

**BURIAL AND THANKSGIVING
SERVICE FOR THE LATE**



Hannah Abena Bookye

—  —
1930 - 2021



Order Of Service

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Apostle Paul Adu Newmann
(Chairman)
Apostle Bona-Siriboe
(General Sec)
Pastor Sampson Asala
(Ag Resident Pastor)
Pastor Ebenezer Whyte
(Music Director)
Elder Ebenezer Asamoah
(Presiding Elder)

BURIAL SERVICE (PART 1)

Opening prayer
Praise & worship
Last Filing past, committal prayers
and closing of casket
Scripture reading
1 Corinth 15; 50 - 58
Song Ministration
Biography / Tributes
Children, Grandchildren, Church
Sermon
Prayer for the family
Offering for the family
Announcements
Closing prayer & Benediction
.Singing by Winneba Youth Choir

GRAVESIDE (PART II)

Prayer
Song
Lowering of casket
Committal
Laying of wreaths
Vote of thanks
Prayer/ Benediction

THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Opening prayer
Praise and Worship
Testimonies
First Offering
Acknowledgement of visitors
Announcements
Tithes
Song Ministration
Second Offering
Sermon
Special Offering
Updating of church register
Prayer for the Family
Altar call
Closing prayer & Benediction





A Life
WELL LIVED





Biography Of HANNAH ABENA BOAKYE



Hannah Abena Boakye. Born February 25th 1930 to Abena Ntriuwa & Mr. Kwame Mensah Boakye in Amankyim, Ghana.

Deceased July 22nd 2021 in Accra, Ghana.

Hannah Abena Boakye, who was known by her family with such abundant affection as “Mama”, was a vibrant soul since her birth in Amankyim as well as a beautiful matriarch to a beautiful family.

She started this family with Mr. Paul Derkyi whom she married in 1949.

Continuously active, Mama Hannah used her innate resourcefulness, care, and drive to build a business in ceramics and textiles, build a house, and travel the world. From South Suntresu to Fakyinibra, Buboashi,

California, New York, Nigeria, Germany, and more; Mama Hannah and her hustle made an impact. That impact was magnified with her family, and she always made special effort to make us feel her love with her laugh, her hugs, her parties, her food, and the wisdom she shared.

Of course, a woman of deep faith, she was always praying for, and praying with, us all. She passed along her love of the Bible and shared favorite stories and verses to accompany the advice and direction she would communicate to those who knew her. She was a woman rich in good deeds and never hesitant to share.

Mama Hannah lived through life treating others with respect and acceptance. She was firmly grounded in the example of life Jesus left for us while also being a woman ahead of her time, and now her forever future we leave in God’s able and loving hands.

At her time, it was well with her soul to go Mama Hannah Boakye is survived by her younger brother Kwame Dickson, 5 of her 6 children, 12 of her 13 grandchildren, 11 great-grandchildren, and her extended family.



Madam HANNAH ABENA BOAKYE





Tribute By Daughter

MADAM AWURAKUA DERKYI



Mama is an indescribable and irreplaceable mother. She was a woman full of love. Her love for family and others was immeasurable. She gave good advice each time I needed it and never held a grudge. Her ability to let things go whenever she was offended is something to emulate.

From childhood till now, she has always been the pillar of the family. Mama and I have always been together from childhood till she took her last breath. We have always been there for each other throughout the changing scenes of life. She worked hard as a businesswoman.

As children, when she had to travel for business, she put me in charge of managing the household. I was able to seek greener pastures abroad due She volunteered to take care of my children so I can go abroad for greener pastures. She did such an excellent job with caring for the kids while away.

The few times we were separated was when I had to leave for a short while to visit her grandchildren. Whenever I informed her of my plans to travel, she will start to count down the days left for my return though I hadn't travelled yet. We spoke daily each time I was away, and it seemed like I never left. Oh mama, how is this void you have left going to be filled? Who is going to shout "Awurokua" for me like you did? Who is going to say "Awurokua, b3 kyea nu" on the phone to me again? I am glad I was able to spend the last few minutes of your life on earth with you. I have not known a life without mama, and it is going to be very difficult living without her.

You have left a void that is going to be difficult to fill but I know you are resting well in the bosom of the Lord. Thank you for all the love and support you gave me. Thank you for the valuable life lessons you thought me. I will make sure I pass those lesson on to the next generation.

Till we meet again, rest well.



Tribute By daughter, **RITA OHEMAA ABREFAH-DERKYI**

Mama was a beautiful, elegant, loving sweet mother. She was a hard-working woman. She was avant-garde.

She was ahead of her time. Mama was into textiles, ceramics and anything else she could get her hands on.



