

ORDER OF SERVICE

OFFICIATING CLERGY

1. Rev. Prof. Dorothy BEA Akoto
2. Rev. Gilbert Yaw Nachim
3. Rev. Akpene A. Atakro
4. Cat. Alfred Kenny-Kumah
5. Cat. Innocentia Akortsu

PART 1 - AT THE CHURCH SERVICE

1. Call to Worship
2. Hymn: EPH 267
3. Prayer and Creed
4. Anthem – Church Choir
5. Words of Welcome
6. Songs of Praises and Thanksgiving Offering - Family Praise Band
7. Biography
8. Anthem from Other Groups Available

9. Tributes: Children, Siblings, CYB and EPCG Adenta
10. Hymn: EPH 193
11. Sermon
12. Offering / Dedication of Offering -
13. Recognitions / Presentation of Wreaths / Announcements
14. Vote of Thanks
15. Hymn: 586
16. Liturgical Reading / Final Commendations
17. Closing Activities: Doxology / Closing Prayer / the Lord's Prayer and Benediction
18. Closing Hymn: 651

PART 2 - AT THE GRAVE SIDE

1. Invocation
2. Hymn 589: 1 – 2
3. Internment / Committal
4. Prayer and Benediction
5. Closing Hymn 591: 1 – 2

Bio graphy

MADAM EMELIA ESI FIAM-COBLAVIE

*"Precious in the sight of the Lord
is death of his saints". - Psalm116:15*

Emelia Esi Fiam-Coblavie, popularly known and called Teacher Esi, was born on Sunday, 30th September 1947 at Keta in the Volta Region.

She was the first girl child of her late mother, Madam Bertha Abla Glover, an accomplished seamstress in those days and the second child of her father, the late Fieldgate Arnold Fiam-Coblavie, a Health Education Officer of the Ministry of Health.

She commenced her primary education at the Evangelical Presbyterian Primary School at Anyako in the Keta District of the Volta Region in 1954.



She proceeded to the Anlo Awoanefia School in Anyako for her Middle School Education. After a four-year schooling period, she passed her Middle School Leaving Certificate examination with distinction.

During her period of primary and middle school education, she stayed with her grandmother, Mama,

Kuewornane Nutsuakor. It was during her stay with her grandmother that she was baptized in the church of the Apostles Revelation Society in 1959 at Agbozome in the Volta Region.

She relocated to Accra to stay with her uncle, Martin Glover. The quality of her success at the examination earned her admission to the Accra Teacher Training College in 1964 for a professional teacher training course. She completed the course in 1968 as a qualified trained teacher.

After her professional training at the Accra Teacher Training College, Emelia was posted to Kasseh L/A Primary School.

In 1970, Emelia had the privilege to travel to the United Kingdom and was seen off into the aeroplane by her father. After staying in the UK for five years, Emelia returned to Ghana to continue with her teaching profession which was so passionate to her.

From the UK, she came back to Accra where she stayed for some time and was later transferred to the Eastern Region to continue teaching. Emelia was posted to Sarkodie L/A Primary "C" School in Koforidua.

In 1977, she was transferred to the Sarkodie L/ A Primary

"B" School, also in Koforidua where she taught till 1988.

From there, she moved to Koforidua-Ada L/A Primary "B" School and taught there for two years and was later transferred to Nana Kwaku Boateng Primary "A" School, also in Koforidua where she taught from 1990 to 2002.

Emelia's last station was the New Juaben M/A Primary School in Koforidua where she taught from the year 2002 until she retired in the year 2007.

With time, Sister Esi retired from her hard work of imparting knowledge to the youth and settled in her residence at Lakeside Estates, Ashaley Botwe, where she enjoyed visits from her family, children and friends.

She took a lot of pride in her role as a family elder in her old age and took part in most family activities, including funerals, marriage and naming ceremonies, among other engagements.

Teacher Esi was a devoted Christian as a result of her upbringing. She later joined the Evangelical Presbyterian Church, Koforidua. On her relocation to Accra, she joined the EP Church, Adenta (Grace and Peace Congregation). She was a patron and an active member of the CYB Group

“And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.” Amen. - Rev. 14:13

She had an immense passion for travelling, dancing and cooking.

