

**BURIAL, MEMORIAL &  
THANKSGIVING SERVICE**



*Dinah Mena*  
**ARABA  
QUANTSON**

INTERMENT - PRIVATE: Wednesday 30th August, 2023  
Time: 10:30am | At Transitions

*Order Of Service*  
*For the Late*  
**DINAH MENA ARABA QUANTSON**

**AGED 57 YEARS**

AT TRANSITIONS  
ON

**30<sup>th</sup> August, 2023 | 10:30am**

**INTERMENT - PRIVATE**

**OFFICIATING CLERGY**

Rev'd Canon Mrs. Alberta Kennies Addo

Rev'd Fr. Samuel Aboh Commey

Rev'd Fr. Ebenezer Petu-Stiles

**IN ATTENDANCE**

Clergy from the Church of the Lord

**PART (I)**

**PRE-BURIAL SERVICE**

1. Processional Hymn - 265
2. Opening of Casket
3. Hymns for file past - Supp. 32; 236,
4. Tributes
5. Hymns for file past - MHB 511; Supp. 62
6. Tribute
7. Hymns for file past - 283
6. Closing of Casket

**PART II BURIAL SERVICE**

Hymn	-	Supp. 3
Opening Prayer		
Psalm	-	121
Scripture Reading	-	Eccl. 9 : 10 - 12
Hymn	-	290
Biography	-	By family member
Hymn	-	623
Sermon		
Offertory	-	Song by AYC
Blessing of Offertory		

**PART III**

**THANKSGIVING SERVICE**

Hymn	-	264
Thanksgiving Prayer		
Hymn	-	477
Dead March in Saul		
Announcement		
Recessional Hymn	-	Supp. 59

**PART IV**

**AT THE GRAVE SIDE**

Hymn	-	609
Prayers		
Hymn	-	401
Committal		
Laying of wreaths		
Vote of thanks		
Hymn	-	27
Benediction		



## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE AND TRIBUTE FROM FAMILY

*Give thanks in all circumstances;  
for this is God's will for you in Christ Jesus  
(1 Thessalonian 5:18)*

**D**inah Araba Quantson was born to Kofi Bentum Quantson and Comfort Ardayfio, on 21<sup>st</sup> September 1965. As the first born child of her parents, who were both public servants, and often transferred to different locations, Dinah experienced childhood in many cities across the country including Accra, Kumasi, Axim and Takoradi, where she finally settled down professionally. We teased her later in life, that she was a 'roaming ambassador' from birth!

Accordingly, Araba, as we called her at home, attended different elementary schools with her siblings and several cousins. Baptised in the Anglican Church at birth, Dinah's formative years were also spent at the St. Mary's Anglican School, Axim, our patrilineal hometown. She also attended Bethel Academy at Laterbiorkoshie. We recall her wearing her starched and crease-proof uniform, leaving her school at 'closing time' to go and fetch her younger siblings from their school nearby.

She later attended Base-Workshop School at Burma Camp. She was one of the outstanding volleyball players in her school. She taught us some of the slogans of the game such as 'my baaaall'. With interest in catering and business, She went on to attend the Prince Boateng Memorial Vocational School in Nsawam.

We have always known her to be 'a business lady'. Mena Araba as many of her aunties and uncles called

her, was full of business ideas, both viable and potentially non-viable from the start. She was often on the move to experiment with something new. She earned many nicknames including 'memba noo' (I will be right back) or 'two weeks' and 'Lady D'. She responded to all names with a big laughter and a wave of the hand. As grown-up siblings, we concluded that she possessed the three Rs, namely resistant, rebellious, resilient.

In the last two decades however, Ms. Dinah, was a caterer and housemistress at Top Ridge School in Takoradi. She had insights into all the secondary school gimmicks that students played, the difficulties parents faced, and the challenges of a school administration. It was remarkable that during her short stay in the hospital before her passing, a medical officer on duty recognised her as the caterer in his school when he was a student! That summed up her reach and impact, knowing several professionals in Ghana and across West Africa went through the then highly rated Top Ridge School. We hope that hospital experience warmed up her heart in those final days on earth.

Within this period however, Sister Dinah would be remembered as the prayer warrior. She was still on the move, this time to pray for any us, or travel to attend church conventions across the country, as a leader in her church! She was all about her Christian faith. We recall, that in recent years she gave the same time-tested advice to every life challenge or problem we shared with her: "Prayer is the Key".. In Ga, she would say *sorle mo nooo*. We could almost predict the start and the end of a conversation with Araba. It was not unusual to receive a random text message from Araba, saying I am praying for you; similarly, she would ask us to remember her in prayers.

