

**Burial, Memorial & Thanksgiving Service**

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**For the late MRS. IRIS ANIE-ANNAN**

**(Nee Adjeitey)**

**(1965 TO 2024)**

**at**

**Transitions Funeral Home**

**On Wednesday, 31<sup>st</sup> January 2024 at 12:00 Noon**

**OFFICIATING CLERGY:**

Apostle (Mrs.) Lyanne Koffi –  
(General Overseer, The Lord's Garden Ministries)

Rev, Timothy K. Sam  
(Resident Pastor, Liberty Centre of TLGM)

**CLERGY IN ATTENDANCE:**

Rev. Abraham Delove Tetteh  
Rev. Frank Baadu  
Rev. Charles Tachie-Menson  
Rev. Jeshua Avege  
Pastor Mike Eghan Jr.  
Pastor Ivy Djangmah  
Pastor Matthew Gelitsa

Rev. Cornelius Mus  
Rev. Samuel James  
Rev. Mrs. Tina Tachie-Menson  
Rev. Selorm Kodo  
Pastor Ato Ashun  
Pastor Mrs. Naa Crabbe Sousousdis  
**(Liberty Centre of The Lord's Garden Ministries)**

Rev. Mrs Stella Bentsi-Enchill  
Rev. Mrs Irene Mould Korsah  
**(Anglican Church of Ghana)**

**CHOIR IN ATTENDANCE:**

Glorious Chorus of Accra

**ORGANIST:**

Mr. Paapa Bosompem Peprah

**ORDER OF SERVICE:****PART 1: PRE-BURIAL SERVICE**

Announcement of Purpose: Rev. Timothy K. Sam

Opening Prayer: Rev. Timothy K. Sam

Hymn: MHB 50 (The Lord's My Shepherd I'll  
Not Want)

File Past Song Ministration: Glorious Chorus

Tributes  
Closing of the Casket

**PART 2:**

Opening Sentences: Apostle Mrs. Lyanne Koffi

Prayer: Apostle Mrs. Lyanne Koffi

Hymn: MHB 896  
(Now Praise We Great and Famous Men)

Biography:

Hymn: (My faith Has Found a Resting Place)

Scripture readings:

1<sup>st</sup> Reading:

2<sup>nd</sup> Reading:

Anthem by Choir: Sunset and Evening Star

Sermon:                   Apostle Mrs. Lyanne Koffi

Prayer For The Family:

Offertory:               Rev. Timothy K. Sam

Announcements:

Hymn:                    MHB 528 (In Heavenly Love Abiding )

Commendation:        Apostle Mrs. Lyanne Koffi

Closing Hymn:         MHB 612 (Lead Kindly Light)

Prayer:                  Apostle Mrs. Lyanne Koffi

Benediction:           Apostle Mrs. Lyanne Koffi

Recessional Hymn:    When Peace Like A River



## **BIOGRAPHY OF IRIS NAA ADJELEY ANIE-ANNAN (nee ADJEITEY)**

Iris Naa Adjeley ADJEITEY was born on 5th January 1965 at 37 Military Hospital, Accra. Her parents were Colonel Joseph Cyril Klu Adjeitey of Teshie; and Evangeline Mabel Korsah of Cape Coast/Saltpond/Accra. As a baby, she had a sunny disposition, cuddly physique, beautiful smile and loving nature, all her older cousins doted on her. She was named Iris after her mother's best friend, Mrs. Iris Torto, who was also her godmother. Iris was the youngest of her cousins in the Korsah household of eleven grandchildren born to Sir Arku and Lady Kate Korsah.

Iris began her formal schooling at Christ the King Catholic Primary school, Accra. She then went onto Achimota School (her parents' alma mater). After completing her studies at Achimota in 1982 and earning the right to be called an AKORA, Iris went on to Labone Secondary School for her A-Level studies. Having completed her secondary education, she headed to Accra Polytechnic (now Accra Technical University) to pursue a Diploma course in Business Studies (DBS/Secretarial Option). Soon after that working life began in 1985 at DEVAG LTD where she worked as a secretary/administrator in the office of the CEO and marketing manager. She furthered her studies by

taking a course in HR Management, and continued her work experience at Explainer DC in HR and office management.