I remember when I was about 14 years old, I went to Accra with her on a business trip and witnessed the impressive way she conducted business.

Her smart, feisty and concise manner made me say to myself – I want to be like her when I grow up.

And of course, one of her most important qualities was she made everyone feel welcome; treating everyone with the warmth and love that we will miss.

Rest in peace Mama. You did well.



Tribute By Son, **ATTA-PANYIN DERKYI.**



Lessons from Mama.

You taught me never to venture where I am not welcome, but wherever I go, to hold my head high. And I have internalized it and applied it uncompromisingly to my personal and business relationships, saving me headaches while preserving my energy.

You taught me about selfless devotion to family, by dedicating your entire life to advancing your children, grandchildren, extended family, our friends and many others. Thanks for your teachings, it is my honour to carry on the legacy.

As a woman of great faith, you also taught me resilience, by overcoming several strokes, and numerous adversities, as a result of your uninsured house burning to ashes. Without self pity, but with grace, mercy,

wisdom, pride, & strength, you rose from the ashes of despair and lived gallantly until you left us at 91, & even then, on your own terms.

You taught me about the power of love. Because of you, I know that love is disarming, tender, forgiving, tolerant, understanding and kind. I am a better and kinder human being for sharing your very last moments with me, & for that I remain eternally grateful.

I am so glad you left us at 91, because my biggest fear as a child was the thought of losing you.

Thank you mama. I love you & I will miss you.

Thank you mama. I love you & I will miss you.



Tribute By Daughter **AGNES TAYLOR (MADAM TEE)**

Dear Mama,

It's difficult to find the right words to express how I feel now, but I will try my best.

You had unbelievable strength to raise six children. Thank you for passing on your values and strength of character to us.

Your memories are many and I will miss the woman you were before you were taken away from us. I love you and miss you dearly.

You gave me a tremendous gift by introducing me to Christ - the light of my life.

To be sure, you lived your religion. You were truly a blessing to many and had the heart of gold.

You made me aware of angels standing next to you two days before you left us, leaving me to think you were just joking.

Little did I know that you were informing me of your pending transition.

May God keep you in his bosom and help us lead the very exemplary life you taught us.





Children



MADAM AWURAKUA DERKYI



ATTA KAKRA DERKYI, Esq.



RITA OHEMAA DERKYI-ABREFAH



AGNES TAYLOR (MADAM TEE)



