

In Loving
MEMORY

Yirenkyiwa Ohene-Agyei

28TH JANUARY 1954 – 18TH JANUARY 2026







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Officiating Ministers & Order of Service

Officiating Ministers

1. Rev. Walter Buerhah Kporday
2. Rev. Solomon Owaru Aboogyo
3. Rev. Evans Amuaful

In Attendance

The Special Choir

Soloists

Minister Maxwell Tetteh Abemi
Minister Abigail Niamnah-Ankoma

3. Praise and worship
4. 1st Scripture Reading (Thess 4: 13-18)
5. Hymn 2 - PHB 410 Kristo Asofofo
6. Biography
7. Hymn 3 - MHB 427 - Trust And Obey
8. Tributes
9. 2nd Scripture reading: John 14: 1-3
10. Song ministration
11. Sermon
12. Song ministration - No more night
13. Offertory
14. Announcements
15. Benediction
16. Closing Hymn - MHB 538
Rescue The Perishing

PART 1: PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

8:00 a.m. – 9:00 a.m.

1. Opening prayer
2. Song - Our Father Who Art in Heaven
3. Scripture reading - Psalm 23: 1-6
4. Filing past / Musical interlude
5. Tributes
6. Filing past by immediate family
7. Closing of casket

PART 2: BURIAL SERVICE

9:00 a.m.

1. Hymn 1 - MHB 516 - Through All The Changing Scenes Of Life
2. Prayer

PART 3: GRAVE SIDE

1. Opening Prayer
2. Hymn 5 - MHB 948 - Abide With Me
3. Brief exhortation
4. Committal
5. Wreath laying
6. Closing Prayer / Benediction

PART 4: MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Date: Sunday, 26th April 2026

Venue: Trinity Baptist Church,

East Legon Branch, Opposite UPSA

Time: 10:00 a.m.



A photograph of a sunset over the ocean. The sky is filled with large, billowing clouds that are illuminated from below by the setting sun, creating a vibrant palette of orange, yellow, and pink. The sun itself is partially obscured by a large cloud mass in the center. The horizon line is visible, with a few dark silhouettes of what appear to be boats or structures on the water. The water in the foreground is dark with gentle ripples, reflecting the colors of the sky. The word "Biography" is written in a white, elegant cursive font, centered horizontally and slightly above the horizon line.

Biography

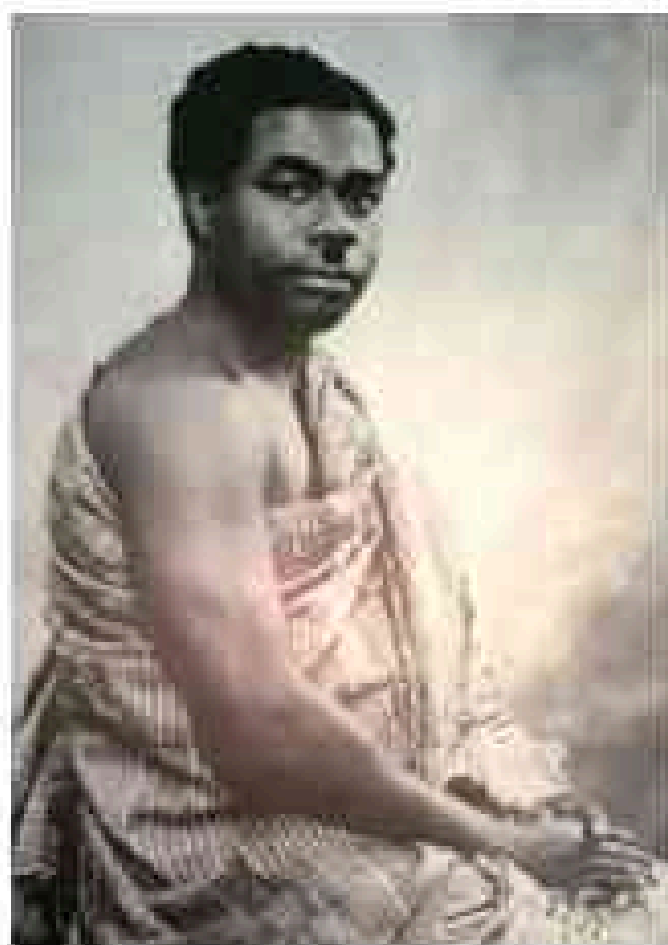


Yirenkyiwa Shene-Agyei



Her Story

Yirenkyiwa Ghane-Agyei was born on the 28th of January 1954 at Amakom, Kumasi, to the late Kofi Ghane-Agyei, a distinguished civil servant, and Janet Ghane-Agyei (née Janet Borteng), a devoted homemaker and skilled caterer. Both parents hailed from Akropong-Akuapem in the Eastern Region of Ghana, with her mother also having roots



Kofi Ghane-Agyei



Janet Ghane-Agyei (née Janet Borteng) in the Strong Ahafo region. She was the first child of her mother Janet, who was crowned Miss Ghana in 1958.

Yirenkyiwa began her early education at Demonstration Primary Practice School in



Akropong-Akuapem and later continued at Accra New Town Experimental Primary School. She gained admission to Wesley Girls High School in, where she studied from 1966 to 1971. After graduating from Wesley Girls, she chose to follow a path that reflected her independent spirit and practical gifts.

Following her father's retirement from Civil Service, he established Amponsam Memorial Stores in Accra Central, opposite the Opera Cinema Building. Yrenkyiwa worked closely with him as a Managing Assistant for about one and a half years. She was admired for her friendliness, diligence, and her respectful manner toward customers and neighboring traders alike.



In 1972, at a function held at Aburi Girls' Secondary School, Yirankyiwa participated in a beauty pageant as a guest contestant and emerged the winner, earning admiration from both students and guests. That same year marked the beginning of a significant chapter in her life, when she joined Ghana Airways as an Air Stewardess. She received professional training both in Ghana and in Beirut, Lebanon. She embraced her role with pride, viewing it as meaningful service to her country and to the international community. During her years with Ghana Airways, she gained valuable exposure, discipline, and life experience.



Her time with the airline, along with own passion for cookery and the culinary skills she picked up from both parents, equipped her to later establish her own pastries and catering business from her residence. She founded Mlnabi Snacks in the 80s and was well known for her pies, scones and several



other pastries, along with snack stands in the Ministries area, including one by her mother's cartem. She later rebranded her company to Ma Cuisine Catering in the 90s where she expanded her services to include full scale catering for weddings, parties, funerals and gatherings of all sorts. Her baking and catering became not only a livelihood but an expression of her creativity and hospitality.

Yirenkyiwa was engaged to and later married Barrister Emmanuel Bruce-Ayeh in London. He was the Head of the Legal Department of Ghana Airways at the time. The marriage was blessed with three children: Abena Oye Ayeh (Abby) based in the United States, Dr. Akosua Agyeibea Ayeh

(Mimi) based in Ghana and Nana Kwaku Ayeh, also residing in the United States.

For over a decade, Yirenkyiwa was a committed member of Christ Police Church, where she was actively involved in The Women's Fellowship Group as well as several committees within the church. She extended her catering services to the church whenever there were events. Though the marriage was later legally dissolved, they became cordial over time, and she remained a devoted and loving mother to her children and grandchildren.

She was known from childhood for her kindness, obedience, humility, and deep respect for others. Her generosity was particularly evi-



dent during the economic hardships of 1983, when essential commodities were scarce in Ghana. Whenever she returned from her travels or received items from family friends abroad, she willingly shared them with others, offering relief and comfort during difficult times. She was a woman of style and grace, an avid reader and lover of sports, especially tennis and track & field. She spent time learning everything she could about the history and rules of the games and everything about her favorite players and athletes. Nothing got her more excited than a conversation about tennis tournaments and players.

In her later years, Yrenkyiwa devoted herself wholeheartedly to her Christian faith and counseling. She counselled many women and couples, facing all kinds of hurdles in their respective lives. She lived with quiet strength and unwavering trust in God. Even in moments of challenge, she demonstrated calm assurance that God was in control. She loved gospel music and would often be heard humming along to her favorite hymns.

Yrenkyiwa Dhone-Agyei will be remembered as a graceful, resilient, generous, and deeply faithful woman. Her life was marked by service, love for family, kindness to others, and steadfast devotion to God.

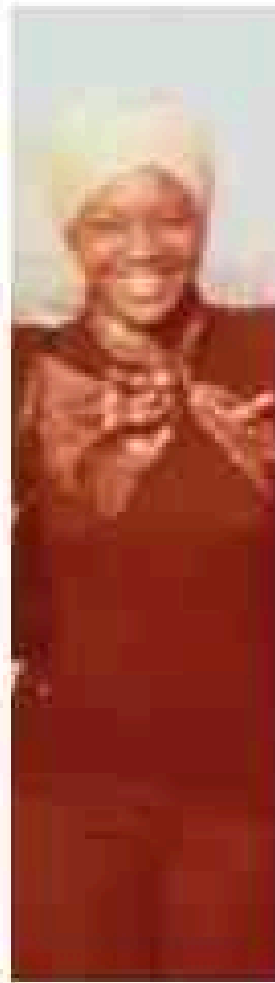
Though her passing leaves a profound void in our hearts, we are comforted by the beautiful memories she leaves behind and the legacy of love she has imparted to all who knew her.



