



MILLCENT
KORKOR
AMARTEY
1948 - 2020

In Memory

and in

Celebration

of someone who made this world a

Brighter

and

Better Place...

ORDER OF SERVICE - PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

FRIDAY AUGUST 14, 2020
TRANSITION FUNERAL HOME, HAATSO
TIME: 3PM - 4PM

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Very Rev Victor BB Boyetey

Bishop Steve Asare

Bishop Frank O Adjei

Bishop Kenneth Bamfo

Rev Daniel Tagoe

Pastor Gabriel Bentil

PART ONE - PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. Scriptural Sentences
2. Hymn
3. Prayer
4. Songs
5. Tributes
6. Hymn
7. Filing Pass
8. Casket To Be Closed
9. Exhortation
10. Prayer
11. Vote of Thanks
12. Hymn
13. Benediction

ORDER OF SERVICE - BURIAL SERVICE

SATURDAY: SATURDAY 15, 2020
THE WESLEY METHODIST CHURCH, BIG ADA
TIME: 9AM

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Very Rev Victor BB Boyetey

Rev Seth Bentum Tackie

PART TWO - BURIAL SERVICE

1. Call to Worship
2. Purpose of Gathering
3. Hymn.....MHB 830
4. Prayer
5. Biography
6. Hymn.....MHB 615
7. Tributes
8. Hymn.....MHB 818
9. Ministry of the WordRev. 7:9-17, John 14:1-6, 27
10. Hymn.....MHB 235
11. Sermon
12. Apostles' Creed
13. Anthem
14. Offering
15. Notices
16. Hymn.....MHB 828

ORDER OF SERVICE - BURIAL SERVICE

**SATURDAY: SATURDAY 15, 2020
THE WESLEY METHODIST CHURCH, BIG ADA
TIME: 9AM**

- 17. Commendation
- 18. Hymn
- 19. Closing Prayer and Benediction
- 20. Dead March in Saul

PART THREE - AT THE GRAVE SIDE

- 1. Hymn.....MHB 976
- 2. Committal
- 3. Prayer
- 4. Vote of Thanks.....Family Representative
- 5. Hymn/Laying of Wreaths.....MHB 948
- 6. Closing Prayer & Benediction

Hymn

MHB 830

1. HARK! The sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah Lord, to Thee :
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

2. They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

3. Marching with Thy Cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following Thee,
the Captain of salvation, Thee,
their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified.



Hymns

MHB 615

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

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.



Hymns

MHB 818

1. HAPPY the souls to Jesus Joined,
And saved by grace alone,
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2. The Church triumphant In Thy
love, Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3. Thee In Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne,
We in the kingdom of Thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

Hymn

MHB 828

1. TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light; ‘
Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2. What rush of hallelujahs
Pills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3. O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan’s happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with Joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.




Hymn

MHB 235

1. I KNOW that my Redeemer lives
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head.

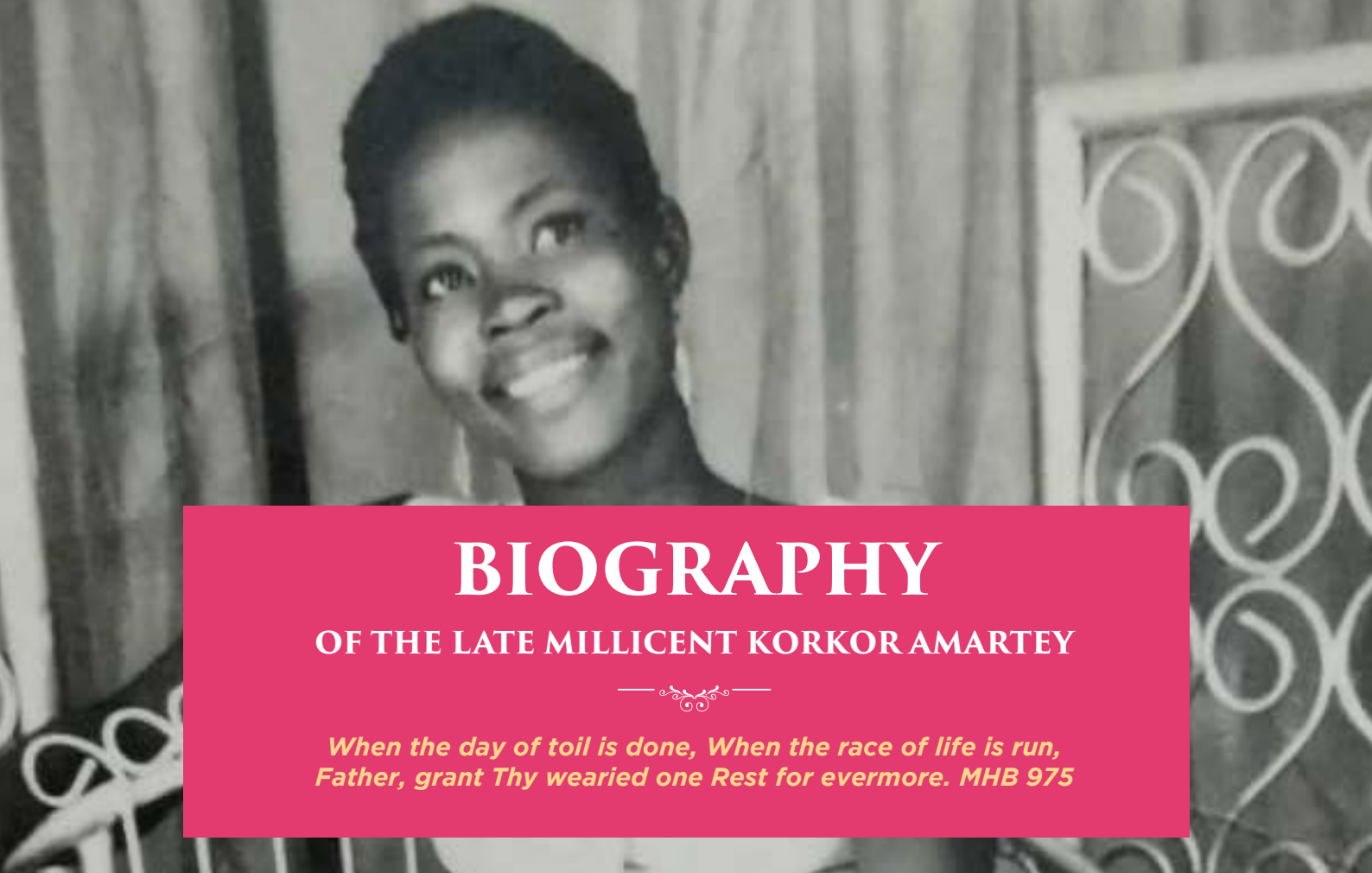
2. He lives, to bless me with His love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3. He lives, and grants me dally breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to lead me safely there.



