

Legacy of a Quiet Father

10 Life Lessons Every Man
Must Learn from His Dad



ERIC OTCHERE

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This eBook is provided as a tribute to my late father, Mr. Joseph Kofi Otchere. All trademarks and service marks are property of their respective owners.

Acknowledgements

I am grateful first to God Almighty, whose wisdom and grace made this work possible.

To my late father, whose quiet strength and steady love continue to inspire me—this book is my tribute to your enduring legacy.

To my family, thank you for your patience, prayers, and unwavering support throughout this journey. To my friends and mentors who encouraged and believed in me, your influence is woven into these pages.

And to every reader, thank you for allowing me to share this story with you. May these lessons touch your heart and inspire you to live with purpose and faith.

— **Eric Otchere**

Dedication

To my late father, **Mr. Joseph Kofi Otchere**,
whose quiet strength built my foundation for life.

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Introduction: When Silence Speaks Loudest

Most of what my father taught me, he never said.

He didn't sit me down to explain life. He didn't hold family seminars or teach us from a notebook of lessons. He wasn't loud, charismatic, or philosophical. But his life—his quiet, firm, and faithful life—spoke volumes.

“Some men make headlines. Others make homes. My father did the latter.”

He wasn't perfect. He made decisions I didn't always understand. He didn't raise us with fanfare. But through his simplicity, his sacrifice, and his silent strength, he laid down a legacy that now lives on in me—and, through this book, in you.

This is not a biography. It's a reflection. A son's journey back into memory. A tribute to a man who built a life on little, held a family together through grit and grace, and lived his values rather than merely speaking them.

Each chapter in this book is a snapshot of a lesson I learned—not in a classroom, but from the counter of his small drugstore, the silence of his disappointment, the steadiness of his daily work, and the decisions he made that shaped me into the man I am becoming.

“He didn’t teach me with words—he instructed me with his ways.”

In these pages, you’ll read about the way he worked, the way he loved, the way he believed, and the way he stood tall—without needing to be seen.

I wrote this book for every son who still hears the footsteps of his father in his thoughts. For every man searching for an example. For every father trying to figure it out. And for every reader who needs to be reminded that legacy doesn’t always come wrapped in applause—it often comes wrapped in humility.

“This is the story of a man who wasn’t loud, but who mattered.”

May these 10 life lessons echo beyond these pages and inspire you to honor those who quietly shaped

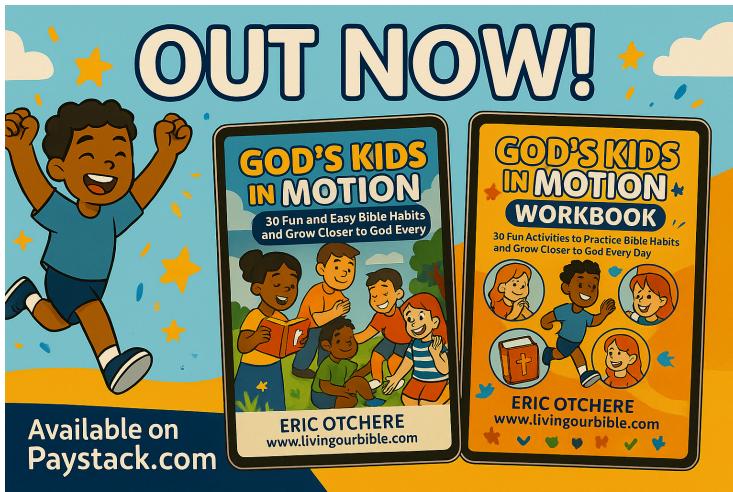
you—and to live in a way that others will one day call a legacy.

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Chapter One: Business – Lessons from the Corner Store

Before I was old enough to know the difference between right and wrong, the sound of coins dropping into a wooden box and the faint scent of balm and herbal medicine were already part of my childhood. The family business was more than a place—it was a way of life. And it all began in a little town called Ajumako Essiam.

That's where my earliest memories of the shop were formed. A humble structure—not fancy or well-stocked like the mega pharmacies we know today, but it had heart. It had a purpose. It had my father.

When we moved to Ajumako, the shop became even more central to our lives. It was known throughout the town. Whether Dad was in or out on one of his many treks to nearby villages, that little store kept the family moving. When he traveled, we stepped in—my siblings and I, selling what we could, carrying on the family duty. I didn't realize it then, but I was receiving a business education without a chalkboard or textbook.

“Before I ever sat in a classroom, I was being trained behind a counter.”

You’d always find my father at that shop when he was home. Serving people with dignity. Dispensing medicine not just for profit, but to help people feel better, live better. That was his silent mission. To him, this wasn’t just a shop. It was a sacred assignment.

