



**DR. SOWA BOITE
MAALE-ADSEI**

1939 - 2024



IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE LATE **DR. SOWA BOITE MAALE-ADSEI**



OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rev. Dennis Osei-Manu
Rev. Dr. Emmanuel Ansah
Ps. Kwaku Osei Bimpong

PART 1: MEMORIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE

1. Opening Prayer
 2. Declaration of Purpose
 3. Hymn 1
 4. Scripture Reading
 5. Hymn 2
 6. Biography/Tributes
 7. Song Ministration
 8. Sermon
 9. Offertory
 10. Hymn 3
 11. Announcements
 12. Closing Prayer
 13. Benediction
 14. Recessional Hymn 4
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PART 2: GRAVESIDE

1. Hymn 5
2. Committal
3. Laying of Wreaths
4. Vote of Thanks – Family Member
5. Hymn 6
6. Concluding Prayers & Benediction

IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE LATE **DR. SOWA BOITE MAALE-ADSEI**

Biography of the late **DR. SOWA BOITE MAALE-ADSEI**

Dr. Sowa Boite Maale-Adsei, affectionately known as "SB", was born on March 30, 1939, in La to Mr. Emmanuel Humphrey Maale-Adsei, an esteemed employee of Afronedia, and Madam Naomi Kai Gogo, a devoted homemaker, both of blessed memory. Due to their nurturing and industrious spirits, Dr. Sowa Boite Maale-Adsei had a remarkable life and career.

He attended Labone Primary School, in Otswe. Due to the itinerant nature of his father's job, he traveled to various cities in the country, notably Koforidua, Sekondi, Cape Coast, and Kumasi. In 1963, he was enrolled at Accra Academy, an institution he was very proud of. His favorite subject at Accra Academy was history, and although he had great teachers like A. K. Konuah (whom he described as a strict disciplinarian) and Mr. Bimpong, his most favorite teacher was Mr. A. B. Andrews, who also developed a special affection for him.

SB's journey into adulthood began at the age of nineteen when he met Madam Emelia



Adjorkor Keeno Kumah, of blessed memory, in La – the two were blessed with six children over the course of their marriage..

In 1961, Dr. Maale-Adsei's academic prowess earned him a scholarship to study at the Patrice Lumumba People's Friendship University in the Soviet Union, where he transitioned from the Arts to Medicine, culminating in a distinguished career as one of the very few pathologists in Ghana at the time.

His tenure included teaching at the University of Latvia for 6 years and practicing at a leading hospital in the Soviet Union.

His excellence in the field led to an associate professorship at the University of Pennsylvania in the USA before returning to the USSR. While in the Soviet Union, he was recruited by the Finnish government where he taught at the University of Helsinki and was fondly loved for his trilingual proficiency,



speaking English, Russian, and Finnish. In return, he often expressed his affection for Finland, stating, *"Finland was my best country and I loved that country."*

SB's time in Finland was distinguished not only by his professional achievements but also by his profound pride in his children's grasp of their native Ga language, a reflection of his enduring bond with his heritage. This Pan-African zeal propelled him to move nearer to his ancestral home, leading him to Liberia.

There, he worked and taught at the John F. Kennedy Memorial Hospital in Monrovia and later established his private practice. Here, he also met Ms. Margaret Wayoe with whom he had two children. Subsequent political turmoil necessitated a move to Accra, Ghana, where he continued to offer his services at the Police Hospital until the time of his retirement in 2003.

Dr. Maale-Adsei's post-retirement years were spent in Shiashie, from where he connected with other members of the family and was an active member of the Covenant Family Community Church in East Cantonments.

SB was a passionate sports enthusiast in his school days dabbling in boxing and athletics with a deep love for football. His allegiance lay firmly with Liverpool FC, and he was known for his keen support of the team. Following each Liverpool match, it was a tradition for him to reach out to friends and family, inquiring about the game with the words, "okwe ball le? Emli wa kpakpa!!" a phrase which translates loosely to "Did you see the game.? It was riveting!!".

Indeed, "He Will Never Walk Alone" as we take solace in knowing that he is with the Father and the Father is with him.

His life, a tapestry of dedication, love, and service, ended on April 1, 2024, following his last birthday celebration on March 30. Dr. Maale-Adsei's legacy lives on through his five sons and a daughter.

We bid farewell to a father, a mentor, and a beacon of excellence. Your memory will forever be a guiding light for us.