**“ But our citizenship is in
heaven, and from it we await
a Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who will
transform our lowly body to be like
his glorious body, by the power
that enables him even to
subject all things to himself. ”**
- **Philippians 3:20-21**





BIOGRAPHY

OF THE LATE MILLICENT KORKOR AMARTEY



*When the day of toil is done, When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one Rest for evermore. MHB 975*

The late Millicent Amornorkuor Amarte whose mortal remains lie before us was born on the 30th of August 1948 at Totime-Kope Ada-Foah to Mr. Hormeku Amarte and Madam Senameh Densunu all of blessed memory. She was the second amongst five (5) children born to both parents.

Sister Korkor as she was often affectionately called, was, by the Grace of God, baptized into the Methodist church by Rev. William Q. Quartey on 11th June, 1961 at the Ada-Foah Methodist church, after which she later continued in her service to God, serving as a chorister. The late Millicent Amarte had her formal education whiles staying

with her grandmother at Totime-Kope L/A School in Ada-Foah where she completed her Middle School Education.

She then moved to Accra to stay with her mother at Nima where she helped her in her trading business until she also began her own trading business in provisions at Makola. She later moved on to work with Advance Press at Accra Newtown until she got married to the late Edward Samuel Kumah Agbette of blessed memory. The Lord Graciously blessed their marriage with three (3) children (i.e. two (2) male and one (1) female).

Due to the strong passion she had for entrepreneurial work, she once again took upon herself, her numerous

trading businesses with some of them taking her on business trips outside the country. She later became a key depot distributor operating in Nima with Fan Milk Ghana Ltd before later moving to Kwame Nkrumah Circle also operating there as a depot distributor for the Coca Cola Company Ltd until the recent redevelopment of the GPRTU Station and construction of the new overhead bridge at Circle.

Millicent was a God fearing and affable person who accommodated everyone who came her way. She was very jovial which earned her several nicknames amongst friends and loved ones. She was very assiduous, intelligent, and kind. She always opened up and shared with siblings and friends, whatever she had and was always available to give her counselling when it was needed.



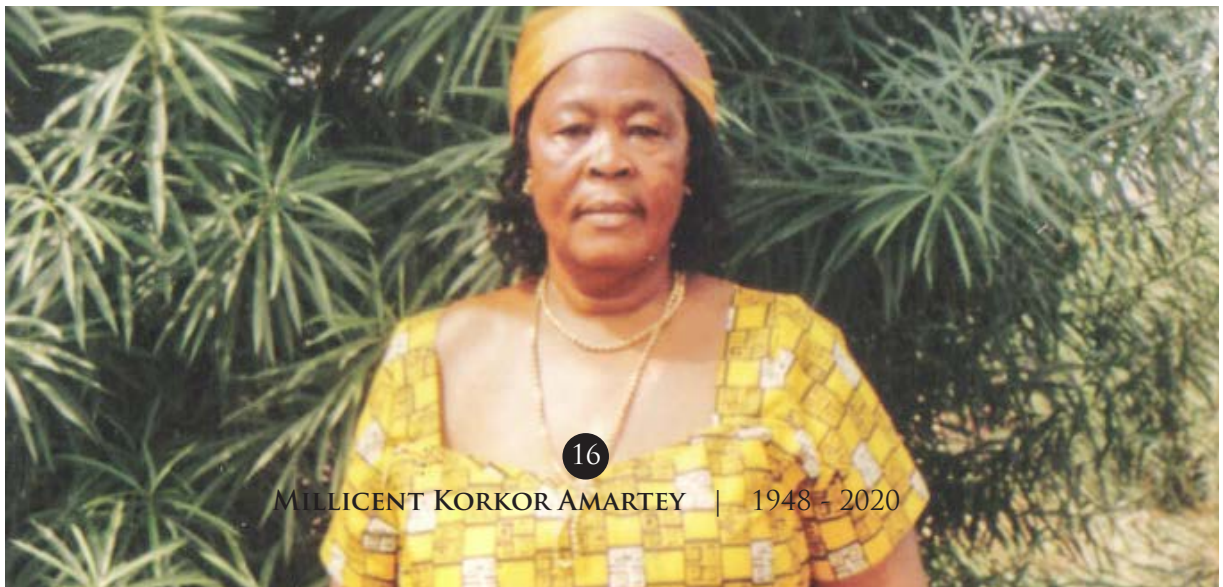
After ceasing her trading business at Kwame Nkrumah Circle, she was taken ill for sometime and was responding to treatment at home in Achimota until her condition worsened and was rushed to the Nyaho Medical Clinic where she gave up the ghost, responding to the higher calling of our Lord on the 10th of July, 2020.

Sister, your spirit of selflessness, generosity and kindness will always be remembered by us. You gave your substance to many others who needed one form of assistance or the other.