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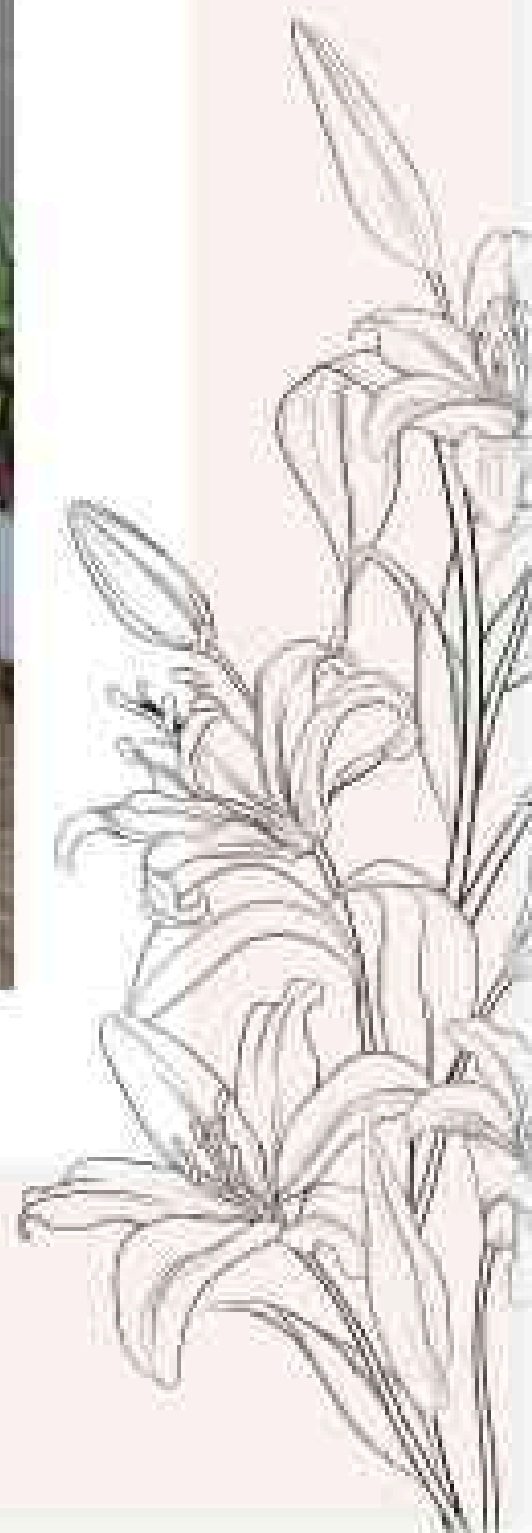
*Rest peacefully,
Yrenkyiwa. You
will forever remain
in our hearts*















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Her baking and catering became not only a livelihood but an expression of her creativity and hospitality.







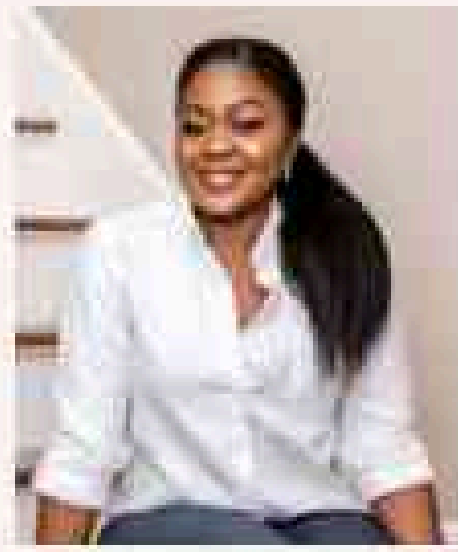
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A scenic landscape featuring a river in the foreground, lush green fields in the middle ground, and mountains in the background under a sky filled with large, white, fluffy clouds. The text "Tributes by her children" is written in a white, cursive font across the middle of the image.

Tributes by her children



Tribute

by her daughter Abby

One of the hardest things I have had to do is this: This right here, putting all my thoughts, emotions, anecdotes into a page, because this summary cannot fully encompass what Mummy meant to me, to all of us. She was the true definition of a doting mother, a gentle but fierce spirit, the epitome of grace and resilience.

Mummy, it's incomprehensible that you are no longer here with us. I look back on our childhood and reminisce on how blessed we were to have you as a mom. You fueled a passion for reading in all of us. I still mentally treasure my Enid Blyton collection and your Sydney Sheldon books that I occasionally borrowed and read. Literature has been an

Integral part of my life because you fueled it. I spent 5 years at Achimota school, and you never missed a visiting weekend, not once. When I went to St. Roses in Akwatia, you still managed to visit almost every 3 weeks, always with more than enough food and pastries to share with my friends. Even sister Solomon looked forward to your visits because of the cakes you baked for her. Almost every condolence message I received from my friends referenced your applaudable culinary gift.

We were always impeccably dressed, because mummy had an exquisite sense of style. We would sometimes argue about her design input because at that age I just wanted to look hip and I felt some of her style suggestions made me look secretarial or like a teenager heading to a board meeting, she would eventually give in to my ideas so far as they weren't too short or too revealing. Now looking back through all these old photos, some we had never seen until now, I realized you did me wrong because mummy some of the dresses you and your homegirls had on, were way shorter than what I wanted at the time, but I'm a mom now so I get it, you wanted us to appear ladylike and well put together, a sentiment I carry till this day, and instinctively passing down to my children.

Mom was a sports enthusiast like none other; she was always in her element discussing tennis, track and field. She was always ready to listen and provide counsel, as we went through life's challenges, often quoting scripture on the fly and bursting into mini sermons of encouragement commingled with old hymns. Occasionally we would burst out laughing and refer to her as "Estar Spiritus."



to which she would respond "Mulanim y3 hare" and join us in laughter.

Mom had a diploma in hanging up the phone on my friends when they called, she would periodically get annoyed at the vast number of people coming to visit me or the line of girls coming to the house to get their fresh punk haircut before school opens, but as she got to know some of them, they became her sons and daughters too. Some visited her even when I wasn't there and she always made sure to feed them and send them off with extra food. Sometimes when juggling all of life's many responsibilities and things feel heavy, I think back to my mom's life, how much she took on, how many people she had cared for from a young age and that fuels my perseverance.

The thought is so strong, I cannot think about the thought as this every-sided, every good or bad, every choice, by the Lord of goodness, we cannot then give up a father's or a son's responsibility and fulfilling obligations as that, not every one who smiles with you is for you and others and that is what we say in this. The thought will lead us to give not justice or get upset about the things that you do. The decisions they make, because God you have walked for a long time, because of this, you will never know what that they carry, what secret battles they fight and why they did what they did, the thought will move you to God and make you smile from above all else.

If I could, the possibility is, that there would more time, for her to reap more of the fruits of her labor, but I will stand in awe of her impact, her influence, her generosity and love. This is my mother.



my friend – A woman of substance, a woman of faith, of grace and poise, inner and outer beauty, a culinary maven, a master planner, a worksmith, a counselor, a sports enthusiast, a world traveler and connoisseur of style & fragrances, the epitome of kindness, a woman who leads and serves simultaneously.

Mom, you had a dream some months before your passing, you saw your father Paa, he beckoned to you to come to him, you walked to him and put your head on his shoulder, and he held you in an embrace. He felt your pain and our heavenly father saw it all and paved a way for you to come home and rest. Whenever you visited us in New Jersey, and it was time to leave, you would always say out loud with a that perfect smile of yours, "Bye Bye Girl, See you later." this time I bid you farewell, this time I say "Bye Bye Girl, rest peacefully, I love you, we love you, now and always. Till we meet again.

Abby



*this time I bid you farewell,
this time I say "Byeeee Girrrl, rest
peacefully, I love you, we love
you, now and always.*

Till we meet again

Abby

”



Tribute

by her daughter Mimi

We are many things and there are many things we are not. Who we are and what we are not, is enough for us to make an impact.

Mummy was a very unique woman and made a great impact in the lives of many people. She was tenacious yet meek, intrepid yet unassuming, calm yet feisty as situations

demand, and never one to be underestimated. We are blessed to have been raised by her. She was always such a doting mother, making sure our every need she was capable of fulfilling, was met. She was very receptive and our home was always filled with enough to share. She always made sure we looked good. There were al-

was filled with her rummaging through drawers, delighting tricks of all kinds.

When we look toward planning certainly, I subbed often as Abby and Cheryl had a two-night sleep on Friday and on the first of us to which, I believe, my only role was to bring the Mocha Maker with her. A lot of times, I would find the odd things we would come out to help. There was always a very interesting world of things to plan, and I would make the coffee, but I would never approach and the night, and I would not be prepared to be disturbed. I would not be disturbed.



She was an avid reader, and I remember novels strewn in every room in our home, growing up. Her love for reading furnished her with adept knowledge in many facets of life and often surprising many with in-depth subject matter terminology and explanations. She was a fast learner too and I often overheard her giving medical advice to people over the phone of new things she had learned, and in detail. On one occasion, when she was admitted to the hospital, one of the young doctors taking care of her accosted me at the entrance of her room and asked me, "Was your mother an ambassador to a foreign country?" She seems to know a lot," he said. I smiled and thought to myself, "You haven't seen anything yet." I picked up a lot of her rare Akuapem adjectives and whenever I would use them, especially in boarding school, my friends would think I was neologizing.

She was filled with so much love and kindness. There was always something she was giving out or sharing with others, no matter how small it was. She sent pastries to our friends and teachers over the years. At Christmas time in the 80s and 90s she would bake up to 20 pounds of cake just to give out, always with a long list of families and individuals, crossing off names as they were delivered. These included our neighbours, our teachers, her favourite market women and porters, the refuse collectors and many more. She helped change the story of many families. She counselled a lot of people especially young women to be better versions of themselves in Christ. Benevolence was her way of life, and she taught us that there was more blessing in giving than in receiving as the Bible teaches us in Acts 20:35.



Mummy taught us to be content with what we have, to appreciate the changing scenes of life and all the blessings and challenges that came with it. One of the many valuable lessons I learnt from her is to stay away from drama, dramatic people and dramatic situations. By default, I would head the opposite direction of such.

Tennis became one of the games I became interested in because it was impossible to be around her and not like the game. She was not just a fan but an enthusiast. She not only loved the game but took time to study the history of the game and its players. We

would hear her rattle away volumes of information about players during a match. Sometimes, toirk her, I would intentionally support the opponents of her favourite players during a match and jubilate when they scored a point. Oftentimes she was indignant and the look she had on her face when I celebrated in that manner, made me know that I had achieved my aim. Serena just lost one of her most ardent fans she never knew.

A side of mommy that many people probably didn't know, was how comical she was. And rightly so, being the daughter of my grandmother who is herself, a queen of comedy. She was funny not only with the content of her utterances but the manner in which she articulated her dense Akuapem parlance and the facial expressions that came with it. You could hardly go through a movie without pausing to laugh multiple times, because she had a funny adjective for every





Usually with a strangely contorted face and a rib-tickling voice she would go on and on and insist "I'm not trying to be funny, I'm just stating facts," to which I would respond, "You can save your facts for later" - That was Kyiwa.

