



MEMORIAL, BURIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE

FOR THE LATE

Susuana
LARTETSOO QUAYE

METHODIST CHURCH GHANA
GRACE SOCIETY, KWABENYA

SATURDAY, 6TH JULY, 2019





Officiating Clergy

Very Rev. Felix Tawia Danquah

Very Rev. Richard Imbeah

Very Rev. Grace Fakah

Very Rev. Philip Osei-Asibey

Very Rev. Seth Bentum Tackie -

(Superintendent Minister, Ada Circuit, Methodist Church Ghana)

Very Rev. Paul Adu (Jnr)

Rev. Benjamin Clottey

Rev. Canon Erasmus Ashietey -

(Assistant Dean, St Anselm's Cathedral, Sunyani)

Organist

Bro. Theophilus Agyei-Mensah

Sis. Irene Efua Imbeah

Bro. Isaac Ofori

Order of Service

Part One – Pre-Burial Service

1. Procession - MHB 896
2. Introit
3. Opening Hymn - MHB 602
4. Opening Prayer
5. Filing Past - Song by the Choir
6. Tributes
7. Closing of Casket

Part Two – Funeral Service

1. Sentences
2. Announcement of Purpose

3. Hymn - MHB 831
4. Prayer
5. Hymn - MHB 579
6. Biography and Tributes
7. Anthem by the Choir
8. Scripture Reading - 1st Lesson: Psalm 90:1-12
- 2nd Lesson: 1st Thessalonians 4: 13-17
9. Hymn - MHB 679
10. Sermon
11. Affirmation of Faith
12. Offertory
13. Hymn - MHB 427
14. Thanksgiving, Commendation and Concluding Prayers
15. Hymn - MHB 498
16. Announcements
17. Benediction
18. Dead March in Saul - MHB 651
19. Recession

Part Three – At the Graveside

1. Hymn - MHB 615
2. Committal and Prayers
3. Hymn - MHB 976
4. Laying of Wreath
5. Vote of Thanks
6. Hymn - MHB 948
7. Benediction



BIOGRAPHY

of the late **Susuana Lartetsoo Quaye**

Madam Susuana Lartetsoo Quaye was born in Accra on Thursday, 7th August, 1941 to the late Mr Alfred Yarlai Quaye of Gbese Nai We, and the late Madam Helen Naa Afi Tackie of Teiko Tsuru We, Abola. She was a great granddaughter of the late Ga Mantse, King Tackie Tawiah I. She was educated at the Accra Royal School in James Town.

Unfortunately, she had to cut short her education after completing Standard Two and move to Takoradi to live with her cousin, the late Mr J. O. Lamptey of Ghana Railways Corporation, who had been newly married at the time. The late Mrs Lamptey introduced her to trading at an early age and they made numerous trips to Yeji in the Pru East District of the Bono Region to buy goods to sell in Sekondi/Takoradi Metropolis.

Upon her return to Accra, her mother, who was a dressmaker and clothe merchant at the Makola Market until its destruction in August 1979, trained her to be a dressmaker and a tradeswoman in the selling of clothes and other merchandise.

After relocating from Akweteman to Abossey Okai in 1970, she enrolled into the Adults Literacy Programme at St. Luke Methodist Church to learn Reading and Bookkeeping.

Aatsoo moved to Kumasi in 1974, where she continued with the dressmaking business along with petty trading. She returned to Abossey Okai, Accra in September, 1993.

She gave birth to all her children during these travels and also made lasting relationships, many of which have continued to this day.

Auntie Suzie finally settled in Kwabenya in 1998. She was hardworking and lived a fulfilling life. She made family and her faith in God the core of her existence. Her love for God and the Methodist Church was remarkable. She was baptised and confirmed at the St. Luke Methodist Church, Abossey Okai.

As a staunch Methodist, she joined the Grace Methodist Church when she moved to Kwabenya. She served the church as a Poor Fund Steward and a Lay Reader. Additionally, she was a member of the Leaders' Meeting and the Women's Fellowship, where she served the Fellowship as Secretary for ten (10) consecutive years.

Auntie Suzie loved her family and embraced everyone. She was modest, approachable, unifier, friendly, dependable, thoughtful, considerate, and above all, generous.

She passed away in the early hours of Saturday, 27th April, 2019. She is survived by a loving family, seven (7) children, nineteen (19) grandchildren, and twelve (12) great grandchildren.