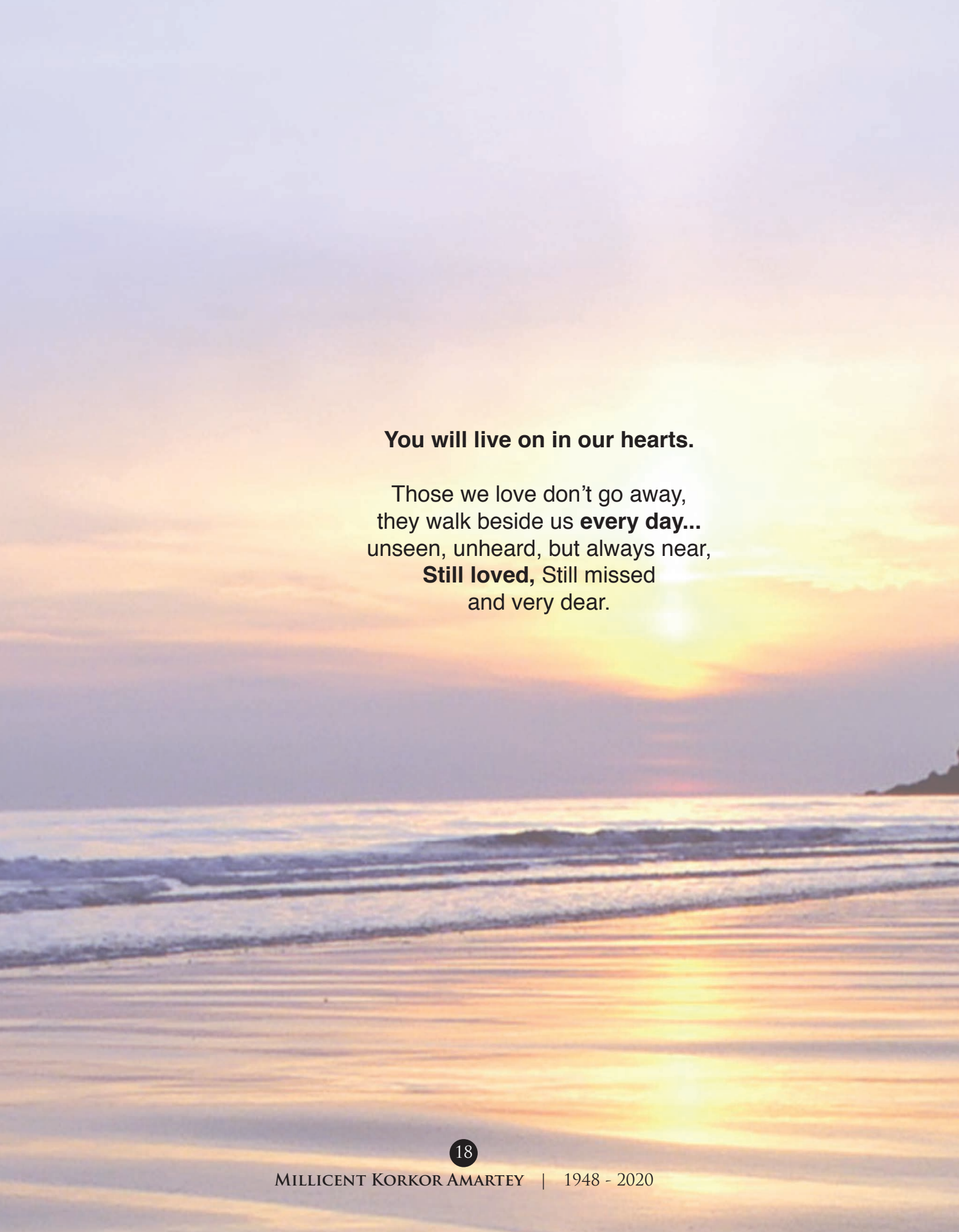
Korkor, may your soul rest in perfect peace!!