One day, during his final illness, I visited him at the hospital. A man he once helped recognized him and said with sadness, “Is this Mr. Otchere? Wow... the same man who helped many of us when we were sick is now struggling with sickness, with little help.” His words struck deep. Life really comes full circle. But what peace it gave me to know—he had lived for something bigger than himself.

“I saw my father build something out of almost nothing—not with capital, but with character.”

No business plan. No MBA. Just diligence, heart, and discipline. Every morning, my father would rise before the sun, arrange his stock, record his sales in a foolscap notebook, and prepare his mind for the day’s work. His business strategy? Buy low, sell

fairly, serve well. And by some divine grace, it worked. Month after month, that little store paid school fees, bought groceries, and gave us clothes to wear. We never lived in abundance, but we never lacked what we truly needed.

“He didn’t run a big business. But he ran it with big values.”

One day, a customer tried to outsmart him—shortchanging him on a payment. My father simply smiled, let it go, and said, “Better to lose money than lose my name.” At the time, I didn’t understand. But years later, when I read Proverbs 22:1, it all made sense: *“A good name is to be chosen rather than great riches, loving favor rather than silver and gold.”*

That was who he was. A man of quiet integrity.

He didn’t just stay behind the counter. He travelled—village to village, walking or taking a rickety vehicle, reaching out to customers, always with the same determination. I watched him push through exhaustion, setbacks, and slow days. And through it all, he taught me the priceless principles of work and wealth:

- Serve people well, even when they don't notice.
- Keep records, even when no one is checking.
- Be honest, especially when it costs you something.
- Wake up early—because lazy men don't build legacy.

The Bible speaks this truth loud and clear in Proverbs 10:4: *“He who has a slack hand becomes poor, but the hand of the diligent makes rich.”*

“Profit without principle is poison to the soul.”

He didn't chase riches, but he modeled responsibility, risk, and resourcefulness. **He taught us to work with our hands, think with our heads, and serve with our hearts. His company may not have been listed on the Ghana Stock Exchange, but his life was rich in the currency of impact.**

Looking back now, I realize that the drugstore wasn't just a business—it was a classroom. And my father, though he never wore the title, was my first and finest business teacher.

“Legacy isn’t built in boardrooms—it’s built in the backrooms of small beginnings, where integrity is more valuable than income.”

So to every young man dreaming of business success, hear this from the son of a humble druggist:

Don’t just aim to own a business. Aim to own your name.

Because **the first business you must manage well—is your character.**

Chapter Two: Career – Sticking to One Thing

Some people spend their lives hopping from one job to another—always searching, never settling. But not my father. From as far back as my memory stretches, he was always one thing: a druggist. That's the only career I ever knew him by. He may have done other things before I was born, but to me, he was the man who helped the sick find healing—one prescription, one patient at a time.

He didn't wear a white coat. He didn't work in a fancy pharmacy. But to the communities he served, he was their first stop for relief and their last hope for help. Day in, day out, he was there—at the counter, with a listening ear, a trusted remedy, and a quiet confidence that only comes from doing one thing for a long time.

“My father may not have climbed corporate ladders, but he built a life by staying faithful to one calling.”

I once asked him, with the curiosity of a growing boy, why he never left his drugstore job to try something bigger—like becoming a doctor or running a big shop in the city. He looked at me,

smiled with the simplicity that defined his soul, and said, “When you’re good at what you do, and you do it with a good heart, that’s big enough.”

That moment taught me something most motivational speeches miss: greatness is not about changing titles—it’s about mastering your assignment.

My father wasn’t chasing what others called greener pastures. He stayed where God planted him. While some were sprinting after promotions or hopping from business to business, he remained rooted. And in that staying, he found strength. In that focus, he earned trust.

“There is something powerful about mastering your corner of the world. In staying, you build strength. In doing one thing well, you leave a mark.”

His shop wasn’t the most stocked. His medicine bag wasn’t the fanciest. But the people kept coming. Not because of what he sold—but because of who he was. He was loyal—to his trade, to his clients, to his children.

When he traveled, he didn't hand the business over to strangers. He entrusted it to us—his children—because he had trained us, trusted us, and believed in our stewardship.

And oh, how he honored the dignity of work. He didn't complain about not being in an office with air-conditioning. He didn't wish for suits and executive meetings. He found joy in honest labor. He took pride in rising early, walking far, and serving well.

Scripture came alive in him without him ever quoting it. Ecclesiastes 9:10 says: "*Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with your might...*"

That was my father's philosophy before I ever read it in the Bible.

"He didn't chase trends—he chased excellence in what he knew."

And God blessed that excellence with fruit. Customers came back. Communities respected him. His name carried weight. He had no certificate hanging on the wall, but he had credibility hanging in the hearts of those he helped.

The Apostle Paul wrote in 1 Corinthians 15:58:
“Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord...”

That was my father. He wasn't famous. He wasn't flashy. But he was faithful.