”

person and situation, while still maintaining a straight face. Usually with a strangely contorted face and a rib-tickling voice she would go on and on and insist "I'm not trying to be funny, I'm just stating facts," to which I would respond, "You can save your facts for later" - That was Kyiwa.

We had our share of bickering and challenges. Some threatened my very existence and our relationship. In all of that I learnt that with patience, wisdom and the fear of God, we can surmount every obstacle, and His grace is indeed sufficient for us.

The last several months were trying times for our family. She fought hard till the end. I watched her fight hard daily, she remained positive that God will see her through and things would get better. God permitted her days to reach its final number, and she went to be with the Lord. In the days and weeks after her passing, something would happen at work or wherever, and in my mind, I would think, 'I will discuss this with Mummy when I get home,' only to be rudely reminded that

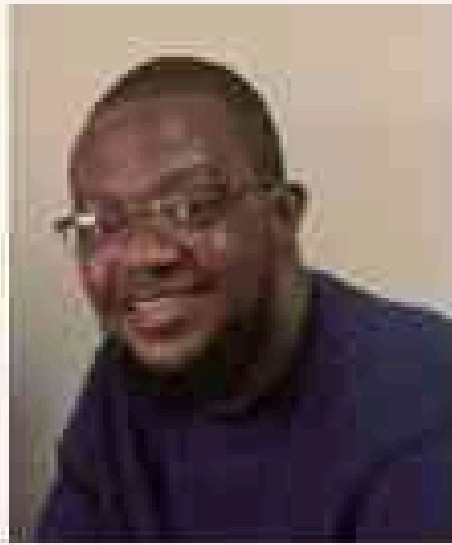
there will be no more of that now. Above are some of the things I have left of you, precious golden memories to hold onto.

We will miss you immensely. Your grandchildren will miss the little arguments they had with you and always reminding you that, "Grandma we are not in the olden days." They will miss your cooking and the many chats you had. They will miss watching tennis and athletics with you. Birthdays will not be the same without you. Thank you for all the princess treatment you gave me over the years. We will miss your prayers and your words of encouragement.

Posterity will hear of you. They will learn about the love you exuded, your kind, sweet spirit, your passion for the things of God and your wisdom which was certainly from above. They will know that a Great, Gorgeous, Graceful, Generous, God-fearing woman called Yaa Yienkyiwa Ohene-Appel lived on this earth for 71 years and they will be honoured to call you, their ancestor. You are so deeply loved, and you will never be forgotten.

Love, O'Mi





Tribute

by her son Nana Kwaku

Blessed are they who mourn, for they will be comforted. — Matthew 5:4

On January 18, 2026, I not only lost my mother but a confidant as well. It is hard to summarize what Mummy really meant to me, but I'll begin by telling you the impact she had on my life. Mummy was tru-

ly special because, through all her trials and tribulations, she always managed to keep a smile on her face. She saw the good in people and consistently prioritized the thoughts and needs of others over her own on a daily basis.

Mummy taught me the importance of having a relationship with God and constant-

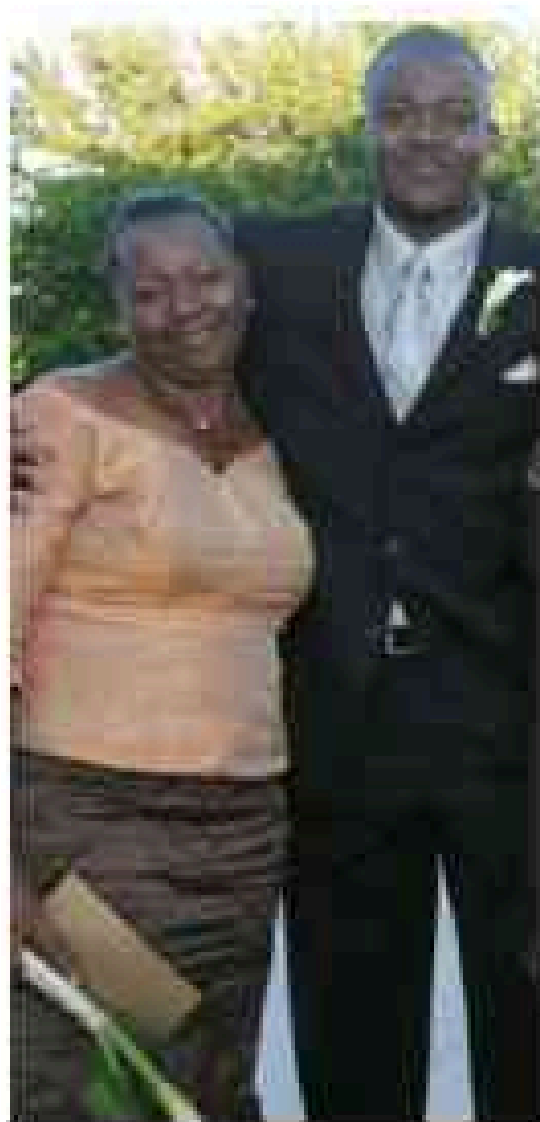


Iy stressed on the inclusion of God's intervention in my daily activities. Mummy also taught me how to endure and told me never to quit—no matter how tough the circumstances were. As a result, through Mummy's example of endurance, I learned to persevere in the face of adversity. Mummy believed in me when no one else would and told me to never settle for mediocrity. There are people who raise you, and then there are people who shape the foundation of your life. She was all the above and more,

and one I could always depend on anytime I needed her support. Mummy was strong, loving, determined, graceful, and most importantly, kind. She was my source of inspiration and my example of faith, resilience, and unconditional love. The pain I've felt in losing my mom is beyond words, but so is the gratitude I have, and the legacy she leaves in my heart and in everyone she touched. I'm so thankful for every sacrifice you made for us, and I take comfort in knowing you ARE watching over us.

Rest in peace, Mummy, and thank you for the love you gave so freely.



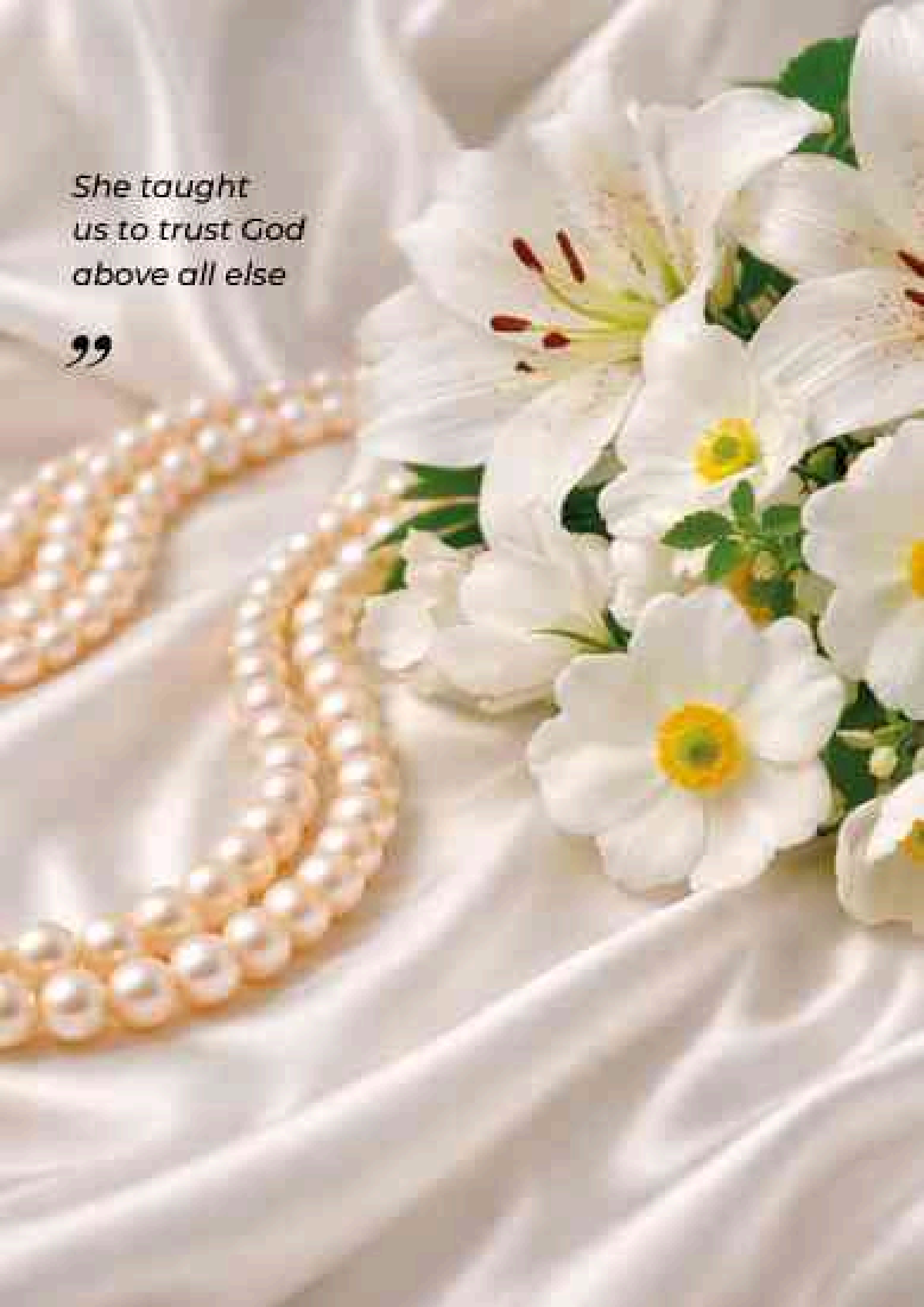


*Rest in peace, Mummy,
and thank you for the love
you gave so freely.*

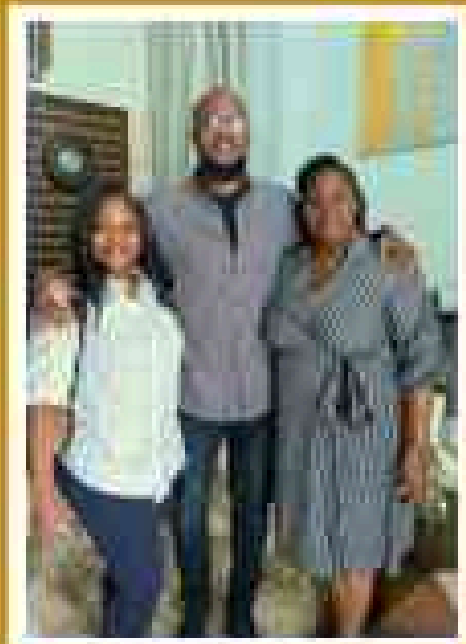
”

*She taught
us to trust God
above all else*

”











Tribute by her Grandchildren



Tribute

by Nia, Preston and Aspen

Grandma,
Words cannot express how deeply you are missed. When we found out that you were sick and hospitalized, we were very terrified; however, finding out that you had passed and gone to Heaven was a different kind of pain. Grandma, you fought until the very end, you exemplified the utmost amount of strength throughout this last year. We are in awe of how strong you are. We are devastated that you are gone. Your voice, your character, and your beauty will forever resonate with us.