Emelia was a woman of strength and character as she took full charge and control of every situation she found herself in. As a strict disciplinarian, Teacher Esi will never shy away from disciplining errant ones around her. She would be remembered as someone who expressed her views on issues, regardless of who was involved.

In the year 2010 sickness began to have its toll on Teacher Esi. Several visits to hospitals failed to address her health needs. She was not perturbed but had hope in God.

But as fate would have it, she passed on peacefully on the 16th February 2023 at the 37 Military Hospital Emelia is survived by brothers and sisters, cousins, in-laws, her two children, Edem Amekuedi and Harriet Fosuhene and their spouses, as well as her many nephews and nieces to mourn her.

Emelia will be dearly missed by all her family and many

friends and loved ones but we are comforted by these words;

*“Those we love don't go away,
they walk beside us every day.
Unseen, unheard but always near,
still loved, still missed and held so dear”*

Sweet Emelia, you were a pillar of strength to the family. Your departure has created a great void that can never be filled. You are gone but not forgotten. Your memory will live in our hearts forever.

As Christians, we believe that the Lord gave you to us and the Lord has taken you away to be with him. Thanks be to God.

Emelia, you have earned your rest. So rest peacefully in the arms of your maker until the resurrection morning when we meet and part no more. We love you and may your soul rest in perfect peace.

Dzudzɔle Nutifafa Me.

TRIBUTE BY
CHILDREN



Edem

Today, I stand here to pay respects to a remarkable woman who has left an indelible mark in my life. My mother was not just a parent to me, but also a mentor who instilled in me the values of love, patience and selflessness. She was always there for me, providing unwavering support, encouragement, and inspiration. Her love was unconditional and she taught me to extend that same love to others.



Not one for youthful folly, I recount times when her bid to correct me would include a good dose of scolding and a set of house chores as my punishment. These experiences strengthened me to be independent, and has given me the resilient character traits that embody me today. I will also like to recall this fond memory of her. I one day gave her a surprise visit in Ghana without her knowledge. As I knocked on her door late that night, she wondered who was there. I wish I could see that look on her face again after she saw me standing there in disbelief with a shocked look

on her face. For all her hard work raising me to who I am today, I say thank you Mum.

As I grieve your loss, I find comfort in knowing that your spirit lives on in my heart. The poet Rumi once wrote, *"Goodbyes are only for those who love with their eyes. Because for those who love with heart and soul, there is no such thing as separation."*

My mother's love and spirit will always be with me, even though she is no longer physically present. Her legacy of love, kindness and compassion will continue to inspire me and I will carry her memory in my heart forever. I will honour her by continuing to live my life with the same selflessness and grace that she embodied.

As I bid farewell to my beloved mother, who touched so many lives with her kindness, love and unwavering patience, I remain reminded that her legacy of love and selflessness will continue to live on through me. I will cherish the memories I hold dear and strive to make the world a better place in her honour.

However, may I at this point state that my mother was made of flesh and blood. She was human and may have stepped on toes unknowingly in the course of her life journey. I am making a plea to all such persons to please forgive her. She's gone and never to be seen again on this earth.

Mum, I will miss your requests for KFS better known as KFC.

Rest in peace, Mum, you will always hold a special place in my heart. You will be deeply missed mum, but will never be forgotten.

Harriet

*Dear Mother,
You may have departed
our earthly realm, but you
shall never be forgotten.*

Aunties Esi, Sister Esi, Teacher Esi, Miss Coblavie, Madam Emelia, Osino Hema..... your names were uncountable. But today you are not responding to any of them..... Hmmm.

My mother, my twin sister, my adviser, my

disciplinarian, and my motivator is gone without saying good bye.....

You have been called by the angels of heaven leaving me with pains and a heavy heart. I will miss your sense of



humour and laughter, wisdom and your advice, most importantly your positiveness and love.

Mom, I had never missed a birthday card from you duly signed "From Mum" and it will be followed by happy birthday song with your lovely voice.

