

A TRIBUTE IN MEMORY OF ESTHER KWATETSO APALOO
(NEE ARYEE) WHO DIED ON JANUARY, 17TH 2024,
BY JUSTICE R. K. APALOO,

RETIRED COURT OF APPEAL JU
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(NEE ARYEE) WHO DIED ON JANUARY, 17TH 2024,
BY JUSTICE R. K. APALOO,
RETIRED COURT OF APPEAL JUDGE, SON

I first met the kind lady on the 18th December, 1958. She had come with my daddy to pick me up to Tema. They took me to Community One, not knowing that was the last day I would see my daddy for a long time because the Preventive Detention Act (PDA) caught him. For the uninitiated the PDA was a law to incarcerate persons who were hostile to the then government. Just before he disappeared, he told the kind lady to look after me until he reappeared. I was then about 12 years old and in my estimation, she was about 24 years old. Later, I was whisked off to the Volta Region to continue my education. After the coup in 1966, I came to Accra to see her. I was then in form 5 at Bishop Herman College. It was then that I was informed that the lady was the Secretary to the Managing Director of British Petroleum in Accra. My father was then living in the house of his father-in-law, the late Mr. Daniel Kofi Aryee. When later my father settled, they moved to North Labone Estate, where I joined them anytime when on holidays from school.

Eventually, I learnt that I had brothers and sisters, namely: Adzotor, Kofi and later Alex, who travelled after his 'O' levels. The absence of Alex left a painful memory in the mind of Mama, she never talked to me directly about it but one day I saw her shed a tear and when I asked her what the tear was about, she told me she had lost a son. By that time, I was already a lawyer.

DGE, SON

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When I was going to Takoradi, my first station, she saw me off with among other household items, cooking utensils. I

considered Mrs. Apaloo's home as my home. Indeed, anytime I visited Accra I spent the night at home.

The relationship between Mama and myself was not that of a son and a mother but a brother and an older sister.



I knew Mama as a kind and generous person to people who came her way. She had a lot of nephews and nieces coming to see her and to spend the holidays with her. She kept to herself a lot of the ongoing things within the family. She would tell me to be careful of whom I trusted because I may never know where that person would go gossip or ridicule me after leaving my presence.

Whilst in detention my father was moved from Tamale Prisons to Bolgatanga. Again, from Bolgatanga to Yendi and then eventually to Ussher Fort, where he was at the time of the 1966 coup. This kind lady visited all these prisons to give comfort to my father, Mr. M. K. Apaloo, each time he was moved from one prison to another, though it was quite an extensive and expensive journey at the time.

I remembered when I was in Legon, she paid me several surprise visits when I least expected. And our close relationship continued throughout her lifetime. That lady now lies in the coffin. I bid her farewell and God willing, we shall meet again.

Fare Thee Well.
Yaawo odjogbaa.....

Signed:
R.K. Apaloo
(Retired Justice of Appeal)