

# *Burial & Memorial* *SERVICE*

IN LOVING MEMORY OF



BEATRICE  
DEDE  
AMOATEY  
*a.k.a. Auntie 'B'*

1945 - 2025

FRIDAY 6TH JUNE 2025  
TRANSITION FUNERAL HOME, NO. C1/17, ASORE JUNCTION  
ATOMIC KWABENYA MAIN ROAD, HAATSO







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*S E R V I C E*

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# Order of Service

## OFFICIATING MINISTERS

- Ps. Nathaniel Mahamadu Salifu (District Pastor - The Church of Pentecost New Abossey Okai District)
- Ps. Emmanuel Avornyor (Children's Ministry Director - The Church of Pentecost)



## PART 1

1. Opening Prayer - Dcns. Cynthia Mensah
2. Chorus
3. File Pass
4. Welcome Songs
5. Scripture Reading: Revelation 14: 13  
Twi - Dcns. Victoria Djan  
English - Bro. Solomon Tinkorang
6. Song - Wiase amane no dooso
7. Prayer of Thanksgiving - Eld. Samuel Nti Anim
8. Biography - Family Member
9. Tributes  
Children  
Grandchildren  
Nieces & Nephews  
The Church of Pentecost - Local Secretary
10. Song Ministration
11. Sermon/Alter Call/ Prayer - Ps. Nathaniel Mahamadu Salifu
12. Offertory
13. Song by the Bereaved Family
14. Prayer for the Bereaved Family - Ps. Emmanuel Avornyor
15. Introduction of Dignitaries - Conductor
16. Vote of Thanks - Family Members
17. Announcement - Conductor/Family
18. Closing Prayer - Eld. Eld. George Kofi Nyame
19. Benediction - Aps. Prof J.I.T Buersey

Conductor - Eld. Victor Takyi Afful

Ministering Choir - Grace Chorale International



## PART 2

1. Prayer - Eld. Ransford Fianko Larbi
2. Song - Akwantu bi wo ho a yebetu
3. Lowering of Casket
4. Committal - Ps. Nathaniel Mahamadu Salifu
5. Prayer - Eld. George Kofi Nyame
6. Benediction - Ps. Nathaniel Mahamadu Salifu







## *Celebrating the life of* BEATRICE DEDE AMOATEY



On 15th November 1944, in the town of Akim Oda, a remarkable woman entered the world—Beatrice Dede Amoatey. Her life, spanning over seven decades, was a tapestry of strength, faith, perseverance, and deep compassion. Born to Geoffrey Tetteh Glover of Adewu in Odumasi Krobo and Theresa Dede Biyo of Nyeweh Kplade-Somanya in the Eastern Region both of blessed memory. Raised between Odumase Krobo and Somanya, Beatrice's early years were not without hardship. Yet, from a young age, she demonstrated a tenacity and resolve that would come to define her legacy.

Her pursuit of education was both a refuge and a calling. Beatrice's academic path took her through some of Ghana's notable institutions—from Akro Primary School, Yilo Krobo Middle Girls School, she then proceeded to Lartey Secondary School before going to Labone Secondary School and eventually to Wesley College and the Specialist Training College at Winneba. She became not just an educator, but a force of nature in every classroom she entered—intelligent, principled, and deeply nurturing.

Life tested her many times. She endured the heartbreaking loss of her first husband, Captain Emmanuel Kofi Kutufam Jnr., at a young age, and later, the passing of their son. Still, she continued to rise. She balanced grief and responsibility with grace, returning to her studies and dedicating herself to building a better life for her daughter. In time, she found love again and married Emmanuel Ewusi-Essel, with whom she had two more children.

Beatrice's teaching career spanned Ghana, Nigeria, and Libya, where she became a mentor to countless students and a beacon of inspiration in every classroom. It all began in 1968 at Abrepo Methodist Primary in Kumasi. She later attended the Winneba Specialist Training College, where she specialized in education, which enabled her to teach at OLA Training College in Cape Coast. She then went on to teach at Winneba Secondary School.