“Faithfulness is a career strategy. It may not trend—but it transforms.”

In today's world, where many chase clout over calling, my father's life reminds me to stay rooted. Whether I'm writing, preaching, leading, or serving—I remember: It's not the size of the platform but the sincerity of the service that matters.

“Careers may change, but calling remains. And when you honor your calling, your work becomes worship.”

So no, my father didn't sit in meetings with CEOs. He didn't sign corporate deals. But he left something far more valuable than contracts. He left a legacy of loyalty.

And today, I don't just want to do many things—I want to do the right things with the right heart. Like him. Because at the end of the day, it's not the title that counts.

“Let the world chase success. I'll chase significance—the kind my father quietly modeled every single day.”

Chapter Three: Work – Never a Lazy Day

If there's one thing I never saw in my father, it was laziness. He didn't believe in idle days. He didn't sit around waiting for opportunities to find him. He woke up early, stepped out in faith, and made things happen—one step, one trek, one long day at a time.

Every day I saw his work ethic in action. Most mornings, he would be up before the sun rose, preparing for yet another journey—off to some nearby village, medicine bag in hand, ready to care for his clients. It didn't matter if he was tired or the weather was bad. If there was work to be done, he showed up.

“My father didn't just teach me how to work—he taught me how to value work.”

Unlike others who opened their shops and disappeared into town, my father was different. His store was always manned. If he had to step out, he informed a neighbor or left it in trusted hands. He honored the place God had given him to serve. Whether sitting inside the shop or in front for fresh air, he was there—present, alert, faithful.

There was never a day he called in sick just to rest at home. Not once did I hear him say, “Today, I won’t go. I’m not feeling it.” That kind of mindset never had space in his world. He poured his heart into his work, whether customers came or not.

“He didn’t work to impress. He worked because it was right.”

Even on quiet days when no one visited, the shop still opened. “You don’t wait for business to come to you,” he once said. “You show up and prepare as if the whole town will walk in.” I didn’t understand it fully then, but today I see the depth in that wisdom.

Proverbs 12:24 tells us: *“The hand of the diligent will rule, but the lazy man will be put to forced labor.”*

My father never ruled in the eyes of men, but his hands ruled over something far greater—poverty, shame, and hopelessness. Because he refused to be idle, he became the steady rock upon which our family was built.

I remember one particular morning. It was raining heavily, and I begged him to stay home from his usual trek. He looked at me and said something I’ll

never forget: “*Rain doesn’t stop hunger, so why should it stop work?*”

Then he picked up his worn coat, nodded, and stepped into the storm. That image still walks with me today.

“*Laziness is louder than words—it shouts that you’ve given up on yourself.*”

My father worked with purpose—not pressure. With joy—not just survival. He didn’t complain or cut corners. He believed that a man must move forward, even when the path is muddy and the sky is dark.

Colossians 3:23 speaks his language well: “*And whatever you do, do it heartily, as to the Lord and not to men.*”

And that was him. No applause, no recognition, no supervisor looking over his shoulder. Just a quiet man, working with all his might, building a legacy with his bare hands and borrowed strength.

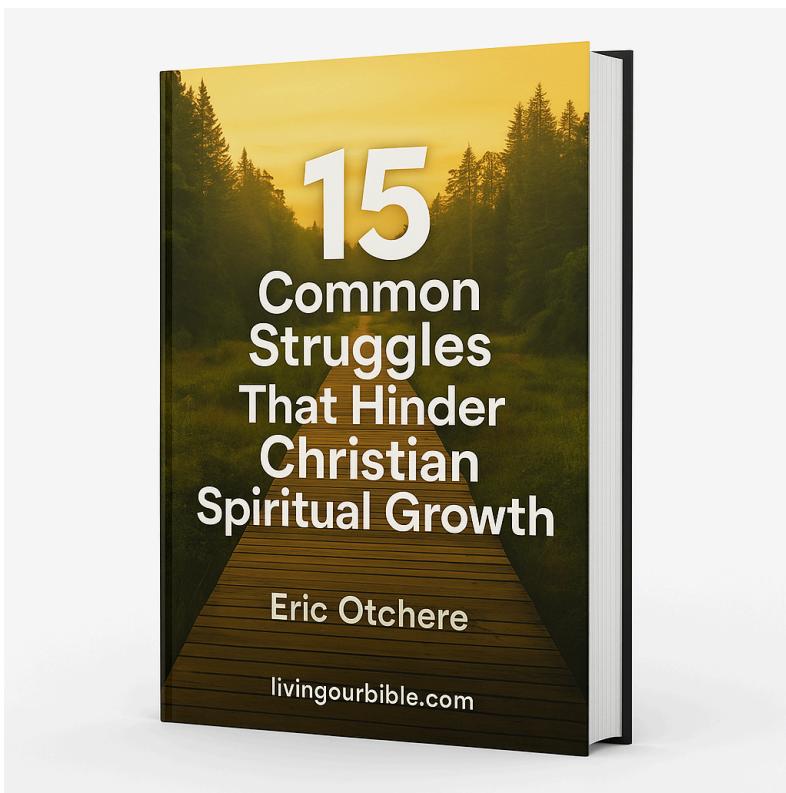
“*True work isn’t just about making a living—it’s about making a life worth remembering.*”