About this time, Iris met and married Gyebi Anie-Annan in 1998. The marriage was blessed with two children, Joel Kwasi and Caleb Kojo. Iris doted on her sons, who were her treasure. After her marriage broke down in 2005, she devoted her life to them. Anyone who met Iris very quickly recognized this dedication to Kwasi and Kojo. Their education was her priority. The private tutors, and the school visits to interact with their teachers, were always a priority for her. The nurturing, love, patience and advice she gave to them can be seen in how well they have turned out.

As the mother of a son with special needs, Iris excelled in her care for Kwasi and her determination to make him a well-educated member of our community. Iris lived to see Kwasi succeed academically and acquire skills that would give him some degree of independence. She was also overjoyed last year when Kojo entered the University of Ghana to study Administration and Finance (majoring in Finance). The love Iris showed her sons knew no bounds and this love was reciprocated in equal measure through the close bond they had with her.

Iris had a good sense of humour; she always saw the funny side of many serious things and would make jokes which left you giggling no matter the situation. She kept close ties with her school friends from Christ the

King, Achimota and Labone and spent a lot of time in her later years working in her year group. She kept close ties with neighbourhood friends who she grew up with.

For a number of years, Iris battled with a condition that saw her go in and out of Korle Bu's cardiothoracic unit where she got the best care possible. This bought Iris many more years of relatively good health where she could continue to watch her boys and be a prominent part of their upbringing.

Iris was a devout Christian. She brought Kwasi and Kojo up to know The Lord. She spent time reading The Word and discussing Christian belief with them. They attended church services and were a regular part of the congregation of The Lord's Garden Ministries.

On the 31<sup>st</sup> of December 2023, Iris set off for her watchnight service. After seeing the New Year in, The Good Lord in His Wisdom called her home to be at His side. There she knows no more pain and is not burdened by earthly concerns. Iris will be missed by all who knew her especially her sons, Kwasi and Kojo, who are her everlasting credentials. She is survived by her two sons, her siblings, numerous maternal and paternal cousins, aunts and uncles.

Iris yaa wo djogbaan! Da yie! Rest in peace.





### Iris with family in 2023



#### TO MUMMY FROM KWASI

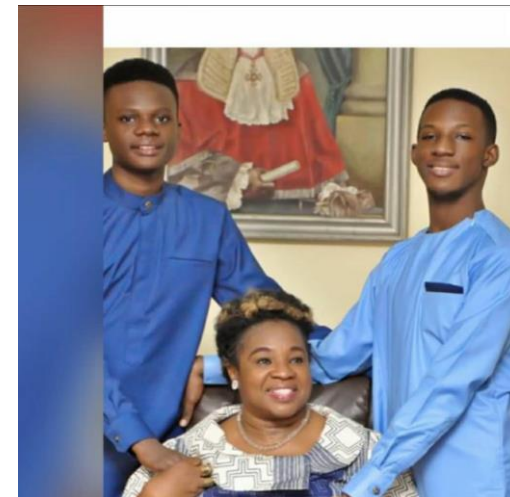
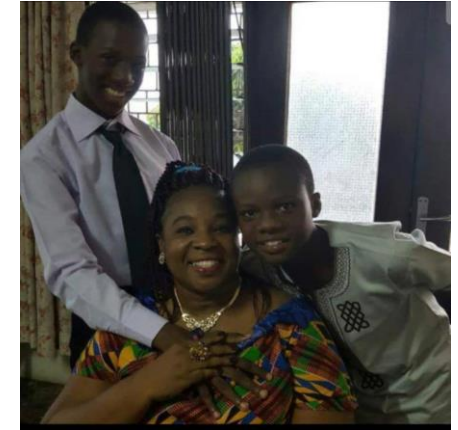
Mummy showed her love to me in so many ways. Thank you Mummy for helping me throughout my years learning to do daily things that were difficult. You were so patient with me and kind and that's how I was successful. I am very grateful to you.

Memories of teaching me to button my shirt, of you taking us to school and school programmes are forever in my heart.

I will keep your memory alive by the memories of all the wonderful experiences and special outings you took us on.

You have gone to Jesus now. I shall not forget that you have showed us the way to God and to believe in Him.