Mena Araba, had a huge sense of humour, and the first person she teased was herself! She laughed, regardless of what was happening around her; and surely she had experienced many life challenges, yet,

you can just share the simplest joke with her and she will laugh out loud.

Lady D, loved to sing and dance. We remember she would sing with a high pitch on top of her lungs in the kitchen, while washing dishes and cooking. One of her favourite songs was **y3 wo kwan bi tu...**She was clearly always mindful of the fact that this world is not our home.

(By popular request, we will sing this song)

As younger siblings of Araba, it was just striking to see how she related to us with humility. We did not experience a boss-lady senior sister figure. She accorded us so much respect. In recent years, Araba made us feel like people of knowledge and wisdom. She would not hesitate to seek advice from us, or defer to us on a matter. Now this is the lady who would discipline people in public transport including the 'mate' in the *trotro*, or adjudicate a public incident that had nothing to do with her! With us, she was gentle, but forthright.

As niece and cousin, Araba, was arguably the most known among the siblings.

'She knows family' members of the family would often say. She appreciated people. She was sociable, quick to chat with people and make new friends.

As a mother, Nana, her son says it best: she was the best mother, ready to provide for him at any time, regardless of the need. She protected him, counselled and held him in prayers at all times.

As daughter, Dinah, went from being the 'roaming ambassador' to becoming the one who visited the parents the most in their old age, helping with anything from cooking, washing, funeral attendance and offering company in old age. It was on such fortnightly visit to Accra that Araba fell ill, and passed on to

glory the afternoon of August 3, 2023. Although we did not get the chance to say goodbye, and we no longer see you or hear you, we trust that you have peace, and you have returned to where you belong; free from the frailty and troubles of this human tent.

We are gathered here today as family, friends and loved ones to commemorate and thank God for your life, not only for the part you played in our various lives, but also for the priceless lesson we are reminded of, which is echoed in the scriptures,

*" Teach us to realize the brevity of life, so that we may grow in wisdom. '(Psalms 90:12 NLT).*

In the words of the hymnist, we say:

In every condition - in sickness, in health  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth

At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea As thy days may  
demand shall thy strength ever be.

When through deep waters I called you to go  
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow  
For I will be with thee in trouble to bless  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

**TO GOD BE THE GLORY**



**TRIBUTE BY SON,  
WILLIAM NANA SMITH**

**M**y mum was the best mother. I have never been closer to any other human being. She was not just my mother; she was my best friend, my everything.

From my childhood till now, she strived to give me anything I ask for. We walked together in our Christian faith, we encouraged one another. We laughed together, we discussed every challenge we faced to find solutions together. It is very difficult to say any final words at this point.

I would like to speak from my heart, but I will probably not be able to say everything my mother has done for me. I have lost a mother, a friend, a brother, a sister- she was all that and more to me, but I know I have a special friend in heaven, and God is with all of us.



## TRIBUTE BY THE CHURCH OF THE LORD

*And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever. Daniel 12:2-3.*

**E**lder sister Dinah Quantson (popularly called Ms. Dinah) joined the Church of the Lord (Aladura – 'the praying people') Worldwide, Sekondi branch through his son William Nana Smith who was a friend to Prophet Alfred Larbi's children of the Sekondi Branch. Their friendship was deep that they became like one family. Nana stayed the whole day with his friends because sister Dinah was working as a caterer at Top Ridge secondary school.

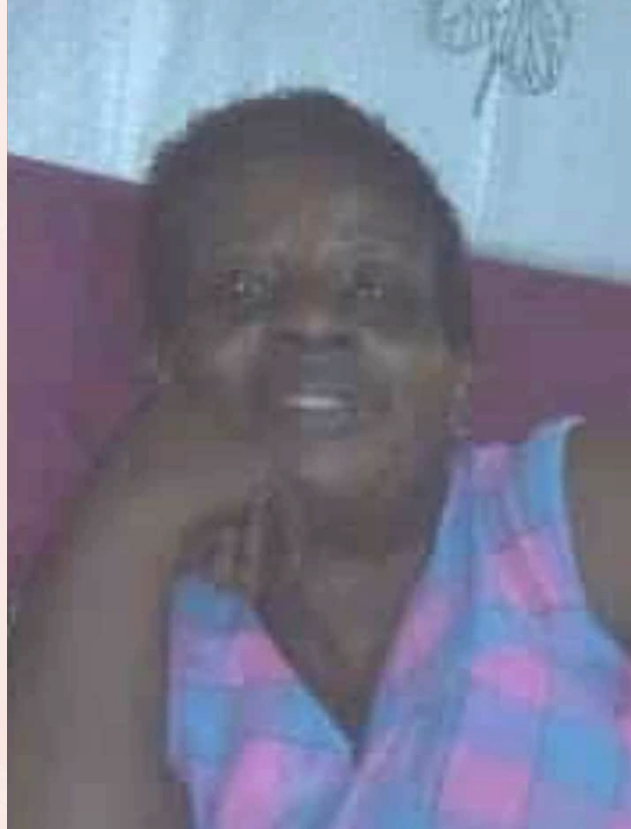
One day Nana invited his mother to join him to his friends' father's church. Sister Dinah willingly agreed to accompany Nana to the church. Subsequently, she decided to worship with the Sekondi branch for about three years before moving to the West Tanokrom branch.