Auntie Suzie will forever be remembered by all and sundry. The Quaye, Tackie, and allied families have lost a gem.

As Paul wrote in his second epistle to Timothy, chapter 4 and verses 7 and 8, we are of the firm belief that "you have fought the good fight, you have finished the race, you have kept the faith. Finally, there is laid up for you the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give to you on that Day, and not to you only but also to all who have loved His appearing."

As we lay Aatsoo to rest today, we say Ayekoo.
Ayekoo tsulɔ kpakpa.

May the Almighty God grant you rest from your labour.

Sleep well, Naa Afi Bi Tsotsoo.

Auntie Suzie, Rest in Peace in the Bosom of the LORD till we meet again.

Sister Aatsoo, yaa wɔ ojogbanɔ yɛ Nuntsɔ ɛ dɛntɛ mli.

Rest in Perfect Peace!

TRIBUTE

by **Children**

*A life well lived is a precious gift
Of hope and strength and grace,
From someone who has made our world
A brighter, better place
It's filled with moments, sweet and sad
With smiles and sometimes tears,
With friendships formed and good times shared
And laughter through the years.
A life well lived is a legacy
Of joy and pride and pleasure,
A living, lasting memory
Our grateful hearts will treasure.*

- Author Unknown

It will be a lengthy story if we are to talk about how dear our mother was to us. She was our pillar, our inspiration, our support, and our hero while she was with us. She was supportive and very involved in our day-to-day lives. Sister Aatsoo, as she preferred that we call her, ensured that all her children were well educated to the highest level we could go. To her, education made a difference in everything.

Sister Aatsoo inspired confidence in us and pushed us to our limits. She had the “tell it as it is, and damn the

consequences” attitude. She was often perceived to be a difficult woman. But for us, she needed to be strong to take care of seven boys and two girls. That required all the strength, mental toughness, wisdom, and tenacity one could marshal to achieve what she did for us.

Our mom was a strict disciplinarian and would rebuke and straighten you up if you went the wrong way. A stern look from her was always enough to send her message across.

Sister Aatsoo was very hardworking and lived a fulfilling life. She made family, faith, and friends the core of her existence. We will miss her for her boldness, candidness and relentlessness. She had the “can do” attitude. We will also remember her for her love for us, her empathy and her indiscriminate generosity.

Yes, Sister Aatsoo was a generous person. In fact, she is one of the most generous and benevolent persons you will ever encounter. Growing up, we always had a large household, most of whom were not her own children.

We pay tribute today for her immense love for God and for mankind. We will always remember her for her prayer life. Growing up, Sister Aatsoo always involved us in her dawn prayer sessions. Starting from the eldest, Bro. Adjetey, to her last child, Sister Gloria, she would list us and pray for each of us. Today, our “Prayer Warrior” is no longer with us. It is up to us to carry on from where she left off. Hmmm!

Our greatest helper and supporter is no more. Even in old

age, she was there for us. Not caring for us only, but always caring and supporting our children and spouses whenever the need arose. This care and support even extended to our children's children.

Grace says thank you for taking good care of Nii Akai. Bro. Laryea, Bro. Tommy, Bro. Seth, and the rest of us say thank you for offering us a helping hand on countless occasions and taking good care of our children. We are extremely grateful.

Lastly, our confidant, counsellor, and hero is no more with us. Nonetheless, we are in tandem with Martha that “(s)he will rise again in the resurrection at the last day” (John 11:24).

Today, we admire and celebrate a life well lived, a desire for God worth cherishing, a generous spirit worth emulating, and a love for family without boundaries.

Sister Aatsoo, you have done your part.

You danced in the midst of the storm with grace.

Well done for a good job.

Wɔ tɛ, Ataa Naa Nyomɔ diɛntɛ kɛ bo ato yɛ efidziŋ amlɪ.

Yaa wɔ ojogbaŋŋ.



TRIBUTE

by **Brothers and Sisters**

*¹The righteous perish,
and no one takes it to heart;
the devout are taken away,
and no one understands
that the righteous are taken away
to be spared from evil.*

*² Those who walk uprightly
enter into peace;
they find rest as they lie in death.*

Isaiah 57:1-2 (NIV)

It is with sorrow that we pay tribute to a wonderful human whom we were privileged to have as our sister.

To each of us, you were a teacher, friend, confidant, counsellor and mentor. It is difficult in times like this to find suitable words to say how we feel about you.

