



*Celebrating*

THE LIFE OF



CESSIA ADJOA OYE GOMENU

3rd September 1934

† 28th MAY 2022



## *A Mother's Love*

*A Mother's love is something  
that no one can explain,  
It is made of deep devotion  
and of sacrifice and pain,*

*It is endless and unselfish  
and enduring come what may  
For nothing can destroy it  
or take that love away . . .*

*It is patient and forgiving  
when all others are forsaking,  
And it never fails or falters  
even though the heart is breaking . . .*

*It believes beyond believing  
when the world around condemns,  
And it glows with all the beauty  
of the rarest, brightest gems . . .*

*It is far beyond defining,  
it defies all explanation,  
And it still remains a secret  
like the mysteries of creation . . .*

*A many splendored miracle  
man cannot understand  
And another wondrous evidence  
of God's tender guiding hand.*

*Helen Steiner Rice*

# *Order of Service*

## **OFFICIATING MINISTERS**

Rev. Andrews Karikari Mensah

Rev. Stephen Ofori Amanfo

Rev. Dr. James Yamoah

Rev.S.K Ankomah

Rev. Baaba Oduro Boateng

Rev. Christian Yaw Boateng

Catechist Ebenezer Pebi

Eld. Nii Ashie

Eld. Edem Hini

Eld. Bright Adatsi

## SECTION A

SERVICE COORDINATOR - Elder Edem Hini

OPENING PRAYER - Elder Bright Adatsi

FILING PAST - Melodious Youth Choir

WORSHIP - VOP

HYMNS - Blessed Assurance *Page 12*

- When Peace Like a River *Page 11*

- When the Roll is Called *Page 12*

OFFERTORY - RHC

BIOGRAPHY - Family

PRESBYTERIAN HYMN - PHB 791 *Page 13*

TRIBUTES - Children, Grand Children, Church

SPECIAL MINISTRATION - RHC

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT - Rev. Dr. James Yamoah

PRAYER FOR FAMILY - Presbyterian Minister

PRESBYTERIAN HYMN - PHB 557 *Page 13*

ANNOUNCEMENT - Co-ordinator

BENEDICTION - Rev. Stephen Ofori

RECESSIONAL SONG - Melodious Youth Choir

## SECTION B - GRAVE SIDE

COORDINATOR - Elder Nii Ashie

HYMN - RHC

COMMITTAL & WREATH - Rev. Andrews Karikari

VOTE OF THANKS - Family Member

BENEDICTION - Presbyterian Minister

# Biography

*“Who will separate us from the love of Christ? Will hardship, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril or sword? No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us.*

*For I am convinced that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord”.*

*Romans 8:35,37-39*

Madam Cessia A.O Gomenu was born on Monday the 3rd of September 1934 to Guvna Kojo Gomenu and Reneeta Awude both of blessed memory. She was the last of four children and was born in Wegbe Kpalime a small town near Tsito in the Volta Region.

Cessia started her primary education in her hometown and continued her education at Kpeve and Ahamasu. Through her hardwork, Cessia put herself through school to become a teacher, and it was in the field of teaching she met and married Andrew E.K Boateng a Presbyterian Catechist and Educationist, also of blessed memory. The couple moved to Jasikan where Andrew hailed from and that’s where they had their beautiful daughters Mabel, Bessy and Doris.

In search of a better life, Cessia moved to Accra where she continued her trade and other businesses to take care of her children.

Cessia was a staunch christian and never let go of an opportunity to speak about God. She was prayerful and committed to the service of the Lord and raised her children and grandchildren to believe in the importance of a strong christian foundation. She became a member of the Restoration Christian Church and was also part of the women’s fellowship.

In her later years, when she could no longer physically attend the Sunday services, the elders of the church would visit her at home and serve her with the Holy Communion.

Cessia suffered a set back in her health a few years after she turned 70, but continued to keep the faith until the early hours of Saturday the 28th day of May 2022, at the age of 87 , was called into the glory of the Lord.

Cessia you have indeed fought the good fight, you have finished the race and have kept the faith. We are encouraged by the gospel written in the book of John Chapter 14;1-3 and thus our hearts are not troubled because your Saviour in whom you believed and served has come to take you to be with him.