In the early 1980s, during the mass exodus of Ghanaians to Nigeria following Ghana's coup d'état and economic hardship, Beatrice migrated to Nigeria in search of stability and opportunity. There, she taught at Ekiti Teachers Training College and later at Amoye Secondary Grammar School, continuing to touch lives through education.

She later moved with her family to Libya, where she taught at Tripoli College—now known as Martyrs of Jamahiriyyah. Upon her return to Ghana in 1992, she resumed her teaching vocation at Amasaman Secondary Technical School and subsequently, Holy Trinity Secondary School.







Whether in Cape Coast, Winneba, Accra, Kumasi, Ekiti, or Tripoli, Beatrice brought structure, warmth, and a spirit of excellence to every lesson. To her, teaching was never just a job—it was a calling, a ministry of service, faith, and love.

Beatrice was not only a teacher in title but a lifelong educator in spirit. She taught by example—modeling integrity, humility, and a powerful work ethic. When times were tough, she adapted—selling goods, sewing with her sister, and even starting a bakery from home. Her ingenuity was matched only by her quiet strength.

Above all, Beatrice was a woman of unwavering faith. Prayer and scripture were the rhythm of her days, and she instilled that same reverence for God in her children. Despite facing serious health challenges for nearly three decades, she never lost her joy. Her words, often laced with humor and truth, uplifted those around her. She reminded her family often: "Even if I cannot move, my voice still works."

She was a woman who could calm storms without raising her voice. Her gift for diplomacy, for listening, for guiding without judging, made her a pillar in her family and community. Her home was always open—to relatives, friends, students, and strangers in need of kindness.

As a mother, she was everything—steadfast, loving, wise, and protective. She raised her children to be strong in faith, responsible in duty, and bold in purpose. Her influence lives on in them and all who had the privilege of knowing her.

Beatrice Dede Amoatey leaves behind a legacy of love, service, and unwavering belief in God. Her story is one of triumph not in the absence of hardship, but in how she rose above it—with grace, dignity, and an unshakable spirit.

Her journey on this earth is complete. But the values she lived by—faith, courage, compassion—continue in the lives of those she nurtured, taught, and inspired.

May she rest in eternal peace.





# Tribute

BY CHILDREN

*"Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her: Many women do noble things, but you surpass them all." - Proverbs 31:28-29*



Ladies and gentlemen, family and friends, Today, we gather not only in sorrow, but in deep gratitude and celebration of a truly extraordinary life — our beloved mother, Beatrice Dede Amoatey.

Born on November 15, 1944, in Akim Oda, she came into the world full of strength and promise. Her childhood, marked by upheaval and transition, was spent between Odumase Krobo and Somanya amidst two parents pulling in different directions—a situation that could have fractured a lesser spirit. But not our mother. From those early years, she emerged with uncommon resilience, quiet dignity, and a burning hunger for education and purpose.

Her educational journey was nothing short of inspiring: from Akro Primary School to Yilo Krobo Girls School, from Larteh Secondary School to Labone Secondary School, and later Wesley College and Winneba Specialist Training College. She didn't simply attend school—she pursued knowledge with unwavering commitment. She ultimately became a trained teacher, yes—but more than that, she shattered barriers with determination and grace.

Yet teaching was just one of the many feathers in her cap. When life demanded flexibility, she responded with courage and creativity. She and her sister Rose sewed chair backs, sold goods at the Kaneshie Market, and even started a bakery in her unfinished house, realigning her professional and financial life with remarkable resourcefulness and grit. She didn't wait for opportunity; she created it.

Her gifts as a teacher carried her across borders—from Ghana to Nigeria to Libya—where she shaped young minds not just with knowledge, but with wisdom, care, and diplomacy. She was a mentor, a guide, and an anchor to countless students. But of all her achievements, it is her character that shines the brightest in our memories.

Mom was a woman of deep, abiding faith—unshakable and sincere. Morning devotion was a sacred daily ritual in our home, and through it, she taught us reverence for God and a love for truth. Her Bible was not just a book—it was her guide, her companion. She found joy in the beauty of nature, the miracle of each new day, and she taught us to do the same.

