





## FUNCTIONARIES

### OFFICIATING CLERGY

Very Rev. Joshua Boama-Darko  
(Supt. Minister)  
Very Rev. Selassie Gbogbo  
(Shiloh Society)  
Rev. Charlotte Esi Essuman  
(Trinity Society)  
Very Rev. Geoffery Aggrey Solomon  
Very Rev. Dr. Mathias Forson

### ORGANIST

Bro. Claude G. Ennin  
Bro. Ebenezer Blankson

### STEWARDS

Bro. Ebenezer K. Sam  
Bro. Daniel Bediako

## BURIAL, MEMORISAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE LATE MADAM MERCY JACKSON.

### ORDER OF SERVICE

1. Sentences and purpose of gathering
2. Prayers
3. Biography and tributes
4. Hymn – MHB 50
5. Scripture Reading – 1 Thes. 4:13-18S
6. Hymn – MHB 515
7. Song Ministration by Friends of Bernard
8. Short Exhortation
9. Song Ministration 2 by Friends of Bernard
10. Offering
11. Commendation
12. Announcement
13. Closing Hymn – MHB 528
14. Closing Prayer/Benediction

### AT THE CEMETERY

1. Hymn – MHB 615
2. Committal
3. Vote of thanks – By family
4. Closing Hymn – C.A.N 324
5. Closing Prayer/ Benediction



will lift up my eye unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth. He will not allow my foot to be moved, he who keeps me will not slumber. Behold he who keep it real shall neither slumber nor sleep Psalm 121:1-4

The late Madam Mercy Jackson was born on 3rd June 1965 at Tarkwa to Mr. Isaac Jackson and Mrs. Mary Jackson all of blessed memory. She attended Nsawam Methodist Primary School from 1971 - 1981 where she obtained her middle level certificate and

later continued her education at Boateng Girls Vocational at Nsawam from 1983-1986, where she passed out with flying colours.

She later met and fell in love with Sampson De-Graft Yankey of blessed memory. The two lovebirds were blessed with three wonderful children: Mrs. Rita Opokua Owiredu Martey, Bernard Fiifi Yankey and Dennis Kwabena Yankey.

She joined the Ghana National Fire Service where she rose through the ranks up to the present rank of Group Officer I. As an officer, Madam Jackson sustained and upheld the highest traditions of the position. Her dynamic forcefulness and skilled leadership characterized her as an outstanding leader who was ambitious about attaining goals and raising the standard. With five more years to her retirement, these qualities will indeed be missed and cherished in her absence. Her integrity and insistence on ethical practice in the service shall be remembered with reverence and

profound gratitude. Madam Mercy was an active member de-Graft Johnson Memorial Methodist Women's Fellowship where she developed and strengthened her faith and that of others. She was ever ready to find ways to be involved in the mission of the church.

Sorrow fills our hearts this moment. A sorrow that is deep and beyond personal. A big tree has fallen in our family. Nevertheless, the Holy Spirit still comforts us for our sister is resting in the Lord's bosom. This is a day we will never forget. She was the best gift from God to us. Madam Jackson was especially known for her hospitality, she always believed in the greater good and did not hesitate to extend a helping hand. She was a mother to all she encountered, and her kind-heartedness will be terribly missed. Her smile, sense of humor, affection to us and all loved ones will never be forgotten.

Mercy will be remembered for being a loving mother who was present in the lives of her children and championed them in what they set out to achieve. She believed that everything can be learned through hard work and dedication. Her dedication and resourcefulness have been a crucial part of her journey, qualities that shaped her into a woman of diligence and service. She was too much in every good and positive way and now, this abundant blessing of her life has parted with us.

Mercy, we will always miss you. May the good Lord keep your soul forever.





