



MRS. MARINA
ABA ODEI
—
(NÉE CANN)

22ND AUGUST 1968 — 16TH DECEMBER 2022



ORDER OF SERVICE

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF GHANA
SHALOM CONGREGATION – OSU**

**BURIAL ORDER OF SERVICE FOR THE LATE
MRS. MARINA NANA ABA ODEI**

ON 4TH FEBRUARY 2023, AT 9.00 A.M.

Lying in state at the Eben-ezer Presbyterian Church. Osu

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Shalom Congregation

Rev. Ebenezer Nii Armah Ashithey
Rev. Mrs. Olga N. A. Amarteifio

Zimmerman Congregation

Rev. Chris Baah Nartey
Rev. Sophia Kutcher

In Attendance

Rev. Erasmus Mensah Laryea
Rev. Mrs. Rose Teteki Abbey
Rev. Frederick Ashaley
Rev. Nii Noi Thompson
Rev. Stephen Amanor Tetteh
Rev. Joshua Ayertey
Rev. Jacob K. Aguda

Organist

Mr. Samuel Ninyeh

1. Call to worship - Rev. Mrs. Olga N. A. Amarteifio
2. Scripture Sentences - Rev. Mrs. Olga N. A. Amarteifio
3. Hymn PH:307 - Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand
4. Prayer - Rev. Mrs. Olga N. A. Amarteifio
5. Hymn PH:503 (1-2) - Safe in the Hands of Jesus
6. Biography - Family Member
7. Tributes (3) - -do-
8. Hymn AG: 264 (1-2) - When Peace like a River
9. Scripture Reading Rom. 8:31-39 - Pres. Linda Young
10. Hymn AG: 498 (1-3) - Pleasant are thy Courts Above
11. Sermon/Creed - Rev. Ebenezer N.A. Ashithey
12. Offertory Organist/Singing Band - Pres. Isaac Tettey
13. Announcement - -do-
14. Wesley Girls, Cape Coast (Song) - W.G.H.S. Old Girls
15. Christian Charity Organist/Singing Band -
16. Dedication of Offertory -
17. Benediction - Rev. Ebenezer N. A. Ashithey
18. Recessional Hymn AG 489- God be with you till we meet again

PART II – AT THE GRAVESIDE

19. Hymn PH:787 (1-2) - Rev. Mrs. Olga Amarteifio
20. Scripture Sentences/Exhortation- -do-
21. Hymn PH: 818 (1-2) - -do-
22. Prayer/Committals - Rev. Ebenezer N. A. Ashithey
23. Hymn (Ashienye/Ashietse) - -do-
24. Vote of Thanks - Family Member
25. Closing Hymn PH: 1 (1-2) - Rev. Ebenezer N. A. Ashithey
26. Benediction - -do-

Biography

OF CECILIA MARINA NANA ABAMBRA ODEI (nee CANN)



Cecilia Marina Nana Aba Mbra Odei nee Cann, officially known as Marina Aba Odei, was born on 22nd August 1968 to the late Charles Mendis Cann Esq., a renowned Takoradi and Cape Coast lawyer, and Mary Sheila Lako Djabanor from Koletsom, Odumase-Krobo. Nana Aba, as she was affectionately called, was the youngest of her father's children and her mother's only child. Her mother was a Senior Nursing Officer and later the Matron of the Akosombo (VRA) Hospital, and so Nana Aba naturally spent most of her childhood in Akosombo. She attended the VRA nursery and primary schools, and then continued to Wesley Girls High School which was the alma mater of her mother.

Nana Aba spent most of her early years, especially the holidays, moving between Akosombo, Koletsom, Odumase Krobo (where her grandmother lived) and Korle-Bu, Accra with the Korsah family. She always had lots of older cousins who she tagged along with and she joined the boys in all their activities; swimming in the VRA pool at Akosombo, playing football, and visiting their uncle's farm in Tamale. She became quite a tomboy. Growing up, she interacted with lots of friends, classmates (and their siblings), aunties and uncles, and her mum's work colleagues in Akosombo. By the age of ten she could speak Krobo, Ga, Fante, Twi and Ewe. VRA Akosombo community was a tight knit community and she maintained close contact with her wider 'family' well into her adult years.

In 1980, she entered Form One at Wesley Girls High School, Cape Coast and made a new set of friends through the years from Form One to Upper Six. These friends would end up being her lifelong friends who are well represented here this morning. On completing sixth form, she worked with the Meteorological Services Department for her National Service as an Office Assistant/Clerk, undertaking field trips to areas where meteo equipment were situated to collect

data and also performing general clerical duties assigned by the departmental head. Nana Aba completed National Service and worked with the Volta Lake Transport Company as a Tally Clerk 1 where some of her duties included tracking incoming inventory, stores and logistics, and assisting the warehouse manager.

She later gained admission to KNUST to study Computer Science, and graduated in 1992. While at 'Tech', during lecturer/student strikes which culminated in periods of long stay at home, she would spend her time at Deloitte & Touche as an office assistant/data entry personnel. She gained knowledge in good office practice and procedures, a skill which would later set her apart in her working life. On completing KNUST, she did her National Service with GNPC as a Field Staff on the "LPG Project" in the Central region. Her responsibilities amongst others were to educate selected rural communities on the hazards of using wood fuel, demonstrate and promote the use and benefits of the "Kleenkuk" gas stove, and periodically ascertain the acceptability of using Liquefied Petroleum Gas as an alternative fuel to firewood. After serving her nation, she worked with Associate Management Consultants, a private consultancy firm, as a Programs assistant; assisting in the computerization of the manual tax system of the IRS (now GRA Tax Division), with training on taxation and computer audit, and post-training follow-up visits to clients. She then ventured out into the world of employment.

Her first job after National Service in 1994 was as a Sales and Marketing executive with Digitronix Systems Limited, one of the early, private-owned Information Technology companies and representative of DELL Computers in Ghana. Nana Aba as always put her best effort into the job, and discovered her talent for marketing and salesmanship. She attended training courses and seminars both locally and internationally, and in the last two years of her employment, she acted as the Managing Director of the company in the absence of the CEO. After six (6) years with Digitronix, she strongly felt the need to expand her frontiers and do something different. She was pregnant with business ideas and opportunities. She therefore resigned from Digitronix and registered her own consultancy company, CM Consult, which offered one-on-one computer training for business executives. Later, she added on a second company called Peaches Fabrics, for the sale of fabrics, laces and ladies accessories, which did well with a very enthusiastic and persuasive Nana Aba always in attendance. She, together with her best friend Eunice, also managed a grocery business (Xellers),

Biography



where they specialized in exclusive groceries from the UK, Canada and the USA.

In the summer of 1993, she met a very special young man, Martin Agyemang Odei Jr, at a cousin's home, and in 1998 they were married. Nana Aba moved from Accra Ridge Church and joined Martin as a member of the Presbyterian Church of Ghana, Osu North, now Shalom congregation. They were blessed with a lovely baby girl, Des-Marie Joie Nhyiraba Ewurama Atiapa Odei in 2008, and that made the family complete. Nana Aba was artistic and creative, and made their home beautiful and cosy with her flair for interior décor and an eye for beautiful things. Her love for gardening was evident the minute you stepped into her home, even tomato and garden egg plants could look attractive in her pots.

Nana Aba believed in women empowerment and the fact that a financially stable woman often contributed greatly to maintaining a stable family. She found herself in a circle of like-minded friends and was a member of West Africa Businesswomen's Network (WABNET) where she served as Vice-President of the organization. She also served as President of the Grace Amey Obeng Foundation International (GAOFI/NWEC) on the Tutsi project, which was very dear to her heart because it involved the skills-training of underprivileged women to make them self-reliant. In 2014, she enrolled at the China Europe International Business School (CEIBS) to attend one of their courses titled WELA (Women Entrepreneurship & Leadership for Africa) - a training in entrepreneurship with a short spell in China. Again, due to her unique leadership capabilities, Marina was appointed the Class Governor and maintained that position even after graduation in 2015, and until her untimely demise. She started another business venture with Mrs. Grace Amey Obeng known as the Professional Domestic Staff (PDS) Training Centre for the training of household staff and other domestic staff in home care etiquette. Unfortunately, in 2017, she developed a respiratory problem and so had to resign from the company and started working from home. But this did not stop her from living a full life as she still performed her duties exceptionally well as a Director of Design Lounge – an interior décor company owned by her bosom friend Eunice Nyarko, and located in Labone. She was instrumental in strategy building and recruitment of personnel for the organisation, and happily fulfilled her duty as the company's 'mystery shopper', to keep the sales executives in check always. Marina was just unstoppable in her zest for adventure and excellence!

With the COVID pandemic in early 2020, working from home became the rule rather than the exception. The whole world joined her in working from home, and zoom became the new normal. She joined the thriving community of Tupperware salespersons and enthusiasts in Ghana and abroad through online meetings and trainings, discussing new products and marketing strategies. She built up her customer base and made it lively, interactive and interesting with snap sales and quizzes on social media, and her home was a veritable Tupperware 'wonderland'. She would teach you the various features, and obviously believed and practiced what she preached. A few months before her untimely death, she was having several online meetings a day, marketing sessions with clients and other Tupperware vendors, and was doing a course 'A 100-day Sprint & Purposeful Level Woman' with her life and business coach, Joanne Muturi, the last of several life coach trainings she had done. She was busy and she thrived on it!

