



In Loving Memory of
**Rose Ayettey-
Dzikunu**
(1965-2023)

ORDER OF SERVICE

SATURDAY 21ST

Arrival at Her Residence – 6:00 a.m. to 6:30 a.m.

Arrival at Transitions – 9:00 a.m. to 9:45 a.m.

Handing over the body to Rev Fr Benjamin Effah- 9:45 a.m. -10:00 a.m.

Burial Service Begins – 10:00 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rev Fr Benjamin Effah

Call to Service

Hymn by choir

Prayers

Hymn by choir

Song ministrations- Keyi Mensah

Biography/Tributes

 The Biography of Madam Rose Ayettey

 Tribute by the church.

 Tribute by father.

 Tribute by siblings

 Tributes by inlaws

Song Ministrations-Catholic Generation

 Tribute by Children

Hymn by the choir

1st Collection & Filling pass

Scripture Reading: 1st Reading

 2nd Reading

Sermon

Song Ministrations- Keyi Mensah

2nd Collection.

Announcements

Song ministrations-Bennard Kaakoye



Farewell
Final Blessing

PART II OF SATURDAY 21ST

Picture taking – 11:30 a.m. to 12:00 p.m.

Instrumentals by Military Band and Introduction of MC

Refreshment– 12:30 to 1:30

Video playbacks – 1:15 p.m. to 1:45 p.m.

Moving of Madam Rose Ayettey Dzikunu to Dodowa– 2:30 p.m. to 3:00 p.m.

PART III

Arrival at Dodowa Family House 3:45 p.m.

Catholic priest receives her- 4:00 p.m.

Cemetery activities led by the Catholic priest

Lay MAMA to rest.

Vote of Thanks.

Return to Transitions to Officially close the Program.

SUNDAY 22ND

Bus moves from the family home – 8:00 a.m.

Church Begins – 9:00 a.m.-11:00 a.m.

Part II at Residence, Pokuase-Afiaman.

Arrival of Guest – 1:00 p.m.

Refreshment

Other activities

MONDAY 23RD

Family sitting – 10:00 a.m.

Departure – 2:00 p.m.

BIOGRAPHY FOR THE LATE ROSE AYETTEY DZIKUNU, A.K.A AMA ROSE

Remembering Ama Rose: A Life of Love, Sacrifice, and Faith

We remember Rose Ayettey Dzikunu as a shining example of love, faith, and resilience. Her life continues to inspire us all, a reminder that a life lived for others leaves a lasting impact.

Rose Ayettey was born on November 15, 1965, to her parents, Numo Godfred Teino Ayettey and Janet Coffie. Her journey began at the Kotobabi Cluster of Schools, where she received her early education. From a young age, she displayed remarkable kindness and a strong work ethic, which made her a successful trader. We give thanks to the Lord for the years she graced us with her presence, for her life was a shining example of goodness and selflessness. Rose's unwavering faith in God was a guiding light throughout her life, and it brought comfort to those who knew her.

Rose Ayettey's life story connects with that of her beloved husband, the late Mr. Emmanuel Dzikunu. Together, they embarked on a journey that led them to various parts of our beautiful coun-

try as they built a family together. In the early years of her marriage, Ama Rose, as we passionately call her, devoted herself to the upbringing and education of her four wonderful children: Nana Michaels Dzikunu, Richard Dzikunu, Rhoda Dzikunu, and Paul Manuel Dzikunu. Her commitment to maintaining a healthy work-life balance allowed her family to flourish in their faith and love for God. She had two grandchildren, Zanetor Marvella Dzikunu-Michaels and Zanitta Melissa Dzikunu-Michaels.

Her devotion to her Christian faith was unwavering, and she dedicated her time and energy to serving the Lord. Notably, between 1997 and 1998, she played a vital role in the founding of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus at St. Michael Catholic Church. Her selflessness

extended to her church and family, where she was a steadfast source of support whenever they needed her.

When tragedy struck with the sudden passing of her beloved husband, Emmanuel Dzikunu, in 2008, Ama Rose did not waver in her faith or her dedication to her children. With divine strength and determination, she lovingly nurtured all four of her children, ensuring their successful graduation from university and the pursuit of fulfilling careers. Her greatest source of pride was watching her children grow in their faith and witnessing them become responsible adults.

In the final years of her life, Ama Rose cherished precious moments spent with her children and had the opportunity to travel with them even beyond the shores of Ghana. Although her time on Earth may have been relatively short, she had the opportunity to see the fruits of her labor flourish. Ama Rose departed as a proud mother, her legacy living on in the hearts of those she touched.



TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MADAM ROSE AYETTEY-DZIKUNU

By The St. Michael Garrison Catholic Church - 37

"We wish that we could tell you we are not ready, ready to let you go. But you have already departed, and our hearts are feeling so low." These are our words for the passing away of Madam Rose Ayetey-Dzikunu. Sad as we feel today because our beloved mother has left us, the good Lord who gave her to us has taken his own. He created her like a blossom flower, so has He taken her at his own will. The late Madam Rose Ayetey-Dzikunu formalized her worship with the St. Michael Catholic Community in the year 1997.