Rest in peace, SB. You will be dearly missed.

Until we meet again, fare thee well.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE DR. SOWA BOITE MAALE-ADSEI



IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE LATE **DR. SOWA BOITE MAALE-ADSEI**





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IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE LATE DR. SOWA BOITE MAALE-ADSEI

tribute By CHILDREN

A TRIBUTE TO A FATHER

*We little knew the day that,
God was going to call your name.
In life we loved you dearly,
In death we do the same.*

*It broke our hearts to lose you
but you didn't go alone,
for part of us went with you,
the day God called you home.*

*You left us peaceful memories.
Your love is still our guide,
and though we cannot see you,
you are always at our side.*

*Our family chain is broken.
and nothing seems the same,
but as God calls us one by one
the chain will link again.*

The Broken Chain by Ron Trammer



In the tapestry of life, each thread has its own hue, some darker, some lighter, but all part of the same grand design. Today, we gather to remember a man whose life was as rich and varied as this tapestry of humanity itself. We celebrate our father whose journey touched us all in profound ways.

You were a father like no other, with a heart that beat to its own rhythm. Your choices were your own, and in them, we saw the courage to live true to oneself.

Your life was a mosaic of moments—some filled with warmth, others with loss. But each moment was a piece of the puzzle that was quintessentially SB.

Our relationship was a dance of individuality and connection, where each of us had a special story of love, learning, and growth. You provided the canvas for your children and all who you inspired to paint their own lives with strokes of independence and resilience.

In your early days you were a force to be reckoned with. A hard man, some might say. For others, the appearance of the man we affectionately nicknamed “My Father,” either

from work or travel, signalled the end of good times as we know it and the beginning of serious (boring!) work and focus. We can never forget the brave but ultimately futile cries of “My Father is coming! My Father is coming!!” that heralded your every arrival. Simply put, it was time to scatter.

You always pushed us to be better in your own way. Investing in education, for you, was the priority and you spared no expense on that front. You had a special focus on Mathematics, Science and English, always admonishing us with your favourite phrase, “Revision is the mother of learning.”

Though you would pretend not to be interested with your best “grumpy old man” impression, you always supported us when we called on you especially as we grew older, always willing to advise where you could.

We were encouraged by your remarkable resilience to soldier on in life as you endured the loss of Emi (your wife), Annie (your daughter), Osa (your son). In your final years, we saw the energetic, affable, stern, and often enigmatic man we idolised as children gradually become a reflective, spiritual, philosophical, and calmer presence as illness

and loss threatened to overwhelm you. You often pondered the complexities of life expressed only by your occasional sighs and repeated reminders that “noko ye jen” meaning this world is full of mysteries.

Never again will I get the opportunity to walk up behind you as you sat watching the news, or sports, heartily consuming whatever treats you demanded from me after work and give you a shoulder rub as if to say, “I will always protect you like you once did me”.

Whenever you had a health scare you would always ask in Ga, “Paa Nii, mi bee eshe?” (Is my time up?) to which I would muster the bravest face I could, chuckle and reply that I checked the schedule, and your name wasn't on the list.

I guess I missed the Easter memo.

As we remember you, we choose not to dwell on the could-haves and should-haves. Instead, in your journey, with its ups and downs, you taught us that life is not about perfection, but about embracing the imperfections that make us who we are.

Today, we honour you as a man whose life was a myriad of experiences and loved us the best way he could.

For that, and for the lessons learned, we thank you.

We pray that you find the peace that eluded you in life as you rest in the bosom of the Lord.

Farewell, dear SB. Farewell My Father.

tribute By Grandchildren

Today, as we gather to honor the life of our beloved SB, we, the grandchildren, stand united in both grief and gratitude. We have come together to celebrate the remarkable person SB was, and the profound impact he had on each of our lives.

SB, as we all affectionately called him loved us dearly. He was just like us; he loved sweets and always had some to share. He was always excited to see us and would give us each tight hugs as his expression of excitement when we visited. Our greeting each time was preceded with the question;

'When would you come again?, I have missed you !'

We can all acknowledge that the little Ga we speak can be attributed to grandpa's insistence on us learning our mother tongue, even though our parents try hard to speak it with us. Ewuku, for instance, was always on the receiving end of subtle warning to speak the mother tongue. He would always do this with laughter and his eyes widely opened,

saying, "Ewuku, esani okase Ga"
Grandpa, you did not give us the opportunity to say a proper goodbye, neither did you leave us that last box of chewing gum that you always promised. You left without saying goodbye. Who's going to give us sweets now? Definitely not our fathers or uncles. We miss you so much already. You will always be in our hearts.