While living with health challenges did not hold back her work life, she was unable to go out much but made up for that by regularly participating in Sunday church services with the family online, and spending hours on the phone in touch with friends and family. Her faith in God was very strong and she was trusting Him to heal her, while she did what she could to keep well as much as possible. However, on the night of Thursday 15th December and into the early hours of Friday, she suddenly took ill and though she was rushed to the hospital, she passed away in the early hours of Friday 16th December 2022.

She leaves behind her husband Martin, daughter Nhyiraba, her dear mum Mary Lako Djabanor, a brother and sisters, and a host of family, friends, colleagues and loved ones.

She will be sorely missed.
Rest in Perfect Peace, Nana Aba.

TRIBUTE TO MY PRINCESS



REV 14:13

And I heard a voice from heaven saying, "write this: "blessed are the dead who die in the lord from now on." "Blessed indeed says the spirit, that they may rest from their labours, for their deeds follow them!"

Nana Aba, writing your tribute wasn't a consideration of things for me to do this year. especially when we were beginning to make progress of finding ways to make you more comfortable. Alas, they say God knows best so I'll leave it at that. I pray for strength to go through this difficult time, especially as today marks 16 years since my father passed on.

The paths of Nana Aba, "my princess" and I were meant to cross and we were destined to be together for as long as God wanted us to be. so, if God has called her who am I to complain?

I first saw Nana Aba in the late eighties when she and her cousin Tsotsoo stopped by my house because they had seen another cousin, Leslie's, car parked outside my home. What I said to myself when I saw her is "now this is someone I'd like to marry." Note, I was not ready for marriage then so why that thought crossed my mind, I'll never know. but I did find her attractive. A few years later we met again, this time with introductions and 5 years later we were married.

Marrying Nana Aba meant marrying into her family and boy that's one big family. Fortunately, I knew quite a number of her cousins so it was pretty easy settling in and I must say I have been warmly accepted and I'm very much a part of them.

Nana Aba had a strong personality with a bold character and for "an only" child very independent and private. Once you gained her confidence, she opened up to

you and what you saw is what you got. Her candid nature sometimes did not go down well with people she interacted with especially at work making her not the most likeable person. However, once you appreciated her candidness you realised, she was a person with a good heart. She always said, "I cannot suffer fools", but later in life accepted fools to be part of God's creation.

Nana wasn't one to idle, she always had some business idea or some activity to keep her busy as well as make her good money. She described herself as the Kwahu woman in her family, which is dominated of mostly professionals.

Two years after we married Nana Aba left her regular employment in the I.T. industry where she'd risen from sales & marketing executive to acting CEO in 6 years. Her entrepreneurial spirits wouldn't give her rest, she felt there was more of the working world to see and experience and she wanted to do it on her own time. evidence is in the numerous businesses she founded.

Nana Aba was a home maker and did everything to make her home comfortable and welcoming to all who visited be it long stay or for the day. she was also a great organiser and once "2 or more" were gathered in her home after "sharing the word", you were sure to break bread. She would organise "atashie" at short notice and had a handy data base of service providers and even friends she would quickly put together to make it happen. Evidence is the numerous get-togethers we had, her mother's 90th birthday 2 years ago at very short notice due to the covid-19 situation, and even Christmas carols when we lived at Teshie-Nungua.

Nana Aba took her relationship with her God very seriously and over the years drew closer and closer to him. In her own words, "I see the hand of God in my life everyday". A Methodist originally, she introduced me to the evening service at the Accra Ridge church during our years of courtship, so even when I attended my local Presby church during the day, I still would accompany her to the evening service. She loved to sing and I must admit it rubbed on me. Her love for singing nearly cost us worshipping together at the same church. I insisted we move to my local church after we married but she wasn't ready to give up her Methodist songs. In the end she realised it wasn't a good idea so she joined me at my church and my late dad gave her a Presby hymn book which he autographed welcoming into the Presbyterian church. Incidentally my mother was also originally an Anglican turned Presbyterian c/o the older Martin.

At church Nana Aba was in the Osofo group till it was disbanded and she was an active patron of the children's service. She supported me as chairman of the harvest committee and was the brain behind one of our fund-raising strategies.

She also was one of the Thursday-born group leaders until ill-health prevented her from actively coming to church.

After 10 years of marriage God blessed us with a daughter Nhyiraba and as an only child, one would have expected her to be pampered but Nana Aba, an only child too, thought otherwise. At an early age she would teach Nhyiraba how to do chores around the home like washing, cleaning and cooking, a skill that is paying off now, especially during the period of ill-health, Nhyiraba is not only able to take care of herself but took care of her mother as well. Teach a child the way to go and when they grow, they will not depart from it.

I am convinced that God knew he would be calling Nana Aba home early and so was preparing us. We only didn't expect it so soon especially when we survived the events of December 2017 when she was hospitalised for about 2 weeks. We had made progress over the years but alas God had other plans and on the dawn of December 16, 2022, God called home his daughter. I am thankful Nhyiraba, Mummy Lako and I were at her side the whole time, and I'm convinced that she is resting peacefully in the bosom of Father Abraham. There are no more drugs, no more discomfort, no more pain and no more sorrow.

I thank God, He granted my wish to have Nana Aba as my wife for as long as He wanted to.

Rest in peace my beautiful Princess until we meet on the resurrection morn. They say there won't be marriage there but you know your memories will forever be in my heart.

Nana Aba, Broda mo ke, Nana Aba deo okose.
Your loving husband, Mart.



CELEBRATING A MOTHER'S LOVE



Tribute By Des-Marie Nhyiraba Odei (Daughter)

My heart breaks,
Hope is out of sight,
Even now as I awake,
Without your loving light.
Mom, you left too soon,
I hadn't loved you enough.
In my heart there was still room,
To store up more of the good stuff.

My love for you hasn't died,
I will let it manifest in things you impart,
Though try as it may to hide,
This will be a new start.
As you leave today,
With boldness I will say,
My Mom was my Hero,
A beautiful and sunny yellow.
Leading me to right,
Forgiving and loving.
A star so bright,
Telling me to keep moving.

So, I lose today,
My support, and my light.
My dear Mom who every day,
Made my life so bright.
As you are laid to rest,
Right before my eyes.
A temporary parting it will be,
Until someday soon, we all will arise.
Sleep well, My Mom, My Love....

A TRIBUTE TO MY DAUGHTER

"suffering produces perseverance; perseverance, character; and character, hope. And hope does not put us to shame, because God's love has been poured out into our hearts through the holy spirit" **Romans 5:3-5 (NIV)**



It has been difficult to write this tribute because I never in my wildest dreams imagined that I in my nineties would be the one seeing to the burial of my daughter Nana Aba.

Cecilia Marina Nana Aba Mbra was a very big baby at birth, and I had a difficult delivery. She grew up to be physically big, healthy and strong. I am so happy I gave birth to my loving, friendly, happy daughter; we had a very strong bond.

Even though she was my only child, she

was never lonely as she was always with her cousins who would visit during the holidays, or she would travel to be with them. She made many friends at Akosombo, VRA Junior School and many more at Wesley Girls High School, Cape Coast. I was extremely proud when she followed in my footsteps and entered Wesley Girls High School. I was in the last batch of students who were in the old site of the school and so I always had a sense of pride seeing what the school had become and how it was impacting my daughter.

My Marina was a very good speaker, very active, offering advice and taking charge. She was my everything, and she always made time for me no matter how busy her day was. She liked to organize and plan for me, offering her opinions (whether sought or otherwise) and though we sometimes had our arguments we always remained very close. After she got married to her handsome love, Martin I visited often and with the arrival of Nhyiraba Atiapa I spent a lot more time with her and Martin, helping and supporting her as much as possible. When in 2017 she fell ill requiring constant care I spent even more time with her, and since then I have lived with them on and off to help



her and keep an eye on her. However, a keen observer would realise that a lot of the time she was in fact taking care of me, as her caring nature would not let her sit back when she was concerned about me.

Nana Aba, you were everything to me. I often wondered how I lived happily before your birth and now I wonder how I will deal with your absence. I had been praying for you hoping you would recover from this condition, so that we could continue with our long conversations which often ended up in argument. I was praying for you that fateful night hoping that you would recover, but the Lord your Maker decided it was time, He called you home to rest. His will be done.

I am grateful for all the friends who have rallied around at this time, for family, for Martin and Nhyiraba. Nana Aba your loved ones continue to show me love and they make your loss just a little more bearable.

I miss you so much but, as I was reminded when I was at the height of my grief, God does not make mistakes! Indeed the Lord knows best and He has assured us that He has prepared a place for us who believe and trust in Him.

So until then Rest in Peace my dearest, till we meet at Jesus feet,

O k3 wuc saminya.

M.H.B 511 v. 3

His love in time past forbids me to think

He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink

While each Ebenezer I have in review

Confirms his good pleasure to

help me quite through



Burial Service for the late Mrs. Marina Aba Odei

MEMORIES OF OUR SISTER, NANA ABA - KAREN

Philippians 1:3 I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.

It has been difficult writing a tribute to the memory of Nana Aba. This is not because there is nothing to say but rather that one must finally accept that indeed she has gone to where we cannot get her back.

Nana Aba was part of the Korsah family from day one. Strangely our mother, her Auntie Lena, experienced labour pains at the same time as Auntie Lako just before her birth. With this introduction to life, Nana Aba grew up to have the bodily structure and forthright behaviour of our mum.

Nana Aba was the fifth child in our family. She hardly had the pleasure of being an only child as she spent most of her childhood holidays with us, either in Accra or Akosombo. She was known to our paternal family and personal friends as part of us, many of whom have called to express their shock and sadness at her demise.

