and relevant- so generations unborn can benefit from your works- SHIDAA PII

- It's only a catalyst for living deeply - a release and a focus on the enduring nature of love and memories!





# HYMNS & PSALMS



# HYMNS

## A&M 231

"FOR ever with the LORD!"  
Amen, so let it be!  
Life from His death is in that word,  
'Tis immortality.  
Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

My FATHER's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times to faith's foreseeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

"For ever with the LORD!"  
FATHER, If 'tis Thy Will,  
The promise of that faithful word,  
Even here to me fulfil.  
Be Thou at my right hand,  
Then can I never fail;  
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,  
Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.  
Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the Throne,  
"For ever with the LORD!"

## A&M 196

Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;  
Bread of Heaven,  
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow.  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong Deliverer  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside.  
Death of death, and hell's Destruc,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

## A&M 436

HARK! The sound of holy voices,  
Chanting at the crystal sea:  
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Alleluia, LORD, to Thee:  
Multitude, which none can number,  
Like the stars in glory stands,  
Clothed in white apparel, holding  
Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch and holy Prophet,  
Who prepared the way of CHRIST,  
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,  
Martyr and Evangelist,  
Sainly Maiden, godly Matron,  
Widows who have watch'd to prayer,  
Join'd in holy concert, singing  
To the LORD of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation,  
And have wash'd their robes in  
Blood,  
Wash'd them in the Blood of JESUS;  
Tried they were, and firm they stood;  
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormen-  
Sawn asunder, slain with sword, [ted  
They have conquer'd death and  
Satan  
By the might of CHRIST the LORD.



# HYMNS

Marching with Thy Cross their  
banner,  
They have triumph'd following  
Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
Thee their Saviour and their King;  
Gladly, LORD, with Thee they died,  
And by death to life Immortal  
They were born, and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
Now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river,  
Holy bliss and Infinite;  
Love and peace they taste for ever,  
And all truth and knowledge see  
In the Beatific Vision  
Of the Blessed TRINITY.

GOD of GOD, the One-begotten,  
LIGHT of LIGHT, Emmanuel,  
In Whose Body join'd together  
All the Saints for ever dwell;  
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,  
That we may for evermore  
GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
and GOD the HOLY GHOST adore.

## A&M 265

THY way, not mine, O LORD,  
However dark it be;  
Lead me by Thine own Hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to THY rest.

I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not if I might:  
Choose Thou for me, my GOD,  
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek  
is Thine, so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine, the choice  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom, and my All.

## A&M 260

HARK, my soul! It is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His Word;  
JESUS speaks, and speaks to thee,  
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

'I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy  
wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee  
right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

'Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

'Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.



# HYMNS

'Thou shalt see My glory soon;  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of My Throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'

LORD, It is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee, and adore;  
O for grace to love Thee more.

## A&M 266

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the  
encircling gloom,  
    Lead Thou me on;                    [home,  
The night is dark, and I am far from  
    Lead Thou me on.  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to  
see  
The distant scene; one step enough  
for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that  
    Thou  
        Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path;  
    but now  
        Lead Thou me on;  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of  
    fears,  
Pride ruled my will; remember not  
    past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me  
    sure it still  
        Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor  
    The night is gone;

And with the morn those Angel  
    faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and  
    lost awhile.

## A&M 228

JERUSALEM the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice opprest.  
I know not, oh, I know not,  
What joys await us there,  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an Angel,  
And all the Martyr throng;  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph.  
The song of them that feast;  
And they, who with their Leader,  
Have conquer'd in the fight,  
For ever and for ever,  
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of GOD's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
JESU, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with GOD the FATHER  
And SPIRIT, ever Blest.

## A&M 176

How sweet the Name of Jesus  
In a believer's ear! [sounds  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his  
And drives away his fear. [wounds,

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.



# HYMNS

Dear Name, the rock on which I  
My shield and hiding-place, [build,  
My never-failing treasury fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

JESUS! my Shepherd, Husband,  
Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End.  
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.

**SUPPL. 22 & 57  
ON PAGE 39**

## A&M 298

PRAISE, my soul, the King of  
Heaven,  
To His feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored,  
forgiven,  
Evermore His praises sing;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,  
Well out feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height, adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,  
Gaher'd in from every race;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise with us the GOD of grace.

## A&M 233

JERUSALEM on high  
My song and city is,  
My home when'er I die,  
The centre of my bliss:  
O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My GOD, with Thee,  
To see Thy Face?

There dwells my LORD, my King,  
Judged here unfit to live;  
There Angels to Him sing,  
And lowly homage give:  
O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My GOD, with Thee,  
To see Thy Face?

The Patriarchs of old  
There from their travels cease:  
The Prophets there behold  
Their longed-for Prince of peace:  
O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My GOD, with Thee,  
To see Thy Face?



# HYMNS

The LAMB's Apostles there  
I might with joy behold  
The harpers I might hear  
Harping on harps of gold:  
O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My GOD, with Thee,  
To see Thy Face?

The bleeding Martyrs, they  
Within those courts are found,  
Clothes in pure array  
Their scars with glory crown'd:  
O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My GOD, with Thee,  
To see Thy Face?

Ah me! ah me! that I  
In Kedar's tents here stay:  
No place like that on high;  
LORD, thither guide my way:  
O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My GOD, with Thee,  
To see Thy Face?

## A&M 609

SAFE home, safe home in port!  
Rent cordage, shatter'd deck  
Torn sails, provision short  
And only not a wreck:  
But oh! The joy upon the shore  
To tell our voyage - perils o'er!