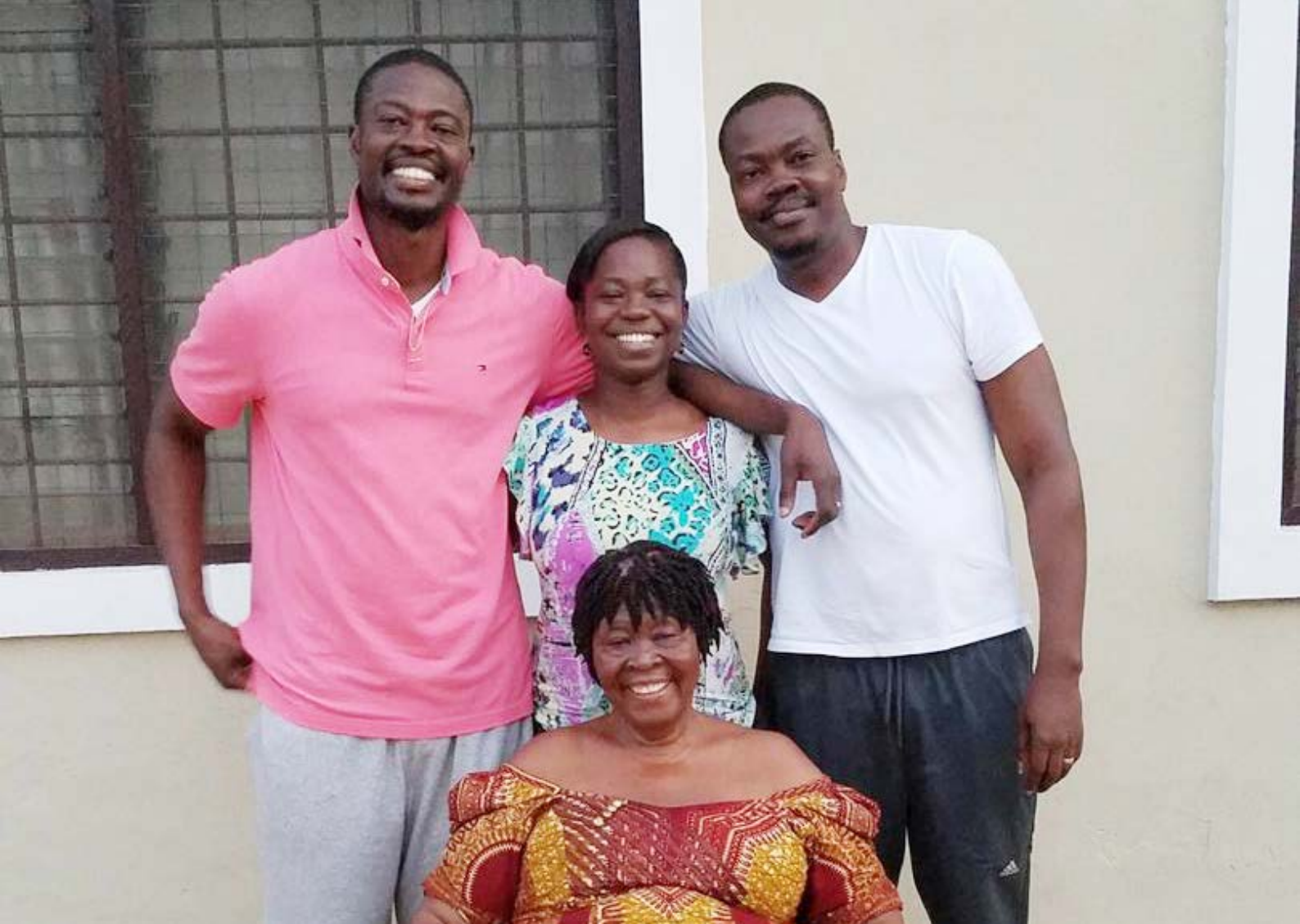




You will live on in our hearts.

Those we love don't go away,
they walk beside us **every day...**
unseen, unheard, but always near,
Still loved, Still missed
and very dear.

Tributes



TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN

“ Then Jonathan said to David,
Tomorrow is the New Moon,
and you will be missed,
because your seat will be empty. ”

1 Samuel 20:18



Ofoe SAYS

K this is a tribute to you from the children you birthed and the numerous others that you mothered. It is the way of the world that we live, and we die. It is also desirable that children grow up to bury their parents. This does not however make it easy on us.

“Ofoe mo na tsui” you will always tell me. I have lost the one person who delivers her rebukes so gently and yet so effectively that I am unable to do anything else than accept my wrong immediately. My heart aches and words cannot convey the sense of loss that I feel at the realization that your love and good counsel are no longer accessible to me.

“ I still remember, like it was yesterday, the tears we both shed when you came to visit me that first time at Bishop Herman College. ”

I still remember, like it was yesterday, the tears we both shed when you came to visit me that first time at Bishop Herman College. Those were tears of Joy. I also remember the tears we both shed when we lost Jayden. In joy and in pain you were there for me.

You did not have much by the standards of this world. But what you had in immeasurable quantity is the love that our world needs. And you didn't hold back in spreading this love wherever you were and with whoever you came into contact. Indeed the testimonies that have been pouring out since your passing all point to the fact that everyone who came into contact with you felt touched by your love. I feel blessed to have been raised and enveloped in that love for well over 40 years. You were a shining example of sacrificial love.

The tears will continue to flow and the pain in my heart will linger on forever. But for now, I want to thank you so dearly for loving me and all who were connected with me so unconditionally. Sleep well KK, and till we meet again, take care of our Jayden for us.



Edmund Ofoe Agbetteor



He
SAYS

Words cannot express how sad and devastated I feel at this moment to know that the person who raised me to be the man that I am today is no longer with us. Many of you knew my mom as Korkor, Auntie Milli, or Sister KK.

Whenever I got in trouble as a child (which I did a lot), my mom always came to my rescue after being disciplined by my dad. The look of disapproval on her face was enough to let me know what I was doing was not good. The only person I would allow to take me to the hospital when I was sick was my mom even if it meant waiting till she got home from work.

“ I remember she would always remind me to be respectful to my in-laws and she always told me to be good to my wife and treat her right. ”

She was the most loving and caring mom anyone could ask for. She was nurturing, compassionate, understanding, optimistic, and generous. My mom had the biggest and the most kind heart. She was always willing to give even when she didn't have



TT & KK



Isaac Tetteh Agbette

enough. When I moved to the US 15yrs ago, I remember she would always remind me to be respectful to my in-laws and she always told me to be good to my wife and treat her right. Being gone for the last 15yrs meant not spending the amount of time with her that I would have liked. However, I will always be grateful for the opportunity I had to see her this past Christmas. It was the last time we were together. It is also comforting to know that Jordan, Jasmin, and Vanessa were able to see her and spend time with her. Even though we mourn my beautiful mom and our hearts are heavy because she is no longer with us, we know that she is in a better place and not suffering anymore.

I will always remember my mother's infectious smile and how good she was to people. This tribute is to remember all the lives that she touched with her warm heart.

Mother: Thank you for always being there for us. I will miss calling you on the phone and saying "KK KK" and you responding "TT TT". I will miss your endless attempts to have me use T.B. Joshua's anointing water. I will miss your wonderful smile. Although you're not with us anymore, you'll always be in our hearts and we will always carry a piece of you with us wherever we are.

Rest well until we meet again.



Phui

SAYS

Indeed Sister ,as we all affectionately called you, your seat will be empty because I'll walk upstairs the umpteenth time and not find you because your maker has called you home to rest from your labour.

I could shed tears that you are gone or I could smile because you have lived. My heart can be empty because I can't see you or I can be full of the love that we shared.

