



BURIAL & MEMORIAL SERVICE

for the late

---

**Madam Gladys**  
**ADZO HODOH**

---

Saturday, 17th December, 2022  
Transitions Funeral Home  
Haatso-Atomic Rd. @ 6:30am - 9:30am







# Order Of Service

## Officiating Clergy

- Rev. Dr. Adzika Agbemenya Vincent
- Rev. Banistor Tay
- Pastor Larbi Quarshie
- Pastor Stephen Sakyi

## Part I Pre-Burial Service

1. Procession
2. Opening Hymn MHB 608
3. Hymns MHB 99
4. Filing Past Hymns MHB 615
5. Tributes
6. Covering of Casket
7. Songs

## Part II Burial Service

1. Sentences
2. Hymn MHB 50
3. Prayers
4. Hymn MHB 478
5. Biography
6. Tributes
7. Scripture Readings
8. Hymn MHB 110
9. Sermon
10. Apostle's Creed
11. Offertory

## Thanksgiving Service

1. Hymn
2. Service of Comemoration and Commendation
3. Concluding Prayers and the Lord's Prayer
4. Announcements
5. Vote of Thanks
6. Closing Prayer
7. Benediction
8. Recession





# BIOGRAPHY

IN LOVING MEMORY OF **GLADYS ADZO HODOH**



# Madam Gladys ADZO HODOH

## B I O G R A P H Y

**G**ladys was born on 2nd May, 1949 at Hatorgodo in the Volta Region to retired Corporal Christopher Kojo Hodoh and Madam Afiyo Modzaka.

Sister Adzo as she was fondly called in the family was the first born among several siblings. She started her Primary School with her younger brother, Jacobson in Hatorgodo. These two young children were placed in the custody of their grandparents for a few years. Gladys and his brother relocated to Sogakope to complete their Elementary School in 1967 and 1970 respectively.

Gladys after completing school moved to Accra to stay with her Aunt with the intent of finding a job, start life as we may call it.

In search of a job, she met her first husband, Master Sergeant Havor and they had a daughter (Epe) who died in 2015, due to a very brief illness.

Unfortunately their marriage did not last and came to an end. She therefore relocated to several places from Accra, Tema, Dawanya and back to Accra where she met Alhaji Sani. Through this relationship, Sani Larry was born.



## Biography Of The Late Madam Gladys Adzo Hodoh

---

Though Madam Gladys had a very challenging life, she was an emotionally intelligent woman, a go-getter, persevered, endured all kinds of hardships, by and large never gave up taking good care of her two children and wanted the best for them.

She loved and cared deeply for her grandchildren and always wanted them to be around her. In her latter days, her hard work paid off and she led a very comfortable life until death laid its icy hands on her.

Sister Adzo fell sick and on May 14, 2022 which got more serious at the latter part of the year until November 4, 2022 when she joined her maker.

She is survived by a son, and seven  
(7) grandchildren.

Madam Gladys will dearly be missed.  
Rest in Perfect Peace!

IN LOVING MEMORY OF GLADYS ADZO HODOH



TRIBUTE BY  
**SON**  
*To A Loving Mother*

**Y**es, death is inevitable, but the loss of a loved one, especially a mother can be fathomably painful. Even at a very old age, we all desire to continue to see our loving mother strong and living.

'Daavi' as I affectionately called her filled me with affection which touched me deeply, moulding and shaping the developmental years of my life without curbing my inherent inclinations. You have also extended the constant counselling to your grandchildren, always encouraging them to take schooling seriously.

My dear mother like no other, what a great loss your demise is to me? You were caring, loving and a perfect mother. You gave us everything and you made too many sacrifices we can never forget. I still wonder why death will take you away so soon.







I wouldn't have been the person I am today without you. You taught me the greatest gift of all, Love. You loved everyone and supported anyone who needed it. Although I made the very best of every moment we shared together, it still hurts so much to see you go. I miss you so much already. I miss your gentle smile and your words of encouragement.