Good-bye Mummy. I'll always love you.



## TRIBUTE TO IRIS – BY ERICA

To say I am dismayed to find myself writing this tribute to my sister Iris, is an understatement. I have an early memory of telling my mother repeatedly that “I want a baby sister!” and then Iris was born on 5th January 1965. She was a bouncing baby girl who was doted on by her older cousins and her aunties. I was fully satisfied. I had got what I asked for. Her infectious smile endeared her readily to family and neighbours which enabled her also to make friends easily at school, both at primary and higher education. Iris in her childhood days was very comfortable in creating her own pastime by playing imaginatively whether alone or with company. She was very independent. She loved writing. She had lovely sensitive hands and fingers which actually went well with her writing ability. She was a conscientious worker who did her part steadfastly with humour and integrity. In the years of marriage and the arrival of Kwasi and Kojo, Iris's faith and walk with God deepened. The challenges that came turned the young mother into a strong advocate who put her faith into God's guidance. One by one, Iris rose above every issue with her eyes on God. Kwasi and Kojo were a tower of strength and her inspiration. We all know how rewarded she felt by the well-being and progress of her two boys who are now fine young men. It is hard to find the words to describe the experience of the last few days and hours that I spent with Iris. It is heartbreaking that you did not make it, dear Iris. I draw comfort from the knowledge that

you spent your last hours in conversation with your Lord at watch night service even in spite of any hints of discomfort.

Sleep well my sister.

God receive you in His Bosom.

**Love Erica**



## TRIBUTE TO IRIS FROM THE ADJEITEY SISTERS

### Francesca, Phyllis, Naakai and Jovin (Naami)

Iris was the 4<sup>th</sup> amongst us five Adjeitey sisters. She was especially delighted that she wasn't the youngest in the family and that she had a little sister.

She was a connector, a gatherer and had a unique gift of bringing people together. Anytime any of us was visiting Ghana for the holidays, she always figured out a way to get us all together. In a way she was the glue that tried to keep us connected as sisters. Her warm beautiful smile and cheerful spirit always had a way of bringing joy to any space she was in. Her dance moves and joy could get anyone to join her on the dance floor. Her bubbly nature was very contagious. Iris was always ready to help and her gift of presence made you know how much she cared.

Iris fiercely loved her boys and was such a devoted mother to Kwasi and Kojo.

We were stunned to hear the news of her death and are still short of words to describe this loss.

We came across a poem entitled "The Train of Life" which reads so true to life.

"Life is like a journey on a train with its stations and its changes of routes.

At birth we boarded the train and met our parents and we believe they will always travel on our side. However, at some station our parents will step down from the train leaving us on this journey alone.

As time goes by other people will board the train and they will be significant; our siblings, friends, children. Many will step down and leave a permanent vacuum and others will go so unnoticed that we don't realise they vacated their seats! Which is very sad when you think about it?

This train ride will be full of joy, sorrow, fantasy, expectations, hellos, goodbyes and farewells. Success consists of having a good relationship with all the passengers requiring that we give the best of ourselves. The mystery to everyone is: we do not know at which station we ourselves will step down. So, we must live in the best way – love, forgive and offer the best of who we are.

It is important to do this because when the time comes for us to step down and leave our seat empty, we should leave behind beautiful memories for those who will continue to travel on the train of life."

That is exactly what you did Iris. You boarded our train of life on 5<sup>th</sup> January 1965 and now that you have stepped down at your station, you have left a permanent vacuum in our lives. We thank you, Iris, for being one of the great passengers and sister on this journey.

We will cherish the beautiful memories you have left behind.



We know that you are at peace and safe. Rest in Peace dear Iris.



**The Adjeiteys**



## TRIBUTE FROM MATERNAL AUNTIES

**Diana Tagoe (née Korsah) and Annie Bart-Plange (née Korsah)**



*Psalm 46:1: "God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble."*

When Iris was born, she came as a delight to our family; boosting up the number of nieces and nephews we had and the number of grandchildren our parents had to occupy them. She was a happy baby and we are so proud to have lived to see her grow into a wonderful and God-fearing woman. As a mother, Iris was the strong rock which supported Kwasi and Kojo who she worked tirelessly for. She lived for her sons and made sure that they would be respectable members of society.