ATTA-PANTIN DERKYI



Tribute by Brother, **KWAME DICKSON BOAKYE**

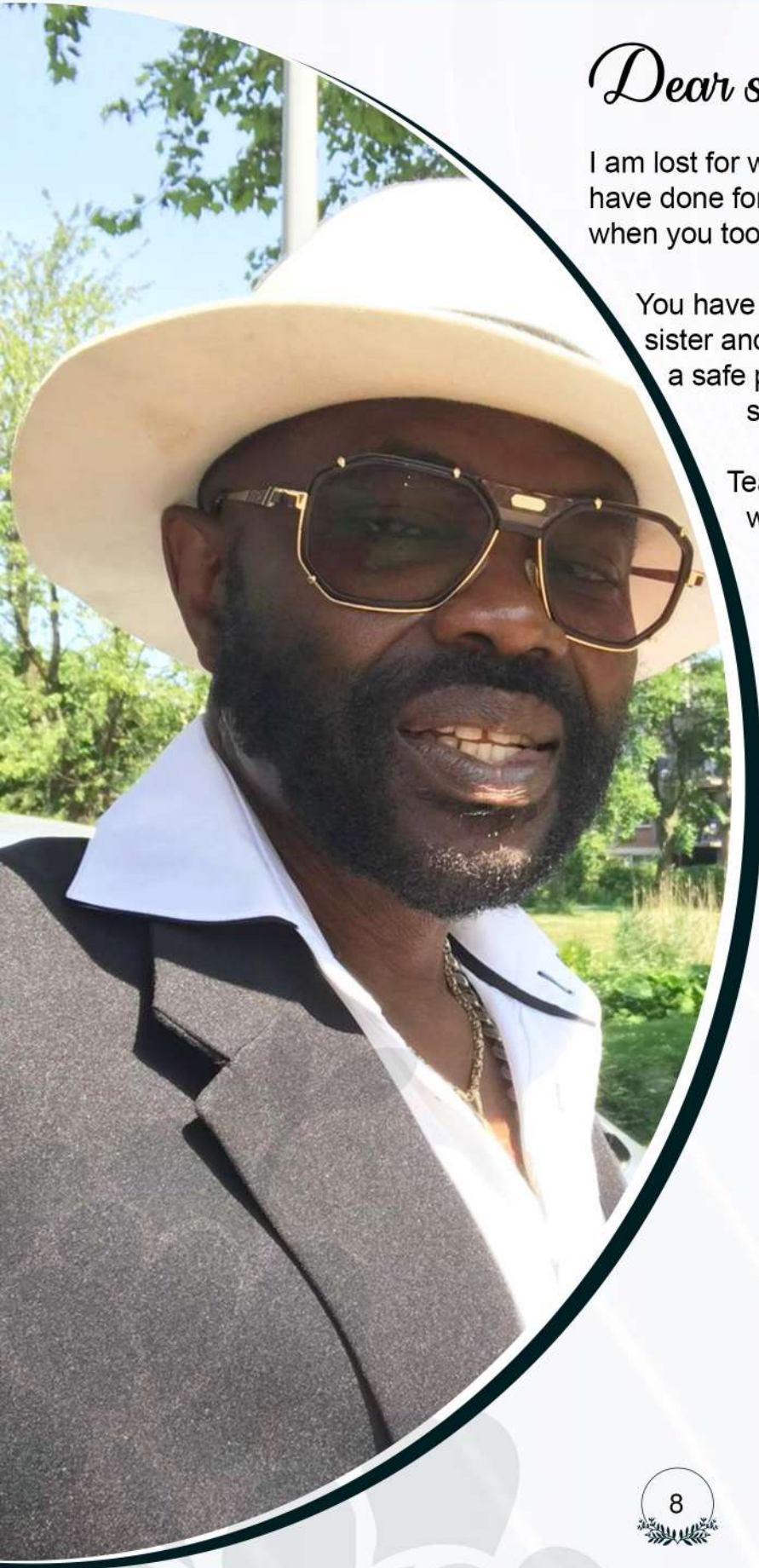
Dear sister,

I am lost for words. I can never describe what you have done for me in this world. I was about thirteen when you took me from our mother.

You have taken good care of me up till now. Dear sister and mother, may the almighty God give you a safe place to dwell, till we meet again. Sister, stay blessed and have a safe journey.

Tears are running down my face as I am writing. I love you sister, I can never pay back what you have done for me.

May the Lord be with you.





Tribute By GRANDCHILDREN

Indeed, a great pillar has fallen

Grandma, affectionately called “Mama”, by all her grandchildren was a phenomenal woman. She was a woman of great strength and faith. She could recite the psalms and other verses in the bible like a champ. She was very prayerful and would stay up at night reading bible and praying for her grandchildren. When faced with a difficult decision, she had scripture verses and life experiences to advise you. She was a peacemaker and always taught about love.

She had a way of leaving a lasting impression on people. Her unique and enthusiastic way of shouting “Praise the Lord”, waving her white handkerchief when giving testimonies in church and singing “Mo ma y3n ko gya me, na m’nko yi me nyame ay3” will never be forgotten by her family and church members. She was a mother to the squad of four namely, Nana Konadu, Nana Amankwah, Junior, and Maame Sika when our parents traveled abroad to seek greener pastures.

She took excellent care of us to the extent that we basically had everything. We were never late to school. Our school uniforms were always neatly ironed, and our hair was never unkempt. Housemasters/mistresses and teachers knew her by name. Everyone knew she loved her grandchildren dearly. Over the years, the number of grandchildren increased, and we all got to build a relationship and have a special bond with her.

Due to how special she made you feel, everyone thought “Mama” was their best and favorite friend. However, like the “Maury Show, that’s a lie”. I’m the favorite one!

She was a vision of welcoming happiness whose love knew no bounds of distance, time, and language. The love she showed her grandchildren will be carried in our spirits to all the corners of the world we now inhabit. We have our memories, phone calls, and pictures worth thousands of words but still they will fail to capture all of her love, warmth, and strength.

But we as her grandchildren will continue traveling and finding the beauty in multiple places and people as she did. We as her grandchildren will find and foster love, comfort, faith, support, acceptance, and openness as she did.

We as her grandchildren will honor and cultivate the culture our shining matriarch imparted to us. There is truly nothing like a grandma’s love, and that love and example will continue to be a nucleus connecting her children and grandchildren.

May we all carry Mama’s capacity for love and her ability to care for the bonds we share. We know how, because she has shown us.

Growing up, Mama was the wisest woman known to us. We always looked up to her and revered her for her strength and tenacity in handling life’s difficult situations.

She was always a phone call away and had the best response to every question one asked. She



Tribute By **GRANDCHILDREN**

She was always a phone call away and had the best response to every question one asked. She always gave the utmost best advice and was the best secret keeper! Mama taught us how to cook our first meals and keep a place tidy.