Why death, did you take away the precious jewel in my life. My heart is full of pain and despair at your loss. What a kind-hearted woman you were. You invested in the lives of everyone around you, just to make sure they live a better life.

Dear mother, it feels like a part of my heart has been ripped off by your death. I feel an empty void difficult to fill up. I will continue to love and cherish the memories we shared. Words will fail me to express how much I miss you.

Continue to rest Mother,  
Fare Thee Well, Mum.



T R I B U T E B Y

# GRAND CHILDREN

**A**ll of us have known Madam Gladys Adzo in a variety of roles, we have been privileged to have known her as our grandmother, whom we've always called 'Grandma Kena'. Our Grandma was a caring and passionate woman who showed love wherever she went and was loved by all.

We remember your hugs which is uncountable. You are gone but we still have you at heart and in our thoughts. Our tears we cannot control whenever we reminisce. A woman of substance you were. Hardly did we see you angry because you always wore an infectious smile. An instrument of peace has departed. The pain will never go away, the dent in our hearts will never be filled, we miss you deeply Grandma.







We cherished the moments with you when we visited. You will always welcome us with a smile and enjoyed us being around you. Even in your difficult times, you would put on a smile when you saw us.

Ooo Grandma! Rest Well. We asked ourselves why God called you at this hour but He alone knows best. Your memories still linger on. There is an adage that says, "absence makes the heart grow fonder", indeed that is how we feel.

Grandma, we wish we had the chance to

thank you for everything you did for us. For every sacrifice you made, for every hour spent on us and to tell you how much we love you. You meant a lot to us. But we know God had better plans for you; One without any more suffering and pain. And even though it hurts to know you are gone, we smile and remember you. And for the rest of our lives, we will carry memories of the strong, beautiful and incredible woman that you were.

**Rest in Perfect Peace Grandma!  
Hede Nyuie!**





## TRIBUTE BY JAKE (BROTHER)

that you cherish for life.

My sister and I had those moments by and large in our up bringing, those moments whenever it comes to our remembrance, we both laugh or cry sometimes over it, especially whenever my sister calls upon me for a dialogue.

My sister and I were raised by our grandparents and that gave us a very strong bond from childhood. She preceded 3 years prior to my birth (so work the math yourself and see the difference).

While in Hatorgodo, I was the stubborn one not for anything mischievous but to the contrary I could not write with my right hand, I was left-handed. The teachers beat the hell out of me to switch to right. Anytime my sister hears the unpleasant sound or scream from me, she knows immediately the brother is in

*When thou pass through the waters, I will be with thee; and when you pass through the rivers, they will not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shall not be burned; neither shall the fire or flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour... (Isa. 43:2-3)*

**T**hese is the blessed assurance my sister and I have held unto for generation until her last moment. There are moments in every individual's life that once upon a time you vividly reflect on. Moments in every family, lifetime journey and relationships more so in close family network



distress due to leaking. She was just a few doors from my class the poor little girl will run from her class to mine to see what was going wrong with me, very protective isn't it.

To her surprise I am being beaten on my left fingertips for being adamant to using the left. Today, reflecting on those times I would characterize it to ignorance on the part of the teachers, not so in the world that we live in today. I was compelled to learn how to write with the right eventually and this ultimately resulted to writing with both hands, very rare people could do.

I spent most of my vacations with my sister in the Burma Camp while she was with her husband. We had a bond, a close relationship as such wherever she was I was always there to check on her wellbeing.

We both share our common griefs and victories together. She is the soft spoken, I would say the introvert type and I am quite the contrary.

Your love for the family was contagious and always want the best for everyone. You had big dreams for your children as such you always reach out to me to counsel them. "Your Son or Your Daughter" as you always refer to Baba and Epe whenever you wanted me to reach out to them.

Indeed, your dreams had come true for the children even though you did not live very long to enjoy all of it. However, "little is much when God is in it". Accepting Christ and being born again was all of us our biggest dreams and very glad she did.

*For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labour, yet what I shall chose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ which is far better - **Philippians 1:21-23.***

Sister! I love you and I will miss the times we spend together, and will now cherish our baby picture more fondly than before - RIP.