Maame Dinah loved the church and actively engaged in church activities. She was a good singer in the church and she participated in programmes both at the local and national level. Maame Dinah never missed our church annual Tabieorar Retreat, neither did she ever miss Tabieorar prayers and fasting.

In spite of reproaches about our white garments, she stood her ground and strictly obeyed and paid attention to the doctrines of the church, and abided with the observances and practices of the church until her death. Her lifestyle drew many people, both old and young to her.

We pray that your soul rests in perfect peace in the bosom of our Lord Jesus Christ. We know that there is another fellowship in heaven on the Resurrection Day of the righteous.

# GALLERY





### Hymn 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;  
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 wisdom, and my All.

### Supp. Hymn 32

1. Blessed assurance,  
JESUS is mine Oh,  
what a fore taste of glory divine Heir of salvation, purchase  
of GOD  
Born of His SPIRIT, washed in His blood.

Chorus: This is my story, this my Song Praising my  
SAVIOUR all the day long.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight Visions of rapture  
burst on my sight Angels descending, bring from above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest 1 in my SAVIOUR, am  
happy and blest Watching and waiting, looking above  
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

### Hymn 236

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labours have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?  
When shall these eyes  
Thy heaven-built walls



And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets there  
Around my SAVIOUR stand;  
And all I love in CHRIST below  
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
When shall I come to Thee?  
When shall my labours have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I See?

O CHRIST, do Thou my soul prepare  
For that bright home o love;  
That I may see Thee and adore,  
With all Thy Saints above.

### **MHB 511**

1. Begone, unbelief,

My Savior is near,  
And for my relief  
Will surely appear;  
By prayer let me wrestle,  
And He will perform;  
With Christ in the vessel,  
I smile at the storm.

2. Though dark be my way,  
Since He is my Guide,  
'Tis mine to obey,  
'Tis His to provide;  
Though cisterns be broken,  
And creatures all fail,  
The word He hath spoken  
Shall surely prevail.

3. His love, in time past,  
Forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last  
In trouble to sink:  
Each sweet Ebenezer  
I have in review  
Confirms His good pleasure  
To help me quite through.

4. Why should I complain  
Of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain?  
He told me no less;  
The heirs of salvation,  
I know from His Word,  
Through much tribulation  
Must follow their Lord.

5. How bitter that cup  
No heart can conceive,  
Which He drank quite up,  
That sinners might live!  
His way was much rougher  
And darker than mine;  
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer,  
And shall I repine?



**Supp. Hymn: 62**

Captain of Israel's host, and Guide  
Of all who seek the land above,  
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,  
The cloud of Thy protecting love;  
Our strength, Thy grace, our rule, Thy Word;  
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

By Thine unerring Spirit led,  
We shall not in the desert stray  
We shall not full direction need  
Nor miss our providential way;  
As far from danger as from fear,  
While Love, almighty Love, is near.

We've no abiding city here,  
but seek a city out of sight;  
thither our steady course we steer,  
aspiring to the plains of light;  
Jerusalem the saints' abode,  
whose founder is the living Go

**Hymn 283**


O Thou, from whom all goodness I lift my heart to Thee;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, flows,  
Good LORD, remember me.  
When on my aching burden'd heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart;  
Good LORD, remember me.  
When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
Then let my strength be as my day,  
Good LORD, remember me.

If worn with pain, disease, and grief  
This feeble frame should be,  
Grant patience, rest and kind relief;  
Good LORD, remember me.

And, oh, when in the hour of death I bow to Thy decree,  
JESU, receive my parting breath;  
Good LORD, remember me.

**Supp. Hymn 3**

1. In heavenly love abiding  
No change my heart shall fear



And safe is such confiding  
For nothing changes here  
The storm may roar without me  
My heart may low be laid  
But GOD is round about me  
And can I be dismayed.  
2. Wherever He may guide me  
No want shall turn me back  
My Shepherd is beside me  
And nothing can Hack  
His wisdom ever waketh  
His sight is never dim  
He knows the way He taketh  
And I will walk with Him.