Mother, I am proud to be your daughter, because you made all the sacrifices to take care of me from childhood till I completed training college. You even went to change my first posting from Kibi to Suhum before I even got to know, because you wanted me to be home with you. I am the person I am today because of your love and guidance. You taught me the meaning of love, honesty and hard work, you taught me life is about making sacrifices and living faithfully in every endeavor. You welcomed family and friends to our home and made sure they were well fed and comfortable.

Mom retired from active teaching service and relocated to Accra from Koforidua. We had the best of times together in Accra until she felt sick. We visited several clinics and hospitals with the hope that you will recover fully but it never happened as expected.

My trip to China for further studies was with mixed feelings due to your sickness but God being so good, I came back to meet you with excitement because at a point, we taught you could not make it.

As I am writing this tribute, with my eyes filled with tears because I am going to miss our regular Sunday visits after church over the rice and beans (waakye) with the gari fotor and sauce you have been preparing. Now my regular Sunday visits to your place will be no more, who will call me and ask me to bring her apples, mentos chewing gum, chocolate, vitamilk, KFC or pizza?

In the evening of 15th February, 2023 after work, I had a call from Vida telling me you had refused to eat all day and I asked if I should pass by but since it was late I decided to go home and come the next morning. I did as promised and came over, I called Aunty Esi and you responded yes! I asked how you were doing and you responded "Nyame Adom" I asked if you will drink tea and you responded in the affirmative and truly you drunk your milo and took some bites of your favorite golden tree chocolate. This was the last experience we shared until you were rushed in an ambulance to 37 Military Hospital, never to return.

You have made a wonderful and unforgettable mark in my life. You were most loving, kind, inspiring, and caring. You were everything good that words cannot express.

Rejoice in the heavens, mum till we meet again. I will always love you.

Yours always,
Adwoa Kyerewaa.

TRIBUTE BY

Siblings



*'Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise
The glories of my Lord and King
The triumphs of his glories'*

It is often said that life is like a river with two shores. Through birth we are born onto the physical shore and with death, we are ushered onto the Godly/Spiritual shore. On the journey along the river, we are confronted with all manner of struggles and face periods of calm and other occasions being storm tossed. Pleasures are alloyed with pain and unmixed happiness is not found anywhere.

Sister Esi, (our 2nd big sister in the line of birth of the Fiam-Coblavies) it is with great pain and a deep heart of sorrow we gather around your mortal remains to mourn and bid you farewell. Your death has made us feel that it is only the Lord who redeems and reminds us that death, a necessary end, will come when it will come.

It is such a difficult time for us but the great memories we had with you consoles us. Your presence at our family gatherings gave it a touch that brought a lot of joy to us such that we always looked forward to reconnecting these gatherings.

We are blessed we had you as our big sister and grateful to God to note that you kept your faith and served the Lord to the end. May you rest well in the bosom of your maker till we meet again.

Fare thee well Sister Esi! We shall sorely miss you!

TRIBUTE BY

Sister Agnes



*And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.
And there shall be no more death. Neither sorrow,
nor crying. Neither shall there be any more pain,
For the former things are passed away.*

My Dear Sister, I watched you wage a courageous fight in the battle of Sickness. You were brave, strong and tough.

I knew the extent to which your health had deteriorated, but I had hope that the Good Lord, will make things turn around for you.

However, God who created you knows what is best for you, and has called you home. I am grief stricken. I don't think of you as being gone because, our faith and belief in

Jesus teaches us to know that the journey has just began. Life on this earth is short yet we had our periods of fond memories.

The Lord gave and has taken. We had our differences like any other human being but these were to a large extent solved among ourselves. I am grateful for that.

I think of you as living in the Hearts of those you touched. For nothing loved is ever lost.

It is my humble wish that Gods glorious light will forever shine upon you, as your body rests peacefully here on earth, whiles your Soul lives eternally in the bosom of your maker.

I conclude my tribute with the message from John 16:22

*"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"*

My Dear sister I now know that I Will journey on this earth alone only supported and guided by the word of God and in the company of believers.

No matter what, I have missed you, the children miss you and the entire family miss you.