Grandma, we will forever miss your calming voice, your prayers, and your constant praise over all our small accomplishments. You have always been our biggest cheerleader and have never failed to show your unwavering support. We will miss your excitement about Tennis. When we were younger, it was so funny to see how excited you went about watching Serena Williams; you would grab mom's phone to keep yourself updated on

all her accomplishments. Your love for Tennis was inspiring, as were you.

Admittedly, when you left to go back to Ghana after each time you came to stay with us, we couldn't express how much we wanted you to stay. Our home feels more special because of the love you left behind. We remember how much good food we ate when you were here and when we briefly visited Ghana. The pancakes we make now reflect the way you made them. Your recipes are irreplaceable. Only you can make white rice and egg taste like a gourmet dish. Thank you for passing the recipe down to mom and now from her to us. There is so much sentiment and joy that comes from preparing a meal with a generational recipe and we will always remember you for that.

Grandma, we miss hearing your voice and your contagious laughter. We miss laughing with you and having you around. During your visits, it was always comforting

knowing that when we woke up too early or couldn't sleep, you were always up and there to keep us company. You never hesitated to make food for us, even at unconventional times, such as late at night.

Grandma, we thank you for always being there for us. Thank you for always praying over us. We are forever grateful for your

unwavering support and love. We are forever grateful for being blessed with you as our grandmother. You have set a precedent and have become the blueprint for the type of parents and grandparents we want to become. We love you grandma-forever and always.

Love Always Nia, Preston, and Aspen



Tribute

by Josiah, Beulah and Noah

Grandma, grandma, grandma. We don't know where to begin. We came home from school a few months ago and rushed to your room to greet you as usual only to realize your door was locked. Mum said you were not feeling too well and had been sent to the hospital. We waited and waited for you to return. Every day we would ask of you and how you were doing, and Mum would say

you were Ok. Some days later she told us you had gone to heaven to be with the Lord.

We screamed and cried. We were sad, shocked and upset that we were never going to see you again. If we knew that morning when we said goodbye at home before going to school was the last time we were going to see you, we would have spent a little

more time, holding your hand, playing with your hair and praying together. There are so many fond memories we have of you and we miss you dearly.

Thank you for all the prayers, advice and encouragement you gave us especially when we faced challenges. Thank you for all the exciting stories you told us about growing up in different towns and cities. You told us interesting stories of your boarding school days and being a flight attendant. You taught us a few of your numerous recipes. You always advised us to never give up but

to always keep trying and that every difficult situation would pass. You encouraged us, to always believe in God and to put our trust in him.

You got us all to be tennis fans. You loved the game so much and took time to teach us all the rules and scoring systems in tennis. We will miss watching tennis with you. The grand slams will not be the same without you. You loved, loved, loved to cook. Thank you for all the delicious meals you cooked for us. On the weekends we would wake up to the smell of your cooking. We often





returned home from school to a pile of delicious pancakes.

It wasn't all bliss; we had our fights. There were times you would drive us out of your room because we were making too much noise or misbehaving. You would scream, "Monko, monko, monko" in Twi. Once, we worried you so much that you threatened to pack out of the house to go and live with your brother, Grandpa Darko. You said he would give you a beautiful room and you

were assured Auntie Akua would cook you every delicious meal you wanted. We burst out laughing and you laughed too. Memories are all we have left of you now.

Grandma, thank you for being there for us and Mum. We will miss your smile, your kindness, your prayers and your advice. We never imagined it will end this way, but God knows best. We know you are in a better place. You remain dearly loved and appreciated.

20yo. Babe and Cheddy

We remember how much good food we ate when you were here and when we briefly visited Ghana. The pancakes we make now reflect the way you made them. Your recipes are irreplaceable.

”



A scenic view of a beach with turquoise water and a cliff in the background. The text "Tribute by her Siblings" is overlaid in a white, cursive font.

Tribute by her Siblings



To our dear sister

Sister Yaa, our hearts are heavy and filled with sorrow as we mourn you. You will be deeply missed. You taught us how to relate to one another and how to love fiercely — with kindness and patience. May your soul rest in peace and remain in the bosom of our hearts until we meet again.

Our hearts are collectively broken, and we are all beside ourselves with pain and overwhelming sadness. We all knew Yirenkylwa's hospitality, her generosity, and her passion for nature. She was a constant figure of warmth in our lives, and a remarkable combination of goodness, stability and passion. She was dutiful, caring, and dependable, yet bold and frank, never afraid of speaking her mind. Everyone who knew her loved her. Today, we stand here still heartbroken and troubled.

Sister Yaa's passing reminds us of a family in the Bible whose happiness was pierced by death. Lazarus became ill, and his sisters

sent word to Jesus to hurry and heal him—just as he had healed so many others. Yet the Gospel of John tells us that Jesus delayed, so that he would not arrive in time to prevent Lazarus' death.

When Mary finally reached Jesus, she fell at his feet and said, "Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died." When Jesus saw her weeping, the scripture says he was deeply moved in spirit and troubled. Jesus himself wept.

Since our sister passed away, we have been deeply moved in spirit and troubled. Like Mary, we have asked in our hearts, "Why?" Jesus then asked, "Where have you laid him?" And standing before the tomb, he called out, "Lazarus, come forth." And Lazarus came out of the grave.

Today, we are not expecting that miracle to happen again before us, although in our hearts we wish it could. Sister Yaa should

not be gone, and she does not belong in the grave. We are deeply saddened that her children, our family, her classmates at Wesley Girls' High School, her colleagues at Ghana Airways and all her loved ones have been robbed by death.

Sister Yaa's impact reached far beyond our family home. From her days as a proud alumna of Wesley Girls' High School to her professional years with the staff at Ghana Airways, she moved through the world touching lives and building community. She did not labor



in vain. The proof of her devotion lives on in her three beautiful children, who have grown into leaders holding key positions in society - a testament to the strength and values she instilled in them.

Sister Yaa's passion for people truly took flight during her years with Ghana Airways. In an industry that demands both grace and grit, she was a master of both. During a conversation with one her brothers, she recounted "kwagyel, some passengers are very difficult to handle, but I have found a way of making every passenger feel like an honored guest in their own home." The halls of Ghana Airways were brighter because of her presence, and her colleagues as well.

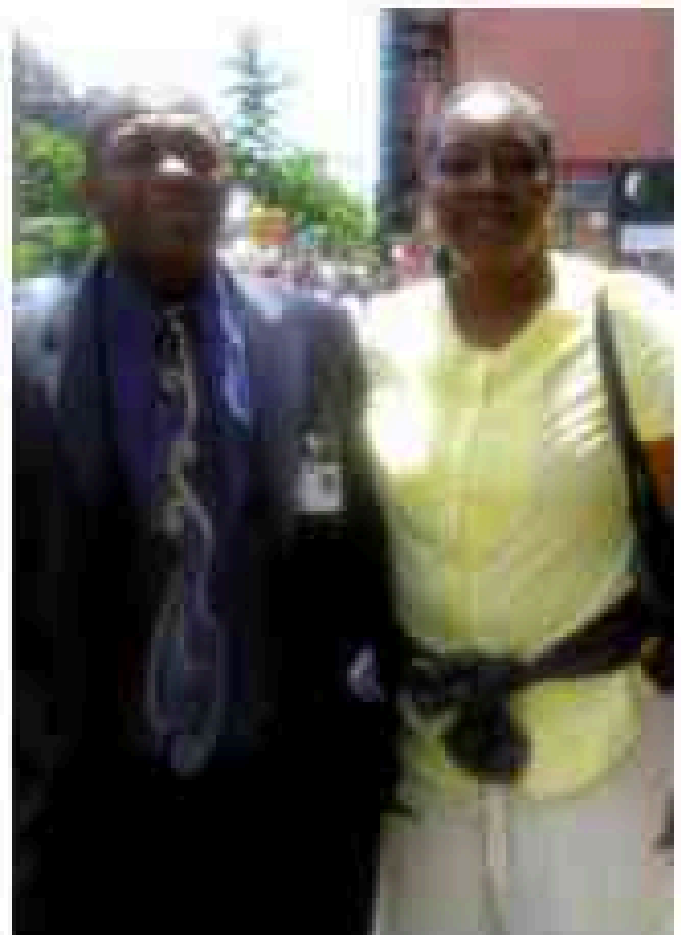
There is a Ghanaian proverb that says: "The good tree does not die; it lives in the forest it nourished."

Sister Yaa was a good tree.

Though today we lay her to rest, we believe that death will not have the final word. The God we serve is stronger than the grave. There will come a day when the voice that once called Lazarus from the tomb will call again. On that day, our sister will rise. We believe in that resurrection. We believe that her joy and her goodness will follow her. And we believe that one day, by the grace of God, we will see our sister again. That day is coming, but until it does, rest well, Sister Yaa.

We love you. We miss you. We will never forget you. Sleep for now, our dear sister — but know this: the grave may hold your body, but it will never hold your soul, and it will never silence your voice in our hearts.