Thanks to him, I learned that work is not something you endure—it's something you honor. Whether it's ministry, leadership, writing, or simply showing up for others, I approach it with the same fire—not because I'm afraid to fail, but because I respect the example of a man who never took shortcuts to purpose.

“Hard work doesn’t break bones. It builds men.”

And so, if you ever see me working with intensity, waking up early, staying the extra hour, or pushing through the hard days—it's not just personal discipline. It's a legacy at work.

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Chapter Four: Money – Making Much Out of Little

Frankly speaking, our family wasn't poor—but we weren't far from it either. We lived in that uncomfortable middle ground where you always had just enough, but never more than needed. We weren't destitute, but abundance was a stranger.

Still, I never went to bed hungry. I don't remember a single night where I laid my head down without food in my belly. As the last born, maybe I was shielded from some of the worst days, but I now know that behind that stability were two people—my father and my mother—sacrificing, calculating, and managing every coin with wisdom and restraint.

“If there was ever a man who knew how to stretch a cedi, it was my father.”

From his modest drugstore, and the daily treks to nearby villages, he made just enough to keep the family afloat. Rent was paid. School fees—though often delayed—were eventually sorted. Uniforms were bought, even if second-hand. Life wasn't easy, but it wasn't hopeless.

There were days I was sent home from school because of unpaid fees. I'd return, secretly glad to have escaped classes, and tell my dad. He never scolded. He never panicked. He'd simply say, "Don't worry. I'll sort it out." And he did. Every single time.

"I saw my father turn small income into steady impact—not by magic, but by management."

He didn't live to impress. He didn't borrow to show off. He didn't compare our lives with others who had more. He taught us that contentment isn't settling for less—it's seeing God in what you already have.

He reused what could be fixed. He avoided waste. He made decisions not just for the moment, but for the month. Every purchase had a reason. Every coin had a destination.

Proverbs 13:11 says it best: *"Wealth gained by dishonesty will be diminished, but he who gathers by labor will increase."*

My father gathered little by little. He didn't wait for windfalls. He worked diligently, saved when he could, gave to those in need, and planned with

precision. He was never rich in currency, but he was wealthy in wisdom.

“The true measure of a man is not how much he earns, but how well he manages what he earns.”

One day, I asked him why he didn't buy certain things other men flaunted—like generators, big radios, or fancy shoes. He simply replied, “Son, I'm not in a race with anybody. I just want to finish my assignment well.” That was wisdom in its purest form. No envy. No pressure. Just focus.

Sometimes, my parents would speak about electricity bills or caution us about how many times we opened the fridge or switched on the lights. As a child, I didn't understand. But now I see: they were building boundaries, not poverty. They were instilling stewardship.

Admittedly, that shaped my early attitude toward money—and not always for the better. It created in me a caution, a fear of excess. I battled a lack mentality for years. But even in that, I've come to learn balance: responsibility without fear, wisdom without worry.

Ecclesiastes 7:12 reflects this balance well:
“Wisdom is a defense as money is a defense, but the excellence of knowledge is that wisdom gives life to those who have it.”

My father lived that verse. Money was his tool, not his god. Wisdom gave it life—and through it, he gave life to us.

“Money in the hands of a wise man multiplies peace; in the hands of a fool, it multiplies pressure.”

Today, I count coins with care, but not with fear. I make budgets with prayer. I give with joy. And I thank God for a father who taught me—without preaching—that contentment is wealth, and faithful stewardship is legacy.

“It’s not how much you have, but how much purpose you put into what you have, that builds a meaningful life.”

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Chapter Five: Friendship – Few, but Faithful

In a small town like ours, everyone knew everyone—or at least pretended to. News traveled fast, opinions even faster. But my father never got caught in the current. He kept his circle small, his business private, and his peace intact.

“My father taught me that relationships are not about numbers—they’re about depth, loyalty, and wisdom.”

He had friends—real ones. But they were few. I could count them on one hand, and I knew their names, their faces, and their places in his life. One of them was Uncle Kwesi. They didn’t speak every day, but when they met, they talked like brothers. There was no pretense, no performance, no gossip—just genuine connection.

Some of those friends would visit him at the shop, and they’d chat for hours while he continued serving customers. But never once did he lock up the store to follow them elsewhere for idle fun. If he had to step away, he made sure one of us—his children—was there to keep things running. That’s

how much he valued his work, and that's how much he trusted us.