As a niece, her help to the family was invaluable both while she worked and after she retired from work. She took this work very seriously. Around the house (fondly called no. 9 or Amanuah House), Iris became our eyes and our feet; liaising as required with workers, discussing work to be done and reporting the outcomes back to us. Iris' concern and love for us her aunts will always be appreciated.

It was God's will to take her from us at this time and He knows best. We will miss Iris very much, but we know that her work on earth is done and that she is resting from her earthly labours.

We thank God for Iris' life and pray for the blissful repose of her soul.

### TRIBUTE TO A DEAR COUSIN

*Matthew 5:4 – “Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted”*

Dear Iris, We shared a lot. The 10-year gap was nothing. We supported each other. We worked together for the good of the family. Now that you're not there anymore..... God knows best. I'll shed a tear when I miss you, or remember something that we shared and have no longer; I'll smile in memory of a joke, a deep conversation (we had so many) or laughter that we shared.

Rest well, my dearest cousin. Da yie. Nyame nfa wo kra nsie.

**Karen 1**



**Iris with Korsah Cousins**





## TRIBUTE FROM YVONNE AND LAMI



In a way, my earliest memories of Iris began before she was born. I remember Auntie Eva being heavily pregnant and then there was a baby who we called ‘Baby Iris’ or Naa Adjeley. Iris felt more like a younger sister to me than a cousin especially since she had a special place in my mother’s heart. Growing up we spent a lot of time under the supervision of our grandmother at no. 9 Volta road in the airport area where Iris eventually moved to with Auntie Eva. Although Erica and I were not much wiser then, we were often left supervising our younger cousins especially at bath time which resulted in more water on the floor than in the bath but looking after Iris was always fun; she was never difficult.

When Iris was preparing for Achimota School, our mothers arranged for Iris to take with her items that I had brought back from Achimota that I no longer needed; just as a younger sibling would do. Iris was very good at keeping in touch and wrote to me often. She had such a great sense of humour and a way with words that always left me in stitches every time I read her letters.

As Iris began working life, and I was living in Mies, Switzerland, she surprised me one year when she announced that she would be visiting us. My mother was with living with us at the time and welcomed a visit from someone who spoke more English than French. As an aunt and niece, they got on like a house on fire and they had a great time together especially when they went out on their own. The close relationship the two of them had was evident even then; both of them would tease me and laugh hysterically when I tried to explain how things ought to be done “here in Switzerland” Yvonne.

Her relationship with Lami also began at this time when Lami became her ‘Lamb chops’.



Auntie Iris never stopped calling me Lamb chops, not even as recently as 2023. She often sent me messages and I could always share a good laugh with her. More recently, she threatened to marry me off to someone. I did not think I heard correctly when mummy told me that Auntie Iris had passed, but now I believe she is resting in a peaceful place where there is neither worry nor pain.

Lami (Lamb chops)

*God of mercy and love, we place in your loving hands our beloved  
sister/aunt Iris*

*(Auntie) Iris, da yie, wo djogbaan!*

### **TRIBUTE FROM KATIE AND KOFI**

Iris was just two years old when we first met. I was four and my brother Kofi was three. At the time, the three of us and Erica lived at our Grandma's house at Airport Residential Area.

As we were close in age Iris, Kofi and I spent a lot of time together, getting up to all sorts of mischief – just like siblings. Grandma therefore used to call us “The Three Stooges.”

Iris had a great sense of humour. She also had a good command of the English language and liked to write short stories and plays. I still remember a line in one of those plays: “You miscreant creatures!”

Even when we all went to secondary school, and Kofi and I eventually moved to the UK, we still remained close. Whenever Kofi or I visited Ghana, it was as if we had never left.