I could remember that you're gone, Or I can cherish your memory and let it live on. But in all these instances, I choose the latter because that is what you would have me do. Sister was larger than life. A giant in a human frame. She had a huge heart full of kindness. I used to say that Sister never had money because she always had a list of momo numbers she would send money to, everytime she had money on her. Even when we announced her 70th birthday

celebration, she objected and rather chose to give to an orphanage. This is how selfless Sister was. Once you visited or even passed by to say hello, she'll see to it that you ate before living her home. My clients became her friends and later a mother to many of them. She will even give some of them tips on what to say to me so that I'll produce their clothes in the shortest possible time.

Sister, the world has lost a gem and you cannot be replaced. You'll live forever in my heart and in the heart of all who made contact with you.

I'm going to miss you. I know I'll NEVER get over your loss but I pray I'll heal from this pain bearing in mind that we'll meet again in heaven one day.

***Rest well Sister
Rest on Mother***



Theresa

SAYS

*Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ. MHB 427:1*

Sister, (as we affectionately called her) you were loving, thoughtful and much more than a mother to me. You were my friend and counselor.... indeed, everything. You stood by me always and took my own family as yours. Hence your doors were always opened to me extensively!

Your warm reception created such a peaceful and loving atmosphere in our home. Your death hit me so hard that I still haven't accepted your departure completely! But God knows best and so in as much as it hurts I trust in God that whatever has happened is for the best. Thank you for everything, and we will miss you!

Rest peacefully in God's bosom till we meet again



Ofoe, KK & TT



Ofoe, TT & Ohui

TRIBUTE BY GRANDCHILDREN



Jason says:

Dear Grandma,

I will never forget your joyful soul.

Your kind heart was noticed and appreciated by many, including me. Your funny jokes always perked a smile. Your interest in others left others with an interest in you. I wish you were still here with us today. How nice it would have felt to know you had recovered. But you are in a better place, with the God you served your whole life. You loved your family unconditionally and it would be silly to say your life on earth was not well lived. I wish I could say I knew everything about you, but I knew all I needed to know to understand that you were a great person from the start.

God be with you till I see you again!

Jasmin and Jordan say:

We celebrate your life dear Grandma KK. Even though we didn't live near each other and could not spend time together, we were lucky to have been able to visit you during our two trips to Ghana. During our recent trip in December 2019, we got to see you. In the few weeks we spent with you, we learned that you were kind, loving, caring, and very stubborn (just like our dad). We will miss you Grandma KK and we send you our love wherever you may be. We were very lucky to have known you.

Rest in the bosom of the Lord.

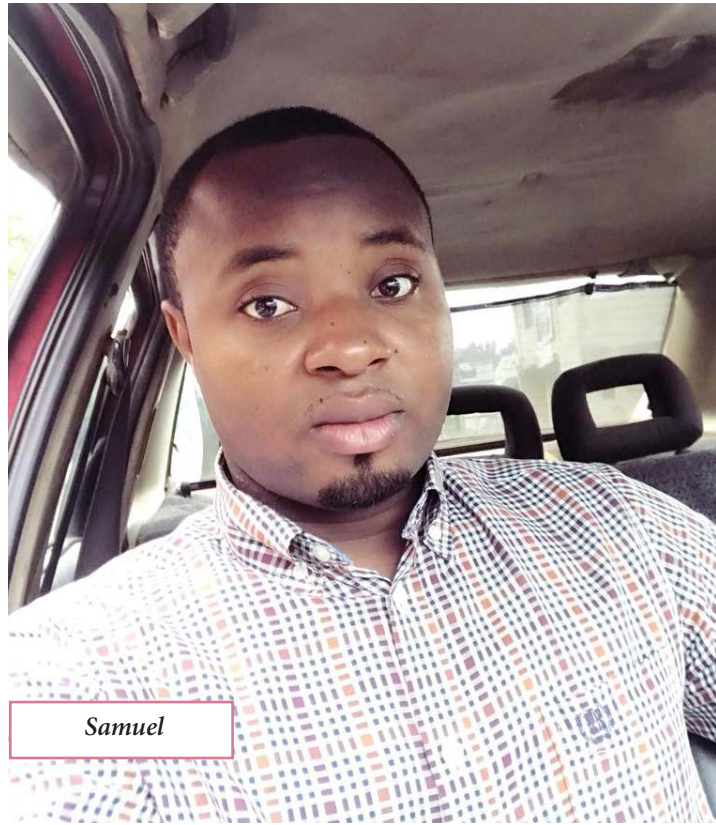
Akosua says:

We miss you so much and all the things you did for us like cooking food, saving us from mom and dad when we were about to be beaten, correcting us and also giving presents on our birthdays. When we were sad, you comforted us. We used to go for walks every time you were done eating. Grandma, you were a peacemaker, kind and caring. You planted all the things that gave our lives a start. We love you and will forever cherish your sweet, sweet memories in our hearts.

Rest in peace.