Nana Aba was a very active and delightful child. There was never a dull moment with her around, and we pampered her naturally since she was 'baby last'. We have been involved in her life story, schooling, university life, work life, marriage, and motherhood. She enjoyed life to the fullest, and even when she became ill, she did not allow it to diminish her lifestyle.

She loved entertaining and having people around whatever the excuse. She worked hard, whether it was for an employer or for herself. She was an entrepreneur and was game to do any business and indeed she had many. She never gave up when things did not happen as she planned, she would go back to her drawing board and come up with another business idea.

Most of us were specific professionals and we admired her business acumen.

Nana gave her life to Christ and trusted in Him totally to take her through her lifetime good or bad. During her illness she purposed to do whatever she could if God gave her breath and was quite active selling her Tupperware goods and doing every other thing possible.

As a family we had hoped for a miracle from God for a cure, or at the very least that her illness could be managed for as long as possible. However, it was also heart-breaking to watch her go through the difficult phases of it.

We therefore must accept that God always knows best and relieved her when He saw it fit to do so. We thank God for her life and commit her precious soul into His hands. We can just imagine her being well received by those who have gone before her and look forward to the time when we will all meet again.

Cecilia Marina Nana Aba Mbra, sleep well darling sister, we will never forget you.

Auntie Lako, Martin and Nhyiraba are safe in our care also.



MY TRIBUTE TO A DEAR LITTLE SISTER - AUDREY



Right from her birth when I was 9 years old my sis, Nana Aba, has been a part of our household often staying for extended periods at our home in Korle Bu.

Her mum Auntie Lako came next in line after my mum Auntie Lena, and they were very close so we also were close, spending long vacations in Akosombo or together in Korle Bu. We played with her and bullied her like a little sister, and she could be troublesome, she gave as good as she got from our brothers.

She was our little sister who grew into a fine young lady, mature beyond her age. She was a people person, caring, not at all shy, she easily made friends and had a great sense of humour. She was a firm believer of the saying 'make new friends but keep the old, some are silver and some are gold'. You could talk to her about things you would not tell others because of her deep personal interest in you, and also for the good advice she gave.

She would put in hundred percent and more of her effort into anything she undertook, her enthusiasm was infectious. I would go to her house and look around the dining table and say "Tupperware, Tupperware everywhere...." but would end up buying some of the items because they really were as good as she said.

I will miss her, and I really wish she hadn't gotten this illness that was in my field of work, which for me was most worrying. We didn't see it coming and could not undo the damage, but God has been good and she managed and did her best with care from the best specialists, and lots of very expensive drugs (which she hated). She had a heavy load to carry yet still managed to take care of her mum (while mum stayed close to take care of her), her family, her home, her garden and her business! We thank God for Martin, a very supportive husband without whose loving care all this would not have been possible, and for Nhyiraba who gave her such joy and purpose.

Sweet sis, sleep well in the Lord. This is how He has chosen to heal you.

Rest in perfect peace.

TRIBUTE TO OUR LITTLE SISTER FROM YOKU AND PAAKWESI KORSAH

Cecilia Marina Nana Aba Mbra Cann was the way she introduced herself to anyone once she started schooling and that's the way she remained to us, so that's how we fondly called her whenever we met or spoke on the phone. The only change was in her surname when she got married.

Nana Aba was special. She was her father's baby last, her mother's only child and our (Korsahs) de facto number 5. The fifth and last of our family unit. She was thus always treated as special but could not under any circumstances be regarded as a spoiled child.

Growing up, she always had us her cousins around her. For the most part of our secondary schooling, we together with Philip and Allen Sowah would spend a few weeks up in Akosombo - swimming, hanging out with our other cousins and generally having a good time. We would then continue to Tamale to help our uncle and some of our other cousins on his rice farm. Nana Aba would accompany us on some of our escapades if we let her, never wanting to be left behind and we in turn enjoyed having her around. Our friends became her friends, and her friends became ours.

Being a close-knit family, we were always teasing and having fun at some one's expense and Nana Aba always joined in the fun. She followed in her mother's footsteps and went to Wesley Girls whilst the rest of us in our household had gone to Achimota. There were always the usual arguments about which was the better school and even though she was completely outnumbered, typical of that school Nana Aba would hold her own. We finally won that argument when she married Martin, and of course you know what school he went to.

It was a joy to watch Nana Aba become an astute business woman starting out in technology and branching out into retail sales and becoming a serial entrepreneur. We often discussed business and other matters, political, family it could be anything and she would always be clear about her opinions - there was no beating about the bush with her.

When she fell ill, unless you were in very close contact with her you wouldn't know. She continued with her tasks, would call regularly and do anything assigned her.

Even though we knew she was ill, little did we know she would leave us this suddenly. Her major concern was seeing to the proper development of Nhyiraba and the welfare of her mum.

Nana Aba had a lot of faith and loved the Lord. During the lock down, she would often join us and watch Tema Joint Church's online services. She firmly believed that our help is in the name of the Lord, who has made Heaven and Earth.

Nana Aba, the Lord knows best, it is He who has called you to eternal rest, it is He who will guide Martin as he grooms and watches over Nhyiraba and it is He who will ensure that we support and provide for our mum Aunty Lako.

We cannot end this tribute without saying a big thank-you to Martin. Nana Aba's illness was very demanding on those around her but especially Martin. She needed to have oxygen close by at all times and frequently had to see her doctors and get medication. Martin excelled, and I repeat, excelled in caring for our sister and so to him we say THANK-YOU.

Cecilia Marina Nana Aba Mbra Odei -

Oh k3 Wo saminya.

Rest in Peace and rise in glory.

Until we meet again.



TRIBUTE TO MRS MARINA ODEI FROM MERCY BRUCE-AMANQUAH AND SISTERS

Philippians 2:12-13 *Therefore, my beloved, as you have always obeyed, so now, not only as in my presence but much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God who works in you, both to will and to work for his good pleasure.*



It is unbelievable that we have to bid farewell to our sister Nana Aba today. In numerous discussions in the last few months of her life with all of us, she was energetic, forward looking, positive and was planning for 2023 and the future. She had big, lofty plans and was working hard towards them. Even though she did not feel well, nothing was going to stop her.

Growing up in Akosombo, we were in and out of each other's homes all the time. We were two peas in a pod, well, not quite. She was very tall and elegant and known as Lady Cecilia in the family.

Wherever Nana Aba was, you would find Tsotsoo. We went on several holidays with different relatives together as well as serving as bridesmaids together. We were in the same grades and would study together. We were competitive and would encourage each other to be the very best in whatever we strived to do. We went on different paths when she went off to Wesley Girls High School (WGHS) and I went to Aburi Girls Secondary School but that didn't affect our friendship. It grew stronger and as we got older, she also grew closer to my other sisters.

Nana Aba was in form one when Oona started sixth form at WGHS. Oona's friends referred to her as Sis Oona because it was always 'Sis Oona this' or 'Sis Oona that'. One friend remembers her '*as a sparkling, engaging, irrepressible young lady who delighted in herself and others.*'

Two weeks before her passing we were on a zoom call with a group of other ladies. She gave a testimony about how God was healing her, and complete healing would bring praise and glory to His name. Together we all prayed for new lungs for her not knowing that she would be enjoying them in the Lord's arms.

Naa Chuba spoke to you at length on the Wednesday before you passed not realizing that would be the last time she would speak to you. '*Did you call to say goodbye?*'

As Nana Aba lived her life trusting in her maker, we believe she would say to us right now together with Paul, '*work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.*' We know that she is resting safely in His bosom because He was the Lord of her life.

We are still in shock and trying to come to terms with the fact that we won't hear her bubbly voice any longer. As we mourn her and think about the wonderful memories we had with her, let's all be comforted and reflect on this poem shared by Corrie ten Boom:

The Weaver

*My life is but a weaving
Between my God and me.
I cannot choose the colors
He weaveth steadily.*

*Oft' times He weaveth sorrow;
And I in foolish pride
Forget He sees the upper
And I the underside.*

*Not 'til the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly
Will God unroll the canvas
And reveal the reason why.*

*The dark threads are as needful
In the weaver's skilful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned*

*He knows, He loves, He cares;
Nothing this truth can dim.
He gives the very best to those
Who leave the choice to Him.*

Fare thee well our dear sister until we meet again.
Oke nyem saminya.

Evelyn, Oona, Tsotsoo and Naa Chuba.

TRIBUTE IN HONOUR OF NANA ABA from Lele and Sarbang Hammond

John 11:25

Jesus said to her, "I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in me will live, even though they die.

Amen

WHAT DO WE WRITE? WHERE DO WE START?

Our dear Sister, Nana Aba, was one of our maternal first cousins' whom we got to know in the early 1970s. Routinely we spent our long vacation in both Krobo Odumase with our grandmother -the late Mad Mercy Daley Adjoka and in Akosombo with our Aunty and family (the Nanka-Bruce's). It was on one such occasion that we got to know our, beautiful, smart, and friendly sister, Nana Aba. We instantly bonded so much love and admiration for each other. This was easy because Nana Aba visited the Nanka-Bruce's' very often.

Nana Aba gained admission to Tek (KNUST) in the late 80's, at a time when our family lived in Kumasi on the KNUST Campus, and so she was a regular at home to visit the family, eat some fufu with palm-nut soup etc. and to spend quality time together. giving us another opportunity to relate better as we were now adults.