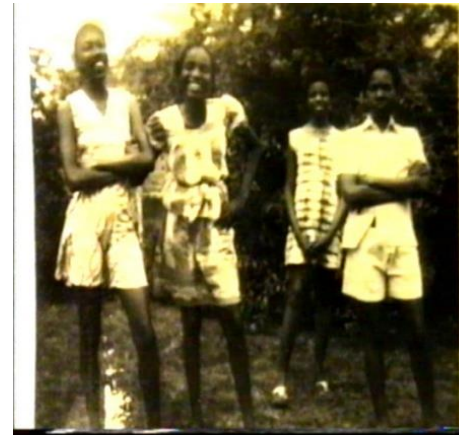
Iris loved children and had a way with them. When she had her own children – Kwasi and Kojo – it was wonderful to see the love and care she showed them. She was always very warm to my son Micah.

The last time I saw Iris was in 2019. She was as warm and welcoming as ever. When I returned to the UK, we stayed in touch mainly via WhatsApp.

Kofi has this to say regarding the last time he saw Iris (in 2017):

“Risay, on my visit to Ghana our interaction was very warm and cordial. I will miss our banter and mode of addressing each other (i.e., “K Fisher” and “Risay”). You have run the race of life and run it well. Adios!”

Indeed, we will miss Iris and cherish the precious memories that we shared.



Iris and cousins



Iris with Micah

### **TRIBUTE FROM MICAH**

Growing up, I was fortunate enough to visit Ghana on many occasions. During every visit Auntie Iris would always welcome me very warmly and make me feel at home. Even from afar, Auntie took a keen interest in my development from my early years through to adulthood. I will miss you deeply, dear Auntie.

## TRIBUTE TO IRIS FROM TASHA

### Gone But Never Forgotten

Words cannot describe the sudden shock at the start of the New Year!

The thought, that I saw you last year, and we had hearty conversation and you appeared cheerful and well.

The thought that we exchanged Christmas greetings and now you are no more.

You will always be remembered for the beautiful smile and your witty conversation. Acknowledging conversations, you would say, “ Yes! Yes!” followed by a chuckle.

You were kind and playful with children especially whenever you saw Roma.

Rest in Peace Iris. You will be greatly missed.



## TRIBUTE FROM ROMA

It is so sad to hear that you're gone. You will be truly missed. I will miss hearing your laugh, being in the presence of your bubbly personality and the conversations we had during the times I came to visit.

I loved the care you had for the young and the natural joy you showed when close to the ones you loved. I will miss hearing you call me Roma Bankole (your favourite nickname for me).

May you rest in peace Auntie Iris, we love you dearly and will miss you.

## TRIBUTE FROM TONY

Your sudden passing is difficult to process, we remain thankful to have known you. Iris, we'll miss your calm presence and your kindness, your beautiful smile and your warm spirit. We will also miss the opportunity to share more memories with you. Your life, love and memory will forever be a blessing and we will honour your life through your wonderful boys. Rest well cousin, in love and perfect peace.



## TRIBUTE TO OUR COUSIN, IRIS

Dearest Iris, we cannot believe you have gone so soon. The news gave us a terrible shock, unbelievable! Our first thoughts were about your boys, but we know God must have put a good plan in place when He decided to take you home.

We remember our days in the Airport Residential Area when we got to know you better. You had a great sense of humour and a laugh to match it. You were very interesting during conversations and fun to have around. Since then, we have shared many interesting moments especially at our family celebrations.

We will miss you, but in your memory, we will keep an eye on your boys. We leave you comfortably in the arms of Lord Jesus till we meet again. Rest in perfect peace.

Your cousins the K.G. Korsah Family



A family celebration

## TRIBUTE TO IRIS

### BY CHRIST THE KING SCHOOL CLASS OF 1977

We were shocked to hear that Iris had passed away. Wow!!!! Our platform was chaotic with questions of how? why? when? what happened? Is it true? This was immediately followed with prayers for the peaceful repose of her gentle soul in the bosom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Our recollection of Iris in Christ the King was a down to earth, kind and cheerful person. For some of us, our friendship continued through Achimota School and for others, thank God for WhatsApp that permitted us to find and stay connected on our class platform.

It was usually Risay, as we affectionately called her, who would send a note to check in and say hi. She did this constantly, checking in on others just to make sure they were doing okay. When the CTK platform was started, it was Iris who reached out and encouraged several of us to join the group. Despite her health and personal challenges, Iris remained there for each of us. Hearing about her death was a shock, some of us had spoken to her the day before. We individually made several calls hoping it was a mistake. As many others are, we are still deeply saddened by Iris' passing a few days before her birthday. We will miss her chats, her laughter and warmth.