Joycelyn



Samuel



KK with her grandchildren



Sandra



Jason



Jasmin



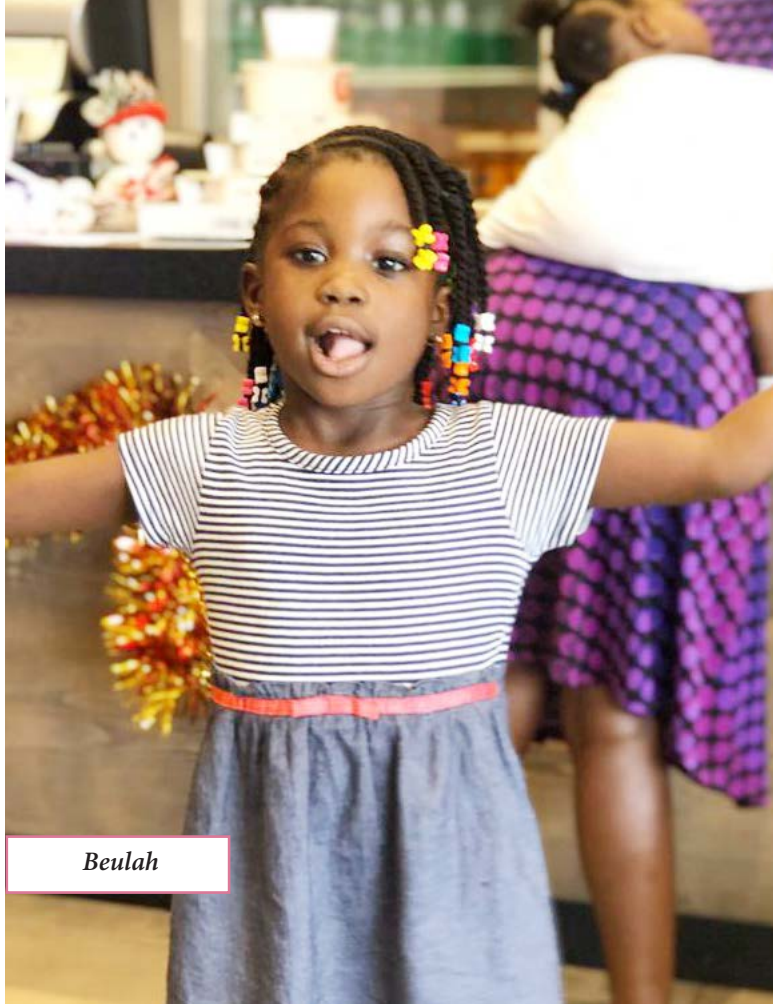
Doreen



Jordan



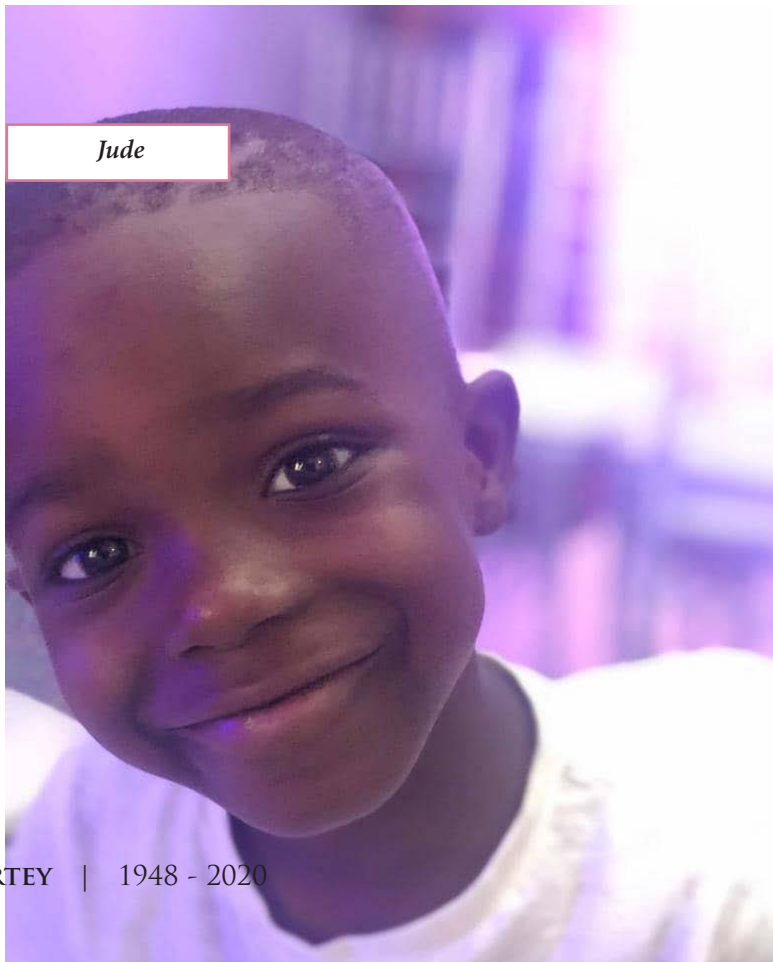
Regina



Beulah



Jed



Jude

TRIBUTE BY

ASANTEWAA



“If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.” Romans 14:8

The Sudden death of my grandma whom I always affectionately called Sister has made me understand the real meaning of what Paul said in *Phillipians 1:21* “for me to live is Christ and to die is gain”

“ Sister eba ooh”

Oh Sister!, even though you took ill over a year ago I never saw this day of writing a tribute to you coming any time soon. Even on your sick bed in the emergency room we still had hope you would be taken to the ward very soon. I remember the Thursday night when Sister Doe was telling Maa T and I that she’s sure they will take you to the ward by the next day and we both said maybe Monday, little did we know that you were going to leave us the next day; but who are we to challenge what God has appointed to us.?It is well with our hearts. Your God-fearing and God-loving nature gives us pride that, you have indeed been called by the Father above. God knows best.

I know most people will be wondering why I’m writing as a granddaughter and not a daughter since I always say Maa T is my sister. Sister and My grandfather, Dada, took me into their home when I was only six (6) years old. She cared for me in every way just like Maa T, buying us the same ribbons, socks, clothes among others so we always posed as twins.

“ Sister, all the moments I spent with you, the baking skills, cooking and your selling skills have helped my growth and development. ”

Sister, as we all affectionately called you, you were an epitome of beauty and anytime I told people you were my grandma, they would say “eeish she’s beautiful ooh and you look like her” which I know is not because I’m beautiful but because of my structure and complexion.

As a good Christian, Sister always made sure we remained humble, respectful and always took us to church. At the time, we worshiped at Alogboshie Presby Church, where with your help Maa T and I always took part in the Children’s Day activities and the Easter “Ajabe”. Your constant desire to forgive anyone who wronged you is something I will never forget. You would say Sandra “epo noko we.”