SB, your wisdom, guidance, and unwavering support have moulded us into the people we are today. We are forever grateful for the memories we've made together and the values you've instilled in us.

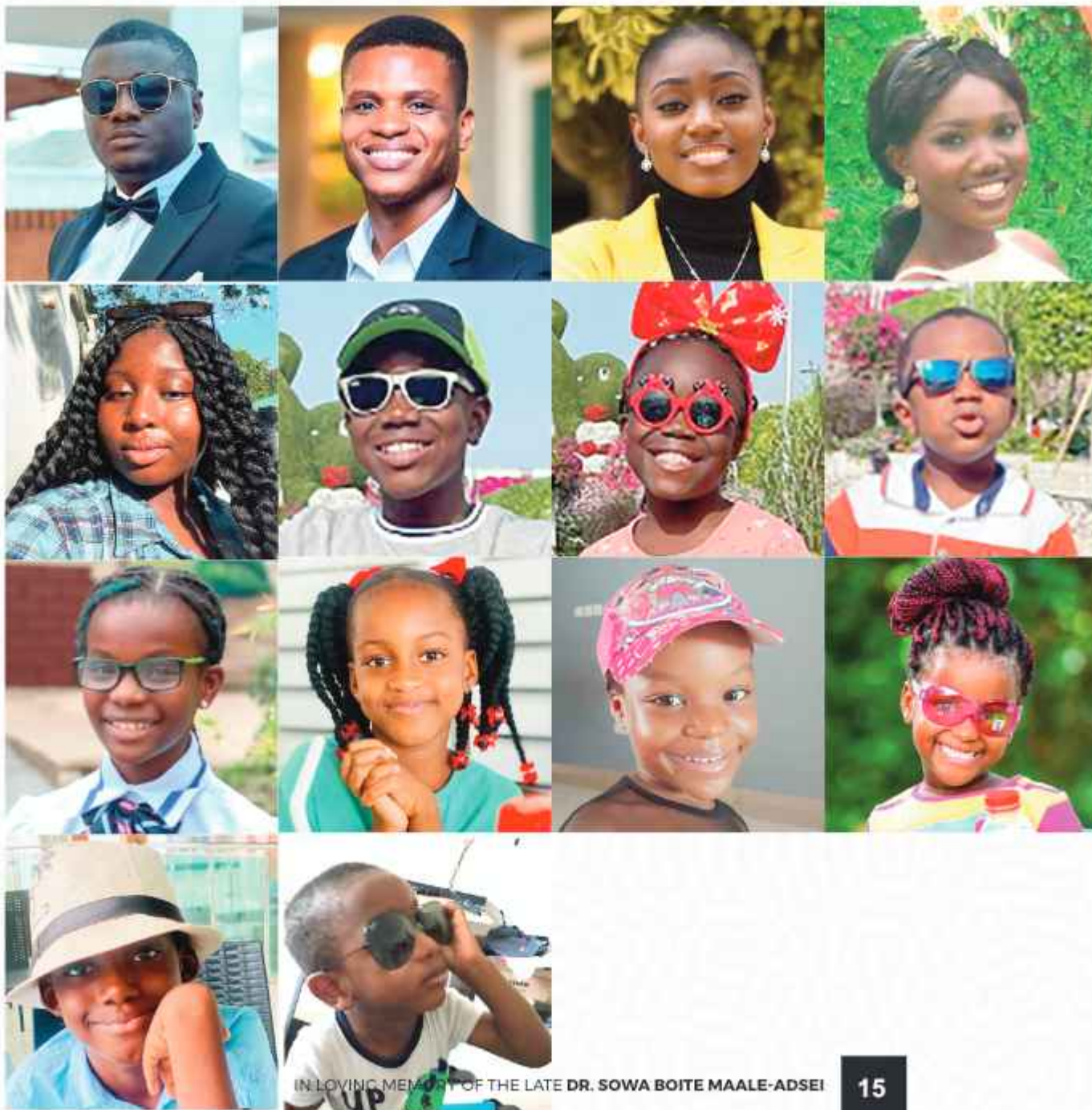
Though we mourn your passing away, we take solace in knowing that your memory will live on within each of us. As we bid you farewell, we carry forward your legacy with pride, honoring your memory through the love and kindness we show to others.