He

e will wipe every tear from our eyes and there will be no more death or sorrow or crying or pain. All these things are gone forever – Revelation: 21:4

The news of your passing on the morning of February 28 still, to this day, carries with it a shock and a deep sorrow that has changed our lives and left an ache in our hearts. For every moment we have shed tears and have been gripped by silence in the wake of your death, we are not only mourning this grave loss, we are also willing ourselves to come to terms with the reality that we will no longer be graced with the gift of your presence. With pride, we will speak your name and remember the life of purpose and service you lived.

There are not enough words to describe a woman who has lived a life of full compassion, nurturing and with a remarkable influence on whoever crosses her path. Memories are there to remind us of that which was, and Mercy was one of a kind. She rendered her best efforts in all she set out to do and was relentless until a goal was reached. No language can express our thankfulness for the beauty and power of the life she lived. Her love was daring and enduring, and her home was a safe haven where we could all find peace and happiness spending time together. We have looked up to her in moments of trials and now she has taught us valuable lessons of living and choosing to love without measure. We have been fortunate to spend time with Mercy, to listen to her stories and share special moments of celebration and growth with her.

We are yet to meet an extraordinary woman of her kind – someone whose heart was so big, so gracious, she always had enough to go around. Someone who, through her own generosity, taught us what it means to give in a world that would rather withhold, to unite in a world that would rather divide and to constantly choose love, no matter the grievances that abound. No matter what went on, no matter how hard got, she was a woman who showed up, stood firm for what she believed in and was ever ready to champion others on their journey. As a family, you will forever be in our hearts until we meet again. The body may run its course but the soul lives forever. We believe that those we love are never truly gone and the beloved memory of Mercy is still with us.

**MAY YOUR SOUL REST IN PERFECT PEACE OUR DEAREST MOTHER AND SISTER, MERCY YAA JACKSON  
DEMIRIFA DUE!**





We can't think of any other way to begin this than to look to your joy and how your presence was all it took to make our home what it was. Your passion with living your days, your remembrance on the fleeting nature of life and how this truth made you more alive and more grateful to yourself and everyone around you. Mother, this a loss we was never prepared for and in this short time of you leaving us, We have felt deep sorrow and have ached in your absence. Today more than ever, we feel profound gratitude and honor for having been loved unconditionally by you. You led by example and everything you've taught me over the years are lessons that will stay a lifetime.

We are grieving the loveliest woman we've ever known. She was hardworking and responsible and by this very nature, she strived as a single parent to give us everything we needed. A life of abundance was only possible because she never gave up on what was her priority- family. Her generosity knew no boundaries and we are yet to find anyone so optimistic, so filled with hope that even at the weakest point in her life, she couldn't hide a smile or fill a room with love. Through her strength, she taught me to be strong and through her love she taught me to care about others.

We are talking about a woman who extended hospitality to nearly everyone she encountered. She would offer lifts to school kids and did not hesitate to give of her time and gifts. I'll never forget her charm, her consistent kindness and the ways she touched so many lives.

We will miss her friendship, one that is no doubt irreplaceable. Time with her was pure delight. Our conversations and laughter over phone, our gossips and jokes will be a huge void. I will miss sneaking around and snatching her money. We have lost my companion of good counsel. We wish we could bring you back to life, Ma. We planned to take trips together and all this will stay a memory. You wanted grandkids and I'm saddened that you'll miss all the tremendous moments of my life. We have friends who have admired the bond we had with our mother and to think that this is no more hurts me.

All of this feels like a dream and it is the most difficult thing we have to do to accept this reality. I still cannot fathom that she's gone at such a young age. Just at the moment she could finally reap the fruits of her labor, she departed from us. We are thankful for her kind and beautiful presence, her unrelenting strength and for all that she was to us the best mother one could ask for, a wonderful listener, a best friend in all the seasons of life. Truly one in a million. We have lost our greatest gift ever, but we know she would want us to be strong and accomplish all we set our minds to do. We will remain comforted by the joyful memories and the hope of seeing you again. While we are devastated, your compassion and selfless humanity will guide and strengthen us to move forward. Mommy, may God grant you eternal peace. We love you so much. Farewell.