Nana Aba knew her God, and very much appreciated the many blessings the Lord had bestowed on her.

Over the years, we have been very close and kept in touch, geographical distance has never been of concern. We communicated with each other often.

Nana Aba always wore a broad smile, she was full of energy, and love, warmth and a joy to be with.

Sarbang's biggest cheer-leader when it came to business. 'I trusted you so much, you knew my biggest secrets, even the ones I couldn't share with my dear Mum'.

Even when you were not too well, your positive vibes were very encouraging and still surround us "Mawu Pae momo" God has done it already, was a constant statement anytime we were chatting.

The last few months have been very difficult. We are finally accepting that you have gone to be with the Lord.

You will be remembered for your good counsel, your business and entrepreneurial skills and expertise.

But more importantly your broad and charming smile, your strength and energy, your kind gestures, and your endless love for family.

We will cherish all your teachings, training, and support.

Our heart bleeds with tears as we take leave of you, however we are consoled that you are in heaven above.

“Small' Sister we bid you farewell.
Oker woami samiya

TRIBUTE BY SOWAH COUSINS (YVONNE, ERNEST, MARGARET, PHILIP AND ALLEN)



Cecilia Marina Nana Aba Mbra Cann. That is how Nana Aba would introduce herself as a little girl. We remember our precocious little “sister” who, from a very young age was articulate, bright, fun loving, with a dry sense of humour. Nana Aba was younger than us but, being the only child of her mother, our dear Aunty Lako, Nana acted older than her age and hung out with us, her older cousins. Despite being the youngest, Nana always contributed to conversations and was not shy to voice her opinions. Her astute observations were always on point but would occasionally earn her a knock on the head

when her “sii jemi” or “onukpaa nin” got her into trouble!

We spent many, many fun times together – indeed a lifetime together – in and out of the various homes of the Sowahs, Korsahs, her Mum Aunty Lako's, our Grandparents at Koletsom Blorgbaanya and family gatherings at large. Nana loved her extended family and joyously participated in all family affairs. Nana, you will be sorely missed. We are heartbroken by your untimely passing but are comforted to know that you are resting in the bosom of the Lord. Nana, rest in perfect peace until we meet again.

Oke huwɔɔ saminya!

Your loving cousins,

Yvonne, Ernest, Margaret, Philip and Allen

Burial Service for the late Mrs. Marina Aba Odei

TRIBUTE FROM MRS. DORIS AGYEMANG ODEI (MOTHER-IN-LAW)

*“When peace like a river attended 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 was with a heavy heart to take the news of your passing my daughter Nana Aba. I was very much afraid for my son because the vacuum you have left is a huge one.

You came into his life and completed him in all ways possible. Your union was the epitome of Gen 2:24. The adventures and ventures you both undertook in one accord was enviable.

I cannot count the numerous times I would ask Martin what he was doing and his response was more often than not, “Nana Aba and I are here or there; doing this or that; on our way to visit you or going here etc etc....

You would be sorely missed at family gatherings.

I greatly appreciate the support you gave me with respect to my health.

I believe you both had plans to age gracefully together but the Lord knows why you have been called home at this time.

Marina, your work on earth is done but your essence on Martin's life would always be felt.

May you find solace in the Lord's abode and rest in perfect peace.



TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. CECILIA MARINA NANA ABA ODEI BY PROF. MRS. SALLY ESSUMAN

If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. Therefore, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord. (Romans 14:8)

In all things we should give thanks to God, so says the Bible. It is easy to exhort people with these words; but when you lose someone so dear to you it becomes a testing time whether or not to fully appropriate what the bible says. Nana Aba, it is very difficult to accept the reality that you are no longer with us in this life's journey. The unexpected and shocking news of your departure from this life pushed me to the position as if I was in a trance. How possible! was the question I kept on asking myself; after holding on for so long in this state for months and years, how could you just slip on to eternity like that? Well, though you are physically absent in body, I believe you are very much alive in spirit with Christ Jesus.

The relationship between the Essumans and Nana Aba began when Nana Yaw Atiapa, popularly called TP (our 4th born), was asked to be the page boy at the wedding of Martin and Nana Aba on November 21, 1998. It was always a joy and fun to be in her home because she loved the 'little boy', and wished him to be around her often. We will never forget the kind of affection and love Nana Aba showed towards all of us because of her 'page boy'. Nana Aba had interesting stories and jokes for TP anytime we visited and would encourage him to learn hard at school. The bonding became stronger when Nhyiraba was also named after the same person that TP was named after. It was like Nana Yaw should move to stay in her home so that she could have the two Atiapas to herself. This was the love that existed among us. We have really lost a true and loving sister and auntie.

I will surely miss Nana Aba when it comes to the use of Tupperware household plastics, a new plastic product on the market. Being an agent for the company, she was able to convince me to use them and when I gave her the feedback of the products' uniqueness, she wished I would audio record the testimony for her marketing engagements. I had promised bringing her more customers before Christmas, 2022, but alas! She passed on before I could fulfil my promise. Man proposes but God disposes. Nana Aba your death has come too soon.

But thank you, my dear Nana Aba for the unique and special relationship we shared together. Thank you for all the horticultural and medicinal plant information you shared with me months before you were called to eternity.

I will miss you dearly. Uncle Ato, Kow Abaka, Nana Appiah, Kow Akaa and Nana Yaw Atiapa join me in wishing you safe journey home.

I know you are resting peacefully in our heavenly Father's house. Enjoy heaven, my dear NANAABA, till we meet again.

Rest in Perfect Peace!!

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. CECILIA MARINA NANA ABA ODEI BY NANA YAW ATIAPA ESSUMAN



Auntie Nana Aba, as I famously called you dearly. Receiving the news about your passing was very overwhelming and it is still very difficult to process that you are no longer with us. I still hear your voice in my mind when I think about you and picture your magnificent smile as you mention my name, "Atiapa"!

Many know me as your page-boy. I have such a vivid recollection of your wedding weekend and from time to time, I have a replay in my mind. I recall being picked up from Morning Star on the Friday before the wedding to stay over at the house before the wedding and recall having a blast being away from home and you allowed me to enjoy Fan Ice cups all evening with the other page-boy and flower girls. I thought to myself, I am getting a very cool Auntie! You were like a mother to me and always cared for me. You always encouraged me to learn very hard and excel in everything. When Atiapa was born, I was very happy to hear we shared the same name.

On December 21, 2021 at around 9:54 am ET, I received a message from you and I recall being very happy to hear from you. I immediately messaged you back and we reconnected so easily via text even though we had not spoken for a few years. I told you I was looking forward to seeing you when I arrived in Ghana, so we could catch up and I wanted to see my dear sister Atiapa as well! You had told me she was so tall now and I was excited to reconnect with her. When I arrived in Accra, my schedule was tight for the initial days but I recall promising myself I had to see you before 2021 ended. I came to the house at Osu on December 31st, 2021 around 5:30pm and we had such a lovely conversation. You asked about my then soon to be wife (Josephine) and you wanted to know the full story, and you asked me about life living abroad, and I asked you about your health and life. I was so happy to see your magnificent smile and hear you call me "Atiapa" so boldly! Our last chat was in April, 2022 when you asked about the wedding plans and you were praying to God "so you could witness your son getting married".

Auntie Nana Aba, thank you for being an amazing and wonderful Auntie to me! We shared a very unique and genuine relationship since I was a child and you've held a special place in my heart for many years and you are always in my heart! I will miss you dearly Auntie Nana Aba! May You Rest in Perfect Peace!

TRIBUTE FOR AUNTIE MARINA

“So also you have sorrow now, but I will see you again, and your hearts will rejoice, and no one will take your joy from you” (John 16:22, ESV)

Auntie Marina was always very kind and jovial. We fondly remember visits to her home when she and Uncle Martin were living in Teshie Nungua. She was ever the gracious host and always encouraged us to be free and to view her home as our home. Although we saw her infrequently due to our relocation to the U.S., it was always wonderful to see her during our brief visits back home.

We loved to catch-up with her and learn all about Nhyiraba's antics and latest activities. Unfortunately, the last time we saw her was during our last visit to Ghana, in December of 2019, when we all reunited at her and Uncle Martin's home. It was wonderful to see her in good spirits and to be surrounded by family. It reminded us of the tradition started by Grandpa Odei. Every Boxing Day, he would invite all family members, near and far, to celebrate the holiday season and to give thanks to God for seeing us through and for maintaining our familial bonds. It was wonderful to carry on the tradition with her. Now, we hold on dearly to our last memory of her lovely spirit. She will be sorely missed, and we hope that the good Lord grants her a peaceful rest. Until we meet again, Auntie Marina.

Love,
Kezia and Klyve



TRIBUTE BY NII ARMAH CALYS-TAGOE



Some friends stick closer than a brother. The demise of such a friend is always a blow to the heart. Bearing the loss of a loved one is one of the hardest things to do. The reality of their departure to eternity is a reality that is difficult to embrace.

Well, such is life. As much as we desire that our loved ones remain with us for a very long time, no one can determine how long they'll stay. Death comes like a thief in the night, an unwanted visitor, taking away loved ones and leaving our hearts torn; such was Marina's case.

This is a truth that is always hard to accept, but the memories shared will forever be remembered.

Rest in peace Nana Aba Mbra, indeed, you lived your name, and anyone who knows you well will attest to your principled life, you hated to be cheated and never cheated anyone either.

Many misconstrued you, but those of us who were fortunate to get closer realized much early that you were a gem made by God himself you were just principled to the core.