It is no wonder that she left for the church her children, who still play active roles in various forms. Our dear mother, whose mortal remains lay before us today, was a paid-up member of our community and belonged to the St. Theresa of the Child Jesus society. In fact, she was one of the founding members of the St. Michael Garrison Catholic church branch, and she remained active until her demise. Again, she served as an Executive member for several years. Indeed, she performed her Christian roles with dexterity and perfection till her untimely death.

Many parishioners will forever remember her for being a kind-hearted, strong, and devoted Christian. We recall the tragic and unexpected passing on of your late husband – Emmanuel Dzikunu, on 30th March 2008. You single-handedly took care and nurtured the children into adults. 2. The death of our mother was received with shock and dismay on the same day of her maker's call – Saturday, 5th August 2023. Little did we know that her short ill-health and admission at the Korle Bu Teaching Hospital could send her to the maker.

Alas! The inevitable happened. It is with much pain and sorrow for the church that we say, "Madam Rose, sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest, lay down thy head upon thy savior's breast. We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best." We know that death is like a great ship leaving the port of this earth with its huge cargo of good works and loving human relationships sailing forth to the shores of eternity,

and our hope is that it will certainly take you to thy Father's house. So until we meet again, we say,

May you rest ever so peacefully in the loving arms of our Lord Jesus Christ. Fare thee well, Madam Rose.

Hedenyuie!

Dzudzor le nutifafa me.

Due Ne Amane Hunu Amen.



TRIBUTE BY FATHER TO THE LATE ROSE AYETTEY

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints (Psalm 116:15).

My dear daughter has slipped the bonds of earth to touch God's face and be with her maker. She has left a huge emptiness in my heart that can never be filled. My angel, my precious jewel that was sent from heaven and now taken back by His almighty. I treasure you, I love you, and I miss you. You were loving, caring, truthful, generous, and obedient.

I will forever cherish you and all the moments I was privileged to share with you. You were the funniest person ever. No matter how you were feeling or the situation in which you found yourself, you never failed to make the people around you smile. Your brilliant smile and positive energy were outward reflections of your good inner self and precious heart. Even during your battle with illness, you never stopped being hopeful and believing in God.

You were always a vessel of encouragement and a beautiful shining star in every situation. I mentioned to you all my plans and heart's desires for the future. We planned to spend more time together and have more celebrations together. Today, all these plans are now behind my back. This is the greatest pain I have ever felt. The pain of losing a child is unlike any other, but I seek solace in the word of God, like you have always preached. "My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." I love you, my child. May you find eternal rest in the bosom of Abraham.

TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS TO THE LATE ROSE AYETTEY

*For we believe that Jesus died and rose again, and so we believe that
God will bring with Jesus those who have fallen asleep in him.
Thessalonians 4:14*

"If we live, we live for the Lord, and if we die, we die for the Lord, so whether we live or we die, we belong to the Lord." (Romans 14:8). Sister Rose, as we affectionately called you, you were not only an elder sister to us all but also a mother, a friend, an advisor, and a counselor. Despite being the eldest, you always addressed us with titles. We would usually hear you say "brother" or "sister" before mentioning our names as a show of endearment and respect.

Your love and respect for us had no bounds. Sister Rose, your death has brought us indescribable pain; it is still hard to believe that you are no longer with us. It is hard to believe that we will not be able to ever see you again. After our mother's demise, you took us into your arms as an elder sister and filled the vacuum that was left in us. You immediately took on the role of motherhood and played a perfect mother to us all. You groomed us into the men and women we are today.

Now that you are gone, who will occupy that space for us? Who shall we lean on in times of trouble? Who shall we call on for counsel? You were the glue that bound our family together. Now, we feel lost and abandoned. The vacuum you have left is impossible to fill. You were selfless, disciplined, generous, tough, hardworking, and humorous. Your ability to blend your toughness and humor was admirable.

There was never a dull moment with you, even during your period of ill health. You were a devout Christian and a devoted member of the Catholic Church. You loved God and took all religious activities very seriously. You continued to pray and trust God even on your sickbed. You were never shy to flaunt your faith and your love for God. Even though our hearts are bleeding, we will forever pay tribute to you and continue to uphold all the values you stood for.

We miss you immensely and are grateful for the unconditional love and unwavering support you showed us. We say, Thank You. We love you and will continue to do so

even now that you are with our Maker, We find solace knowing that you are in a better place now. You were a firm believer in angels; now you have become one of them. We know heaven is rejoicing. Rest in eternal peace, our dearest sister."



TRIBUTE BY THE DZIKUNU FAMILY (IN-LAWS)

"And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose."Romans 8:28

Our dear daughter and sister-in-law, affectionately called Sister Rose,

Not a single day passes without thoughts of you. We miss you profoundly, and your sudden departure left a void in our hearts. We never had the chance to bid that final farewell, to express how much we loved and appreciated all that you did for us.