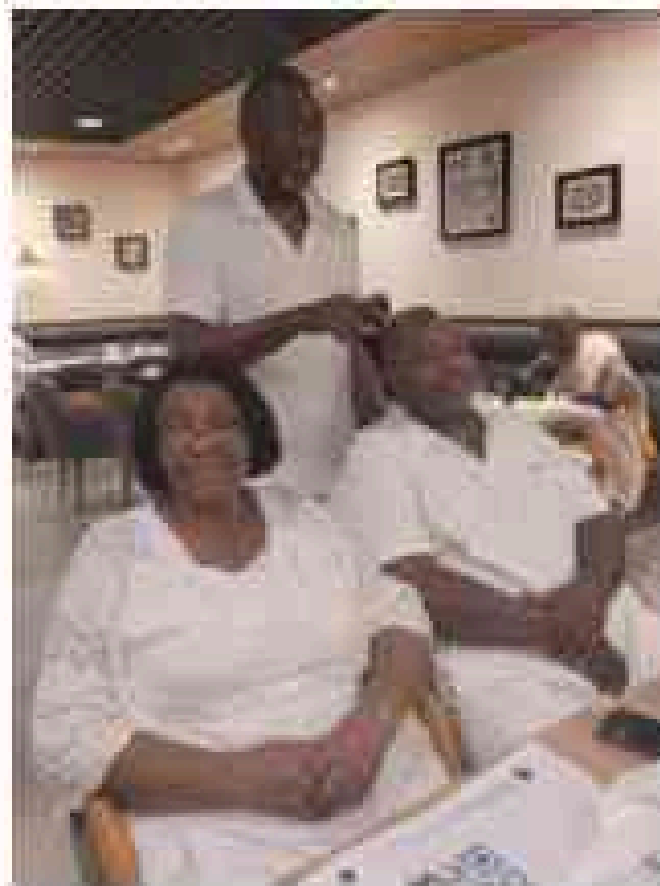












*There is a Ghanaian proverb that says: "The good tree does not die; it lives in the forest it nourished."
Sister Yaa was a good tree.*



She was a constant figure of warmth in our lives, and a remarkable combination of goodness, stability and passion. She was dutiful, caring, and dependable, yet bold and frank, never afraid of speaking her mind.

”



A landscape photograph showing rolling hills and a valley. The foreground is filled with tall, golden-brown grass. The middle ground features several hills with sparse vegetation, some appearing to have small structures or trees on their peaks. The background shows a valley with a winding road and more distant hills. The sky is a mix of soft pinks, oranges, and blues, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall mood is serene and nostalgic.

Tribute by her Son-in-law



To my Bonus Mother – by Nigel Nunoo

Today, we are here to celebrate the life of Ms. Yireekyiwa Ohene-Agyei, who was much more than a mother-in-law to me. She was my friend, my prayer-warrior, and in a twist of fate that feels especially cruel now, she was supposed to be my backup mother whenever my own mother passed away. I have spent the weeks since her passing thinking about how to capture the enormity of her spirit. But before I could finish, death, with its heartbreaking timing, has also taken my own mother as well. Just like that, I went from having two mothers to none.

Mummy (as I fondly called her) and I had a rare connection. We simply liked each other and had so much mutual interest that it took so much effort to end every conversation between us. Every time someone would wonder whom I was on the phone with, and I would say my mother-in-law, their response would always be “yeah Right”. One of our shared loves was professional tennis – she knew literally everything about the sport and

it energised her so much that even at the very end, when she had no energy left, my mentioning of the ongoing Australian Open tournament gave her a massive boost of energy that got her talking for another 10 minutes about all the current affairs in the sport. One of the last things I said to her was that she needed to get better so that I could honor my promise to take her to watch the four tennis grand slams – Australian, French, US and Wimbledon in person. You should have seen the way her face lit up when I brought this up. The truth is that there was still so much to do with her here on earth, but heaven needed her now, and we have to be grateful for the precious time we had with her on earth.

But I cannot end a tribute to this woman without talking about food! I am sure she has fed almost everyone in this room! Not only was she an amazing cook, but this was truly her passion and her purpose on earth. I am sure the angels in heaven are enjoying

some serious meals right now. But honestly, ever since I married Abby, this woman has fed me so much and almost exclusively whenever I am in Ghana. The grief of losing her, so close on the heels of losing my own mother, is a mountain I do not yet know how to climb. Thank you for the love, the laughter, the prayers and the endless arguments over tennis and the kokonaa about the personal lives of tennis players, and for being the most wonderful bonus mother a person could wish for.

I will miss you every single day.
Rest in peace, Mummy.



*One of our shared loves
was professional tennis
– she knew literally
everything about the
sport and it energized
her so much*

”



A photograph of a sunset. The sky is a deep orange and red. A large, dark silhouette of a tree with a wide, spreading canopy is centered in the upper half of the frame. The sun is a bright, glowing orb positioned just behind the trunk of the tree, creating a lens flare effect. In the foreground, there are dark, out-of-focus silhouettes of tall grasses or reeds.

*Tribute by her
Nieces & Nephews*



To our loving Auntie

We write with a heavy heart, but also with deep gratitude for the life of Auntie Yaa, affectionately called mummy. She was more than an aunt to us. She was elegant, graceful and a source of strength, comfort, and love when we needed it the most.

Throughout our lives, Auntie Yaa was kind, nurturing and loving to all of us. As children, we remember the excitement on our faces when we had the opportunity to visit Auntie Yaa's house to see our cousins. It was a warm and welcoming environment full of love and laughter. Before the car pulled outside the gate, we could smell the fried rice and baked goods. It was common occurrence to see mummy jokingly chase Nimi around the house because she had taken something she was not allowed to take from the kitchen to share with us.

At various stages of our lives, we experienced the generosity, patience and the always-willing-to-help attitude of our dear

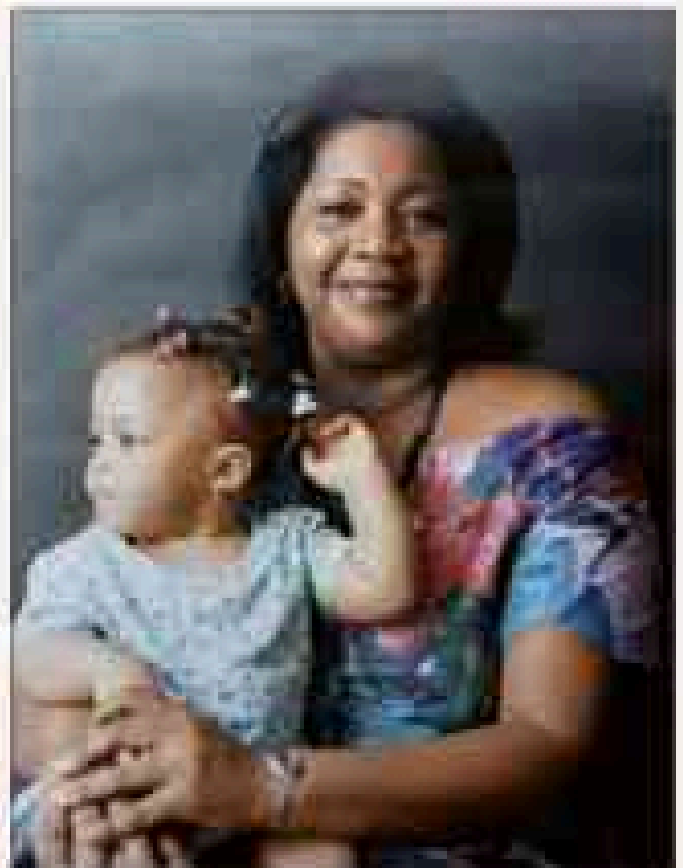
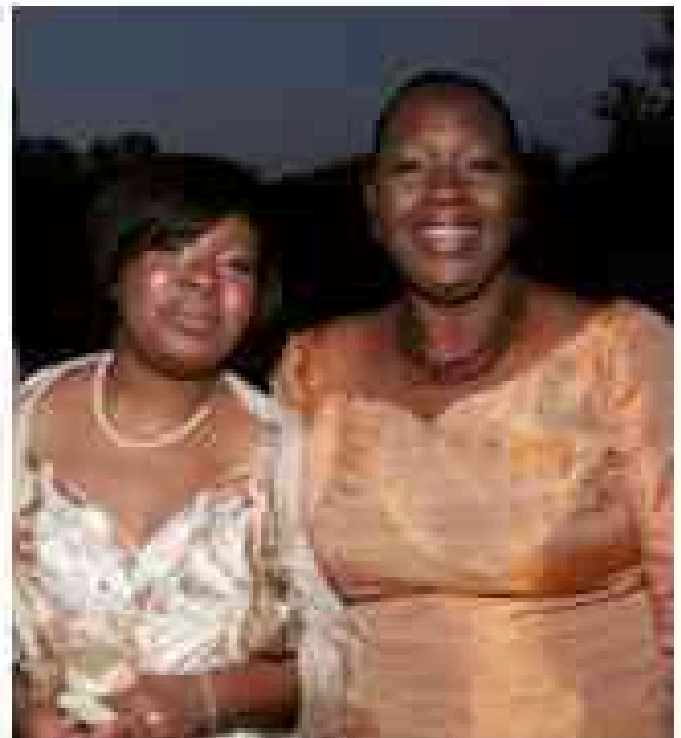
aunt. Some of us were the beneficiaries of mummy's willingness to volunteer her time to provide childcare for us, when we were toddlers. For others, it was the encouragement and advice during the secondary and high school years and the delicious cooking from her that we enjoyed when we visited. More recently, Auntie Yaa was a reliable source of strength when our elder aunt passed away. During that painful time, Auntie Yaa stepped in with open arms and a caring heart and guided us, reminding us that we were a family and none of us are alone. Her kindness and compassion helped us through a time when everything felt uncertain.

Our aunt had a special way of caring for people. She had empathy for others and was always willing to help without expecting anything in return. This was guided by her Christian beliefs, and we all benefited as a result. Her presence brought comfort, and her words brought encouragement when it was needed most.



We will always remember the love she showed us and the strength she gave us during both good and hard times. That love is something we will carry with us forever. We are saying goodbye to Auntie Yaa, but her kindness, her spirit, and the memories we shared will always live in our hearts. We are deeply grateful for the role she played in our lives, and we will always honor her by remembering the love she gave so freely.

Rest peacefully, Auntie Yaa. You will always be loved, and you will never be forgotten.