He didn't chase popularity. He didn't show up at every event or strive to be in everyone's good books. If he went out, it was either for a family event, a funeral, or something truly important. He lived intentionally—and that included how he chose his companions.

"In a world full of noise, keep your circle small and your spirit peaceful."

He never poked his nose into people's affairs. He wasn't interested in the latest gossip or town drama. Instead, he taught me—without saying it outright—that peace comes when you mind your own business. In fact, one of the strongest lessons I learned from him was that not every door is worth walking through, and not every invitation deserves a yes.

Proverbs 13:20 says: *"He who walks with wise men will be wise, but the companion of fools will be destroyed."*

That was my father. He walked with wise men. Older men. Faithful men. When he sat with them,

he didn't try to impress—he listened, he learned, and he laughed. And that, to me, was the essence of true friendship.

“Relationships built on truth outlast those built on trends.”

He never competed with others. If someone else had more, so be it. He managed what he had with grace. He didn't envy—he encouraged. He didn't compare—he remained content. That quiet confidence, that non-competitive spirit, taught me that it's better to be at peace than to be popular.

He once told me, “Eric, be careful who you let into your life. One bad friend can waste your years.” That warning has stuck with me all these years. Because I saw it lived out—not just said.

Proverbs 17:17 says: *“A friend loves at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.”*

His friends were few, but they were faithful. They stood with him in hard times, encouraged him in quiet ways, and when he passed on, they didn't just show up—they wept. Real tears. Real loss. Because their friendship wasn't for show—it was rooted in years of quiet loyalty.

“True friendship doesn’t make noise. It makes history.”

Today, I don’t chase crowds. I don’t beg to be included. I invest in character, not charisma. I choose quality over quantity. I understand now that not everyone deserves a seat at your table—some are just passing through.

If you find one or two faithful friends in your life, treasure them. Walk with them. Grow with them. Pray for them. Because at the end of the day, it’s not how many people you know—it’s how many you can truly count on.

“The quality of your relationships determines the quiet strength of your legacy.”

My father’s friendships weren’t perfect, but they were pure. And in a world full of shifting loyalties, that kind of clarity is a gift. A rare, priceless gift.

Chapter Six: Attitude – Facing Life Head-On

My father didn't teach attitude with lectures. He taught it with posture. With presence. With how he walked through life's storms—silently, steadily, and with strength that didn't need to announce itself.

Life didn't hand him ease. He carried the weight of a blended family, a modest income, community expectations, and the unspoken fears that come with raising children in a tough world. But never once did I see him give up. Never once did he sit me down to explain why life was too hard, too unfair, or too impossible.

“My father’s greatest sermon was his attitude: composed under pressure, calm in chaos, and courageous in lack.”

He didn't say much, but he believed in me. That was clear. Throughout my education, I made decisions—on schools, on courses, on opportunities—and he never fought them. He supported me. Not with fanfare, but with quiet confidence. He knew he had raised a responsible son. And so, he let me walk, while he stood behind me like a silent pillar.

Even when I told him I wanted to become a pastor, he didn't stop me. He didn't ask, "What about money? What about security?" He simply stood with me. He may not have always agreed, but his faith in me never wavered.

"Sometimes, the greatest vote of confidence is quiet support."

When I look back now, I realize: it wasn't what he said—it was how he stood. He faced hard times with a kind of peace that confused those around him. When his business had bad days, he still opened the shop. When sickness came, he kept going. When stress crept in, he didn't snap—he breathed, adjusted, and tried again.

One day, after a rough week where nothing seemed to be going right, I asked him, "Daddy, aren't you tired?" He replied, "I am. But being tired is not an excuse to stop trying." That answer stayed with me. More than any motivational book I've read, that moment taught me what resilience really looks like.

Philippians 4:11–13 captures his spirit perfectly: *"I have learned in whatever state I am, to be content... I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."*

He had a quiet joy. A gentle contentment. Not because everything in his life was aligned, but because he refused to let difficulty define him.

“Attitude is the steering wheel of a man’s destiny—turn it right, and even broken roads can lead home.”

My father didn’t chase pity. He didn’t blame others. He didn’t compare himself to those who had more. He simply persevered. And that was his power.

Even when people mocked his humble means or questioned his relevance, he never stooped to bitterness. He stood tall. He was not rich in possessions—but he was rich in resolve. And we, his children, found strength in that.

Proverbs 24:10 says: *“If you faint in the day of adversity, your strength is small.”*

My father’s strength wasn’t noisy—but it was real. He didn’t break. He bent when life demanded it, but like a palm tree, he returned upright—still rooted, still standing.

“True manhood isn’t measured by how much you have, but by how much you endure without losing heart.”