Rest in Perfect Peace – Your Sister "Agnes Aggie"

TRIBUTE BY Glover Family



*Thus we will pass on this earth and its tailings
Only remembered by what we have done
I bid you farewell, but we shall meet again
Peace be yours.
Thus we will pass on this earth and its tailings.
Only remembered by what we have done.
I bid you farewell, but we shall meet again.
Peace be yours.*

In front of us lies the mortal remains of our mother, aunt, sister, church member, a former staff, a friend etc.

In this state, she can neither do or say anything. Her spirit has left her to the maker. The Lord has given and the Lord has taken. Glory be to his name.

Emelia Esi Coblavi was born like any other child into a family. Her birth was all joy, but her departure is all sorrow. That is how the world was designed.

As a family, we have lost an individual with the following qualities:

An individual who does not tolerate children poking their mouths in conversations of the elderly.

She upholds the adage that, cleanliness is next to Godliness; hence she would ensure that wherever she is, the

kitchen, the compound, the toilets are totally clean.

She was one individual who had a deep sense of remembrance and a clear recollection of events and expected all friends and relatives to have same. Thus if you were with her and unable to recollect whatever she was talking about, you would receive some bashing.

All those who passed through her domestic tutelage can attest to those qualities.

As a family we had a disciplinarian of the highest order. We have lost the goddess of cleanliness.

We as a family acknowledge your presence to join us to mourn our departed Teacher Esi. You have all interacted with Emelia in various life situations. You did so many things with her and through that, have various degrees of fond memories of her.

In whatever form you knew and acted together with her during her lifetime, please accept her as she was and keep such memories for that is what motivated you to be present here to mourn with us.

We appreciate and acknowledge your presence. For those who hold any grudge against her for one thing or the other, we as a family pleads with you to forgive her. To err is human. She is no more.

Thank you for your presence, your show of sympathy and your emotional support. God bless you all.

*"The Sun rises and sets,
The moon comes out,
And brightens the environment,
And later enters into darkness,
Such is life".*

Fare thee well, Sister Esi, sleep well.
May the Angels of God escort you to golden shores of heaven.

TRIBUTE BY

Esinam Glover Okai & Family



*"Blessings abound wherever He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest". (MHB 272 - 4)*

It is real. You have faded away like the stars of the morning. You have played the motherly role. You made your mark here on earth and we appreciate you for the impact you made in our lives.

Many are your good deeds. We specifically remember how much you cared for us and your preparations for

road-trips. Your car was usually filled with all the snacks one needed to enjoy a trip. We will no longer hear you mention our names.

You will be sorely missed. May Mother Earth rest softly on you. Rest Well my Mum and Sister.

TRIBUTE TO MY TEACHER FRIEND - "TEACHER ESI" BY

Korku Glover



"He will wipe away every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death, or mourning, or crying, or pain, for the old order of things has passed away".

- Rev. 21:4

Grief has taken over all our households, and our lives. We are sad and filled with sorrow.

We have lost a dear one, we have lost a family member, we have lost a friend. A friend among friends. We grieve because we have fond memories of various activities, duties and fun we had with the departed.

Our days with our Grandma in Anyako, the times we spent on the lagoon, beaches of Anyako, school escapades and sometimes big sister discipline. When news came around that there would be a cinema show at the school park, my friend teacher Esi will ensure that we performed all domestic chores promptly to prevent Grandma from having any excuse of preventing us to be part of the village fun.

We all found ourselves in Accra for reasons of education. We kept together for a while then separated to our various schools. Esi taking the lead.

Then emerged a teacher, ready to deliver, take control, and get pupils to their books thus creating a path to their future.

Teacher Esi, like other teachers especially the teaching level, she was dedicated enough to be described as "a single fruit tree with multiple fruits in their various species".

A single teacher who nurtures, Doctors, Politicians, Accountants, Policemen, Soldiers, Engineers, Architects, Nurses, Lawyers, Diplomats, Farmers, Business Men and what have you.

Today all of us gathered here can attest and confirm that we can find the product of Teachers established in their various professions around all corners of the world. The pride of Teachers.

But when the hour strikes, it is an irony, all these products are lost to the teacher.