Before the car pulled outside the gate, we could smell the fried rice and baked goods. It was common occurrence to see mummy jokingly chase Mimi around the house because she had taken something she was not allowed to take from the kitchen to share with us.

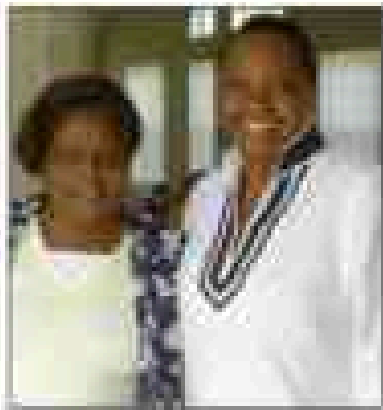
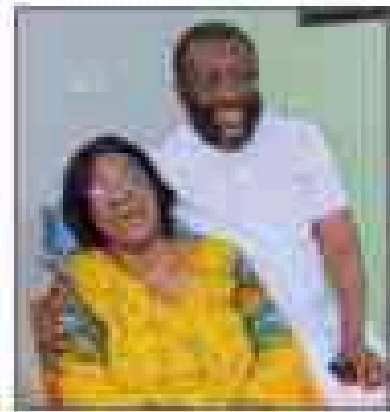
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Family photos











*Her presence brought
comfort, and her
words brought
encouragement when
it was needed most.*

”

A landscape photograph of a field with a full moon in a blue sky. The foreground is a field of dry, brownish grass. The middle ground shows a line of trees and a hillside. The sky is a deep blue with a few wispy clouds. A full moon is visible in the sky, positioned below the text.

*Tribute by the Wesley Girls
1972 year Group*



To our lifelong friend and colleague

*Death is a challenge;
it tells us not to waste
time. It tells us to tell
each other right now
that we love each other.*

Leo Buscaglia



A saying widely used on bereavement cards and memorial items goes: "Wherever a beautiful soul has been, there is a trail of beautiful memories."

Yirenkywa! No one else answered to that name in all the years we spent in school, starting Form 1 in 1967, and our expatriate teachers all managed to get their tongues round it too.

Our Miss Obene-Agyei herself was singular, authentic, a rather smooth young lady at a time when many of us were still in the rough, soft-spoken, channeling her identity through very intentional Akwapim phrases and appropriate mannerisms. There was a way she lit up when exchanging with those who spoke her brand of Twi. She also carried to love the Fante language and had a flair for spoken English and drama, with her rich voice timbre. In addition, she liked to play around with French.

She arrived, innately well-mannered and very respectful (one of those traditional hands-behind-back-and-head-bowed newcomers that seniors loved to wriggle). She would never speak out of turn, but by the time we were in the third form, and definitely as we were nearing our general exit in 1972, she had uncorked a sense of humour, crinkling her eyes up with giggles that would push her cheeks out. Yirenkywa became fun-loving.

and "with it," but never loud, and of course knew to avoid excesses.



Immigrant

Though some originally suspected her of being haughty, she was pleasant and kind, with a few jokes of her own up her sleeve, especially teaming up with our long-departed Florence "A-Bobby" Newman (a major mirth conductor!) and others, as they strode between their "Block D" dormitory and the classroom blocks, for those short sessions before our supervised evening homework period ("prep") began. You would hear "A-Bobby" calling for her attention in her particular staccato manner... "Yenchual Yenchual!!!!"

Yirenkyiwa was also one to mind her appearance without frivolity, through fashionable

little turns in her simple after-class wear. Before the fifth form, she was in bloom, well-regarded and one of those who most turned heads on our limited and usually chaperoned outings. Some of us knew our classmate was a "Miss Chana heiress" from glimpsing the carefully preserved independence era photograph of her lovely mother wearing her pagasant kente.

Her sense of family shone through the stories she shared, insights into life with her father laying the law, to keep her and her siblings in line and well-taken care of. In the middle years, a few of us next to her in the classroom would laughingly exclaim "Please acknowledge receipt!" The joke came from the situation where she received a letter from her father containing behavioural and other guidelines and advice, ending with the business English phrase that we had to decipher.



She also recounted a few episodes of the times she accompanied her dad to help run his store in downtown Accra during vacations. A classmate remembers visiting her there. It appears she proved to be quite an asset, especially after O' Levels when she was more available.

Her welcoming smile and disposition secured several purchases, with all deals sealed under her dad's hawk eyes. Vientkywa enjoyed her time at school and went back at least once, to spend the 1973 Speech Day weekend at Bellamy House. She was seen on that occasion surrounded by a flock of enchanted first-year girls whom she was questioning and advising—curiously, in the Ga language and English.

We subsequently began losing track of her, however she seemed to us a sure winner for



the job she landed out of school, as a Ghana Airways Corporation flight hostess, a glamorous position at the time! Surely no one could carry the role better and she was happy. She loved to look good, serve with a sense of representing her country, hold intelligent conversations (sometimes engaging in less serious banter and dabbling in different languages). She also loved travelling, discovering new places and cultures, shopping and trying different exotic meals.

Again, why were we not surprised that she was one of the first amongst us to settle down to a family and home? She was soon a doting mother of three, bringing her love of children to fruition.

Yrenkyiwa was thus in Ghana through the early years when some had gone for different climes, leaving behind a core of classmates. She attended some initial meetings in the '90s before the group got properly on its feet and is remembered at a '72 group-organized dinner/dance. In that same period, she managed her share of life's vicissitudes.



She also began traveling away periodically into the 2000s, for a year or two at a time. Our desire was to have connected with her even more. Recently a few of us got to know she had been staying put for some years and conducting her activities, mainly cater-



ing. Attempts to bring her on board resulted in her joining our WhatsApp notice platform. Amazingly, her name echoed again at our 2025 last quarter meeting on 8th November. It was vowed that she would now be coaxed or hauled into the fold, therefore, concrete steps were taken to pin her down to our golden years, but Sunday, January 18th, 2026, abruptly ended the story.

We have since been sighing and reminiscing, consoling ourselves and each other. Her death has left us all shaken to the core. We firmly entrust her into the loving arms of our God Almighty. We mourn with her dear mother, to whom we extend our respects and sympathy. May God also hold our cherished friend's children, siblings, family, and all loved ones, close.

*Rest in peace, Yaa Yrenkyiwa!
Sleep well until the Trumpet sounds.
Amen*



Yirenkyiwa!

No one else answered to that name in all the years we spent in school, starting Form 1 in 1967, and our expatriate teachers all managed to get their tongues round it too.

”



Tribute

by The Ghana Airways 1974 Group

To our dearly departed sister and Colleague, Yrenkyiwa Ghene Agyei

It is with deep sadness that we stand here today to pay tribute to our dear sister and colleague, Yrenkyiwa.

1974 was the year Ghana Airways, our then national airline, decided to employ a group of young ladies to join its fleet. Twenty-nine of us were selected after a series of interviews and medical examinations. We began our training in June of that year at the Ghana Airways Training School, now the DVLA headquarters.

Yrenkyiwa was one of the 25 - tall, beautiful, and soft-spoken, a true Akropong beauty. Our instructors, Mrs. Joana Adumua Bosman and Mr. R.K. Beecham, both of blessed memory, guided us through training that resembled a Swiss finishing school. We were

taught how to walk, comport ourselves, dress elegantly, and observe proper table manners. We learned the names of wines and liquors, the types of glasses in which to serve them, cheeses, and all the refinements of service.

Then came the time to study general emergencies and the specific aircraft we were to operate. We were sent to Beirut, Lebanon, to the MEA Training School, proudly wearing our Ghanaian attire and Afro hairstyles that reflected our heritage. It was a challenge—new words and pronunciations - but we later laughed about those moments. For many of us, it was our first time flying aboard the VC10 aircraft.

Beirut welcomed us warmly. The weather was familiar, and under the strict guidance of our instructors, we all passed. The Ghana Airways country manager hosted a small