He faced life head-on—not because he had no fears, but because he had deep faith. Faith that tomorrow could be better. Faith that if he did his part, God would do His.

And now, whenever I hit a wall or walk through a valley, I remember the image of him—walking to work after a sleepless night, sitting quietly at his shop with hopeful eyes, encouraging me without words.

His life whispered what many men never learn to say: *“You can go through fire and still not smell like smoke—if your attitude stays right.”*

That’s what I carry from him. That’s the legacy I live. To face life, not with fear—but with faith. To keep showing up. To keep trusting God. And to keep moving forward—quietly, faithfully, resiliently.

Chapter Seven: Time – The Gift of a Watch

I don't remember many expensive gifts from my father. But I will never forget the day he gave me a wristwatch. It wasn't wrapped. It wasn't shiny. It was simple—round-faced, black-strapped, and silent in its power. But in that quiet gesture, he gave me something far greater than timekeeping. He gave me a principle.

“Some fathers pass down wealth. Mine passed down a wristwatch—and with it, a lifetime lesson in responsibility.”

He didn't explain it with many words. He just handed it to me and said, “Wherever you go, be on time.” That was it. But I knew what he meant. He wasn't just giving me a way to measure minutes—he was teaching me the value of being present, prepared, and punctual.

That single act rewired how I saw time. I started noticing how early he opened the shop, how seriously he took appointments, and how deliberately he used his hours. He didn't wander through his day—he walked through it with intention.

There was a moment I'll never forget. We had planned a family get-together—something rare growing up. I was in Senior High School (SHS) then and had mooted the idea. Most of my siblings showed up late. But not Daddy. He was right on time—not for the meal, but because we gave him time. That day taught me more about respect than any lecture. He respected time because he respected people.

Ecclesiastes 3:1 declares: *“To everything there is a season, a time for every purpose under heaven.”*

He didn't quote that verse, but he lived it. He knew there was a time to work, a time to rest, a time to be quiet, and a time to show up. And he showed up well.

“Time was my father's invisible currency. He didn't waste it—and because of that, he made every minute count.”

When others chatted idly or lost themselves in distractions, he kept his rhythm. Once, a neighbor teased him for not showing up at a social event and said, “Why don't you have time like the rest of us?” My father smiled and replied, “Because I know what

my time is worth.” And that was the end of that conversation.

I carry that wisdom with me to this day. I’ve become a man of time—because I was raised by a man who valued it. I arrive early. I meet deadlines. I honor appointments. Not out of duty, but out of respect—for others, for my calling, and for myself.

Psalm 90:12 came alive in my father’s routine: *“So teach us to number our days, that we may gain a heart of wisdom.”*

“A man who masters his time will master his life. A man who wastes it will lose both purpose and peace.”

He used his 24 hours wisely—dividing them between his business, his family, and the handful of loyal friends he kept. He didn’t move in a hurry, but he moved with purpose. And now, when I hold that old wristwatch—worn, scratched, and silent—it still speaks to me.

Because of him, I don’t just wear watches—I wear meaning. I don’t just check the time—I respect it. I steward it. And I teach others to do the same.

“Time is not just what you measure. It’s what you manage—and what you multiply when you live with purpose.”

That is the gift my father gave me. And long after his time on earth ended, his message still ticks—quietly, faithfully, powerfully.

Chapter Eight: Parenting – Raising with Respect

My father was a quiet man—but his silence was never a weakness. It was heavy. It carried presence, authority, and a calm that spoke louder than many men’s rage. He didn’t raise his voice often. He didn’t raise his cane often either. But when he raised his expectations, we listened. And we followed—not out of fear, but out of honor.

“He never ruled us with fear—but with honor. And because of that, we honored him.”

Growing up, I could count on one hand the number of times he used a cane on me. It was rare. But you always knew when he was serious. He had this way of looking at you that made you pause, reflect, and correct yourself—without a single blow.

While other children ran for cover at the sound of their father’s footsteps, I remember hearing the familiar jingle of my dad’s keys. And instead of hiding, I would walk up to him, greet him, and feel peace. That, to me, was the mark of his parenting—firm, but never frightening. Present, but never oppressive.

Proverbs 22:6 says: “*Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.*”

That’s what he did. He trained us not with lectures, but with life. Not with commands, but with consistency.

“*My father’s name was a shield, and we carried it with pride—even when we didn’t fully understand its weight.*”

He didn’t talk much about peer pressure, but we never felt pressured. He didn’t preach against envy, but we never envied. Somehow, we were content. We knew who we were and what we had—and that was enough to keep us grounded while we worked toward more.

One day, I was tempted to follow some friends into mischief. But the thought stopped me cold: “If Daddy hears this, what will it mean for our name?” His name had become a moral compass. We didn’t fear his punishment—we feared losing his trust.