The prize, the prize secure!  
The athlete nearly fell;  
Bare all he could endure,  
And bare not always well;  
But he may smile at troubles gone  
Who sets the victor-garland on.

No more the foe can harm;  
No more of leagu'd camp  
And cry of night alarm,  
And need of ready lamp;  
And yet how nearly had he fail'd  
How nearly had that foe prevail'd!

The lamb is in the fold  
In perfect safety penn'd  
The lion once had hold  
And thought to make an end;  
But One came by with wounded Side  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died

The exile is at home!  
O nights and days of tears,  
O longings not to roam,  
O sins and doubts and fears: [day?  
What matters now grief's darkest  
The King has wiped those tears  
away.

## A&M 401

NOW the labourer's task is o'er  
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

There the sinful souls, that turn  
To the Cross their dying eyes  
All the love of CHRIST shall learn  
At His Feet in Paradise  
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping



# HYMNS

There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace;  
CHRIST the LORD shall guard them  
He Who died for their release. [well,  
FATHER in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we not Thy servant sleeping

“Earth to earth, and dust to dust,”  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Leaving him to sleep in trust  
Till the Resurrection day  
FATHER in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we not Thy servant sleeping

## A&M 27

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; LORD, with  
me abide; [flee  
When other helpers fall and comforts  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little  
day; [pass away:  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou, Who changest not, abide  
with me

I need Thy Presence every passing  
hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the  
tempter's power? [can be?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay  
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD,  
abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to  
bless; [bitterness;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no  
Where is death's sting? Where,  
Grave they victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my  
closing eyes  
Shine through the gloom, and point  
me to the skies;  
Heav'n morning breaks and earth's  
vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O LORD, abide with  
me.



# HYMNS

## SUPPL. 22

### HOW GREAT THOU ART

Tune: O Store Gud

1. O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the works thy hands have made  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder  
Thy powers throughout the universe displayed  
  
Chorus:  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee;  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee.  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!
2. When through the woods and forest glades I  
wander  
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;  
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur  
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze;
3. And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in:  
That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing;  
He bled and died to take away my sin;
4. When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then I shall bow in humble adoration  
And there proclaim, my God, how great thou art!

## SUPPL. 57

### THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD

1. The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by
2. My Soul, He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness  
E'en for His own name's sake
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark Vale.  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still
4. My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes:  
For head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows
5. Goodness and Mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me,  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.



# PSALM 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,  
From whence cometh my help.

My help cometh even from the Lord:  
Who hath made heaven and earth

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:  
And he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel:  
Shall neither slumber nor sleep

The Lord himself is thy keeper:  
The Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;

So that the sun shall not burn thee by day:  
Neither the moon by night.

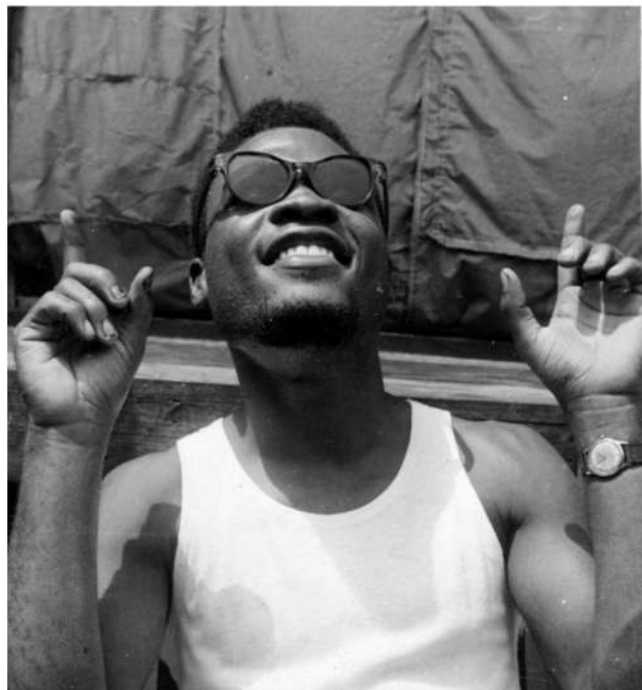
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:  
Yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out,  
And thy coming in:  
From this time forth for evermore.



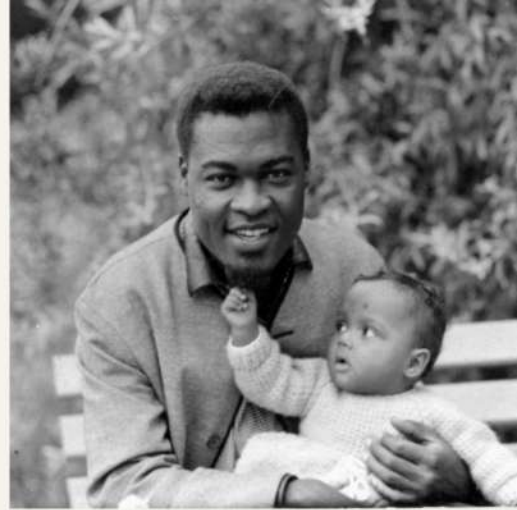
**JOURNEY  
THROUGH  
THE LIFE OF**

# **ISAAC HUDSON BRUCE-VANDERPUIJE**















I HAVE

*Fought the  
Good Fight*

I HAVE

*Finished  
the Race*

I HAVE

*Kept  
the Faith*

2 Timothy 4:7-8