Grandpa, we say:

Rest in perfect peace

We will one day meet you in heaven.

PS: 'Have that box of sweets ready'.



IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE LATE DR. SOWA BOITE MAALE-ADSEI



tribute By **IN-LAWS**

Our Dear SB,

We know you can no longer stay with us. We believe you are guided by heavenly angels to your final place of rest. You were in so much pain, you almost always gave up whilst we also prayed to God to give you more days. As you always said, *"Gbomo ɛɔɔ shi ayee eloo"*, you enjoyed the company of family and friends as you made of us cheerful when we were together. Yes your departure has left a void in our hearts.

Your sense of humour, your impeccable English, your memory of Finland still lingers on in our minds. You loved the sea and ocean, as you always told us stories of your past days abroad.

You made sure you always saw your grandchildren in their Sunday School Class to give them their offering almost every Sunday. Mary-Ann still recalls receiving a stern warning from you when you saw your grandchildren with their offering which did not come from you

(hahah). You did this religiously till you could no longer fellowship physically with us on Sundays.

We recall last year, when you thought your time was up, you kept saying, "*Thank you, God be with you, bye bye*", only to open your eyes to see us still standing at your bedside. Gosh, the expression of shock on your face. It was as though the Lord had shown you a glimpse of heaven, and this world mattered no more as your home.

Now it is our turn to say goodbye, SB.....
Sleep well, SB.

Thank you for every opportunity and experience you shared with us. Your unique memory still lives on in our spouses.

Rest well Dr. Sowa Boite-Maale-Adsei

tribute By
Mavis Amonoo

I was shocked when the demise of Doc., as I affectionately called him, got to me. I had planned to visit him that week, but alas! it was not to be.

You departed suddenly at the start of that week. God knows best.
Doc. was "our Prefect", to those of us on the

same pew with him at church. He was my seat partner, friend and father.

I will surely miss his interesting ring tones and our pep talks.

May the good Lord grant your soul eternal rest.

Rest well, Doc.S.B., till we meet again.

tribute By

The Wisdom Fellowship Covenant Family Community Church. East Cantonment Accra

We do not live for ourselves only, and we do not die for ourselves only. If we live, it is for the Lord that we live, and if we die, it is for the Lord that we die. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.
Romans 14:7- 8(GNT)

Dr. S. B. Maale-Adsei, affectionately called S.B., was one of the founding members of the Wisdom Fellowship (CFCC). He was well liked by all, both young and old. S.B.'s venue has changed. He had gone from the venue of earth to the venue of heaven.

Whenever anyone called him by his name S.B. or Sowa Boitey, he would beam with smiles and say in Ga "Ba ni mafoa bo oo" and he will give a warm embrace. He was an alumnus of Accra Academy, so whenever he met an old student from the school, the person had better have time to listen to his years in Accra ACA. He often started with "ACCRA ACA" expecting the response, "BLEOO". Woe betides you if that did not follow. He would

beam from ear-to-ear and start his stories.

Very often, few of the Wisdom Fellowship members attended mid-week service early. We will meet early with S.B. to welcome the rest. Approaching service time, he will call Aunty Mercy and say "Let us go to the auditorium and pray before the service starts", saying to her in a subtle voice, "she Ataa Naa Nyonmo gbeyee, eye nuu mli, ni eye yoo mili" (Ga). The way S.B. prayed showed his faith in Christ. All his trust was in the Lord.

Though S.B. had faith in God, he was always grieving of his late wife, Emi, and children who had gone before him. To start with his lamentations, he would say "nɔni mli ni atso". He would then begin to recount his

experiences during the war in Liberia, when he was there as a physician, and the prayer of faith that his wife, Emi, raised to God when the soldiers besieged their home intending to kill them.

The Lord heard, and miracle resulted from that prayer as the soldiers ran off without harming the family. Even though he had told the stories a million times, and others could even finish when he started, he would still tell them anyway. They meant something to him.

He loved his groundnut soup and Kokonte paa so he was nicknamed "OKPOLATSAA". During the last Wisdom Group visit to his house at East Legon, he told Aunty Lydia he wanted chicken light soup and fufui. When he saw the food, as weak as he was, he stood up and took a few steps and said "Ataa Naa Nyomo ajɔɔ Nye. Mi ye eko etse kpakpa".