“  
W

e 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 have passed away. (Revelations 21:4) Although the concept of the eternity of a soul tempts our mind, the thought of death always strikes our heart like a thunderbolt. The grief of the death of a beloved one cannot be washed out even with an ocean of water. On the other hand, neither prolonged sorrow nor an aching heart can restore our dear one to the mortal state again.

Therefore, as Shakespeare stated in Henry VI 'To weep is to make less the depth of grief' it is better to elasticize the depth of our heart to contain sorrow and reverence for the dead one instead of draining it out with tears  
My mother-in-law was a complete mother. Showering me, her son-in-law with immense love, care affection and advice and called me her first born

Your motherly love was exceptionally irreplaceable, losing you to death at this time is a painful experience. Mr Martey, as you affectionately called me almost every morning to check up on me , my beautiful wife and little Comfort Asiedua Martey, (your grandchild), you called her Cornie and she calls you Grandma.

Even though death leaves a heartache no one can heal, love leaves a memory no one can steal. Therefore, I am very confident that your love and care demonstrated towards humanity lives on and cannot be stolen.  
Auntie Mercy, you have indeed fought the good fight and have kept the faith.

*May the good Lord grant you a perfect rest in His bosom till we meet again.*

”







**T**RIBUTE FOR THE LATE GO 1 MERCY JACKSON BY GHANA NATIONAL FIRE SERVICE, WEIJA DIVISION.

The pain of parting is the price all loved ones will pay one day and it grieves our hearts to bid farewell to our beloved colleague whom we affectionately call Madam Mercy.

GO 1 Mercy Jackson whose body is laid before us here was enlisted into the fire service 1st December 1989. She was posted to the tailoring department of the City Fire Station, which is now Atlantic fire station at Makola, in the Greater Accra Region, after successfully passing out from her training. In 2014, GO 1 Mercy Jackson was transferred from Atlantic fire station to Weija Fire Station.

She was appointed officer in charge of welfare and women affairs. She was a punctual and hardworking officer. As an officer in charge, she was disciplined and strict and always ensured the right thing was done. She used to advise all young ones to be obedient and respectful.

GO 1 Mercy Jackson, due to her hard work was later appointed as the officer in charge of safety at the fire post in the Galilea market of which she did an excellent job. She brought a lot of changes which will never be forgotten

Madam Mercy, your demise had created a vacuum that cannot be filled. GO 1 mercy was both an advisor and a problem solver. She was compassionate and loving. We remember vividly how she used to support us by lending us loans anytime we knock at her door with our problems. She never hesitates to give us, but she will rather quote 'fire biiny3 gbaa minak3 sika sane'

GO 1 Mercy Jackson, even though we were aware of your ill health during the last few months of your life, little did we know the inevitable will occur soon. We however give thanks to Almighty god because that is His will for us, for he has called to a peaceful eternal rest of his will. We love you dearly but God your creator loves you most.

*Till we meet again, Madam Mercy we say, rest in perfect peace. Amen*



TRIBUTE BY  
THE REV. J.W. deGRAFT  
JOHNSON MEMORIAL  
METHODIST CHURCH  
- NGLESHIE AMANFRO



He will wipe 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)

The late Mercy Jackson aka 'Fire' as we affectionately called her was a member of the Methodist Church Ghana. She transferred her membership from Rev. Peter Quaye Dagadu Methodist, Osu to Rev. J.W. deGrift Johnson Memorial Methodist Church in the year 2012. Madam Mercy Jackson's desire to serve her maker was demonstrated in the punctuality to church and the Ga Bible Class. She would always want to share an experience to support whatever we were learning at Bible Class.

Mercy was also a member of the Women's Fellowship. She was a very approachable person, always smiling. She treated all who came her way with respect. A woman ready to share the little she had. Indeed, she knew her maker and lived to honour Him.