Our heart goes out to her boys who were her world.

We are confident that she is in the arms of the Almighty God.

Rest in perfect peace, Risay. Until we meet again.

Christ the King School Class of 77

### TRIBUTE FROM OAA – (1982)

Psalm 34:18 “The Lord is near to the brokenhearted and saves the crushed in spirit.

*Onward we go, for still we hear them singing.  
Come weary souls, for Jesus bids you come.  
And though the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing.  
The music of the gospel leads us home.  
Angels of Jesus, angels of light  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!*

The news of Iris', (Risay to many of us), sudden and unexpected passing struck our hearts like a bolt from the blue. It has taken time for the shocking news to sink in, but today as we are gathered to mourn and pay tribute to a much-loved classmate, friend, colleague and sister, who among other things dedicated her life, in pursuit of her passion for making life better for others, we must accept that she has been called home.

Iris was a true friend to ALL, and more like a sister to many of us. She was known by some since kindergarten, and we were all close friends. Risay was larger than life, she loved laughter, and her engaging sense of humour, helped keep the platform alive and amusing.

Iris was a lady and always comported herself with grace. She was gentle, sweet, focused, determined, and committed, attributes which remained with her till the very end. Her candour, demeanour, humour, warmth, and wit set her apart. She had this wonderful genuine smile that would shine and brighten any atmosphere she would find herself in.

She asked for little but gave so much. She accomplished many good things in life and she devoted her life to her 2 lovely boys. She was

committed to whatever she put her mind to and always followed the path of honesty.

Iris was the Organizing Secretary of our year group and she would always reach out to find out how everyone was doing including their families by text or phone calls, and checked up on members of our platform who may have been silent for a while. She was caring sincere and was a true example of 1 Corinthians 13.

During our days in Motown, we fondly remember Lugard house boys giving you loud "fans" as you walked past the house on your way to the Western compound. It was just the usual playful banter among boys, but you kept your cool, unperturbed. You just smiled as you passed by.

As a year group, we have always been together in good times and bad times. Today you have left this earth without us, we can still hear your laughter and see your beaming smile. That memory will never fade. We shall miss you until we meet again.



Iris.... The unfinished conversations are too many, your smiles and laughter are no more and so is your pain...

Your Court Clerk will forever miss you. We all pray your departed soul shall rest in perfect peace till we meet again.



Old Achimotans

**TRIBUTE TO IRIS ANIE- ANNAN (Nee ADJEITEY)  
BY THE '86 GROUP OF LABONE SCHOOL**

*Revelation 14:12-13*

*12. Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus.*

*13. 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!*

**\*GRIEF IS THE PRICE WE PAY FOR LOVE\***

Our hearts are shattered, we are broken, the cut is too deep and the pain is beyond words.

Our association with Iris, affectionately called Risay, started in September 1984 in 6th form at Labone Secondary School. Risay was vivacious, courteous, jovial, well-mannered and very easy to approach. She quickly became a “household” name.

Risay was disciplined and gracious. Her academic prowess in the liberal arts especially English Literature is worthy of mention. Her beauty and personality could floor an angel but Risay was self-effacing. When it came time to vet candidates for Girls’ School Prefect, Risay was unanimously and overwhelmingly selected.

Risay was an embodiment of true leadership: at once bold, fearless and assertive, but beneath this veneer laid a very compassionate, loving, kind and generous friend and sister. Her philanthropic nature was unparalleled. Risay took these enviable and enduring virtues a notch higher with our LOSA 86 platform. She celebrated and mourned with each and every one of us through every occasion. Regardless of what she was going through Risay showed up with her sunny side. She lit up the room with laughter and an admirable sense of humour. Her smile was to die for.

Risay loved her gospel and contemporary smooth jazz music.

**\*A NATURAL MATRIARCH\***

When we all set sail chasing careers, family and greener pastures after school, it took the wit and effort of mates like Iris and others to bring us all back together through our year group WhatsApp platform. Not only was Risay a team player but the live wire of the team.

With Risay,

- No missed calls remained unreturned.
- No messages remained unread.
- No event missed without a tangible excuse.
- No financial contribution remained unpaid.