He was so happy to see the faces he hadn't



seen in a while. He turned to Aunty Lydia and said, "My dear, I am yearning to come to church so that we can sit and reminisce like we used to do, but where is my strength." We never knew that would be our last visit with him.

Sowa Boitey, we will miss you dearly. You have created a big void in the fellowship.

***It isn't what we leave behind,
It's what we leave in the hearts of people
that counts.***

***S.B., may your soul rest in peace!
Yaawo Odzobann!!***

tribute By

Covenant Family Community Church, East Cantonment - Accra

*'He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death' or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away.
Revelation 21:4 (NIV)*

Dr. Sowa Boite Maale-Adsei was first introduced to Covenant Family Community Church (CFCC) in 2006. It was at the invitation by his son, Papa Joe, and Sis. Ivy Djangmah during Love Feast, CFCC's annual time of fellowship and breaking bread. He fell in love with the church immediately.

After joining CFCC, Dr. Maale-Adsei participated in the Akwaaba and Faithbuilders courses, which took new members through the basics of the faith. Upon completing both courses, he was assigned to Goodness Sunday School Class and was subsequently baptized by immersion one Sunday after church service.

S. B., as we affectionately called him, fellowshiped closely with many church members before and after church service. He was consistently punctual to church services, especially during Midweek services when he would arrive about 2-3 hours before service to pray and engage in conversations with whoever was in church, often including Auntie Maggie, Ps. Kojo, Auntie Mercy, or the security guards. S. B.

always made good company with the people around him. His pride in being an alumnus of Accra Academy was well known among the brethren.

S.B. was one of the founding members of the Wisdom Fellowship, CFCC's fellowship for members above 60 years. He was also an active member of the Kingmen's Fellowship, the men's fellowship of the church, until transportation challenges occasionally prevented him from attending when Bro. Joe Adjei or Bro. Mike Akpabla were unavailable to give him a ride home.

Even during his ill health, when he could not attend services in person, S.B. faithfully joined online services and eagerly anticipated being served with communion every first Sunday of the month at home.

***S.B., we shall surely miss your beaming smiles and chit chats!
May your soul rest peacefully in the Lord till we meet again.
Yaawo Ojogbann!!***

tribute By

Hon. Shirley Ayorkor Botchwey

I had promised Doc. that I would see him soon and was preparing to go visit him. I was therefore shocked to hear of his passing just when I had planned to do so that week.

He was always full of smiles every time we met and had words of encouragement to share. He will truly be missed.

Doc., may your gentle soul find eternal rest.

Rest peacefully till we meet again.

tribute from
Ivy Djangmah

*Psalm 116:15 (KJV):
Precious in the sight of the LORD
is the death of his saints.*

I thank God for and celebrate the life of Dr. SB Maale-Adsei, who I met through his son Paa Joe (my son).

Back in the day when they lived at Tebibiano, I would often drop Paa home and finally got the opportunity to meet SB, who I had heard so much about. He was all I had heard about and more. He was affable, humorous and easy to get along with.

He treated me with a lot of respect and would often refer to me as 'Inye' (My mother) seeking my opinion on issues on hand. Admittedly, I had not seen you in a long time and this made the news of your demise even more painful but I find consolation in the fact that you are in a better place - in the presence of the Lord.

Rest well in the bosom of our Lord until we meet again.

SB, yaa wo ojogbann!

tribute By Amarkai Amarteifio

Dr. Sowa Boite Maale Adsei and I grew up together at La Abormli, now referred to as Apapa.

We were so close as to be as good as brothers. We were inseparable. After La bone Primary School and Salem, Boite proceeded to Accra Academy. I was admitted to La bone Secondary School. But that did little to separate us. We were day students. We met after school and at the weekends.

We were very adventurous and sometimes mischievous. Boite was a marksman. Armed with his catapult, we enjoyed guinea fowl, pigeon or partridge soup every weekend. Abormli was sparsely populated. The few houses were surrounded by bush and wildlife. Boite was a very smart student at Accra Academy and made his mark in Latin, English and History.

With a very little science background he was selected to study medicine in the Soviet Union (Russia). Boite's transformation from the Arts and the Classics to medical science was a remarkable achievement. He acquitted himself with distinction in this unfamiliar academic

world and soon left Russia to practice in Finland.

As young people growing up in Abormli, we looked up to the late lawyer E.V.A. Adjetey, who was our idol and moderating influence on our exuberant life. We were true brothers and scholars too.