Our dear sister fell sick some time back and she went through a lot of pain. These were indeed difficult moment even for us who visited her.

Indeed, the plan of God is not that of man, as a Christian family we thank God for the time she spent with us and take solace in the fact that she knew her maker. Mercy, the Rev. J. W. deGrift-Johnson Memorial Methodist Society in which you worshipped bids you farewell.

*Fare thee well, Dayie, yaawo odzogban, Nyame nfa wo nsie.*

*Amen.*



Now we know that if the earthly tent is destroyed, we have a building from God, an external house in Heaven, not built by human hands. Meaning, while we groan, longing to be clothed with our Heavenly dwelling". 2 Corinthians 5:1 – 2

It is with deep sorrow that we pay our heartfelt tribute to the cherished memory of our beloved Sister, Mercy Jackson, ( aka ) ' fire '.

Sister Mercy joined the Women`s Fellowship on 2nd June, 2012 when she relocated to Elder Duah at American Farm and fellowshiped with the church.

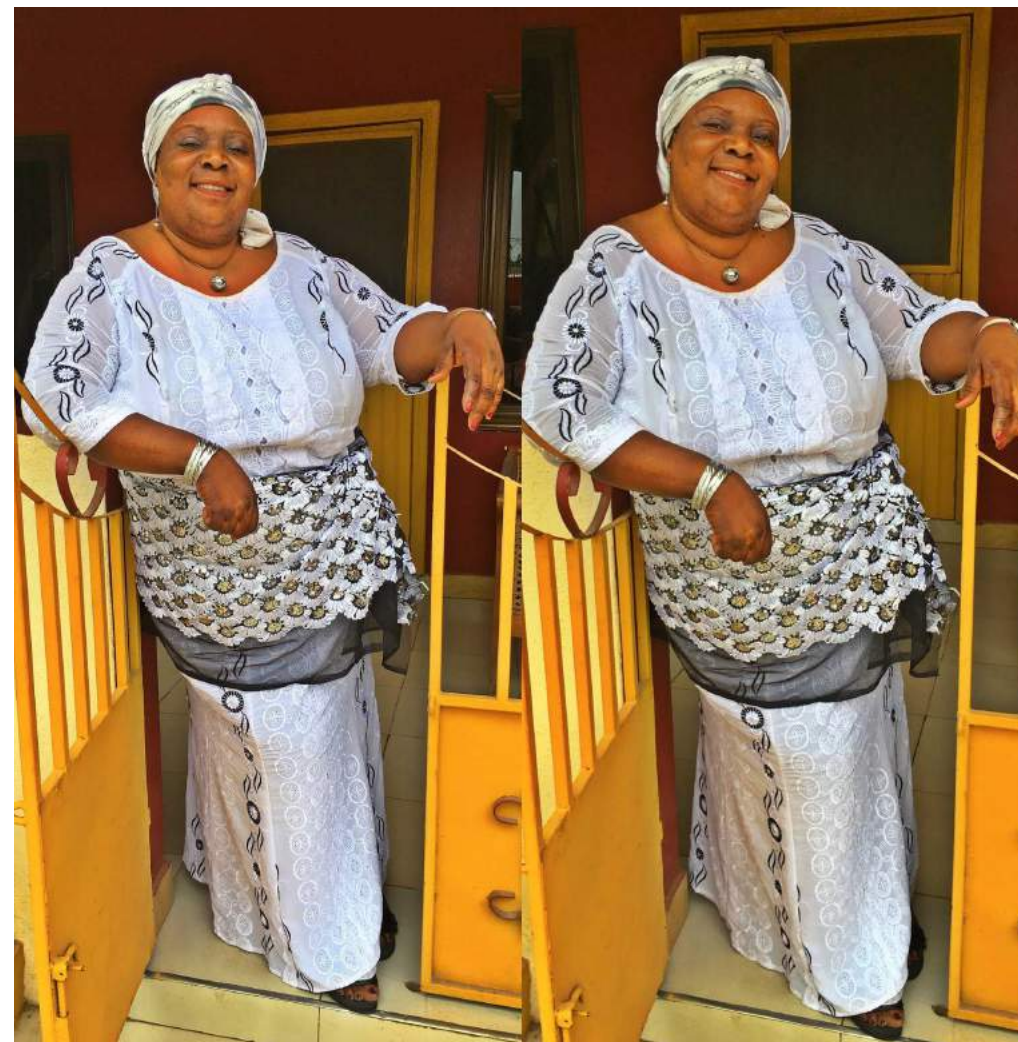
Due to the nature of her work, she could not attend to meetings regularly but was committed to all her responsibilities as a fellowship member. That is to say, she was a member in good standing with the fellowship.