3. Green pastures are before me  
Which yet I have not seen  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me  
Where the dark clouds have been  
My hope I cannot measure  
My path to life is free  
My SAVIOUR has my treasure


### Hymn 290

Through all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my GOD shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the LORD with me,  
With me exalt His Name;  
When in distress to Him I call'd,  
He to my rescue came.  
The Hosts of GOD encamp around  
The dwellings of the just; Deliverance  
He affords to all Who on His succor trust.

O make but trail of His love,  
Experience will decide  
How blessed'd are they, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you His service your delight,  
Your wants shall be His care.



To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

### **Hymn 623**

Commemoration of Saints

Give us the wings of faith to rise

Within the veil, and see

The Saints above, how great their joys,

How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below;

And wet their couch with tears;

They wrestled hard, as we do now,

With sins, and doubts, and fears.

We ask them whence their victory came;

They, with united breath,

Ascribed the conquest to the Lamb,

Their triumph to His Death.

They mark'd the footsteps that He trod,  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And, following their incarnate GOD,  
They reach'd the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For His own pattern given;  
While the great cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heav'n.

### **Hymn 264**

My GOD, my FATHER, while I stray,

Far from my home, on life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say,

"Thy will be done."

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,

Let me be still and murmur not,

Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,

"Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh

For friends beloved no longer nigh,

Submissive would I still reply,



"Thy will be done."

If Thou shouldst call me to resign,  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what is thine;

"Thy will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest,  
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My GOD, to Thee I leave the rest;

"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away,  
All that now makes it hard to say,

"Thy will be done"

#### **Hymn 477**

The day Thou gavest, LORD, is ended,  
The darkness falls at Thy behest:  
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.  
The sun that bids us rest is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And ohour by hour fresh ips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.  
So be it, LORD; Thy Throne shall never,  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
Thy Kingdom stands, and gowns forever,  
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

#### **Supp. Hymn 59**

To God be the glory! Great things He hath done!  
So loved He the world that He gave us His  
Son; Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,  
And opened the Life gate that all may go in.  
Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!  
Let the earth hear His voice!





Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Let the people rejoice!  
O come to the Father, through Jesus the Son  
And give Him the glory! Great things He hath done!

2. O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood!  
To every believer the promise of God;  
The vilest offender who truly believes,  
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

3. Great things He hath taught us, great things  
He hath done  
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the son,  
But purer, and higher, and greater will be  
Our wonder, our rapture, when Jesus we see

### **Hymn 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;  
What matters now grief's darkest day?  
The King has wiped those tears away.

### **Hymn 401**

Now the labourer's task is o'er;  
Now the battle day is past;  
No upon the farther shore



Lands the voyager at last.  
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;  
There its hidden things are clear;  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.  
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we no 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.

There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace;  
CHRIST the LORD shall guard them well,

He Who died for their release.  
FATHER, in 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 now Thy servant sleeping.

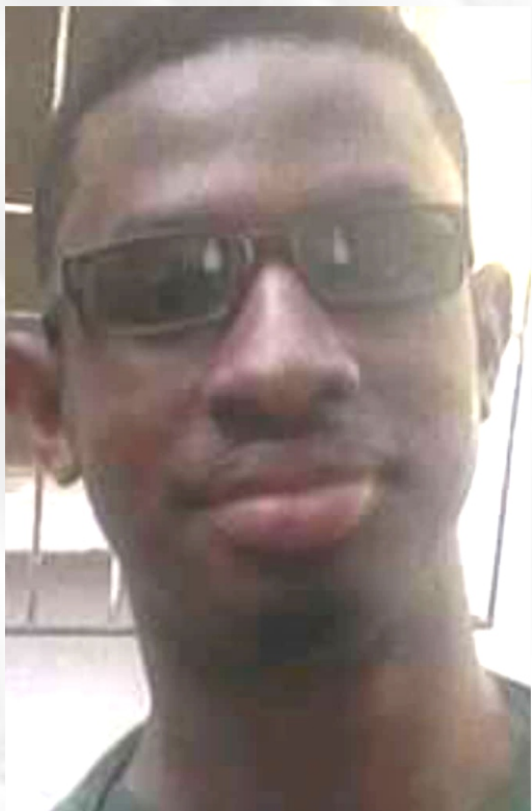
### **Hymn 27**

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

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
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?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be,  
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD abide with me.

# GALLERY



*Memories*







# Appreciation

*The Entire  
Dinah Mena Araba Quantson  
Family expresses our profound  
gratitude to all and sundry  
for joining us to mourn and  
celebrate her life.*