Death might have taken you away quickly, but you live forever in my heart, Nana Aba, I still recall the trip to Cape Coast for your marriage, and I still recall the many sales trips we had to do together during our days at Digitronix, I still recall the trips to Odumase to visit your mum, and oh, no one will scold me for stealing some groundnut whiles taking “Kofi broke man” for lunch, the memories are endless.

I have heard people speak of burying a part of themselves with some friend's death, I am not sure your death will go with memories of you, and knowing that you're no more will be like going into any fight alone without backup. May the good Lord find a resting place for his faithful servant, and when he does, please remember to remind him to do the same for us, for surely someday we will meet you out there.

Rest well Nana Aba Mbra.

TRIBUTE TO MARINA OUR BELOVED SISTER-IN-LAW

*“Captain of Israel's host and guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love;
Our strength, thy grace; our rule thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.” - Charles Wesley*



We - Joe,
Shirley,
Lucie,
Ernest your siblings
through Martin would
forever be grateful to
God having you as a
sister, a friend, a
buddie, a 'homegal'.

You became an Odei
almost 25 years ago
and we cherished your

inclusion. Your contagious smile was very heart warming and we believe that's what got our brother's heart: not to mention the other physical attributes God endowed you with. The obvious height, the stature, the beauty inside and out, your boldness and frankness; saying it as it is and not mincing words. Your Maker really took His time to mold you for our brother. You were indeed his lost rib.

You had that burning desire to love the family and to build a biz which we saw from your various entrepreneurial endeavors.

I noticed how you always enquired if I was still in the IT biz from the many times I, Joe had the opportunity to share a conversation with you.

You were always like eei Kwame (as you affectionately called me) how is I-T. For that was our node Information Technology.

What you brought to the Odei's table - especially Martin's plate was a lifetime of love, appreciation, blessings and dedication which was admirable with great taste.



Life has its ups and downs, but every level if faced with the same steadfastness at what is thrown at you makes it even more worth living. We know you faced those periods with a good attitude looking up to your Maker for grace, for strength and the tenacity to carry on.

We were broken hearted on hearing your demise, words eluded us, our faces drained of blood; no amount of words can describe that feeling. It was surreal and still is.

All we could wonder was why Nana Aba? Why at this time and season? Why at this prime time of your life Cecilia? Why you Marina?

However, we are consoled by our belief that it is all in God's divine purpose. We are consoled by the scripture that assures as that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord (2 Corinth 5: 8 KJV)

We also take heart in the fact that you have fought a good fight and kept the faith. Those of us down here will continue to work out our own salvation and strive to endure to the end so that we would someday sometime be together again.

But until that is so, you would forever be in our hearts and thoughts, reliving the pleasant memories we shared; hearing your voice in our silent conversations with you. And we know you would surely be listening.

Nana Aba say hi to Dad and let him show you around heaven's beautiful streets paved with gold where there is no pain nor death; no worry nor stress but everlasting peace and continuous worship.

MARINA da yi ye!

CECILIA damirifa due!!

NANAABA MBRA Onyame mfa wo nsie yi ye!!!

Our dear and beloved sister rest in perfect peace!!!!

TRIBUTE BY HER GODCHILDREN



Your loss has greatly affected me in a way I least expected, Aunt Marina. You were the sweet godmother whom I could always count on to have my back whenever mum started on one of her amusing disagreements with me. I was looking forward to your usual Christmas buoyancy in December, even though mum had mentioned sometime in November that you were a bit unwell. I thought to myself—perhaps it was because you miss us and I was sure you would be back to your bustling self once we returned, and paid you a visit. Little did I expect that you would leave us mere hours before our return.

You were always the one to attend our birthdays and encourage us to participate fully in all school activities such as our UN Days, as well as my violin performances. You were a second mother to me, going above and beyond the normal to make life a great experience and fun—especially when you learned that I had graduated from high school. I always admired the close bond you had with my mother, and how you two could talk about everything and encourage each other. I always saw you as inseparable, and could not speak of either of you without mentioning the other. Even with your busy schedules managing multiple businesses and taking care of your families, you still made the time to nurture your relationship which had existed before my brother and I came on the scene. Even when we did, it only brought you closer—perhaps as you traded state secrets on how to get us in line while bringing out the best in us at the same time.

One of my fondest memories of you were the days when we had to spend time with you after school, and you always made sure we were well fed and taken care of—sometimes too well, if I could say that. I miss you very much.....but I know you are still with us somehow, watching over us from heaven. Thank you for being an awesome Godmother Aunt Marina! I wouldn't trade you for another even if I could. Rest well....

From your goddaughter Joy-Marie.

My Godmother, whom I referred to as “my Aunt Marina”, was also my tallest and funniest aunt and she had such a great sense of humour that, every minute spent with her was a fun moment. She could turn an unpleasant situation around into a peaceful one in just mere minutes with her beautiful words, and would always encourage me to stay focused in everything I did. You always had my admiration Aunt Marina, because you seemed to understand my thoughts and feelings in a way others did not. Whenever you felt I was out of line, you would point it out in a manner such that I couldn't help but agree with you.

There are a few memories I have of you that would always have a special place in my heart. In 2020, when you and Uncle Martin arrived to see us off to school and you realised that my hair looked unkempt, your first question was – ‘Where is your comb?’ And in just a few minutes, you had gotten out all the knots to make me look more presentable before leaving. Who else would do this if not for one who knows what a mother's love is – and that was simply you, my Aunt Marina. Whenever I came up with an idea or something new, I would always seek you out to share it with you because you would give me an honest opinion and advise – thus getting me to become the best version of myself at all times. Who would give me that listening ear and encouraging words now that you're gone?

I wish you could still be here with us; but I know you're up in heaven and watching over my sister and I – and that would have to do for now. Thank you for the encouragement that I should always strive for greatness no matter how simple the task. I will forever remember those cherished words from you as my personal mantra henceforth, and ensure that I will continue to be your favourite godson even as you continue to whisper encouragement from the bosom of our Lord. Rest peacefully my Aunt Marina....

From your godson Kobby

Damirifa due to you our beloved Godmother, “our Aunt Marina”. You will always have a special place in our hearts. From your favourite godchildren – the Twins....

EMBRACING THE LEGACY OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP

Tribute by Eunice Jectey Nyarko



“For to me, to live is Christ and to die is gain” – Philippians 1:21, NIV.



I never understood the need to escape from the reality of life's issues until I encountered the happenings on Friday 16th December 2022 – the day I lost my best friend.

I had known Marina for some two decades and counting, having met for the first time at the residence of a mutual friend at South La. We had both gone to see Aunt Joy Ashong for different reasons, but seemed to hit it off right after we were introduced to each other. We had a lot in common, Marina and I, with both of us being recently married and also novices in the field of entrepreneurship at the time with all the great ideas about setting up our own businesses. She had recently left Digitronix Limited and was into her personal computer related business

whiles I had also set up an interior décor business.

We began to spend more time in each other's company as the days progressed, learning about the businesses we were involved in and trying to see how best we could collaborate in terms of expanding our networks. She would refer her family members and colleagues to me whenever they needed services which she knew I had on offer, just as I would to her. We also shared the same name – Nana Aba, and had a passion for travel and sightseeing, often finding ourselves accompanying each other on shopping trips for business. We would dress up fashionably, drive out and have fun throughout the day finding new items for our businesses. In instances where we encountered a problem with the car, Marina would call her dear husband and in a sweet voice, coax him to attend to the faulty vehicle which we had abandoned by the roadside, even as we hop into a taxi and head off to our next adventure. We would even plan our trips abroad together to China, Dubai, etc. as she went to source for computer accessories and fabrics, and whiles I shopped for décor items among others. There was simply no end to our excitement whenever we were together.

Our similar interests saw us attending many programmes together, one of which was the Women Entrepreneurship and Leadership for Africa (WELA) programme offered by CEIBS in Ghana. As always, Marina would harp on the need to be abreast with current trends, and go further to research on such courses

which she felt would be beneficial to us in growing successful businesses. Her loving but firm persona often resulted in her being appointed to leadership positions in virtually every programme we studied together; and of course, as the president or governor's best friend, I also had my share of the perks which came with her appointments. Even when she had to decline her participation in a study trip abroad due to ill health, she insisted that I pursue it and then come to brief her about it upon my return. She would never selfishly hold others back simply because she couldn't partake in an activity – and that was just who she was through and through. She will be sorely missed as Governor of the Class of WELA (2014) CEIBS.

I often described her as my 'sister from another mother'; and it was this bond which led us to set up an American grocery shop together here in Ghana called Zellers. We pursued this venture for a few years and operated successfully at two locations. However, the unstable economic terrain at the time made it difficult for us to continue with the importation of the items we sold and eventually, we had to fold up. This however did not affect our relationship in any way, and rather strengthened it as we both learned valuable lessons which would later aid in the management of our other businesses. Marina was a Director of Design Lounge (a company which I set up in 2019) and has been a firm support to the business, taking over its management whenever I have had to travel abroad for one project or the other. This became a regular feature of our relationship since 2020. My very supportive friend was also dedicated to the cause of the Safe Haven Breast Cancer Support Centre – which I introduced to her because of my work with the centre. She would advertise our events and flyers on her social media platforms, attend our Hats for Health annual events and also donate some items from her business in support of fundraising activities for the breast cancer survivors. Marina's generous nature always made her seek ways to impact the lives of others positively.