Rest in the bosom of The Lord Oye.

Dada Xede nyuie le Yese ve Nutifafa me!

# Gallery



# Gallery



# *Tribute By Children*

***From; Mabel, Bessy and Doris***

Thank you all for taking the time to be here with us today as we celebrate the life and honor the memory of our dearest mother, especially those of you who have travelled miles to support us. God bless you all.

When my niece asked me to write these words, I thought it was only fair to ask my siblings their version of Mother's uniqueness and how she impacted them. All three narratives were very much identical.

Mother always said "Aku, Esi, Mansa, we have no one, we are alone" She would even sing the song "Minni obiaaa...", it never resonated with me until that Saturday morning, the 28th of May 2022, when I received the message that Dada had passed away. I felt the chill, the loneliness, my foundation had just been ripped from under my feet and then I began to understand what my mother always said, "Minni Obiaa".  
Mother had no one to rely on except God but that did not stop her from achieving the goal of building a loving family.

Mother was one of the strongest, determined, hardworking human beings to grace this planet. As a single parent, she worked so hard to raise her children and sacrificed everything. When I was of a young age, she had an offer to go work abroad, to re-marry but she refused any opportunity that didn't include the three of us. Her aim was to ensure we all got some education and had a vocation. Without her, we wouldn't be the persons we are and we wouldn't have the life we have. Education was paramount for her, she would sell her cloth to pay my fees or to support her grandkids if she had to, not to mention she once won the best grandmother of the year award at one of the grandkid's schools. She encouraged us to work hard, be independent and would always repeat that "A man is not a pillow for you to put your head on".

Our mother was adventurous, brave and the most courageous woman we have known all our lives. She believed that everything we set our minds to was possible and insisted we never give up without trying. When she travelled to Switzerland, she was so interested in everything, we could take her everywhere, playing in the snow, watching 3-D movies while her grandkids were screaming because of the images and she would be laughing at them. She would walk around the neighborhood admiring their beautiful gardens and be invited for tea. Oh! she loved nature, flowers, orange, lemon trees in her little garden. I will miss how she always presented her own natural flowers in the living room when we arrived for a visit. Brave as she was, she protected her own, once she chased some thieves away by scratching the cutlass on the ground. Such a courageous mother and a friend.



## *Tribute By Children*

Anytime Doris called her about the struggles she was facing in America, she would say “Be resistant, think about the welfare of your children and pray” and through her encouragement you felt like “no mountain was too high”.

One precious gift she left with us was to trust in God, her faith was so strong because she had no one to rely on but her maker. God’s Word was her source of confidence and in the midst of any crisis she sang praises to God, such a grateful person, always showing gratitude to God.

But you see Dada, did not only believe, she lived by faith and walked the talk. She loved people, was very authentic and admired what was beautiful. Dada would always compliment our looks and outfits. But don’t be fooled because she would tell you when your hair style didn’t suit you. She was so cheerful, (I think there must be a lot of laughing going on in heaven right now), she did not have many friends but she adored, respected people she met.

A poem for Dada:

God made a wonderful Mother, A mother who never grew weary / He made her smile in all circumstances, in the rainy days and in the sunshine / He made her so strong and brave but at the same time so sweet and caring / God made a wonderful mother, /

And He gave that mother to my sisters and I.  
I will conclude with a quote by Mahatma Gandhi

“There are no goodbyes for us. Wherever you are, you will always be in my heart.”

Rest in Peace Dada.  
Amazing Grace

# *Tribute By Grandchildren*

The death of our dearest grandma, has brought us to the understanding of what Paul says in Philipians 1;21 that “for me to live is Christ and to die is gain”.

O Daa Cece as Kojo affectionately called you, we miss you so much. The emptiness of the space you have left in our lives is so deep, thus , it would be difficult to fill. Grandma, you left without saying goodbye.

For this reason, we peer longingly into light and darkness hoping for a last glimpse, so that even as you rest in peace, we may also find peace.

Even though we no longer have you here with us, we console ourselves that, because you lie in the bosom of the Lord, we shall see you again.

Grandma, you were a wonderful living experience.