Sister, all the moments I spent with you, the baking skills, cooking and your selling skills have helped my growth and development. You were always there to pamper me whenever Dada scolded me.

Like Mother Theresa, you were a mother to all and anybody who came your way especially my parents and siblings, Adwoa, Kojo and Ama whom you told stories of my mother during her school days and how she would come and spend time with you and Dada in Kokomlemle and also stories of our late grandfather since they didn't know him as well as I did.

If there is one more thing that I fondly remember about you, it is your memory of birthdays and you would always ask "Sandra kɛ wa ngɛ birthday yɛ kɛ?" meaning "Sandra how are you celebrating your birthday?"

I remember when you told me to mash Ga kenkey and anxious to get back to playing I mistakenly mashed banku for you. I also remember when I started learning the Ada language, one big mistake I made when you asked me to go and bring the lid of the saucepan which I literally translated from Twi to Ada saying "Sister kɛ maba wo tsesio yito kɛ ba" meaning "Sister says I should come for the saucepan head" which made them all burst out into laughter but you encouraged me not to give up and keep on learning and now I can proudly say I'm Ada champion. I remember when you would say I should give my Asantewaa to my mother and take her Ohui because I was so fluent in Ada. Oh Sister, who will I speak Ada with at home now that you're gone?

Who will sing Methodist hymns with me and tell me stories about Ada Methodist and your confirmation days? Whose phone will I call when I need to call home since Maa T and Mary never hear their phones ringing?

Who will I come back from work and shout out to "Sister eba ooh?"
Who will say to me "Sandra oba mla ooh?"

Who will shout to the kids "oma pla ooh, oma no se?"

Who will tell us about Prophet TB Joshua's latest news?

Even when you couldn't communicate too well when you became sick, you still found a way to have a conversation. Although Ecclesiastes 3:2 tell us that, there is a time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to uproot, we wish you could have lived longer to see and teach more of your great grandchildren what you imparted to me. The tears will never leave us, but we thank the Lord for a life well lived.

***Damirifa due Sister
Rest well Sister ooh.***

TRIBUTE BY GRANDMA ALICE



I heard the voice of Jesus say, “Behold I freely give the living water, thirsty one, stoop down and drink and live. I came to Jesus and I drank of that life-giving stream. My thirst was quenched, my soul revived and now I live in him.”

My sweet Grandma, I was sad when I received the unfortunate news of your departure to join the saints above. I was devastated and was left in despair but God gave me the strength to settle down. The first time we met it dawned on me that we were bonded, not only as in-laws but also in faith and love as children of God. We were therefore surrounded every time we met. Distance could not stop us from meeting or thinking about each other.

We enjoyed each other’s company as best of friends and nothing could separate us.

How could we have done that without God’s presence? You were a great companion and a confidant, a superb mother who exhibited an inner beauty that surpassed your outward beautiful physique. In the family you were a true leader with astonishing achievements. You were a precious gem, polished brightly like diamond that kept on shining while you

administered care to all children. Everyone who passed through your hands attests to your gift as a mother and mentor. You were full of life and action and responded every time duty called.

On your visit to the Central Region to mourn the passing of my only brother, it was amazing the big surprise you and your family members gave me. How could we have been in such a relationship if the Lord had not been with us? God took our hands and led us on. The holy father who led his people to cross the Red Sea on dry land, the God Almighty who saved his servants from the fiery furnace of fire, the compassionate father who fed them with Manna from heaven and made water flow from a rock will continue to quench your thirst with living water.

He has prepared a special place for you in heaven with your crown. There will be no more pain, loss or weeping but only true happiness including perfect peace with angels and saints welcoming you into the homeland with blessings. Adieu sweetheart continue to Rest in the Lord Jesus. Da Yie. Amen.

Memories Build a Special Bridge

Our memories build a special
bridge when loved ones have to part
to help us feel we're with them
still and sooth a grieving heart.
Our memories span the years we shared,
preserving ties that bind,
They build a special bridge of love and
bring us peace of mind.

Emily Matthews

TRIBUTE BY BROTHERS & SISTERS

“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.”
Rev. 21:4

Here lies before us today, the motionless body of our sister, Madam Millicent Korkor Amarte, affectionately called Sister.

Our hearts are rent with untold sorrow. Our shoulders, laden with a burden so heavy. All because the indubitable messenger who beckons the soul to its maker chose to visit our household and pluck our beloved sister from the living to the throne of God above.

What can we say or do? As humans, we are saddened by the fact that there was no parting word, no goodbye, not even the slightest clue to what we are experiencing from our dear sister.

Need we stand today to say we, and for that matter, our entire family have lost a dear one? Sister, your departure is a devastating blow to us. It is more so because it happened so suddenly, though we knew that one day the icy hands of death would deprive us of your warm sisterhood, we never expected it at this moment.

Sister was generous to a fault. She was a pacesetter and blazed the trail for all of us to follow. Sister was ever ready to advise or admonish as it were. Our sister cherished and adored us. Indeed, she was an epitome and emblem of sisterhood. We will miss her good counsel, generosity and precious times spent as sisters. We yearn for your presence here with us, but God loves you most.

We know our sister bore the blossom of unaccomplished works which would have yielded more fruits to feed generations unborn. Yet, the Lord's council cannot be questioned.

Our hope and belief are that, one day when the glorious one will appear and the saints will be gathered, we shall behold you with crowns that accord good works.

Sister, Sister, Sister!!!
OkE nyEEmi Saminya
Sister, Sister, Sister
May your beautiful soul rest in perfect peace.