Nana Aba was also a wonderful godmother to my children, and they totally adored her. She was their favourite cheerleader as she was mine, and she ensured that she was always around to celebrate the important milestones in our lives with us. Whenever we met, we would discuss pertinent family issues, compare notes, be each other's shoulder to cry on or rant about whatever happened to make us unhappy at any given time. In the end, one thing she would ensure that we do always was to pray and commit whichever situation it was into God's care, trusting that He would resolve it on our behalf. Her faith in God was unrivaled in every way I can think of, and she was often my first and favourite choice of a confidant when I needed one. Now I am at a loss as to who would give me that sound advice and encouragement on the spur of the moment, and which I know I would need for the future.



As a very meticulous woman, she ingrained in both her daughter and my children the need for good morals and discipline in all one does; and a visit to her home with its well tended plants is just one sign of the beauty that was Marina. In recent times when we couldn't step out to lunch, I would still order her favourite banku and okro stew and carry it right along into her home where we would have our fill whiles creating our usual 'Fante concert'. She was a true friend indeed! On Thursday 15th December, we spent about an hour

talking on the phone as I was heading to a meeting; and when I arrived at the venue, we signed off with the intention to continue our chat either later in the evening or early the next day. Little did I know that my sister and bosom friend had, in a manner of speaking, called to bid me farewell.

To say I'm heartbroken would be an understatement because it doesn't even come close to describing how I feel at this point. Time, they say, heals all wounds; and I know that the memories of us together will always stay with me. Truth be told, I would choose the opportunity of seeing your smile and hearing your voice again over any memory, no matter how beautiful it is. Nana Aba, you know how much I adored you; but I guess God loves you more, seeing that indeed He has answered our prayers for the pain and discomfort of ill health to end – just not in the manner which we expected.

Rest well my sister and friend.....until we meet again in that heavenly kingdom which we both dreamed about and spoke of so often. May the Lord keep you.....and may He strengthen Martin, Nhyiraba and Mummy even as they forge ahead with the plans you all made. I assure you that I will be there for them, just as you were for me, and in so long as the Almighty God grants me strength to do so.

Nana Aba, *Damirifa due!* Nante yie.....



TRIBUTE BY THE NEWMANS



My dear Nana Aba, this tribute is written from us to you with great affection. You were born on the special auspicious day of August 22. It was sister Merley's birthday so you were known as Auntie Lako's 10th birthday present to her. We named you Nana Aba/Banana.

You were younger than the youngest of us but you were fearless and spoke your mind confidently so much so that we wondered how you ended up in your mother's alma mater, Gey Hey, when you were surrounded by so many Achimotan sisters.

Your height matched your fearlessness, so your aunt joked that to choose you as a maid of honour was likened to choosing a giant bodyguard to tower over the bride and groom.

At your wedding when the DJ played 'Cecilia' our kids were so amazed because they thought the song had been composed especially for you.

This time however, although we are heartbroken and distraught, we are consoled because it is God Himself calling for you to come home to rest and Nhyiraba has inherited so many mothers.

Dearest Nana Aba/Banana “Yaa w) odzogbaa”.

MUSINGS OF A FRIEND: BY DR. BARBARA EASMON-TAWIAH

Surely, there is a friend that sticks closer than a sister!

Am I really writing this tribute to Nana Aba? Hmmm... This is difficult.

Like Mummy said, we were six... now we are five. Yes. After a period of absence from each other as a group, Sylvia treated us (Akos, Doris and I) to lunch at the Golden Tulip (now Lancaster) 7-odd years ago. We reconvened in April last year at Sylvia's and boy! Did we have fun! This time Doris couldn't make it, but Tsotsoo (who was more of your kin) graced us with her presence.

We were a bunch of toddlers who began our educational journey at Akosombo International School 50 years ago... children of Ms. Okine, Mrs. Avah and Mrs Gbewonyo.

Ours was such a big family where our parents had each other's back. Of course, we all passed the Common Entrance Exam and went to our various secondary schools, you to Gey Hey and I to Motown.

Our holidays were so much fun because we got to make friends from each other's school. Not to talk about your older cousins who became our big brothers and sisters.

As for what we got up to during our pre-uni/national service days at Akosombo, that is a story for another day. Of course, there were no exams to write so what else could we do? Our mothers made sure we honed our culinary skills. We took turns in baking at each other's kitchen. Did we (you, Akos and I) not come up with a recipe those heady revolutionary days (CEBAKO GRANULES)? As teenagers transitioning into young adults, we did not miss any of the youth activities at Akosombo... be they funfairs at Akuse, Dobson Club House or finding our way to the Black Cat despite protests from our parents. But somehow, they trusted us enough to watch over each other. I vividly recall our fall from that garage at the guest house. I still have those scars!

Ei! Nana Aba! I am fumbling. What do I say? We were there for each other during the good times and challenging moments.

Was there a milestone in each other's life at which we were not present? You made my 21st birthday special. You and my mum (Flora) spent the night baking and



preparing all the finger foods. Thank you, my sister! That party was something else! It was a matter of course that you would come to Legon for my graduation and Akos and I to Tech for yours. Then our marriage ceremonies (Martin knew he had come "home"), naming ceremonies of our children, our mothers' birthdays, name them.

Fast forward to December 7, 2022. I returned your missed call. That was the longest call ever. After blasting me (which was your usual way of showing affection), we talked about everything and nothing. We even discussed a medication you wanted to pass on to me because you did not want to take it. Then we agreed that Sylvia would host us during the Christmas... this time, for an overnight stay. You held the same conversation with Sylvia. Could it be that you were saying good-bye to us?

Nana Aba, let me leave it here. I have already said thank you to Martin for being such a wonderful husband. As for Mummy, I made her aware that you were grateful for all the sacrifices she made on your behalf. You have brought Nhyiraba up to be an extraordinarily strong young lady and she is going to make you proud. It is difficult. But the God we all serve will see us through.

Iny3mi, ya w3 odzogba.

Rest well, my sister.



DEAREST NANA ABA, MY SISTER, MY FRIEND,

I miss you so much. My heart searches for you with countless unanswered questions.

Nana Aba, Why?

My mind can't fathom your absence, but it is well, for I know you are resting peacefully in the bosom of your Father.

This scripture verse comes to mind when I think of you.

Matthew 5:16: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in Heaven"

Nana Aba, Your light shone through your Love and Compassion, Directness, Resilience and Authenticity.

You were indeed a Bright Light, my Bright Light.

Our relationship began decades ago as mates and friends at Wesley Girls High School. Our wonderful friendship evolved into sisterhood over the last year.

Today, I think about you and my heart is filled with eternal gratitude for the time I was privileged to spend with you. The privilege of knowing you compels me to carry on your phenomenal legacy.

I miss our midnight chats about Tupperware, our young teenagers, and of course, "condensed milk toffee."

I MISS YOU

Your memories are treasured within my heart.
Your legacy lives on forever.

You are sorely missed. The world has lost one of its Brightest Lights, but Heaven has gained an Angel.

My Sister, My Friend, Nana Aba, Rest peacefully in the Lord.

Joan Sampson

TRIBUTE FROM - JOANNE MUTURI (LIFE & BUSINESS COACH)

Marina was a one-of-a-kind client and friend and we will miss her dearly. One of the many things I admired about Marina was her remarkable kindness - she was always so pleasant, even under extremely difficult circumstances. She had such a luminous demeanour that radiated compassion and love for those around her. Marina's great courage in the face of adversity was inspiring and beautiful, and made me realize that life is too short not to strive for my deepest desires - a lesson Marina embraced wholeheartedly to show encouragement to all of us who had the honour of interacting so closely with her. Her generosity, spirit of giving and overall zest for life were undeniable, and she touched the lives of so many in an incredibly special way. As her personal mentor and coach, Marina proved to me time and time again what it means to be coachable and teachable in all aspects of life. We will all remember this incredible woman with fondness; she will stay in our hearts forever.

TRIBUTE BY THE WESLEY GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL 1985 YEAR GROUP To our Much-Loved Sister - Mrs. Marina Nana Aba Mbra Odei neé Cann

Lovely Remembrance

*I reeled with shock but affectionate memories
At the news that you were gone.
I thought we would share some final pleasantries
But what was final was the chance to mourn.
I remember the gleam in your mischievous eyes
As you pried through indiscretions and other matters.
I remember the comfort and warmth and pleasure
Irritations and steam were overshadowed with chatters
Our friendship was long enough for measure
And we have lost a most valued treasure!*

By Esi Abbam Elliot

"Sisters for life" That was us, the 1985 Year Group from Wesley Girls High School (Gey Hey). We came from diverse backgrounds - different primary schools, different family structures (some had biological sisters and others didn't), different tribes - and lived in different places.



... The thing we had in common was that we had entered Gey Hey in September 1980. Cecilia was placed in the 1J stream, and in Wrigley House (Block D). She was pleasant and fun to be with. An intelligent girl who was quite mature for her age.

It was not long before her motherly but 'no nonsense' nature as well as her middle name 'Nana Aba Mbra' came out.

Nana Aba, as we affectionately called our sister and friend, stood out as one of the clever kids, tall, always impeccably dressed in her school uniform, Achimota sandals and white socks. She was authentic, what you saw was what you got ... You could count on Nana Aba to be forthright in discussions and conversations. A straight talker, who was not afraid to speak her mind and loved a robust debate.