He never micromanaged us. He didn’t hover. But we always knew he was watching. And more

importantly, we knew he believed in us. That belief was enough to steer us straight.

Ephesians 6:4 gently reminds us: *“Fathers, do not provoke your children to wrath, but bring them up in the training and admonition of the Lord.”*

He did exactly that. He didn’t provoke us with threats or humiliation. He corrected us when needed, but he never crushed us. He instructed us—not with loud commands, but with his life. His daily example was the curriculum of our character.

“The best parenting isn’t in the noise—it’s in the consistency, the example, and the silent strength of a father’s presence.”

He never told me every day that he loved me. But I knew it. I saw it in his sacrifice. In how he worked for us. In how he stood by us. In how he trusted our decisions and celebrated our progress.

Even now, long after his voice has gone silent, his example still speaks. It guides me in my own fatherhood. I now understand that we don’t raise children to tremble in our presence—we raise them to stand tall in truth, walk in honor, and fear God more than man.

“Parenting done right becomes invisible—it turns into legacy.”

My father gave us that—not through perfect parenting, but through present fathering. And for that, I rise today and call him blessed.

Chapter Nine: Spirituality – Not Loud, But Living

My father wasn't the type to lay hands on us and shout prayers at midnight. He didn't gather us for morning devotions or declare fasts in the house. He wasn't a prophet or a deacon. He was a Methodist by identity, a casual churchgoer by routine, and a man of quiet faith by lifestyle.

But make no mistake—his silence was not spiritual emptiness. In fact, his quiet walk with God taught me that true faith often whispers louder than it shouts.

“My father didn't preach with words—but with how he loved, gave, worked, and forgave.”

He didn't push us too hard to go to church. If we went, he was glad. If we didn't, he didn't argue. When I was a child, I missed out on Sunday School. Many of my friends went. I didn't. But I saw in my father something that no Sunday School teacher could have taught me at the time—the beauty of kindness, the power of patience, and the grace of humility.

His was not a theology of noise—but a lifestyle of mercy.

“Some men speak about God. Others reveal Him by how they live. My father was the latter.”

He never cheated. He never kept change that didn’t belong to him. He gave to the poor discreetly. He helped the sick, the stranded, and the needy—even when no one was watching. I once saw him sit with a sick man under a tree, feeding him medicine and refusing to take payment. When I asked why, he simply said, “We don’t help people for money. We help because we can.” That was his gospel—simple, sacrificial, sincere.

Jesus said in Matthew 7:16, “*You will know them by their fruits.*”

My father bore fruit. He didn’t carry a title, but he carried integrity. He didn’t quote the Word, but he lived it. He didn’t raise his hands in church, but he lifted burdens in his community.

Micah 6:8 captures his essence perfectly:

“He has shown you, O man, what is good; and what does the Lord require of you but to do justly,

to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God?”

That was my father—just, merciful, and humble.

He wasn’t “on fire” for God in the way many define it today. But his faith was real—burning steadily beneath the surface like a coal that never dies. He respected God. He encouraged us to do the same. And when he learned I was becoming a pastor in International Central Gospel Church (ICGC), his joy was indescribable.

“He didn’t shout about God. He simply reflected Him.”

When I began buying him devotionals like *Living Word* by Pastor Mensa Otabil, he appreciated it deeply. He read them. He read his Bible. He prayed in quiet corners. He loved to listen to Pastor Mensa Otabil and admired his teachings. That was the man I called Dad.

And I remember one day, after I shared the gospel with him in a deeper way, he looked at me and said, “Share this with your siblings too.” That one moment affirmed something I had always hoped: he may not have said much, but he believed.

“Spirituality isn’t measured by how loud you pray—but by how deep you love.”

Today, I pray more than he did. I fast more. I worship openly. I serve in the church. But even with all of that, I never forget that the roots of my own walk with God were watered by a man who lived with a sacred silence and a generous spirit.

His walk with God wasn’t loud—but it was genuine.

And in this noisy world of performances and platforms, I now understand more than ever:

“A quiet, faithful life speaks the loudest in heaven.”

Chapter Ten: Family – Holding It All Together

It wasn't until I was older that I truly understood what my father had carried. Four children with my mum, other children from different women, limited income, and no blueprint for how to keep it all together. Yet, somehow, he did.

“He didn’t hold the family together with wealth—but with wisdom, presence, and a fierce sense of responsibility.”

There was no social media to display his efforts. No fatherhood conferences to guide his hand. But every day, he woke up and chose to stay—to work, to provide, to care, to lead.

We didn't live in luxury, but we lived with dignity. He never wore torn clothes. He dressed neatly, respectfully—reflecting a man who may not have had much, but knew who he was. And though we didn't always have all we wanted, he made sure we never felt like we were lacking. When he didn't have money, we didn't know. Maybe my mother did. But to us, life moved on as usual.