Boite relocated and worked in Liberia and finally returned to Ghana in the aftermath of civil war in that country. We quickly renewed our bond of friendship and mutual admiration till he passed.

I have lost a brother, a friend and a confidant whose journey through life was very similar to my journey.

I take consolation in the fact that his legacy will live through his brilliant children.

Sowa Boite Akamleku.

Boite Mantse, you deserve a good rest.

May the Good Lord grant your soul a perfect peace till we meet again.

Farewell.

tribute By Bro. Joseph Kwasi Adjei

Rev. 14:13 Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Dr. S.B Maale was not just a father but a great friend to me. He was knowledgeable, friendly, humble and above all God fearing. Our relationship transcended beyond church activities as we would share personal experiences and he would always tell me stories about his days in Liberia as a doctor and how he escaped divinely during the civil war.

Doctor was a great communicator and my chats with him was always full of advice and great wisdom. One of his popular phrases was in Ga "Nyɔŋmɔ Mantseyeli ɛ pe" which translated as "Only God". This he always repeated to show his deep faith in our God and the fact that it was only our Lord and master Jesus who had the final say in every situation.

We both looked forward to our time of fellowship whenever I went to administer communion to him. There were times that after I had prayed with him, he will also say a prayer for me as well. No doubt he really loved God.

I was deeply saddened when I heard about his passing just a week after I had gone to visit. I know that his love and trust for God, resilience, humility, friendliness and wisdom will continually stay not only with me but with his family, friends, church and all who came his way.

John 11:25 - Jesus said to her, I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in me will live, even though they die;

Rest Well Doctor!!



Hymn

HYMN 169 - BECAUSE HE LIVES

1. God sent his son
They called him Jesus
He came to love
Heal and forgive
He lived and died
To buy my pardon
An empty grave
Is there to prove
My Savior lives

(Chorus)

Because he lives
I can face tomorrow
Because he lives
All fear is gone
Because I know
He holds the future
And life is worth the living
Just because he lives

2. How sweet to hold
A newborn baby
And feel the pride
And joy he gives
But greater still
The calm assurance
This child can face
Uncertain days
Because he lives

3. And then one day
I'll cross the river
I'll fight life's final war with pain
And then as death
Gives way to victory
I'll see the lights
Of glory and I'll know he lives

HYMN 2

HYMN 533 - WHEN WE ALL GET TO HEAVEN

1. Sing the wondrous love of Jesus;
sing his mercy and his grace.
In the mansions bright and blessed
he'll prepare for us a place.

Refrain:

When we all get to heaven,
what a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
we'll sing and shout the victory!

2. While we walk the pilgrim pathway,
clouds will overspread the sky;
but when traveling days are over,
not a shadow, not a sigh.
(Refrain)
3. Let us then be true and faithful,
trusting, serving every day;
just one glimpse of him in glory
will the toils of life repay.



Hymn

(Refrain>

4. Onward to the prize before us!
Soon his beauty we'll behold;
soon the pearly gates will open;
we shall tread the streets of gold.
(Refrain)

HYMN 3 IN THE SWEET BY AND BY

1. There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.
- Refrain:
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blessed;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
3. To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love
And the blessings that hallow our days.

HYMN 4 HYMN 514 - WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER,

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather
over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Refrain

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

2. On that bright and cloudless morning,
when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather
to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
3. Let us labor for the Master
from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care,
Then, when all of life is over,
and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.



Hymn

HYMN 4**HYMN 541- ABIDE WITH ME**

1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
2. 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.
3. I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the
tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and
stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord,
abide with me.
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears
no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave,
thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

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

HYMN 5**HYMN NO. 555 - GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE
MEET AGAIN**

1. God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.
- Refrain:
Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
2. God be with you till we meet again.
God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.



Hymn

3. God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

KING OF GLORY, KING OF PEACE

The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.
Psalm 24:10

1. King of glory, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
And that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.
Thou hast granted my request,

Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

2. Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou alone didst clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

3. Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee;
In my heart, though not in Heaven,
I can raise Thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
To enroll Thee:
E'en eternity's too short
To extol Thee.



IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE LATE **DR. SOWA BOITE MAALE-ADSEI**

Appreciation

The entire family of the late
DR. SOWA BOITE MAALE-ADSEI
wish to express sincere appreciation for the
love, care and support you've shown us
during this incredibly challenging time.

Your presence, kind words, and the
thoughtful gestures have been a source of
strength and comfort.

Thank You