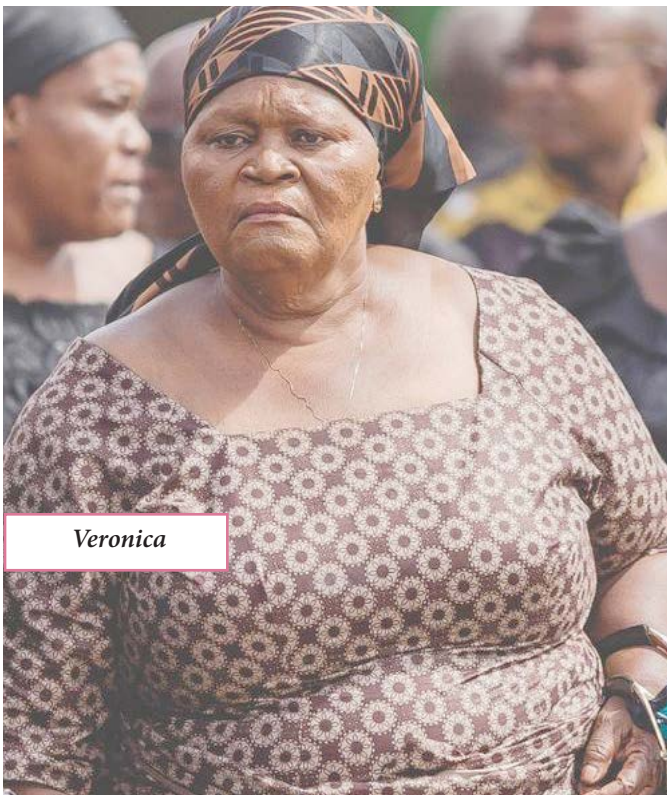




Gladys



Joyce



Veronica

TRIBUTE BY IN-LAWS



“If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.” Romans 14:8

Aya Says:

I can honestly say that I have been blessed with a truly special mother-in-law. Grandma as I called her was a truly amazing woman. From the day I was introduced to her before marriage, she welcomed me into her family without any reservation. She opened her heart and loved me without holding anything back.

With time, I came to realise that this was how she treated all who came her way. She welcomed everyone who came into her home, be they friends of her children, workmen doing minor repairs or street vendors plying their wares, she treated them exactly the same way – with warmth and care.

Her greatest joy was to show kindness to the underprivileged and would often say “instead of throwing me a party on my birthday, give me the money so I can give it to those in need.” She lived simply and modestly and showed respect to all.

Grandma, you were a mother, a sister, friend and confidant and I will miss you, your light-hearted jokes, your quiet concern when I stayed at work for too long and how you would make issues which I thought were so complex and difficult look very simple and easy to handle. You always remembered our birthdays and you were often the first person to wish me happy birthday and bring me non-alcoholic wine. You were a big tree under which we all found shade to grow and to flourish, and I thank God that I came into your family and home. Not only because you raised this wonderful man I’m married to but because you truly touched my life in ways I cannot fully express. I will miss you Grandma.

May the Lord keep you till we meet again!

“ She lived simply and modestly and showed respect to all. ”



Aya Agbettor



Vanessa says:

It is with deep sorrow and a heavy heart that I write this tribute in honor of my mother-in-law, Millicent Agbettor (known to us as KK). I met KK in late 2003. In the last 17 years that I have been a part of her beautiful family, I have spent most of those years far away in the United States. Despite the distance and the limited opportunities to spend time together in person, KK and the Agbettor Family have become my family and they have held a special place in my heart.

KK represented the matriarch of a family who has shown me love and acceptance. KK was the loving mother of my husband, a man who grew up to stand for high morals and values because of everything she taught him. She was the grandmother of my children, Jordan and Jasmin. In short, I have the most important people whom I love more than anything, because of her. For that, I will always be grateful for KK.

While we can no longer see her, she will always be with us. She will be an unforgettable memory and an angel looking down on us. I pray that she finds peace and comfort in Heaven.

Pastor Kwame says:

1 Thessalonians 4:13

“Brothers and Sisters, we do not want you to be uninformed about those who sleep in death, so that you do not grieve like the rest of mankind, who have no hope.”

For the past 10 years I have been her son in law, we had never had cross words. Sister as I met all call her, treated me with so much respect and love that, she sometimes came to me to seek for advice on a lot of issues.

Sister’s death is the home going of one of God’s most precious Saints, a life marked by unusual selflessness.

From the very beginning, when I first saw Sister, I was totally accepted. Sister made me feel right at home. In fact, I honestly don’t remember an awkward transition from being a stranger to being the son- in- law and ultimately, a son. She made my entire family feel welcomed such that they always looked forward to coming back to her home.





Kwame & Ohui

Sister will be fondly remembered by my family. She was a great conversationalist.

Sister's compassion for others was sooo deep! She treated others with kindness and respect. Many lives were blessed through her goodness.

But even in grief, we know we are so honoured to have had this loving woman in our lives.

Sooo long Sister!

Rest well. Till we meet again.



Vanessa & TT



Samuel says:

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints"(Psalm 116:15)

Sister was a warm and vibrant woman who always makes you feel at home. She received me into her home with open arms and supported me especially in caring for her grandchildren. It is a real privilege to be her son in-law.

I believe she is resting comfortably in the bosom of Abraham... "For we know that if the earthly tent we live in is destroyed, we have a building from God, an eternal house in Heaven, not built by human hands" Corinthians 5:1

Nante yie! "Asew pa, Onyame nhyira wo!! Amen.



Aya & Ofoe

SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL REMAINS

The tide recedes but leaves behind
bright seashells on the sand.
The sun goes down, but gentle
warmth still lingers on the land.
The music stops, and yet it echoes
on in sweet refrains.....
For every joy that passes,
something beautiful remains.





“ Goodbyes are only for
those who love with
their eyes. Because for
those who love with
heart and soul
there is no such
thing as seperation ”

- Rumi -

"At times our own light goes out and is rekindled by a spark from another person. Each of us has cause to think with deep gratitude of those who have lighted the flame within us." Albert Schweitzer

Words cannot express our gratitude for all the love and support shown us during this very difficult period.

God richly bless you!