She was direct but had a sweet and kind soul, and was generous to a fault. Back in her Akosombo International School days, some of us recall how she walked up to a girl during her lunch break and offered her a fried egg sandwich without being asked. Nana Aba was somewhat baffled when others were not that way. At mealtimes when we would each bring a contribution to eat gari foto in our chop box room, her contribution was invariably 'one man thousand', the tiny fish from Akosombo. She would sprinkle them on the 'foto' with such flair and say, no 'foto' was complete without them.

She towered above most of us in our first year at secondary school, but what really made her stand out was her quintessential iridescent spirit: outgoing with a fun personality. For those of us close to her, it felt like we were always either fighting or laughing, which made for such fun times and helped forge close bonds. Whenever we came back to Wesley Girls' after our school holidays, her room in Block "D" was a true hub of information, not just for news of Akosombo or even Ghana but for the whole world! She was always plugged in and knew

about all the latest goings on. For an 'only child', she had legendary social skills and could relate to just about anyone, regardless of who they were. She was a people person, full of warmth, always hugging and loved to be in and amongst all the action. Perhaps this came from her close relationships with her numerous cousins and her aunts, particularly her holidays with them, which she spoke about incessantly.

Nana Aba was a person of many skills. She also loved to sing. One could always hear her distinctive voice when we sang in the school choir. A special occasion, none of us would ever forget, is when our Year Group organised the celebration of the School's 150th anniversary. It was a memorable occasion filled with many activities. We formed a special "choir", referred to by one of our teachers as "Loci and the Sunshine Band". We had a wonderful time, learning so many songs such as "Edikanfo", the anniversary ode and many others, singing at various events and travelling around Methodist Churches in Accra, Cape Coast and other parts of the country. Nana Aba enjoyed singing either tenor or bass, even though bass was sometimes too low for her, making others laugh. Her harmonies were on point! Those who were not in the choir envied us because we ended up travelling out of school on many occasions, a privilege we enjoyed as that did not often happen in those days!

It is these poignant memories and the sisterly bond that we built that drew us close together as a Year Group. We will always cherish those wonderful moments.

Nana Aba had such an entrepreneurial mind and spirit for which she put into action. She ran a boutique that a number of us got stylish attires from and also sold computers. Our sister, Nana Fosua, recalls how in 2019, Nana Aba encouraged her to progress with what was then her hobby, producing cereals - Mixxy Care Foods. Her well-meaning advice was instrumental in the focus and steady growth of this business.

In recent years, whenever she ran into family members of those of us in the diaspora, she would invariably send greetings and ask "why are you hiding her when she comes home? Tell her to show her face!" She made sure to keep in touch, showing a flair for remembering middle names which would otherwise remain hidden. When we met in person, we carried on as if time had not passed since we left school. She had the gift of remembering the little details that were important to people.

We had the privilege of celebrating her 50th birthday with her at home. Though ill-health prevented her from hanging out with us all the time, we always felt her presence in our WhatsApp engagements. She came whenever possible to our in-person gatherings, sometimes with Nhyiraba, her sweet little angel.

To say that we will miss her is an understatement. Nana Aba, you have left a painful hole in our Year Group. We are still reeling from the shock of your passing. We are trying to remember to lean into our purpose and keep soldiering on. We know with your love of gardening; you are already planting up a beautiful green and yellow corner of Heaven. Our loss is Heaven's gain.

Today, we mourn our sister and friend, one of our own. We thank God for her life, and for the years we got to spend with her. To our kind, fun loving, sweet and generous soul that we had the privilege to call our friend. May our faithful Lord continue to grant unto you, eternal rest with Him.

Nana Aba, gone too soon, but not forgotten.

Your night has come.

*“Sleep well, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon the Saviour's breast,
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best,
Good night, good night, good night!”*

The Christian's Goodnight, Sarah Doudney

Rest in peace until we meet again, Nana Aba Mbira, nantsew yie. May your sweet soul rest in perfect peace



TRIBUTE BY MANAGEMENT AND STAFF OF DESIGN LOUNGE TO OUR BEAUTIFUL PEARL . . . THE WOMAN WHO SET STANDARDS!



‘And God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying. There shall be no more pain, for the former things have passed away’. - Rev. 21:4

The news of your sudden demise came as a shock to us as an organisation.

Auntie Marina, as we affectionately called her, was a member of our Board of Directors and a strong pillar of Design Lounge. She was our 'go to' person whenever our CEO was unavailable, and it never ceased to amaze us as to how courteous and warm she was to all whom she interacted with. She related to everyone with

respect, but would never compromise her standards and morals. For us at DL, she would always be remembered as the ever-reliable, gentle giant who ensured the seamless flow of work regardless of the present occurrences.

Aunt Marina had been with Design Lounge from the inception of the company; and at the inauguration of the business, she graced the occasion as the MC and did a wonderful job getting everyone interested in what we had to offer as a business. Until her recent battle with ill-health, she was our renowned 'mystery shopper' who always kept the sales executives on their toes with her antics as an errant and dissatisfied customer. She would step into the shop making unreasonable demands and giving off negative vibes, just to see what the reaction of the staff would be. Her aim at all times had been to ensure that DL would have the best staff in terms of professionalism, and who would promote the business in a manner which would bring the highest returns. After the initial encounter, every staff could only stand amused when her identity was eventually revealed – and for those who passed the test, you progressed on to an affable relationship with her.

You were the hallmark of diligence and an excellent advisor who would leave us wisdom-filled after every encounter, Aunt Marina. Though the beautiful light of your life did not last as long as we would have wished, we acknowledge that it shone brightly enough to steer us unto the right paths, and cause us to walk confidently in the trails you blazed. As part of our plans for the year end, we had looked forward to an exciting time with you last Christmas, and also in preparation for our 5th Anniversary celebrations in early 2024; but that was sadly not to be. Instead of seeing your smiles as you walked into our premises, we were struck with grief by news of your untimely departure some mere days before the yuletide season. Who is going to be our mystery shopper now, and call us to order in a firm but loving way? Where would we find that quiet strength and support in the shadows now that you are gone?

To say that you would be missed by the team is to put it mildly about how we truly feel at the moment. We can only take consolation in the fact that you are in a better place with our Lord, and hope that you would still watch over us with your face full of smiles. You always had the interests of Design Lounge at heart, and we would miss seeing your comments especially on our social media platforms. We appreciate every sacrifice you made to bring DL thus far in the business arena, and we promise to make it an even bigger brand when we celebrate our 10th anniversary sometime in the near future.

You will forever be remembered Aunt Marina, and we wish you a peaceful rest in the arms of our Lord, trusting that we would see you again someday in eternity. The values you instilled in us will continually ring in our ears, and remind us of the fond memories we have of you, to make this burden of pain lighter to bear.

May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace!



TRIBUTE BY TUPPERWARE BUSINESS PARTNERS



“All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players: they have their exits and entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages....”

William Shakespeare

We understand there is a time to be born and a time to die but we didn't anticipate Aunty Marina would exit the world's stage so soon. As her custom was, she joined our regular weekly business training on the evening of Thursday December 15, 2022, shared some ideas during which she expressed her wish to do enough sales so she can chew “chicken leg” at Christmas. Little did we know that would be the last we would hear her voice. I am glad the meeting was recorded. In the afternoon of December 16, 2022, I received the unpleasant news of Aunty Marina's demise... Ah!!

It was hard to comprehend.

Aunty Marina, as we commonly called her knew Tupperware long ago before the brand officially opened an office in Ghana and upon seeing a product ad by Dr. Nyarkoaa Addo (a Tupperware Sales Consultant) in a WhatsApp group, reached out to her and became a customer. She was later introduced to the Tupperware Business Opportunity and without much ado Aunty Marina started her Tupperware business in July 2021.

Her wealth of experience from corporate work and personal businesses meant she was a matured business person to deal with thus working with Aunty Marina was a breeze. She needed no encouragement to take charge of her business and she required very little guidance to run things. It was quite inspiring to see that though Aunty Marina was older in age than most of us, she had enough humility to submit and learn from us; younger ones. She asked intelligent questions and was very meticulous in her ways.

It took little time for me to notice that Aunty Marina aka Mrs. M.O and I had many personality traits in common plus we were both very passionate about our Tupperware Business. She would research things and bring up salient subjects for our discussion. Just like me, she was really determined to push pass her limitations to succeed in her Tupperware career and we inspired each other in that regard. Our one on one conversations on the phone were not less than an hour and they included konkonsa moments too. It was during one of those interactions that she drew my attention to a key symbol on one of our products.

Though I was her coach I didn't know that hitherto and that singular lesson she taught me and my colleagues was revolutionary and helped significantly in the sales of those range of Tupperware products even till date.

She was a nice and very accommodating person but she was also a no-nonsense person. She would go out of her way to call and check on office staff and give some good counsel when necessary.

Aunty Marina, Mummy, Mrs M.O, to Dr. Nyarkoaa, Christy, Konadu, Angela, Adjeley, Princess Charlotte, Eyram and myself to mention a few, your manner of departure left us heartbroken but we are consoled by the hope of seeing you again as that is the portion of those who die in Christ Jesus.

Aunty Marina, we've been privileged to be part of the last eighteen months of your life.

We miss YOU already and are still struggling to come to terms with your absence.

Thank you for all your contributions and diverse support.

Farewell, Aunty Marina
Farewell, Mommy
Farewell, Mrs M.O



TRIBUTE TO MARINA ODEI (NEE CECILIA MARINA NANA ABA MIBRA CANN) BY DIGITRONIX OLD STAFF

Sorrow fills our hearts this sad moment, a sorrow that is deep and personal. Marina has silently closed the door of life and departed from us. Our lives will be empty in the areas that she had brightened for us.