Aatsoo, our hearts are heavy because you left without a proper goodbye but we are assured that you are in the bosom of the Almighty God.

We could not have asked for a better sister than you. You catered for all and we are fond of you.



We did not expect you to leave us at a time like this. But the Good Lord knows best. He has called you at such a time we least expected.

Suzie, we shall forever remember you.

Aatsoo, yaa wo ojogbanj.

Rest in perfect peace.

Amen.

TRIBUTE

by **Grand Children**

"For My thoughts are not your thoughts, Nor are your ways My ways," says the LORD.
(Isaiah 55:8, NKJV)

It was a sad day for us when we were told about the death of our grandmother. It is with heavy and tearful eyes that we pay this tribute to our grandmother. Sister Aatsoo, as we always called her, was more than our grandmother. Her love and concern stretched beyond our parents to cover us.

Sister Aatsoo always had a story to tell to make us laugh. Grandma, your playfulness, joy and laughter are memories of you that we will miss dearly. Grandma will always welcome you with a big akwaaba sound after which she will prepare some food for you whenever you visit her.

Grandma was a strict disciplinarian. She valued education. For the many of us who lived with her, she trained us to be respectful and godly. Her only caveat was for you to avail yourself.



Sister Aatsoo shares the little she had with all of us. She always encouraged all of us to take our education and job seriously. We say Thank You and Ayekoo.

Our hearts are filled with sorrow because we are going to miss your wonderful existence but the hope of our joy is the fact that we believe you are resting in the bosom of your maker and that we shall surely meet again.

Da yie.

Wɔ ojogbanɲ.

May your soul rest in perfect peace.

Amen.



TRIBUTE

by **Nephews and Nieces**

*When the day of toil is done
When the race of life is run
Father grant thy wearied one
Rest for ever more*

MHB 975 vs. 1

As the burial day, 6th July, 2019, drew closer, a few words kept burning in our hearts and we could not continue to withhold them. We believed that after we had put them on paper, we would have some relief even if it is just for a moment.

Sister Aatsoo had always been very close to us. She even lived with us for some time. We remember when she returns to Accra from Kumasi, she would bring us fruits like pear, njawie, oranges, mangoes, water melons, etc. As such, all of us showed special interest in every aspect of her life.

She radiated love to all people she came into contact with.

As we mourn your hasty departure and as we struggle to cope with this irreplaceable loss, our hearts are also full of joy because we know that you are with the Lord.

We have lost a wonderful Auntie and a friend. We pray that God will send his angels to give us peace in our hearts and mind.

Suu, thank you for your services, your loyalty and your love. We all know that you continued to express gratitude even with your last breath. We know you are in Paradise resting peacefully in the bosom of your maker. Keep on resting till we meet you in resurrection day never to part anymore.

Amen.





TRIBUTE

by In-Laws

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

(Psalm 116:15, NIV)

Today, Sister Aatsoo is gone. We have lost a great mother, a wonderful grandmother, and a very caring personality who was always ready to welcome her grandchildren.

We had a very good relationship with Sister Aatsoo, as we all call her. Even in hard times, our mother-in-law calmly handled situations based on Christian principles.

Sister Aatsoo was time conscious; always the FIRST to be ready for Sunday Church Service. If you have to pick her and you delay in coming, then meet her at Church. She will not be late for Church Service. For family and other appointments, Sister Aatsoo will arrive well ahead of time. A very good example to emulate.

In August 2016, we (in-laws), together with our spouses and children, joined other family members and friends to celebrate her 75th birthday. That was when we all sang Happy Birthday to her. We had hoped for more of those celebrations, but, sadly, that will not happen again.

We agree with the Roman Statesman, Lawyer, and Philosopher, Marcus Tullius Cicero who said, **"The life of the dead is placed in the memory of the living."** Auntie Suzie is no more, but her memory will be with us for as long as we live.

Taking care of her grandchildren was no task at all to her. Leave the children with her and by the time you returned from your errands in town, the children will be





bathed, dressed and well fed. What a **MOTHER-IN-LAW!!!**

When you present her with a gift, she will call you before 6:00 am the next day, to say **Thank You**. Good manners she passed on to her grandchildren.