Even as her body weakened in later years, she never lost her voice or her spirit. With a twinkle in her eye (or in her voice — when we call her), she would say, "My tongue is still working, and I'm verbal even if my limbs will not allow me to move freely." That was her: ever present, ever vocal, ever ready to encourage, correct, or uplift.



As a mother, she was loving and nurturing, but also firm and principled. She raised us to believe in ourselves, to work hard, and to walk in faith. She inspired us not through pressure, but by example. Despite facing life-altering and threatening health challenges for twenty-seven years, she never gave up. Her strength was quiet. Her gratitude is constant—her faith, unshaken.

She had a rare gift—the ability to stay calm in chaos, to mediate and reconcile, to see both sides of every story. A true diplomat—not with titles, but in how she brought peace to our home and our hearts. Another one of her favorite sayings was, “Nobody is good, nobody is bad,” and she lived by those words. She welcomed everyone with compassion and without judgment. Our Mom’s home had an open door to all who needed comfort, guidance, or simply a listening ear.

To us, she was more than a mother. She was our compass, our cheerleader, our safe place. She taught us to speak gently but stand firmly, to forgive easily but never compromise our values. Her legacy lives in the choices we make, the prayers we whisper, and the dreams we chase.

Though we feel her absence deeply today, we know she is not truly gone. Her wisdom, her love, her faith—they are woven into who we are. And in every act of kindness, in every morning devotion we carry on, in every child we teach or encourage—she lives on.

Rest well, Mom. Your earthly work is done. You ran your race with grace and honor.

Like the Apostle Paul, you can honestly say, “I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith.”  
(2 Timothy 4:7)

We are thankful and proud to be your children. And we will carry your legacy forward—with the same quiet strength, unshakable faith, and enduring love that you showed us every single day.

Rest in Peace



# Tribute

BY GRANDCHILDREN

*"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."*



Huh!!! Where to begin. To some of you, she was Auntie Bee; to us, she was Maa, Grandma, or Nana Beatrice. No amount of words can sum up your life on earth. Your kindness and humility are ones we will live to tell others. You had a heart of gold, and the affection you showed us is something we'll cherish for as long as we live. In our culture, where the young are expected to respect the old and the old do not necessarily need to do the same, you showed us that you are not one to conform to the standards of others.

I remember those times you called us Uncle and when we get close to you, oh boy, here we go again. You could talk our ears off about your life and we wouldn't exaggerate if we said we've heard your life story - childhood, marriage, travels to Libya and Nigeria, etc- over ten times.

One thing we always picked from your stories was your unwavering commitment to education, as you believe it opens many doors. We will do our best not to let you down and will always make you proud. How we wish you could stay just a little longer so we honor our word of organizing your 85th birthday, but in all, we believe you have gone before us to a better place.

Memories of you, especially your final moments here, will forever remain an ember of hope in our hearts.

We will miss you!

Eternal rest grant unto her O Lord, and let your perpetual light shine on her. May her soul rest in perfect peace. Amen!

*"Nana Beatrice, you are one of the most amazing grandmothers in the world. We wish you were still here—thank you for everything you did for us. You were loving, kind, and always made us feel special. We miss you deeply.*

*The name Beatrice means to bring joy just like she did to all the people she knew including us. My younger brother didn't get the chance to truly know you in person, but we remember the sound of your voice on phone calls and the way you always asked how we were doing. You made us feel loved, even from afar.*

*Now you are in heaven, watching over us. We love you, Nana. Always."*



# *Tribute*

BY SIBLINGS

*"Teach us to number our days, that we may gain a heart of wisdom." - Psalm 90:12*



One by one, we are being called to our Maker, as well as to our parents of blessed memory. Awenye, being our eldest, we have looked up to you since birth. From your days at Winneba Secondary School when we used to visit, to Nigeria, Libya, and then back to Ghana — we have journeyed through life's challenges together.

In the early 90s, when life took a curve for us, we came to Accra, hoping for a better life for our children. It wasn't easy trying to build a home, settle in, and make ends meet. From selling flour and rice at Kaneshie to opening a bakery, we persevered — and through the guidance and benevolence of Anya Aku of blessed memory, and her late husband, Mr. Joe Boatey — we never lost hope and succeeded.