Really, it is so painful for the good work of our dear sister to come to a sudden end, and why such a time when the fellowship would have needed her services most. We the Women of the Church will never forget Sister Mercy`s character of exceptional devotion to prayer as well as to see the well - being of other members.

We remember her most of the time on the need for members of the fellowship to always pray for one another since everyone needed prayer. We have really lost a great member and a lovely Sister. Notwithstanding, we do celebrate her with joy in our hearts in recognition of her great service to the women`s fellowship. But even while we weep, we are not like those without hope. The good news is that the members of the church are consoled that our departed Sister is resting peacefully in the bosom of the Almighty God.

We have high hopes, we would meet in eternity.  
Till we meet again!

Fare thee well!





TRIBUTE BY  
FRIENDS

HOME CALL - MADAM MERCY JACKSON

W

ho doesn't like great company, who doesn't love a cheerful heart, who doesn't like to have a friend who stands by you in all things and who will ever forget a friend who puts others before her.

This is who Mercy was to us. A friend who never would allow the issues of life to sink any of us down, a friend who stood by us through all the changing scenes of life, a friend who's home was always open to all of us.

We still find it difficult to come to terms with your passing! Mercy, we never expected your sickness to take you away from us! Why so soon! We wanted to celebrate all our milestones together! What about the plans for our 60th and 70th birthday parties? Who will plan them now? Who will arrange the good food and drinks Mercy?

You were next to none. This void your passing has created cannot be filled by anyone. We only take consolation in the fact that you have being relieved of your duties here and called to a more heavenly one where you will receive rest for your tired soul. We will miss you Mercy, only heaven knows why we have to say goodbye now but for us it's not goodbye, it's thank you!

Thank you your your golden heart, thank you for your consistent and persistent calls for us to put God and family first, thank you for the time you had for all of us, thank you for great company and good food we can never forget. Thank you Mercy. We will never forget you our dear friend. Rest well, till we meet again. Damirifa Due.

HOME CALL - MADAM MERCY JACKSON





*Hymns*

**MHB 50**

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green, He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me,  
And in God'd house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

**MHB 515**

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be;  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the Path for me.  
Smooth let it be, or rough,  
It will be still the best;  
Winding or straight it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not if I might:  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.  
Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health.  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.  
Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things both great and small;  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom and my all.

**MHB 528**

In heav'nly love abiding  
No change my heart shall fear  
And safe is such confiding  
For nothing changes here.  
The storm may roar without me  
My heart may low be laid  
But God is round about me  
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me  
No want shall turn me back  
My Shepherd is beside me  
And nothing can I lack  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim;  
He knows the way He taketh,  
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me  
Which yet I have not seen;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where darkest clouds have been.  
My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free;  
My Savior has my treasure,  
And He will walk with me.

**MHB 615**

1. Guide me, O Thou great \*Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand.  
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more;  
Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing stream doth flow;  
Let the fire and cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through.  
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death and hell's Destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Songs of praises, songs of praises,  
I will ever give to Thee;  
I will ever give to Thee.