Sister Aatsoo was very observant and strict. She will quickly take action on any child who misbehaves with the hope of training up the child in the way he should go. In this regard, our MOTHER-IN-LAW did her best and we are grateful for that. **Sister Aatsoo, WE THANK YOU.**

As usual, on Thursday, 25 April, 2019, when we passed by her residence to pick one of our children, she came out to say '**thank you**' for a box of ice cream she had received the day before. The next day (Friday), she paid a visit when she got to know that her daughter was not well. She proceeded to visit one of her sons who was at the time, on admission at the Ghana Atomic Energy Commission Hospital. She then returned home around 5:00 pm. On Saturday, 27th April, 2019, we were told she was not well and that she was being taken to the hospital. We got to the Police Hospital, only to be told that Sister Aatsoo had passed on to eternity.

Now, our Mother-In-Law is gone; what shall we say? To God be the glory.

Our Mother-In-Law, Rest in Perfect Peace!

Sister Aatsoo, yaa wo ojogbanɔ!!

Amen!!!

TRIBUTE

by **Cousins**

Then I heard a voice from heaven say, "Write this: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on. Yes," says the Spirit, "they will rest from their labour, for their deed will follow them."

(Revelations 14:13, NIV)

Sister Aatsoo, as we affectionately called her, was a strong and determined woman who will go for what she believed in. She was easy to get along with and full of life and patience. She made friends with anyone and she did it with ease. Sister Aatsoo was principled, and always sought the truth in everything she did. She believed in fairness and service to all. She is remembered for asking about the welfare of others from anyone she meets in the family. Such is the person who loves all from her caring heart and her motherly habit.

It was a great shock to all members of the family when news of her sudden death was announced to us, at a time when we were busily making arrangements for the final funeral rites of her brother, the late Dan Quaye. All that was said was, "Aatsoo why", because, she was with us at the first meeting of her brother's funeral preparation. I remember giving her a lift home that day. After alighting, I asked her if I should come and pick her

for the next meeting. All she said was, "humn". Then she said, "I will see." Some days later, her sudden death was announced.

Today we gather to pay our last respect to our sister, mother, friend, and colleague. We pray for her restful repose in the arms of our Lord and maker. But we took consolation from the word of God, which says:

"Naked I came from my mother's womb, and naked I will depart. The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; may the name of the LORD be praised".

(Job 1:21 NIV).

FARE THEE WELL, YAA WO OJOGBANJ.

TRIBUTE

by **The Methodist Church Ghana, Grace Society,
Kwabinya**

Be with us in repeating the words of stanzas 1 and 2 of
MHB 647:

*1. Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.*

*2. If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?*

The above words represent the very life of Maa Susuana Lartetsoo Quaye whose demise has brought us together this morning. She loved and served the Lord Jesus Christ in every capacity she could.

Auntie Suzie, as she was affectionately called, joined the church during the third quarter of the year 1998 as a full member and also one of the elderly persons we could count on. With her commitment and dedication for God's work, she became a member of the Pastor Parish Committee and was later elected as one of the first Poor Fund Stewards; positions she gladly executed very well in all humility.



Her words were few but carry much weight and her contribution at Leader's Meeting and Ga Class is what has brought us this far.

Maa Suzie was one of the few sisters to start Women's Fellowship and became the substantive Secretary in the year 2005 after the death of the then Secretary. Though the beginning of everything is never easy, she did her best to sustain the Fellowship.

Her interaction with brethren was very friendly and approachable. She was a very active member who pays her tithe regularly coupled with all other contributions and even promised on the 20th April, 2019 to bring her Women's Mini Harvest contribution on 28th April because she had left her money at home. On that faithful day, there was no sign of ill-health or weakness on Maa and so it came as a surprise when we heard her death on 27th April, 2019.

Indeed, Auntie Suzie has made history with her departure and her special farewell of a promise of seeing us on 28th, which never came to pass. We shall surely miss her because she is in our hearts.

May the good Lord keep and protect her soul till we meet again.

The entire brethren of Grace Society extend heartfelt condolences to the bereaved family and pray that the good Lord shall continue to console and comfort you all.

May she Rest Peacefully in the bosom of her maker.

Auntie Suzie, yaa wɔ Blɛoo.



TRIBUTE

by **Women's Fellowship,
Grace Methodist Church,
Kwabanya**

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

MHB 99 vs. 1



Sis. Susuana Quaye, affectionately called Maa Suzie by all, joined the Kwabanya A Methodist Church in the late 1990s. She joined the Women's Fellowship and was part of the Inauguration and Enrolment in 1998.

She became the Second Secretary of the Fellowship after the late Victoria Naa Akuyee Addy, a position she held for ten (10) years. She was dedicated to the service of God, and worked hard for the progress of the Fellowship. She was always punctual at meetings.