When sickness struck, these individuals were nowhere to be seen or heard of. *“teacher where is thy crown”*. The irony of our world.

Teacher Esi – Ayekoo, my friend the teacher, Ayekoo.
“Awoamefia mourns you”

“Juaben mourns you”
“Akoshie junction mourns you”

You did what a teacher should do, and you did it well. You were master disciplinarian for recalcitrant troublesome pupils and truants.

Teacher Esi would surely discipline you for the following:

- Crying without being beaten.
- Crying too long after being beaten.
- Not crying after being beaten.
- Eating food prepared for visitors.
- Eating food in a neighbours house.
- Not finishing your food.
- Eating and talking.
- Looking at visitors while they are eating.

- When you look at an elder through the corners of the eyes.
- When you do not wash your dish after eating.
- When you do not bath.
- For not answering when spoken to.

Sickness took hold of Teacher Esi and
life became unbearable.
God saw you getting tired
When a cure was not to be.
So, he wrapped his arms around you
And whispered “come to me”.
You didn't deserve what you went through,
So he gave you needed rest.
God's garden must be beautiful,
He only takes the best.
And when I saw you sleeping
So peaceful and free from pain,
I could not wish you back
To suffer that again.

FROM THE WORDS OF STEVE JOBS

... Death is the destination we all share
No one has ever escaped it,
It is life's change agent,
It clears out the old to
Make way for the new.

My friend, my sister, fare thee well.
What a friend to have in Jesus.
Rest in perfect peace.

TRIBUTE BY In-Law



Dr. Samuel K. Fosuhene



Ma, you have left a deep void in my heart. The first time we met was in 2009. Harriet brought me home to meet you and it was all smiles. You accepted me as your son and jovially exclaimed, 'you are welcome into this family'. You entrusted your daughter into my hands and always lit up on our Sunday visits to your abode.

Ma Esi, it was never a boring moment with you and your lively energy filled up every room you were in. Your firm advice and care were never lost on me, even as the ails of health brought its undesired arduousness, you were exceptionally strong and cheerful. It filled me with personal awe.

Ma, they say you are in a better place. But, is there a better place than being surrounded by the people you love and love you back? Yes. The better place is being in the arms of your Maker, in His presence of unspeakable joy and the fullness of His grace. Where you can rejoice and praise Him even as we are here on earth and sing with you. We sing one of your favourite hymns,

*'To God be the glory, great things He hath done,
So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,
Who yielded His life our redemption to win,
And opened the life-gate that all may go in.*

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Let the earth hear His voice;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Let the people rejoice;
Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory; great things He hath done".*

Damrifi Due.
Till we Meet Again, Ma.

TRIBUTE BY

In-Law



Margaret Nyamador Amekuedi (Mrs)

Philippians 1:21-23

For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. If I am to live in the flesh, that means fruitful labor for me. Yet which I shall choose I cannot tell. I am hard pressed between the two. My desire is to depart and be with Christ, for that is far better.



There are no good-byes, wherever you are, you will always be in our heart. We will always miss and love you.

May your strong but gentle soul rest in perfect peace, and may eternal light perpetually shine upon you now and forever.

Rest in Perfect Peace, Esi Coblavie.

TRIBUTE BY

Juliana Bamfo



A good friend is hard to find.....I met Aunty Esi in 1972 right after she had returned from the UK. Aunty Esi as she was affectionately known joined the teaching staff at Sarkodee Primary 'D' School in Koforidua under the leadership of the late Mr. G.O. Boateng, Headmaster.

Aunty Esi has been my sister and part of my family both in Koforidua and in Osino. We had our good days and some bad days. Esi was always on time waiting for me to get ready. There were many occasions she left me behind and that would lead to us not speaking for days, yet we still did things together.

One of the silly things we used to do and we were known for was that whenever she visited (which was almost everyday), we will walk each other back and forth for hours because we had something to talk about. We both loved talking and had the best conversations.

In 1989, I joined my husband Napoleon in the USA. That transition was emotionally traumatic for Esi and I, but separation did not affect our friendship. We communicated through letters and phone calls until we met in person back in 1993. In 2019, I retired from working and

moved back to Ghana. Living in Accra gave me the opportunity to see Esi frequently.