To us your grandchildren, you were a grandmother, a grandfather, a mentor, a councillor and a pillar of support all rolled in one.

So strong and certain was your hand in showing us the way, that we grew up thinking every grandmother was like you.

But we discovered in conclusion that, there were grandmothers and there were indeed grandmothers.

Grandma, you loved to cook and everything you touched turned to gold.

Anytime grandma would go to the family in Europe, she would come with a bag filled with pans and knives! And I still wonder how you got through immigration !

We remember Christmas mornings, when we would wake up to grandma whipping up some of her sumptuous meals because, she insisted it was important we filled our tiny bellies before we went to church.

Grandma, Kojo says he misses your fried yam and chicken and he insists we sing ‘akpe ma da na mawu’ today because it was one of your favourites and oh he named his daughter, your great granddaughter after you Oye!

Nana Yaa says she misses you calling her Yaa Kpie3 and also, she misses the spelling bee game you guys shared and wonders who would pronounce those words for her.

# *Tribute By Grandchildren*

Akua misses returning home from work to the little chat time  
she had with you.

You would say Akua you look so beautiful! Akua I don't like this wig,  
Akua I love this nail colour! Who would compliment her anymore she asks.

Melissa says she misses your walks and how strongly  
you instilled in her the love for God and family and she's grateful  
she got to witness how fully you embraced the values of love.

Cedric says you were his refuge, his love, and he would always  
remember those deep talks, during the strolls around the house.  
The laughter you shared while having conversations about  
the simpler things in life.

Grandma in all, you taught us CHRIST!  
You will always remain in our hearts and will continue  
being the reason we persist and push.

C.A! Daa Sisi! Grandma da mrifa due! Rest in Perfect PEACE Grandma!  
Till we meet again!

# *Tribute By Church*

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

Sister Cessia as she was simply called, was a woman of love and smiles.  
She joined the church in the 80s when her daughter Bessy used to go  
and help Miss Dorothy Eunson at home when they were all living in Tesano.  
One day, she followed her daughter to church and eventually became a  
full member and very active in the Women's Fellowship.

She was so committed to the things of God including going on  
visitation and evangelism. Even when her children were not  
around, she will hire a taxi and come to church alone.

She loves singing and dancing in the house of the Lord together with  
Miss Eunson and Pastor Enoch Nyador and after close of church,  
you will always see her in the company of the late Elder Dr Christian Adjei,  
Elder Charles Tetteh and still living Elder Joseph Quaye and  
Elder Ebenezer Gomado. She was always punctual and active in  
church and will greet everybody with such a lovely smile.

She celebrated her 70th birthday with the church  
and cut her birthday cake in the company of the Elders and her daughter  
Mabel in 2004 and this she will be remembered for.

When she could no longer come to church, the Pastor and Elders visits  
her to have fellowship and communion every month and any time you visit  
her, she will give you a piece of advice and conclude with God bless you.

One of her favorite songs which Miss Eunson taught her was  
"Akadi si wo si am la". Meaning, the light which God has lit for me,  
I will follow and it will never quench until eternity.  
Our prayer is that, her soul rests peacefully in the bosom of the Lord  
till we meet again in eternity.

Sister Cessia, rest in perfect peace. Amen.

# Hymns

## When Peace Like A River

When peace like a river attendeth my way  
When sorrows like sea billows roll  
    Whatever my lot,  
    Thou hast taught me to say  
It is well, it is well with my soul

    It is well (it is well)  
    With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul

    Though Satan should buffet,  
    though trials should come  
Let this blest assurance control  
    That Christ (yes, He has)  
has regarded my helpless estate  
And has shed His own blood for my soul

    It is well (it is well)  
    With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul

My sin, oh the bliss of this glorious thought  
    (a thought)  
My sin, not in part, but the whole  
    (every bit, every bit, all of it)  
    Is nailed to the cross,  
    and I bear it no more (yes)  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul

    It is well (it is well)  
    With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul

    It is well (it is well)  
    With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul

    And Lord, haste the day  
    when my faith shall be sight  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll  
    The trump shall resound,  
    and the Lord shall descend  
Even so, it is well with my soul

    It is well (it is well)  
    With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul  
'Cause of You, Jesus, it is well