You nurtured the family tree of your beloved late husband, Ernmanuel Dzikunu, and it has yielded wonderful fruits in the form of Nana Kwame Michaels Dzikunu (Mawuli), Richard Dzikunu (Mawutor), Rhoda Dzikunu (Enyonam), and Paul Dzikunu (Mawuko). The Dzikunu family takes pride in your legacy, and we wish you could have lived longer to savor the fruits of your labor. However, as the saying goes, "Man proposes, but God disposes."

You were a daughter, a sister, a friend, and a second mother to us. We loved you deeply, and it is our prayer that the good Lord, who has called you home, will provide you with a peaceful and restful place in His arms. Rest well, Sister Rose, Rest in perfect peace.



TRIBUTE FROM GRANDCHILDREN TO THE LATE ROSE AYETTEY

*For everything, there is a season and a time for every purpose under
the heavens. Ecclesiastes 3:11.*

Our dearest Grandma,

We never had the chance to say "I love you" or "I'll miss you." No one prepared us for your passing. It's painful not to have said goodbye or received your warm hug as always. Where are you now, Grandma? Please grace us with your presence one more time and share that bright, beautiful smile that always brightened our days. We hope that you're happy and at peace wherever you are.

I miss all the songs you used to sing to us and all the funny things you did just to make us laugh. I had so much fun with you on my birthday. I'll cherish these memories in my heart and never forget them. I'll hold onto all the wonderful moments we shared. We love you, Grandma, and you will forever live on in our hearts. Knowing and experiencing you was always a blessing.

Sleep peacefully, Grandma.

Rest in peace, Grandma.

We love you, Grandma.

Till we meet again, may you find eternal rest with our Maker.



TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN TO THE LATE ROSE AYETTEY

Jesus said to her, 'I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in me will live, even though they die, and whoever lives by believing in me will never die. John 11:25-26

It's not easy to hold back tears. When glass shatters, you wish it were made of metal. Mom was the vessel that held our home close to her heart. She was our prayer warrior, our pillar of strength, and our beacon of hope. Whenever life became tough, she was our confidant and the very essence of home. She would kneel in prayer and fast for us when we lacked the strength to carry on.

Mom, I can still hear how you called our names, your warm smile, and infectious laughter. I still see them vividly. I miss those early mornings when you'd clang a ladle and plate, urging us to wake up because you couldn't fathom why we were still sleeping at 9 a.m. or later. I miss your calls at work, asking, "What would you like to eat today?" I miss our daily conversations and the fact that we could talk about anything, and you'd patiently answer all my silly questions. I miss our awkward dancing and singing sessions, always offbeat but filled with joy.

When your husband and our father passed away, you did not give up on your commitment to us. When our father died, none of us had made it to the university yet, but your sacrifice and endurance got all of us through our education to become responsible adults. I recall the times you lay on the sand, rolling from end to end, praising and thanking God in your white dress because your child had graduated from university. It followed with all of us graduating, from Michael, Richard, Rhoda, and Paul. And anytime there was a graduation, you would use the word "Congralation" instead of "congratulations."

We tried to correct you several times, but who cared when all you felt was joy and pride. I remember how you called Richard and casually mentioned that you were craving "aky3k3," even though he was far away. Within hours, he had arranged for a friend to deliver it to you. You always used to call Paul Junior "Jesus" when you wanted to convince him to do something for you. Your love was unwavering. Whenever you heard there was an injured player during football games just across from your shop,

you would run to check if it was your son. Paul will miss your many calls when you used to ask him on the phone to prepare and bring your breakfast.

I can still see the smile and joy on your face when your eldest son, Michael, organized a movie awards event and had you sit in the VIP section, where you got to sit with other celebrities, including Ramsey Noah of Nigeria. That day, you could not hide your joy and how proud you were. And we will not forget when Michael had to find a reason for you to leave home so he could remodel the house. He had to fake sickness, so you would go over to visit and take care of him while he sent some workers to the house to tile the entire place and paint everywhere. When you returned home after a week, you were pleasantly surprised, and your speechless joy and happiness were impossible to hide.

We would go to great lengths to make you happy. I know you were proud of the children you gave birth to and raised, but we are the proudest to call you Mummy. Your first time on an airplane to Europe, you could not hide your joy. You would say, "Eii Ama Rose, me too. I am somebody." We have so many beautiful memories to cherish about you, and we are grateful.

We express our heartfelt gratitude for never giving up, for staying strong, for enduring everything, for always putting us first. Thank you, Ama, and thank you, Mama. We know that we gave you countless happy days and cherished memories. We find solace in knowing that the God whom she served with unwavering devotion has welcomed her into His loving embrace. We will place our complete trust in God, for we understand our identity in Christ Jesus.

Mom, we love you deeply, and we miss you every single day. We promise to keep your spirit alive and make you smile wherever you are. Christ will be our refuge, and you will be our guardian angel. The pain may never truly fade, but we will learn to carry it with us, one day at a time.

Damirifa due Mama, Nyame ne wo nante, Da yie





Appreciation

Our heartfelt thanks for your presence, prayers and support for our family during this time of loss and mourning. We are grateful, and pray for the peace and blessings of the Lord on you all.