Unfortunately, we lost our siblings along the way, which was devastating, because you felt it was your duty as the eldest to protect them. But God knows best.

Awenye, we have come a long way. We thank God for your life. We are grateful to have had you as our big sister.

From your remaining siblings: Awenye Dede, Rose, Yaw, Kwame, Alfredi, and Rosemond (Seiyo).

Kpomo Kpomo Kpomo  
Mawu ne eke mo ya hwo kpo o.



# Tribute

BY NIECES & NEPHEWS

*"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith." - 2 Timothy 4:7*



Our Anguwa, Auntie Bea or, behind her back, Beatriis, as we affectionately called her was our matriarch and source of strength, who always wore a garment of smiles. Being the firstborn of our grandparents, Nene Tetteh Awusi and Maa Dede Biyoo, we were all born on her lap — including her cousins and their children.

She knew each and everyone's birthday, including those of our children, and the day would not end without a phone call from Anguwa, showering God's blessings on you. Most of us, at some point in our lives, stayed with her, and when some of us lost our parents, she quickly filled that vacuum.

As much as she loved us, that love did not come without motherly scolding — she was a disciplinarian. "O use we o CS," meaning, "You didn't use your CS (common sense)," she would say with a stern look. She believed God gave everyone common sense, and if you didn't use it, she would gladly point that out to you.

She loved God deeply. She encouraged us to start and end each day with Him through morning devotion. "Do what is right, and God will do right by you." So it was not surprising that during her last months, she kept encouraging us to do what is right: "Nye ye dam sane oo."

Anguwa, as most of you know, was an educationist, and it wasn't just a mere profession — it was her passion. We witnessed that firsthand at home. She knew the importance of education, and at every major transition in our lives, she gave useful advice that led to successful career paths for all of us. And when we achieved any success and told her, she would respond, "This your time, nye bia min ne."

"Honestly," my sister — if you met Auntie Bea and these words were absent while she spoke, then you met a different Auntie Bea, not the one we knew and loved.

She had a witty side too, which you might not have known about. She had "terms" that were peculiar to each person: "O anyemi," "Forget," "Obia tu ni collection," "Hawee anye," and the list goes on. Even in her last days, she didn't lose her jovial side. "Wa lele nge beyei," she would say when we called to check up on her. Anguwa, we will miss you dearly. Wa hen nge djaa momo.

Thank you for all the words of encouragement — for teaching us to be God-fearing, to persevere in the face of challenges, and to never give up in life.

Anguwa Kpomo, Oke nyemi saminya.



# Tribute

FROM THE CHURCH OF PENTECOST, JOSSIAH  
COFFIEQUAYE MEMORIAL TEMPLE TO THE LATE MADAM  
BEATRICE DEDE AMOATEY.

*"And I heard a voice from heaven saying, 'Write this down: Blessed are those who die in the Lord from now on. Yes, says the Spirit, they are blessed indeed, for they will rest from their hard work; for their good deeds follow them!'" - Revelation 14:13*



Madam Beatrice Dede Amoatey joined The Church of Pentecost Jossiah Coffie Quaye Memorial Temple in the 90's at the time when Pastor J. K. Prah was the District Minister of the then Kaneshie District under the then Accra West Area.

Madam Beatrice Dede Amoatey was a devoted Christian, exemplifying faithfulness and dedication to God's work. Her active involvement in the women's ministry and other church activities led to her appointment as a local women's ministry executive member in 1998. She was later appointed to serve as the local women's ministry secretary.

As Secretary of the women's ministry, her exceptional and servant leadership skills created a welcoming environment and empowered most women to participate fully in the ministry's activities, promoting a sense of belonging and spiritual development.

Madam Beatrice Dede Amoatey was known for her generosity and commitment to the church. As an ardent giver, she financially supported various church activities, demonstrating her love for God and His people. Even when she could not come to Church because of old age and health-related issues she would send her tithes and other offerings to the church. Until her demise, the church continued visiting her frequently to pray with her and administer the Lord's supper to her.