As a leader, she sets good examples for members to emulate by paying her dues and other contributions regularly for the growth of the Fellowship. Following her hard work and dedication, she was appointed the leader of the Women's Desk, now Family and Gender Issues.

We never heard of her sickness, all we heard on that fateful Saturday, 27th April, was her demise. The Lord knows best. He gives and at His time, he takes.

May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace.

Fare thee well.

Da yie, Sister.

Yaa wo ojogbanɔ.

HYMNS

MHB 896

- 1 NOW praise we great and famous men,
The fathers, named in story;
And praise the Lord who now as then
Reveals in man His glory.
- 2 Praise we the wise and brave and strong,
Who graced their generation,
Who helped the right, and fought the wrong,
And made our folk a nation.
- 3 Praise we the great of heart and mind,
The singers sweetly gifted,
Whose music like a mighty wind
The souls of men uplifted.
- 4 Praise we the peaceful men of skill
Who builded homes of beauty,
And, rich in art, made richer still
The brotherhood of duty.
- 5 Praise we the glorious names we know;
And they – whose names have perished,
Lost in the haze of long ago –
In silent love be cherished

- 6 In peace their sacred ashes rest,
Fulfilled their day's endeavour;
They blest the earth, and they are blest
Of God and man, for ever.

- 7 So praise we great and famous men,
The fathers, named in story;
And praise the Lord who now as then
Reveals in man His glory.

William George Tarrant, 1853-1928.

MHB 602

- 1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Its portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

6 In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost soul is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

Anna Laetitia Waring, 1820-1910.

MHB 831

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath.

Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

MHB 579

1 SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
My Lord, from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 At the blest mercy-seat
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee;

Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer –
Something for Thee.

- 3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won –
Something for Thee.

- 4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee.
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

Sylvanus Dryden Phelps, 1816-95.

MHB 679

- 1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,

In this land of sin and woe,
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fullness, God of grace!

- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.
- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me! Amen.

Henry Francis Lyle, 1793-1847.

MHB 427

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,

The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

- 6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

Nahum Tate, 1652-1715;
Nicholas Brady, 1639-1726.

MHB 498

- 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood.
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement-throne:
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78.

MHB 651

- 1 HARK! Hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

*Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!*

- 2 Onward we go; for still we hear them singing:
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And though the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

4 Rest coms at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

MHB 615

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim though this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer!
Be Thou still my help and shield.

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

*William Williams, 1717-91;
tr. by Peter Williams, 1722-96.*

MHB 976

1 NOW the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.

*Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.*

2 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.

6 Earth to earth, and dust to dust!
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.

John Ellerton, 1826-93.

MHB 948

- 1 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.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyle, 1793-1847.



HER LIFE AND FAMILY MOMENTS

Don't Cry For Me

© Deborah Garcia Gaitan

Don't cry for me.
I will be okay.
Heaven is my home now,
and this is where I'll stay.

Don't cry for me.
I'm where I belong.
I want you to be happy
and try to stay strong.

Don't cry for me.
It was just my time,
but I will see you someday
on the other side.

Don't cry for me.
I am not alone.
The angels are with me
to welcome me home.

Don't cry for me,
for I have no fear.
All my pain is gone,
and Jesus took my tears.

Don't cry for me.
This is not the end.
I'll be waiting here for you
when we meet again.



Do Not Stand At My Grave and Weep

© Mary Elizabeth Frye

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sun on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die.





Death Is Nothing At All

© Henry Scott-Holland

Death is nothing at all.
It does not count.
I have only slipped away into the next
room.
Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.
I am I, and you are you,
and the old life that we lived so fondly
together is untouched, unchanged.
Whatever we were to each other, that we
are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.
Speak of me in the easy way which you
always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little
jokes that we enjoyed together.

Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household
word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without an effort,
without the ghost of a shadow upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute and unbroken
continuity.
What is this death but a negligible
accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I
am out of sight?
I am but waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near,
just around the corner.

All is well.
Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it
was before.
How we shall laugh at the trouble of
parting when we meet again!





MEMORIAL, BURIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE LATE - SUSUANA LARTETSOO QUAYE





Appreciation

The entire family of the late
SUSUANA LARTETSOO QUAYE
wish to express their profound gratitude
to all who in diverse ways have sympathized with us.

Stay blessed and may you be bountifully
rewarded for the love
expressed.