She remembered everyone's birthday and an early morning "3tor ne kosuaa ya nua" was a constant. She welcomed every visitor warmly and made them feel very comfortable. She knew most of our friends by name and was able to whip up a quick, delicious, finger-licking yam and eggs stew in minutes for visitors.

From childhood, we have witnessed Mama's natural nature of being a mother to all. She went all out for her children and others' children; she would give her last penny to save someone's life.

She would go all out to find a good suitor for others and grant them opportunities for a brighter future.

She was as sharp as a whip till her last day on earth. She was quick in acknowledging good work and rendering discipline where necessary. She was a constant comfort to all. If one wants to know the true definition of gold and what it symbolizes, then one does not need to look further because our grandmother embodied it. She was a gem... one in a million.

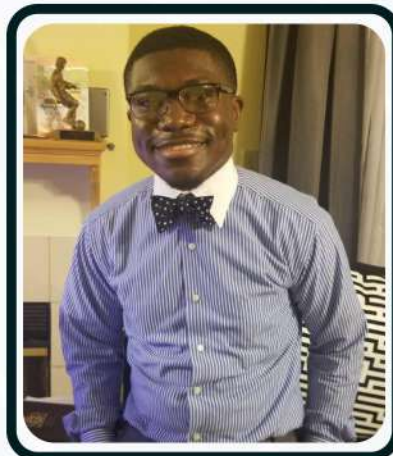
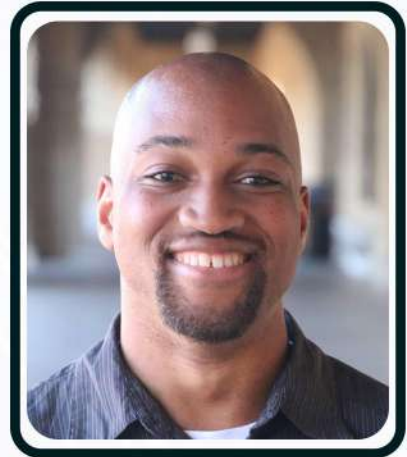
As we often do annually, on her 91st birthday, all her children and grandchildren gathered and had a conference call. After singing to her the happy birthday song, she said, you guys are forgetting something. That got us confused for a second, then we remembered that we left out the "may God bless you now" portion of the birthday song. Little did we know that will be the last birthday song we will sing to her.

Oh, mama, aunty Hannah, as we would sometimes call her, we are lost for words on how difficult it will be to live without you. We comfort ourselves with the knowledge that you led an exemplary life and you are smiling down on us with the Lord our maker. May you rest in perfect peace!!! We miss you dearly.

Rest well our most favorite grandma, till we meet again.



GRANDCHILDREN





GRANDCHILDREN





Great GRANDCHILDREN





Tribute By DR. JOHN ABREFAH SON-IN-LAW



Farewell Dear "Mama"

Somewhere in our hearts beneath all our grief and pain
Is a smile we still wear at the sound of your dear name,
"Mama" The precious word is still "Mama" she was our
world to see. But now our heart is breaking because you
are no longer with us. To guide and cheer us and advise
us knowing that we are always loved by you. The day
came when you had to leave us when your life on this
earth was through.

God had better plan for you, for this we surely knew.
When we think of your kind heart and all those loving
years you stood with us. Those memories still surround
us, and we can't hold back our tears. Truly, you were our
best friend, someone we could confide in.

You had the tender Mama touch and warm and gentle grin in your
face always when we are around you. We thank you for the first time
welcoming us to your home and always there with your generous
hospitality. Though the time has come for us to bid you this farewell
into the hands of your creator.

*We will always remember you, Mama.
Thank you, Mama, for all the Love.
On that day you meet the Lord
If roses grow in Heaven Lord
Please pick a bunch for us
Place them in our Mama's arm to welcome her
And tell her these came from all the in-Laws.
Tell Mama we love and miss her
When she turns to smile which, we know she does
Place a big kiss upon her cheek and hold her for a while
Because remembering her comes easy for us.
We do that every Day.*



Tribute By **KWAME BONSU** **SON-IN-LAW**

Words alone will not be able to describe the way I feel you and the relationship we had. You were the best mother in law any person could ask for.

I came into your house as a young man and you took me in as one of your own. We even had code words that were only between you and I, among them: "Morgrago".

I am sure everyone around always wondered why we greeted each other with this word, but it will remain between you and I. You helped raised my children, you never judged my mistakes, and made me feel special and like a king when I came around you.

You are surely going to be missed. You are forever sealed in our hearts and memories and never will be forgotten. Morgrago, from your son, till we meet again. I love you! Blessed.