Indeed, the church has lost a lovely mother, an affable sister, a kind friend and responsible parent of many. Amidst all sorrow, we are also overjoyed because we believe that she has arrived in her eternal home, Heaven, which is the blessed hope of all believers.

May her soul rest in the peaceful bosom of the Lord!



# Hymns

## GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

1. Guide me, O my great Redeemer,  
pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but you are mighty;  
hold me with your powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,  
feed me now and evermore,  
feed me now and evermore.
2. Open now the crystal fountain,  
where the healing waters flow.  
Let the fire and cloudy pillar  
lead me all my journey through.  
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,  
ever be my strength and shield,  
ever be my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
bid my anxious fears subside.  
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,  
land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Songs of praises, songs of praises  
I will ever sing to you,  
I will ever sing to you.

## ABIDE WITH ME FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE

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.



# Hymns

## LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom;  
O lead me on! The night is dark,  
and I am far from home; O lead me on!  
Keep firm my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene, one step enough for me.

2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that  
you should lead me on. I loved to  
choose and see my path, but now,  
Please lead me on! I loved the garish  
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my  
will; remember not past years.

3. So long your pow'r has blest me, sure  
it still will lead me on, O'er moor and  
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is  
gone, And with the morn those angel  
faces smile, Which I have loved long  
since, and lost awhile.

## PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS ABOVE

1. Pleasant are Thy courts above  
In the land of light and love;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below  
In this land of sin and woe.  
O my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
For Thy fullness, God of grace.

2. Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High;  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast!  
Like the wandering dove that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair  
And enjoy it ever there.

3. Happy souls, their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies;  
On they go from strength to strength  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

4. Lord, be mine this prize to win;  
Guide me through a world of sin,  
Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
Sun and shield alike Thou art;  
Guide and guard my erring heart.  
Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.  
Amen.



# Hymns

## 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 deliv'rance I will boast,  
till all that are distressed,  
from my example comfort take  
and lay 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;  
deliv'rance 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.

## HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
in a believer's ear!  
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,  
and drives away our fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole  
and calms the troubled breast;  
'tis manna to the hungry soul,  
and to the weary, rest.

3. O Jesus, shepherd, guardian, friend,  
my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
accept the praise I bring.

4. How weak the effort of my heart,  
how cold my warmest thought;  
but when I see you as you are,  
I'll praise you as I ought.

5. Till then I would your love proclaim  
with every fleeting breath;  
and may the music of your name  
refresh my soul in death.



# Hymns

## HEAVEN IS THE PRIZE

1. Yes, heaven is the prize  
My soul shall strive to gain;  
One glimpse of Paradise  
Repays a life of pain.

Chorus:

'Tis Heaven, 'tis Heaven is the prize  
'Tis Heaven, 'tis Heaven,  
Yes Heaven is the prize.

2. Yes, heaven is the prize!  
My soul, oh! think of this;  
All earthly goods despise,  
For such a crown of bliss. [Chorus]

3. Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
When sorrows press around.  
Look up beyond the skies,  
Where hope and strength are found. [Chorus]

4. Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
Oh! 'tis not hard to gain.  
He surely wins who tries;  
For hope can conquer pain. [Chorus]

5. Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
The strife will soon be past:  
Faint not, but raise your eyes,  
And struggle to the last. [Chorus]

6. Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
Faith shows the crown to gain;  
Hope lights the way and dies,  
But Love will always reign. [Chorus]

7. Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
Too much cannot be given;  
And he alone is wise  
Who gives up all for Heaven. [Chorus]

8. Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
Death opens wide the door,  
And then the spirit flies  
To God for evermore. [Chorus]

## CAPTAIN OF ISRAEL'S 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.









## *Acknowledgement*

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The entire family of the late Beatrice Dede Amoatey,  
wish to express our heartfelt thanks and sincere  
appreciation to all friends, loved ones,  
and well-wishers who have supported us during this  
time of grief.

Your prayers, comforting messages, visits, generous  
contributions, and presence at the memorial service  
have brought us strength and solace. We are deeply  
touched by your love and kindness.

May the good Lord bless you abundantly for  
standing with us.