    It is well (it is well)  
    With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul

# Hymns

## Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God  
Born of his Spirit, washed in His blood

This is my story, this is my song  
Praising my Savior all the day long  
This is my story, this is my song  
Praising my Savior all the day long

Perfect submission, perfect delight  
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight  
Angels descending bring from above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love

This is my story, this is my song  
Praising my Savior all the day long  
This is my story, this is my song  
Praising my Savior all the day long  
Praising my Savior all the day long

## When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder

When the trumpet of the Lord shall  
sound and time shall be no more  
And the morning breaks eternal  
bright and fair  
When the saved diverse shall gather over  
on the other shore  
And the roll is called up yonder,  
I'll be there

When the roll is called up yonder  
When the roll is called up yonder  
When the roll is called up yonder  
When the roll is called up yonder,  
I'll be there

Let us lay before the Master from dawn  
'til setting sun  
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care  
Then when all of life is over  
and our work on Earth is done  
And the roll is called up yonder,  
I'll be there

When the roll is called up yonder  
When the roll is called up yonder  
When the roll is called up yonder  
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there



# Hymns

## PHB 791

1. Ohoho ne mamfrani na meye  
wɔ fam ha.  
M'asase mmen ha baabi,  
minni fi pa wɔ ha.  
Ohaw, ɔbre, amane na yede tu  
ha kwan; n'osoro ho na Nyame  
bema mahome sann.

2. So mamfi me mmofraase manhyia haw  
ne bre, ahoguan ne amane,  
oko ne ɔpere?  
Mannya nea me kɔn dɔ, m'ani anwie gye;  
enti mema m'anan so  
na mentena ha menkye

3. Eha amane kwan no, bebree adi so kan;  
Onyame adiyifo,  
ne ne man mu mpanyin. Boaseto ne gyidi  
na wode tuu wɔn kwan;  
na wɔn akyi na medi  
wɔ nkwa ne wu nyinaam.

4. Kae Abraham akwantu, na kae ne nhyira  
bi! Ohoho ne mamfrani, na sua no ye bi  
Atamfo no, di wɔn so, amane no fa mu!  
Osraani pa nokwafo  
bedi nkonim dabaa.

5. Ende meremia so makodu kwan n'ase.  
Nea sesɛ masoe yi, enye me fi no nen.  
Onyankopɔn kuro no, soro Yerusalem, hann  
ne ɔdɔ kuro no, m'ahotɔ fi no nen!

6. Eho na m'ani gyina, 'ho tena na meregye.  
Awurade, bra begya me, na minhu kwan  
yiye! Bra bema m'anw'ramanbɔ na me bre  
dɔm to nwa! Befaa me ha bre kwan so  
konya ho anika.

## PHB 557

1. Yesu, me Gyefo ne wo,  
mereba wo nwini mu;  
ɛpo as'ɔkye rebɔ,  
na asɔre wɔ me so.  
Fa me sie, m'Agyenkwa, kosi  
sɛ egyae huru;  
hwe me so wɔ m'asetenam,  
na sɛ to twa a, gye me kra!

2. Wo nko ne hintabea a  
mede me kra meto ho;  
wo nko so na m'ani da,  
wo nko ne me Boafo.  
Mesɛ wo sɛ nnyaw me nko,  
kata m'adagyaw no so,  
gyigyeme, kyere me kwan,  
fa me sie wo nwini mu!

3. Wo na wo ho hia me, wo  
mu  
na minya me ho; meda fam  
a, ma me so, sa me yare,  
hye me den. Wo ho tew,  
woye kronkron, na me de,  
mentɛ koraa, na mense  
w'ahote k'rom, bone na ahye  
me ma.

4. Na wo nsam na mihu  
dom, fa me bone firi me;  
ma wo dom asubɔnten  
mmehoh'ro me ho yiye.  
Daa nkwa Asuti ne wo;  
mekɔnom wo nsu no a,  
osukɔm nne me bio,  
enti fa ma me saa daa.





## *Appreciation*

*The Boateng/Gomenu Family  
wish to express their sincere gratitude  
to all those who have supported them  
during this time of loss.*

*God Richly Bless You.*

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