Risay was like a mother to all. She was indisputably our matriarch. Risay was adorable and charming to say the least. In her presence, everyone was special. She hugged lovingly and freely and meant every embrace she gave.

**\*FAITH\***

Risay was a true Christian both in words and in deeds and she was ever ready and willing to share the word of God. She made everyone aware of her unflinching and unapologetic belief and her pride in the Christian faith. She epitomized Galatians 6:2: “bear one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.” Risay felt that no one should ever go through life’s situations alone. She offered a helping hand to all until her last breath.

Risay, we thank Jehovah for all the memorable times you shared with us. We are eternally grateful to God for giving us the opportunity to know you. Nothing can ever take away a love that hearts hold dear. You will forever remain in our hearts. We may not change the world.

“We may not belong to the few that put a ding in the universe. We may not be something the whole world will celebrate. But in the little corners that we live, in the lives that we have played a part, we should be nothing but unforgettable.”

Lady Risay, you’re truly unforgettable!  
Risay, you will be sorely missed.



Risay, LOSA '86 hears echoes of your voice in Chaplin Ronnie Melancon's admonition to us thus:

*"A time has come when my life on earth has ceased, I ask you my family, friends and loved ones,  
Remember these special things:  
Bury my body, but don't bury my beliefs.  
Bury my heart, but don't bury my love.  
Bury my eyes, but don't bury my vision.  
Bury my feet, but not the path of my life.  
Bury my hands, but don't bury diligent efforts.  
Bury my shoulders, but not the concerns I carried.  
Bury my voice, but not my message.  
Bury my mind, don't bury my dreams.  
Bury me, do not bury my life.*

*If you must bury something;  
Let it be my faults and weaknesses, my shortcomings and limitations,  
my imperfections and failures.  
But let my \*LIFE\* continue, in each and every one of you."*

Our heartfelt condolences go to the widower, children, siblings, and your entire family.  
Until we meet again,  
Lady Risay, goodbye, good friend, fare thee well.  
Lady Iris, ya wo odzogban!!



**Iris with some LOSA mates**

***TO A DEARLY DEPARTED FRIEND AND MY NAMESAKE***

***"A true friend leaves behind a legacy of memories that will never fade away."***

It is difficult for me to believe that I am bidding farewell to my dear friend and big sister. The fond memories we shared are just too many to recount in a page or two. From Achimota School where I often stole glances at her in admiration through Labone where we met and bonded as mates to Airport Residential Area where we were neighbors.

Iris, every single day since the shocking news of your passing has reminded me of the importance of cherishing every moment with the ones we love. You were a true friend who was available and willing to help even when it was not easy for you. Your counsel, guidance, sense



of humor and willingness to just listen without judgement will always be remembered.

You made sure to show up and supported me through it all. You looked out for me as your little sister and were genuinely concerned about my well-being. This caring nature, you also extended to my younger sisters who like me, were heartbroken and inconsolable on that fateful day of January when the news broke. I will always cherish our special conversations about life, relationships, career, and the need to remain strong even in the face of adversity.

You left too soon Iris, but God remains His own interpreter. I thank God for your loving and sincere nature, friendship of many years and the impact you had on me, your little sister and friend. The memories we shared will be a source of comfort and strength during this difficult time.

Rest well dear Sis and may the good Lord keep your beautiful soul in His bosom. Amen

*Since the loss of you,  
I've learned to live for each day  
And take it as a blessing,  
Knowing it may not always be this way.*

*Since the loss of you,  
I've learned that when everything goes wrong*

*To never give up on what is right  
Because it can only make you strong.*



*Since the loss of you,  
I've learned that even when you're in a lot of pain  
You've got to hold yourself together  
So you won't feel like you're going insane.*

*Since the loss of you,  
I've learned how to hold the tears when I want to cry  
Because all I have is memories  
And just want to ask God why.*

*But mostly, since the loss of you,  
I've learned a life can be taken in the blink of an eye  
And only Heaven really knows when  
That person will have to say "Goodbye." – Tiffany*

**Iris Minta**



### **APPRECIATION**

The entire family of the late  
Mrs. Iris Anie-Annan (nee Adjeitey)  
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.