Albert Einstein said, *“The value of a man should be seen in what he gives and not in what he is able to receive.”*

In one word, Marina was a woman who gave. She gave much to her work, setting off as a salesperson at then Digitronix Systems Ltd rising through the ranks to become the sales Manager before she resigned in 2001. Then venturing into different markets, she still was a salesperson until her demise she simply loved to sell and serve.

Ladies and gentlemen as we are gathered here to say goodbye to her, I would like to speak in celebration of her life. Here was a life that exemplified **brilliance**- you won't walk to her office with a prepared tender for her to miss the commas, full stop let alone the wrong figures, a life that **inspired emulation** - once she detects the wrong she will walk you through the process to correct the errors, a life that **burned so that others' paths were lit** - with a deadline in sight Marina will stay through the night to finish the job before going home.

Marina was a strategic thinker and a visionary who was brilliant, innovative, and creative. As such, she contributed her quota while at Digitronix. She generously gave us her knowledge, expertise, and skills.

Marina was living proof of how fine a person can be, she was a good boss to the people in her charge, a loving wife to her husband, and a devoted mother to her daughter. She was also a good friend to many of us and a great colleague. The character of the life she lived might be summed up in a few words: she was sincere, earnest, loyal, and very principled.

In her career, she worked with passion, integrity, and energy. By her death, all the people who knew her will miss a highly intelligent, vibrant individual with a rare friendliness and charm of personality. Marina was a genuinely warm and wonderful individual—one we will miss greatly. Our sorrow is lessened only slightly with the comforting thought that we had the privilege of knowing and working with her.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE MRS MARINA ODEI BY CEIBS WELA 2014 COHORT THE GREAT GOVERNOR IS GONE HOME TOO SOON



If we had the power to turn back the arm of time, we would have no reservation in bringing you back as Governor of our WELA 2014 Cohort. Her last message on our WELA 2014 -Sister's Keepers WhatsApp platform was on December 07, 2022 admonishing us with a forwarded message on air travel security alert and on December 17th, 2022, the message that sent shivers through our spines, hit us all. "Oh how, how how, Marina"; "I spoke to her a few weeks ago ..."; "Ooh noooo, Marina why and what happened?" "Hmmm, this is shocking!!"; etc.... These were just but a few of the exclamations, expressing shock and dismay at the passing on of our cherished Governor. Others simply were silent out of great shock!

In November 2014 a group of about twenty (20) matured women gathered from various backgrounds to follow a course of study in Entrepreneurship under the China Europe International Business School (CEIBS) Programme - Women Entrepreneurship and Leadership for Africa (WELA). It became necessary for the group to elect a Governor as the programme demanded and we did not have difficulty in electing Mrs. Marina Odei into that position, based on the leadership qualities she had exhibited during the few weeks that the group had been together. She fully assumed her responsibility of providing liaison between the group and the School; Marina endeared herself to all group members who nick-named her - **Gov. Gov.** In our work and studies both at the school here in Ghana and in Shanghai, she never stopped checking on members of the group to find out if everyone was okay. Finally, at our graduation in May 2015, our Governor delivered a very powerful valedictorian message, which attracted a loud applause and a standing ovation. This is the woman who death has snatched away from husband and child, friends and colleagues, larger family and society as a whole.

Our Governor was a hardworking and pleasant woman, who always wore a smile. She was a unifier who ensured cohesion within the group. Indeed, we have lost a beautiful colleague, a friend and an encourager. After completion of our course, she mooted the idea of staying in touch to support one another through sharing of experiences and this brought about our WhatsApp platform – 'Sister's Keepers'. When we had to meet somewhere and Marina is unable to join, she will follow up on the meeting with questions like: "Have you started? Who and who are present? "I hope you guys are having fun" "Send pictures"; etc..... It is difficult for us as a group and as individuals to accept Marina's passing but we believe that the Lord knows best. His ways are not our ways; neither are His thoughts our thoughts. We take consolation in the prayers of the Prophet Isaiah **"Good people die and no one understands or even cares. But when they die, no calamity can hurt them. Those who live good lives find peace and rest in death.) Isaiah 57:1-2)**

We share in the loss of the husband, child and her entire family and pray that the Great Comforter, the Lord Jesus Christ, will be their portion in these difficult moments. Through all the changing scenes of live, our Redeemer still liveth!

The 2014 CEIBS WELA Cohort says: Fare thee well, our one and only Governor. Rest in the Lords bosom till we meet again. AMEN!

TRIBUTE BY REGINA LARTEY



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.

-Henry Francis Lyte 1793-1847.

I met the late Mrs Marina Aba Odei about 24 years ago when she attended the Presbyterian Church of Ghana, Shalom Congregation; then, Osu North with Mr. Martin Odei after their marriage. I admired her from afar. We got together sooner than we could imagine because Martin, her husband has been my friend for many years. They usually sat together during service until he was elected as the financial secretary of the Men's Fellowship, hence he sat with the group.

I observed Nana Aba usually sat alone after her husband joined the aforementioned fellowship for some weeks until I approached her on one Sunday and invited her to join me in my corner, where I usually sit. We became very close from there on. Our friendship was unique. We could talk endlessly about everything, anything and nothing.

She was a very good conversationalist. My confidante, my sister from another mother.

Nana and Martin were ever present in all activities in my family.

I recall when my mother passed on, she and a Doctor friend of mine, wrote the tribute for me. My siblings thought I was the emotionally stable one. However, anytime I tried to put something on paper, I cried. Nana reassured me and asked that I gave her the gist of what I wanted to write. She wrote it wholeheartedly. She assisted in the funeral arrangements and anything possible to make me happy.

We discussed so many things at length whenever we met, not being aware of the time. Likewise when we call each other during such lengthy conversations on phone, she will interrupt by inquiring who called the other. She would then request to call when she realizes that I made the call.

I refer to her by various names; Auntie Sister Nana Aba, Mrs. Cecilia Marina Nana Aba Mbrah Cann Odei. She would always want me to add Princess.

Being formal with me, She called me Sister Larthey, Matron Larthey, Auntie Regina and also Auntie Sister Anorkor when she wanted to be mischievous.

Nana Aba was very generous to a fault. Her magnanimity knows no bound. She was always ready to give provided she has. She was stubborn too.

In 2017, Nana Aba and Martin visited me whilst on admission at the Korle Bu Teaching hospital. Little did we know that she would be admitted there two days later. We wondered why two friends should be admitted to the same hospital in different departments though. We encouraged each other, prayed together for our recovery and we all pulled through.

Nana, I knew you were unwell but not to the extent of dying. I've had sleepless nights, thinking about what could have gone wrong. I've been overwhelmed with grief since your passing. You indeed checked out when you received the location of your destination.

Brother, the son of a gentleman, Nana says thank you for your selfless care given during her ill health. You are truly a husband who understood the vows you took on your wedding day.

Nana knew her maker and I know she is at peace. Truly the Angels came for her when the time was due. Auntie sister Nana Aba, Mrs Cecilia Marina Nana Aba Mbrah Cann Odei, the Princess.

Korletsom Awula

Oke huɔ, da yei,

wɔ ojogbaa

Adieu

Rest well in the bosom of your maker.

HYMNS

PHB 307

1.
Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed Saints
Throng up the steeps of light.
â€˜Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin.
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.
2.
What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
The ringing of a thousand harps
Proclaims the triumph high.
O day for which creation,
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes,
A thousand fold repaid!
3.
O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.
4.
Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign!
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Savior come!

PHB 503

1.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe
on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
borne in a song to me.
Over the fields of glory, over the
crystal sea.
Refrain
Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe
on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
sweetly my soul shall rest.
2.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe
from corroding care,
Safe from the world's
temptations, sin cannot harm
me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials, only a
few more tears!
Refrain
3.
Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages, ever
my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
wait till the night is over;
Wait till I see the morning break
on the golden shore.
Refrain

AG 264

1. When peace like a river, flows over
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 with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.*
2. Though Satan should buffet, tho'
trails should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless
estate,
And has shed his own blood for my
soul.

AG 498

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.

HYMNS

AG 489

1. God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you:
God be with you till we meet again.
2. God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you:
God be with you till we meet again.
3. God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you.
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.
4. God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave
before you:
God be with you till we meet again!

PHB 787

1.
All the Saints shall be with God,
In Him they have treasure great.
They shall be with Christ their
Lord,
With Him they shall always live.
2.
Some are leaving us today,
Others soon shall follow them,
But we do not ask to know,
Whether here is home for us?

PHB 818

1.
This body we now bury here,
By faith we commit it to earth.
By faith we know that it shall
rise,
It shall rise to eternity.
2.
The body is of earth and dust,
To dust it must return again.
From dust it shall be raised to
life,
When trumpet of the angel
sounds.

PHB 1

1.
Now, thank we all our God, With
hearts and hands and voices!
Who wondrous things have
done, In whom this world
rejoices. Who from our mother's
arms, Has blessed us on our
way, With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.
2.
Before our life on earth, The Lord
God knew and loved us. He
freely gave all things, More than
we knew, He gave us. Therefore
we all must join To sing in
unison The praises of our God;
He is the God of Praise.

Appreciation

The entire family of the late
MRS. MARINA ABA ODEI
is sincerely grateful

for your immeasurable kindness
and expressions of sympathy.

Your prayers, presence and donations
have brought us untold comfort.
May God richly bless you.



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