## TRIBUTE BY MARY (SISTER)

each other in ways that would help us carry or share each other's burdens and enhance each other's lives.

You have left us with a legacy and to this, we are eternally grateful. To us your siblings, your death on 4th November, 2022 was a huge blow to us. A situation we find difficult to accept. Today, we just want to say, thank you.

Till we meet again in heaven we say Sister

Adzo, you have fought a good fight. You have finished the race. Go and rest in the bosom of the Lord.

**Sister Adzo,  
Rest in Peace,  
Hede Nyuie!**

**O**ne of the most difficult assignments we have to undertake in recent times is the coordination of the funeral arrangements of my sister, Gladys Adzo Hodoh. In our early life we were like twins.

Sister Adzo's home was always open to all and even in her old age, would readily dash to Volta Region for family gatherings. We very much appreciate how God used you to enhance our lives. Your life alone has taught us to love one another, share and support





T R I B U T E B Y  
**DAUGHTER IN-LAW**

---

*When Peace  
Like A River  
Attended My Way,  
When Sorrows  
Like Sea Billows,  
Whatever My Lot,  
Thou Hast Taught Me  
To Say, It Is Well!*

---

I am still in shock and total disbelief as I write this tribute, that my dearest mum in-law is no longer here with us and has passed on. Maa, is how I referred to her, depending on the mood. But whatever I call her, it was with respect, affection and love. Maa was just not my mum in-law, but a mum, my advisor, sister and friend.

Maa was such an amazing mum to me, she was a mum I grew to love, respect and

cherished so much. Maa, I will miss all the wonderful moments we shared together. I still have fond memories of us having a quiet evening moments where we sit to watch moves, share jokes and have a good laugh.

You always take delight in having good time with your grandchildren anytime we came over. You loved them being around you when we come on our weekend visits





---

every Saturday. I will always our groundnut soup with fufu which we enjoy on weekends.

You loved your children dearly and lived for them. You were a doting grandma for all your grandchildren. Your life with us will always be cherished and remembered. Maa Gladys, your footprint has left an in-print in our hearts that will forever be remembered. You have been lovely, kind and gentle mum to everyone that came your way. Thank you so much for accepting and pampering me as one of your own children.

Maa, rest in peace. Your time on earth was worthwhile. You lived a full and accomplished life. May God grant you a peaceful rest in His bosom.

**Maa, nante yie.  
Madam Gladys,  
Nyame nfa wo nsie yie!**









### MHB 608

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

By thine unerring Spirit led,  
We shall not in the desert stray;  
We shall not full direction need,  
Nor miss our providential way;  
As far from danger as from fear,  
While love, almighty love, is near.

### MHB 99

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the Rock on which I build,  
My Shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury filled  
With boundless stores of grace!

Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.





### **MHB 615**

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven!  
Feed me now and evermore.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing stream shall flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong Deliverer!  
Be Thou still my held and shield.

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

### **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 furnishèd  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.





#### **MHB 4**

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

Refrain:

This is my story, this is my song,  
praising my Savior all the day long.  
This is my story, this is my song,  
praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect communion, perfect delight,  
visions of rapture now burst on my sight.  
Angels descending bring from above  
echoes of mercy, whispers of love. [Refrain]

Perfect submission, all is at rest.  
I in my Savior am happy and bless'd,  
watching and waiting, looking above,  
filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

#### **MHB 478**

JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
On whom I cast my every care,  
On whom for all things I depend,  
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

If I have tasted of Thy grace,  
The grace that sure salvation brings;  
If with me now Thy spirit stays,  
And hovering hides me in His wings:

Still let Him with my weakness stay,  
Nor for a moment's space depart,  
Evil and danger turn away,  
And keep till He renews my heart.

When to the right or left I stray,  
His voice behind me may I hear:  
Return, and walk in Christ thy way;  
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near.





## MHB 110

JESU, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in Thee I find.  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within:  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee,  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity. Amen.