IN-LAWS





Tribute From THE CHURCH



*"We are confident, yes, well pleased rather to be absent from the body and
to be present with the Lord"*
2 Corinthians 5:8 NKJV.

The late Hannah Boakye joined the church right from inception in 1995. She was a devoted and committed member. She was one of the elderly women in the Central assembly.

She was affectionately called Asanteneabrewa. Asanteneabrewa was a member of the Love family group. She was regular at church and attended most of the activities of the church.

Gradually with time, she became weak such that she could not attend church services again. It was arranged that anytime there was communion, a Pastor was available to serve her in her house. Though unable to attend church in person, she was always abreast with happenings at the assembly.

She always asked of members she knew and how they were faring. Asanteneabrewa was a giver. Whenever there was the need to give for any course, she was one person who never hesitated. At the beginning of the year she paid her dues for the whole year. She did this religiously each year without fail.

Her faith and trust in the Lord was very deep. She often talked about how God had kept her after a personal disaster in her life when her whole house in Kumasi got burnt down to ashes. She was always grateful to God for that deliverance and always spoke about the love of God and her continued trust in His provision and protection.

She was on the list of elderly persons who received parcels from the assembly each year. Each time she received her parcel, she took opportunity to express her gratitude to God and to the church. Anytime she heard the passing of any member, she expressed gratitude to God for her own life. Asanteneabrewa led a fruitful life in Christ and was called to glory at a very ripe age.

Rest well our most favorite grandma, till we meet again.



Tribute By BISHOP NATHANIEL ANNAN



Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of the righteous
- Psalm 116 : 1 -

It is with a heavy heart that I pen down these few words ;

Maa, as I affectionately called her was my mother that I never had. She will be fondly remembered as my advisor, teacher, and counsellor.

It has truly been such a wonderful life journey and I have never regretted sharing in those beautiful moments with her while she had strength. I am however confident that at the blast of the trumpet when Jesus returns, We shall meet again

Mama , rest in perfect peace, till we meet again.



Gallery





Gallery



family members





Hymns

MHB 99 How Sweet the name of Jesus Sounds

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

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the Rock on which we build;
Our shield and hiding-place;
Our never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, our Savior, Shepherd, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring.

Weak is the effort of our heart,
And cold our warmest thought;
But when we see Thee as Thou art,
We'll praise Thee as we ought.

Till then we would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And triumph in that blessed Name
Which quells the pow'r of death.

MHB 651- Hark hark my soul

1
Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Refrain:
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2
Onward we go, for still we hear them singing:
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home. [Refrain]

3
Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. [Refrain]

4
Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. [Refrain]



Hymns

MHB 608- Captain of Israelites host and guide

1
Captain of Israel's host, and guide
of all who seek the land above,
beneath your shadow we abide,
the cloud of your protecting love;
our strength, your grace; our rule, your word:
our end, the glory of the Lord.

2
By your unerring Spirit led,
we shall not in the desert stray;
we shall not full direction need,
nor miss our providential way;
as far from danger as from fear
while love, almighty love, is near.

MHB 601- They Who thread the path of labour

1
THEY who tread the path of labour follow
where My feet have trod; They who work without
complaining Do the holy will of God;
Nevermore thou needest seek Me; I am with
thee everywhere; Raise the stone, and thou
shalt find Me; cleave the wood and I am
there.

2
Where the many toil together, There am I
among My own Where the tired workman
sleepeth, There am I with him alone. I, the
Peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid
the daily strife; I, the Bread of heaven, am
broken in the sacrament of life.

3
Every task, however simple, sets the soul
that does it free; Every deed of love and
mercy done to man, is done to me; Nevermore
thou needst seek Me; I am with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone, and thou shalt find
Me; cleave the wood and I am there.

MHB 830- HARK! the sound of holy voices

1
Hark! the sound of holy voices,
chanting at the crystal sea:
Alleluia, alleluia,
alleluia, Lord, to thee:
multitude, which none can number,
like the stars in glory stands,
clothed in white apparel, holding
palms of vict'ry in their hands.

2
Patriarch and holy prophet,
who prepared the way of Christ,
king, apostle, saint, confessor,
martyr and evangelist,
saintly maiden, godly matron,
widows who have watched in prayer,
joined in holy concert, singing
to the Lord of all, are there.

3
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;
gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;
gladly, Lord, with thee they died,
and by death to life immortal
they were born and glorified.



Appreciation

The children and the entire family of the late Hannah Abena Boakye sincerely wish to express their gratitude to all those who mourned with them ,showed concern with prayer, thoughts, condolences, donations and many other means during their trying moments.