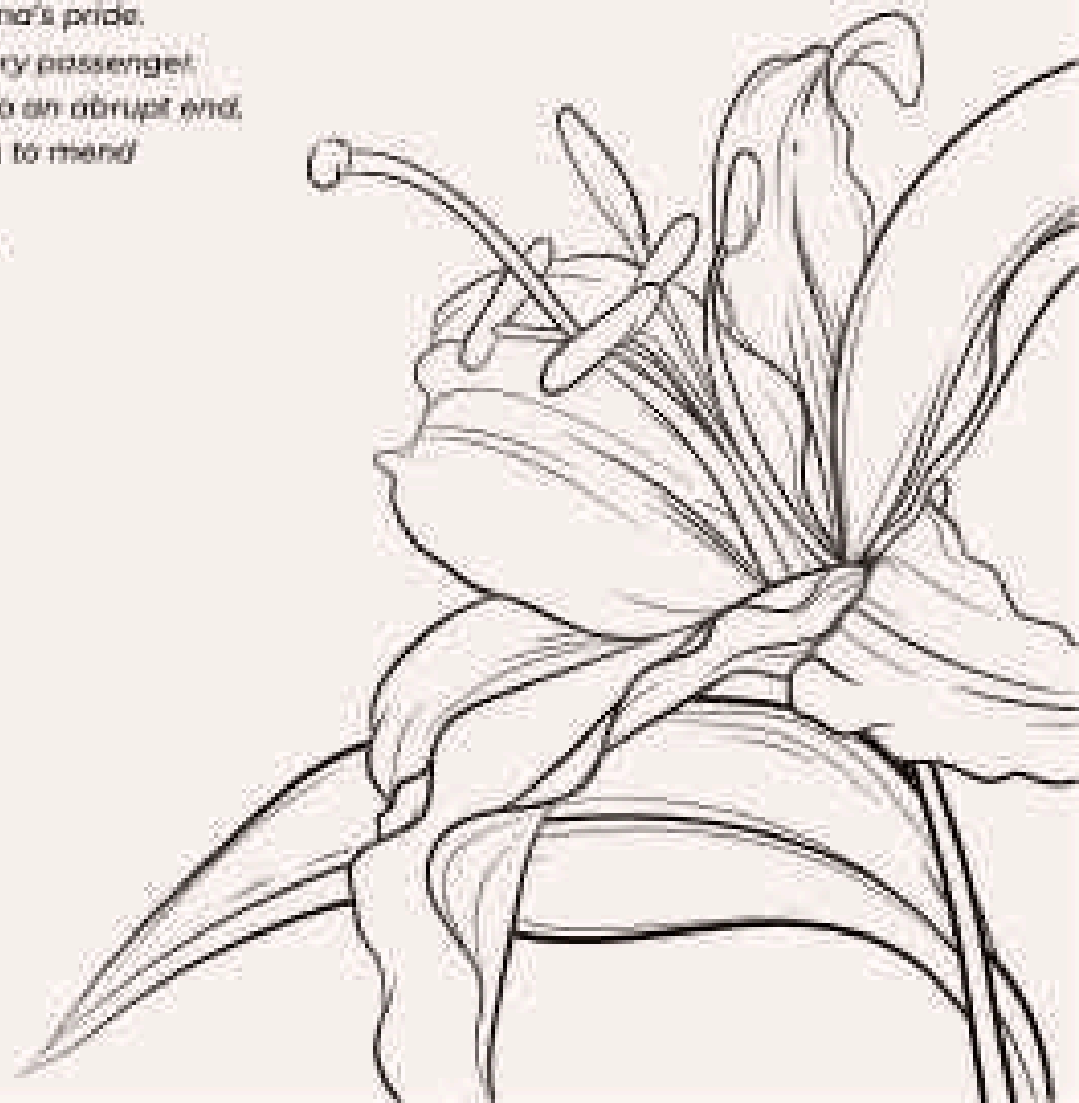
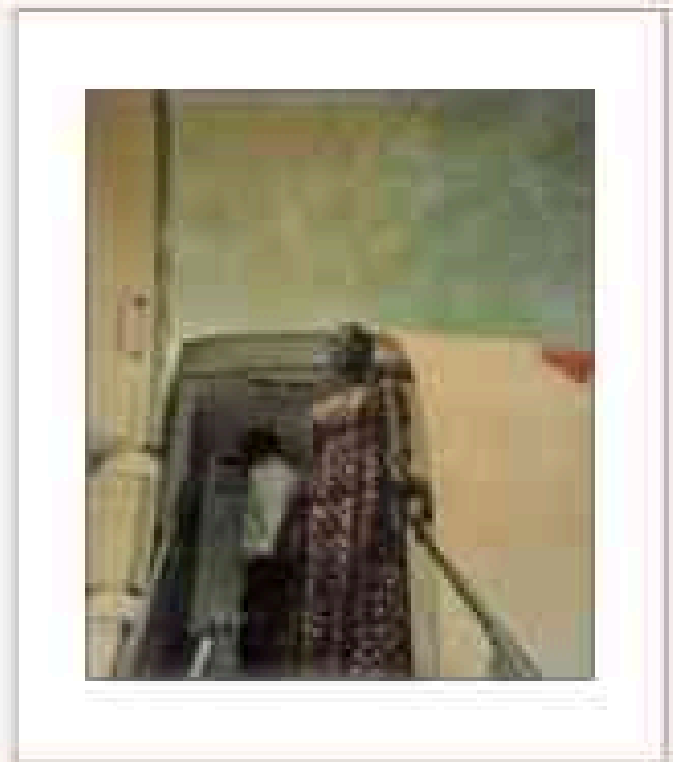
gathering at his residence, and once free, we explored the city markets, buying fruits, dresses, and gifts for our families back home. We even picked up some of the local language, which some of us still use today.

Our first assignments were on the HS 748 turboprop and the F28 jet, flying routes between Accra, Kumasi, Tamale, Suva, and across West Africa to Abidjan, Monrovia, Freetown, Banjul, and Dakar. With experience, we graduated to the VC10, proudly operating flights to London and Rome.

Yrenkywa was a charming young lady, private yet warm, and we all loved her company. Though she later chose to pursue her personal interest in catering, she remained part of our circle.

We soared the skies side by side, Yrenkywa,
Serving with grace in Ghana's pride.
Together we smiled at every passenger,
Sadly your journey came to an abrupt end,
Leaving us with memories to mend.

Rest in peace, dear sister.







***Yirenkyiwa** was one of the 29 - tall, beautiful, and soft-spoken, a true Akropong beauty.*

”

A landscape photograph of a sunset over a valley. The sky is a gradient of colors from blue at the top to orange and yellow near the horizon. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright glow. In the foreground, a large, dark tree stands on a hillside. The background shows rolling hills and a valley. The text is centered in the upper half of the image.

*Tributes by her friends
& loved ones*



Tribute by The Aboagye Family

Today, we stand with hearts that feel both heavy and grateful, because we have lost someone so precious to us, yet we are grateful, because we were blessed to have had her in our lives.

She was a family friend by name, but in truth, she was our family, our friend, our auntie, our safe place, our constant. Some people pass through our lives; she planted hers in ours with love, loyalty, and a kind of warmth that cannot be taught.

In 2005, when our home was broken into and fear settled into our hearts like a storm, she did not hesitate to help. While others would have locked their doors tighter, she opened hers wider. Her home became our shelter. In the middle of our anxiety and sleepless nights, her presence gave us reassurance. She did not just offer us space; she offered us comfort. She made us feel pro-

tected again. We will never forget that. She stood by us in the good times too, celebrating, laughing, showing up in ways big and small. It is in difficult moments that you truly know who stands with you. She stood. She never wavered.

We can still hear her voice. The way she would call our mum "Mò'sie" instead of Faustie and somehow that mispronunciation carried so much affection. It became her own special way of saying, "You are deeply cherished." And the way she would call our dad "my brother," and he would respond, "my sister." It wasn't just words. It was a bond. A chosen family. A relationship built on respect, familiarity, and genuine love.

She had that rare gift of making people feel like they belonged. There was no performance in her kindness. No condition at-

tached to her generosity. She loved simply, deeply, and consistently.

Her absence leaves a space that cannot be filled, but her impact will never fade. In our memories, she will always be the neighbor who became family, the woman who opened her door when we were afraid, the auntie who

stood by us through every season. We mourn her deeply, but we also celebrate her strength, her loyalty, her heart.


Thank you, for being our shelter, our sister, our auntie and our constant. You may be gone from our sight, but you will forever live in our hearts.





In our memories, she will always be the neighbor who became family, the woman who opened her door when we were afraid, the auntie who stood by us through every season.

”



Revelations 21:4
God will wipe away
every tear from their
eyes; and death shall be
no more.

”



Tribute by Pastor Nana Ama Serwaa

Revelation 21:4 (AMPC)

"God will wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more, neither shall there be anguish [sorrow and mourning] nor grief nor pain any more, for the old conditions and the former order of things have passed away." Amen.

No words can express the grief I feel right now. True friends are rare, but I was blessed to have one. My beautiful sister, my friend, Miss Ghana's Daughter, as I lovingly

called you. You were more than a sister. You were one of my best friends.

We met nearly three decades ago at Achimota School where our daughters were attending. My daughter Sheila and Abby were best friends. From the day we met, it felt as though we had known each other for years. We talked, laughed, and exchanged phone numbers. There was mutual love and respect between us from the very beginning. Our friendship deepened when Abby and Sheila went

to Saint Roses in Akwata for their Sixth Form education. We visited our daughters together. Miss Ghana's Daughter, being the thoughtful person she was, once called me and said, "Do not make any pastries. I will bake for Abby and Sheila." Not only did my sister bake for our girls, she always brought me my own special package, which I truly enjoyed.

The last time we spoke, I told my sister that when I come to Ghana, she would be part of an NGO I plan to establish to help underprivileged boys and girls. She would oversee the catering department. Little did I know that would be the last time I would hear my sister's sweet voice.

Today, from the United States, as I mourn my sister and my friend, I also celebrate her life. I will forever cherish the genuine sisterly love

we shared. Yaa, you hold a special place in my heart. The memories we shared over decades are what I hold onto, for they bring you back to me, even if only for a moment.

A million words will not bring you back, so I join the Apostle Paul in saying:

II Timothy 4:7-8 (NIV)

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Finally, there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give to me on that Day, and not to me only but also to all who have loved His appearing."

My beautiful sister, my friend, my beauty queen, rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord until we meet again in glory. Amen.

*You were more than
a sister. You were one
of my best friends.*

”





Tribute by Mama Sabina Dixon Childs

Tribute by Mama Sabina Dixon Childs

Yaa, loving you is incredibly difficult for me because of the special bond we shared.

When I was asked to write a tribute for Yaa, I felt honored to remember one of the finest people I've ever met. Her kindness, generosity, and unwavering spirit will always be cherished. Yaa had a unique ability to bring joy and laughter to everyone around her, and her presence was a source of comfort and strength.

I met Yaa through my cousin when she was vacationing in Chicago. We instantly connected and became best friends. I invited her to spend the rest of her vacation with me. We had an amazing time exploring various places, socializing with friends and family, and touring many sites in the Windy City and other parts of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana. Our friendship continued when she returned to London. Subsequently, I had the opportunity to visit her in London, where I met her sister, Maa. The three of us were inseparable—we ate, danced, and partied together, and we shared countless laughs during my brief stay with them. They took me shopping and showed me around town. Yaa cooked so many delicious Ghanaian dishes

and even packaged some for me to take back to Chicago. Whenever she visits her daughter, Abby, in the United States, she calls me, and we spend hours talking about our children and grandchildren.

In November 2025, I saw Yaa after so many years, and that's when she informed me that she was sick. I prayed for her and reassured her that there's nothing God can't do. He knows best for all of us. I even danced for her to laugh. I'm grateful that we were able to unite before her passing.

Yaa's beautiful personality and kindness will truly be missed, but never forgotten.

May her spirit continue to guide us, and may we honor her memory by living our lives with the same kindness and generosity that she exemplified.

Rest well, my beautiful friend. You fought a good battle, so take your rest. We all loved you, but God's love for you is the greatest.

Goodbye, pretty Yaa. Love always!

Mama Sabi





”

Yaa cooked so many delicious Ghanaian dishes and even packaged some for me to take back to Chicago. Whenever she visits her daughter, Abby, in the United States, she calls me, and we spend hours talking about our children and grandchildren.