Auntie Esi assumed the role of a fulltime mother to my children while I was away. She was the one who helped prepare my two girls for boarding school in Ghana Secondary School (GHANASS). She continued to help other family members as well.

"I've learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but they will never forget how you made them feel". - Maya Angelou.

Words cannot express what you mean to me and the love you have for my family. So as you start your journey home, know Edem and Adjoa Kyerewaa are in great care. Rest in eternal peace my beautiful friend.

Aunty Esi, Da Yie !!! Rest in Peace, till we Meet Again!!!

TRIBUTE BY THE

E.P. Church, Ghana
GRACE & PEACE CONGREGATION,
ADENTA - ACCRA.



"But we do not want you to be uninformed, brothers, about those who are asleep, that you may not grieve as others do who have no hope. For since we believe that Jesus died and

rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have fallen asleep." - 1Thess 4:13-14

As death is necessary end, we all have appointments. The first is death and the second is judgement. As human beings, all of us will go through these Appointments.

The news of Madam Emelia Esi Fiam-Coblavie was received sadly and calmly. Even though us knew that she was sick.

As Christians we believe in the resurrection and it's only through death we can go to eternity. Aunty Esi as we used call her joined Grace and Peace Congregation when she relocated to Adenta in 2005 from Koforidua. She was a very lively person who was regular at Church until she was down with sickness. She was a communicant to the last day of her life. Her financial obligations were fulfilled.

She was a Patron of the CYB. Financially, she was a rock behind the group. She was kind, peaceful and always an advisor to the young members. She decided to become a full member / Patron to CYB till her final breath.

She was visited by the Clergy and the last Communion was given to her a day before her call. We as a church have lost a strong member. We are sure of one thing, Jesus loves her. We also love her, but God knows best.

Rest in Peace till we Meet Again.....
Aaaa.... Adentaaa.....Aaaa.....Kristo.

TRIBUTE BY

Adenta CYB



"We never lose people we love, even to death. They continue to participate in every act, thought and decision we make. Their love leaves an indelible imprint in our memories. We find comfort in knowing that our lives have been enriched by having shared their love" - Leo Buscaglia.

Madam Emelia Coblavie was a strong patron to the Adenta CYB from 2007 when she retired from her teaching job and relocated to Accra. She was dedicated and never relented whenever the group went to her for assistance. Along the line, she expressed desires to be a full member of the Adenta CYB since she was impressed with our activities and song ministrations in church, hence she became a "Patron/Member".

When her health began to fail her, we never left her. We were always by her side singing and praying with her to return to us. She was a peacemaker who love for unity among members at all times.

Though her Health was deteriorating each day we visited and we hope that she will recover and join us, but alas God's ways are not our ways neither his thoughts our thought. Madam Emelia, we love you but God loves you best. We wish to be by your side to sing those melodious songs you always requested from us.

Xede Nyui, Dzudzor Le Nutifafa Me.

TRIBUTE BY

Vida Nyamekye and Children



Awwo! My deepest loss! My only loving mother who was my friend, my advisor, my encourager, and comforter. Anytime I cried, she would be there to comfort me.

Auntie Esi, I came to your house on 23rd January 2019 and you took me as your own daughter. You said when I was with you, you felt like your own daughter is with you. You even changed my name to your mother's name "Abla" and you started adding some names such as Abla Daa , Abla Ga, Abla Korkor, Sister Abla, Abla tornye, Abla lorlortor.

You loved and cared for me, and what even surprised me was, anytime I was sad or depressed, you knew it, and the advice you gave me was "Abla, B.P is real so stop thinking and put everything in God hands", "Abla, it shall be well okay?", and you did everything possible for me to laugh.

You were like a mother to me and you took my children as your own grand-children. We will miss your voice. Auntie Esi, you shall always remain in our hearts.

Rest in Peace.













Sister Emelia Esi dancing with her uncle,
(the late) Dr. Hope Fiam-Coblavie





Madam Emelia Esi with CYB group