“The greatest sacrifices are often the ones children never see—but feel in the security they grow up with.”

I don't recall all of us coming together frequently as one big family, like others may have experienced. But there was no hostility. We knew we had half-brothers and half-sisters, and we accepted each other. Somehow, my father managed to keep the family threads from tearing. That alone was a work of skill and grace.

Psalm 68:6 says: “*God sets the solitary in families...*”

And in our family, God used my father to set us in place—even when we didn't understand how or why.

I watched him navigate tense moments between siblings, deliver small gifts to smooth over offenses, and speak with care when lines were blurred. He never openly played favorites. He walked the tightrope of fairness as best as a human could, and that helped preserve the fragile peace of our blended family.

“Family isn’t held together by perfect people, but by committed hearts who choose to stay and serve through the storms.”

I remember one day when a relative made a comment about one of us not being “born in the right order.” My father responded with calm strength, “They are all my children. None is a mistake.” That statement stitched something deep into my soul.

Proverbs 17:6 affirms this legacy: *“Children’s children are the crown of old men, and the glory of children is their father.”*

And yes, my father was our glory. Not because he got everything right—but because he refused to walk away from what he was called to build.

“His family was his crown—not because it sparkled, but because it survived.”

When I think of what it means to be a man, I don’t first think of a bank account or status. I think of who a man shelters, who he carries, and who calls him father without shame. My dad carried us—not on his back, but in his decisions, in his sacrifices,

and in his determination to make life work, even when the odds were stacked against him.

Today, when I sit with my siblings and we talk, reflect, and laugh, we may not all agree on every memory or every detail. But one thing is certain: Daddy did his best. And that best was enough to make us feel whole.

“He was not the architect of a perfect home—but he was the builder of a united family.”

And that, to me, is the quiet triumph of a father who gave his all—one day at a time.

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Conclusion: The Quiet Echo of a Father's Life

When I began writing this book, I thought I was simply paying tribute to my late father. But now, as I write these final words, I realize—I've been rediscovering myself.

Through every story, every lesson, and every quiet moment of reflection, I've come to see that the man who raised me didn't just give me life—he gave me a blueprint for living.

“He didn’t leave behind millions. He left behind meaning.”

He wasn't famous. He wasn't flamboyant. He didn't stand on stages or shout in crowds. But he stood where it mattered most—in our lives, in our hearts, in the shadows of sacrifice.

This book isn't about a perfect man. It's about a present one. A man who made mistakes but refused to quit. A man who didn't preach sermons but lived them. A man who may not have been loud in church, but was loud in love, labor, loyalty, and legacy.

My father's greatness wasn't in what he gained—it was in what he gave, what he endured, and what he built quietly beneath the surface. He taught me how to work, how to give, how to serve, how to stay, how to believe. And now, he has taught me how to remember.

Proverbs 20:7 sums it up best: *"The righteous man walks in his integrity; his children are blessed after him."*

"Some legacies are not written in history books—they are etched in the hearts of children."

As a man, a husband, a father, and a pastor, I now carry forward his silent strength. I may shout louder. I may serve differently. But underneath it all is the steady foundation of a quiet father who taught me how to live.

If you had a father like mine—thank God. If you didn't—become one. Because our world doesn't just need more noise. It needs more men like my father: firm, faithful, and full of quiet wisdom.

"Let the echo of your life be heard in how others live because of you."

This is my tribute. This is my testimony.
This is the legacy of a quiet father.

And now, it lives on in me—and prayerfully,
through you.

About the Author



Eric Otchere is devoted to *declaring the whole counsel of God through systematic writing and the preaching of God's Word*. His ultimate ambition is to write through the entire Bible, chapter by chapter, during his lifetime.

A Licensed Minister of the International Central Gospel Church (ICGC), headquartered in Accra, Ghana, Eric actively serves as an Associate Pastor at ICGC The Royal Temple, Awoshie-Accra. He also functions as the Regional Administrator for ICGC Central Region.

Eric is an alumnus of the University of Ghana, where he majored in Archaeology and Psychology. He furthered his education at the Akrofi-Christaller Institute of Theology, Missions, and Culture, earning a Master's degree in Theology and Missions with distinction.

He serves as the Chief Servant of [Living Our Bible](#), a daily Christian blog dedicated to sharing the full

counsel of God. The blog's mission is to help believers grow in grace and reach unbelievers with the gospel of Christ.

Eric has contributed articles to renowned online platforms such as myjoyonline.com, citinewsroom.com, ghanaweb.com, modernghana.com, and dailyaccra.com, offering biblical insights on contemporary cultural issues. He is also the author of three eBooks, including *Influenced for Christ, God of All Possibilities, and Faith Comes by Hearing* and kids book *God's Kids in Motion*.

Eric is married to Mrs. Anita Otchere, and they are blessed with three children.

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