Tribute by Nurse Masia Djaba

'So teach us to number our days, so we may gain a heart of wisdom.' (Psalm 90:12)
The loss of our beloved Madam Yirerkyiwa Dhenso-Agyei, a vibrant and industrious mother, auntie and friend has left me speechless. Thank you for the profound honour of inviting me to celebrate her with these few words.

It was a privilege to care for her and to stand with your family now.

To the world, she was my patient, but to me she was a mother, a friend, and a blessing. A reminder of why I entered this profession. Caring for Grandma as I affectionately called her, wasn't just about clinical tasks. It was the wisdom she shared in the quiet moments between sessions.

One of her favourite quotes was, 'Anything you find your hands doing, do it well.' Words that echo in my mind and heart whenever

er I think of her. She was full of wisdom and shared many stories with me. Her level of cleanliness and her quest to get everyone around her to do the same always inspired me. We shared so much time together, talking, reading the bible and praying. I will miss our devotions, chats and jokes.

Grandma was a woman who cared for and loved all. Her eyes lit up when she spoke about her father; she would say, 'If all men were like Paa, no child will struggle in life.' She loved her family and everyone around her so much. Even on her hospital bed when she was fighting for her life, she was worried about her family at

home. She demonstrated the same concern for her domestic help and others.

Grandma, I loved how you spoke so eloquently. You promised to teach me some of your wonderful recipes when you got better. You did so much for me and my kids. May the Almighty God continue to bless you and your family. Grandma may your memory live in our hearts and may we find solace in the knowledge that you are at peace with your maker.

Love, Masia.



Tribute by your daughters, Charlotte and Gifty

Our dearest Mum, we called you, 'Grandma'. Indeed, you were a wise, kind, and generous woman. We have known you for many years, and those years have been wonderful. You took us in from the very start and treated us like your daughters. You were always very happy to see us when we came home. You would shout our names, 'Char' and 'Gifty' with so much joy. It was always an honour to run errands for you. You gifted us with so many things over the years. We always left your home with something. You advised us all the time and urged us to always put our

trust in God. Whenever we had challenges, you would say, 'All shall pass'.

Our Dear Grandma, You have left us in shock and dismay. We looked forward to many more years with you and hoped we would be able to repay you for at least a little of the kindness you showed us. That did not happen, but we are honoured to have known you for all these years. We will miss you so much and always remember your warm smile. May your kind, gentle soul rest in eternal peace. You are forever loved.



*Tribute to
My Beloved Grandma
by Yirenkyiwa Bruce*

Dear Grandma,
Losing you has left a space in my heart that no one else can ever fill. I am so glad I was named after you. You were my comfort, my strength, and truly one of the greatest blessings in my life. Your love was quiet, yet so powerful. I felt it in your warm hugs, your gentle smiles, your wise words, and the way you made everyone feel safe and at home. I will always miss your stories, your laughter,

and how you turned even the simplest moments into something beautiful.

Thank you for every lesson you taught me, every prayer you whispered for me, and every bit of love you gave so freely. You live on in my heart, in my memories, and in everything I do.

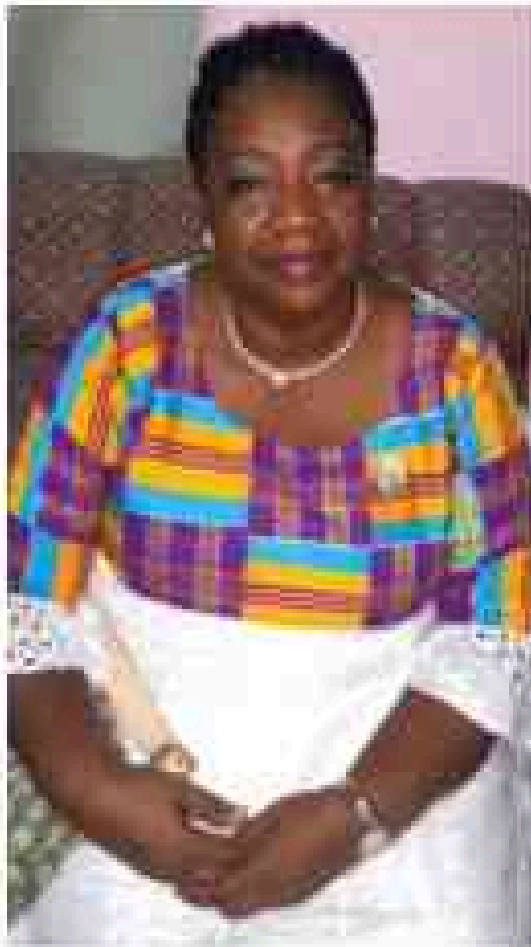
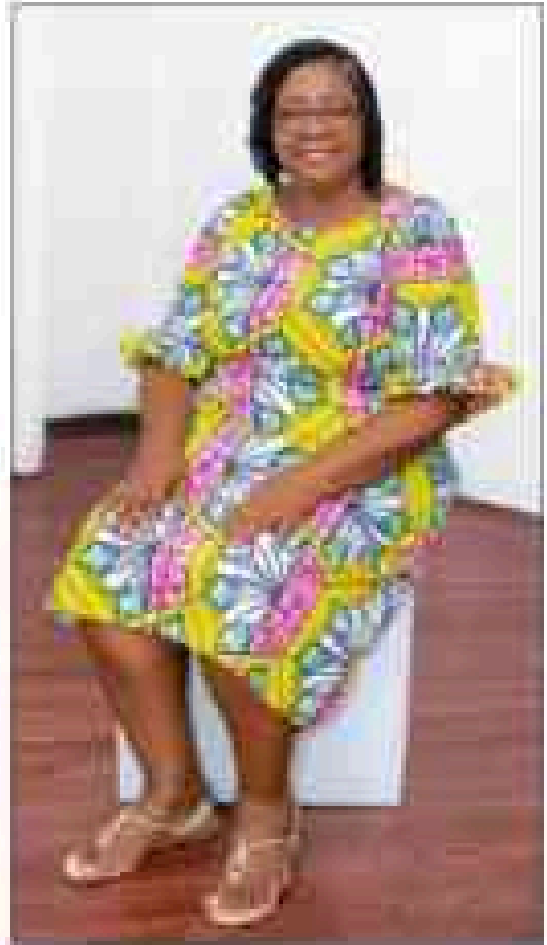
Rest peacefully, Grandma. I love you always.



Proverbs 3: 5-6

Trust in the Lord with all your heart and do not lean on your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make straight your paths

”





A dramatic sunset scene with a large, dark, textured cloud formation in the upper half of the frame. The sun is a bright, glowing orb on the horizon, casting a long, horizontal band of orange and red light across the sky. The lower half of the image shows a dark, silhouetted landscape with rolling hills and a prominent, dark tree on the left side. The overall mood is serene and majestic.

Hymns

HYMN 1
MHB 516 - THROUGH ALL THE
CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE

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.
Of his deliverance I will boast
till all that are distressed,
from my example comfort take
and by their griefs to rest.

2
O magnify the LORD with me,
exalt his holy name,
when in distress to him I called,
he to my rescue came.
The hosts of God encamp around
the dwellings of the just;
deliverance he affords to all
who in his promise trust.

3
O taste and see that he is good;
experience will decide
how blest are they, and only they
who in the LORD confide.
Fear him, you saints, and you will then
have nothing else to fear;
make serving him your sole delight,
your wants shall be his care.

HYMN 2
KRISTO ASAFOFO

1
Kristo asakfo,
monye akode pa
na monna mo ho nye mo den
Onyame tumi mu.

2
Adafo Yehowa,
Onyame Tumfo
de ne tum behye ne mma
na wotumi ako.

3
Eyi na muntura
Onyame akode,
na moatum agyina daa
da akasi ase.

4
Munyinga ho yye,
monye mo ka mu nnaa,
na obema awie-yye
na daa abomkam.

HYMN 3
MHB 427 - TRUST AND OBEY

1
When we walk with the Lord
in the light of his word,
what a glory he sheds on our way!
While we do his good will,
he abides with us still,
and with all who will trust and obey.
Refrain:
Trust and obey, for there's no other way
to be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey!

2
Not a burden we bear,
not a sorrow we share,
but our toil he doth richly repay;
not a grief or a loss,
not a frown or a cross,
but is blest if we trust and obey.
[Refrain]

3
But we never can prove
the delights of his love
until all on the altar we lay,
for the favor he shows,
for the joy he bestows,
are for them who will trust and obey.
[Refrain]

4
Then in fellowship sweet
we will sit at his feet,
or we'll walk by his side in the way;
what he says we will do,
where he sends we will go,
never fear, only trust and obey. [Refrain]
United Methodist Hymnal M, 1985

HYMN 4
MHB 338 - RESCUE THE PERISHING

1
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.
Refrain:
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2
Though they are slighting Him, still He is
waiting,
waiting the penitent child to receive,
plead with them earnestly, plead with them
gently,
He will forgive if they only believe. [Refrain]

3
Down in the human heart, crushed by the
tempter,
feelings lie buried that grace can restore,
touched by a loving heart, awakened by
kindness,
cords that are broken will vibrate once more.
[Refrain]

4
Rescue the perishing, duty demands it—
strength for your labor the Lord will provide,
back to the narrow way patiently win them,
tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.
[Refrain]

HYMN 5

HYMN- MMB 948 - 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, O 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
power?
Who like thyself my guide and strength can
be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O 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,
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain
shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.





*I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race,
I have kept the faith – 2nd Timothy 4:7*

YIRENKYIWA OHENE-AGYEI

*A doting Mother and Grandmother,
A loving Sister, Aunt and Cousin,
A faithful Friend and Colleague,
A loved one to many*

GONE BUT NEVER FORGOTTEN

Afterglow

By Helen Lowrie Marshall

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one
I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done;
I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways;
Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days—
I'd like the tears of those who grieve to dry before the sun;
Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.

The Family of Madam Yirenkyiwa Ohene-Agyei extends their sincere gratitude to you all. We are overwhelmed by the outpouring of love during this difficult time. We are immensely grateful to each one of you, for your prayers, your calls and messages, your valuable time, your contributions and unwavering support.

Many of you travelled from far and wide to stand with us, and for that we are eternally grateful and we collectively say Thank you!

"The LORD bless you and keep you"

-Numbers 6:24

In Loving
MEMORY

Yvonnejane Oshene-Agyei