





*Forever
In Our Hearts*

IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE LATE

**MRS MARIAN ARABA
TWIBA KPODO**

1931 - 2024



Officiating Clergy:

Most Rev. Prof K. A. Dickson
Rev. Dr. Maxwell Aryee
Rev. Maxwell Asumda

Attendance:

Methodist Church Choir, Ashongman
Joyful Way Inc.
Christ Little Band, Elmina/Ashongman Estate
Victory Bible Church
International Central Gospel Church
Royalhouse Chapel International

Order Of Service

Call To Worship

Hymn Abide with me. MHB 948

Guide me O thou Great Jehovah. MHB 615

O God our help in ages past. MHB 878

Burial:

Graceland Memorial Garden
Berekuso (Dome - Kwabenya Road)

At the Grave side:

Nearer my God to thee: MHB 468

Gyeginyi twer no

Now the laborer's task is O'er: MHB 976

Biography



Mrs. Marian Kpodo (Our beloved mother) was born at Green House, Sekondi on Tuesday 14th July, 1931, to Mr. Henry Hagan, a government surveyor and Mrs. Susanna Hagan a full time house wife, both of blessed memory. The family relocated to Bakano, Cape-Coast in 1935 and subsequently, moved to Kotokuraba, Cape-Coast in 1938. She started elementary school at the Wesley Girls High School located at Victoria Park, Cape-Coast and proceeded to the St. Monica School, Cape-Coast where she completed Standard Seven in 1947.

Our mother was a very vibrant student and participated in almost all extra-curricular activities such as the School Choir, Dramatic Society and the Girl Guide and also performed well in her academics. She did exceptionally well in her Standard Seven examinations, passing with flying colours. Unfortunately, she could not continue to secondary school and therefore joined her elder sister Josephine, a flourishing mid-wife in Akwatia in 1948. There, she decided to follow her senior sister's footsteps to train as a nurse mid-wife at the Consolidated African Selection Trust (CAST) Hospital in the same year. Following her training and qualification as a nurse mid-wife, Marian got married to our father (late) Rev. Seth Kweku Kpodo, a senior nursing officer at CAST Hospital in 1955 at Cape-coast. In 1958, she along with our father and three others gained scholarship to study various courses in nursing at the Brook General Hospital,

Woolwich, London in the United Kingdom. Our mother was very determined and she sponsored herself to study driven by the motto “Never say Never”. She returned in 1960 after their sojourn abroad to continue her practice at the CAST Hospital which was later named Great Consolidated Diamond Company (GCD). On her return, a brand-new ward awaited her and she dedicated her life and service to the Akwatia community as Matron / midwife saving lives till her retirement in the 1990s.

Family Life

Our mother (AKA: Mama) together with our father Mr. Seth Kweku Kpodo (AKA: Dad) produced ten children in all. The first lot, namely Godfred, Ewuraesi (deceased), Evans, Larry and Doris, she bore before her visit abroad and the second group Emelia, Seth, Alfred, Charles and Harriet she begot on her return, post 1960. She was a wonderful and self-sacrificing wife and matriarch who extended her motherly love and care beyond the confines of her home and therefore opened her doors to all and sundry regardless of one's social standing. As a child we just did not understand how open our house was to all and sundry because mama was just too welcoming and self-sacrificing. She treated everyone equal and was exceptionally kind. She was strict but flexible, humorous yet serious with her parenting and never hesitated to “spare the rod and spoil the child” as scripture demands. Unfortunately, her children and grandchildren were her first victims. Indeed, Mama was never a passive parent and firmly ensured that her Christian beliefs were deeply ingrained in all of her progeny. As a child or a member of her household it was a 'taboo' to miss her usual morning devotions, where it was common to behold the dragging of those overcome by sleep to prayers starting every day from 4.30am. We all had to memorise a bible verse and take turns in saying a prayer whether you were still sleepy or fully awake. It therefore comes as no surprise that most of her children are either Reverend Ministers, pastors or staunch believers because these crops were raised in Christ.

As a disciplinarian, Mama abhorred laziness. Consequently, amidst strict rules, every member of her household was assigned household chores, those who failed she would taunt and jeer with teasing songs “Y3 adwuma wher ma whoh nkom” or face the music. As the ladies did the washing after morning devotion, some of us did the ironing later during the day taking the benefit of the sun. She was a self-less woman who would offer her last penny to anyone in need. She was also an entrepreneur and established a thriving bakery “Mariando's bakery” serving the local community with delicious bread, cakes, pastries etc. And during Christmas, her generosity extended to all her immediate neighbours who were blessed with a special cake delivery from her bakery. As a Fante, you will all agree with me that her food was equally exceptional delicious. Mama planned her menu delivering different delicious meals everyday. Sundays were the chefs favourite with lunch prepared ahead before church service. You could not have a taste unless you have attended and seen in church by her. So literally mark yourself present in church with a smile if you came in later.

Mama kept herself informed by reading a lot and listening to the radio and watching television especially on foreign affairs.

Religious life

Mama was a devout Methodist, a church leader and an ardent member of the "Christ Little Band" singing group all her life. She was once the president of Christ Little Band. She really enjoyed singing Methodist hymns wherever she went, she proudly associated with the Methodist Church and actively participated in church activities. After her retirement in the 90's, the family relocated to the Ashongman Estates, Accra, where she joined the local Methodist church community, then a small fellowship and helped build the church into a fully-fledged parish, christened the "Most Rev Prof. K A Dickson Memorial Methodist Church". Mama never skipped her morning devotions with her family and ensured that her family never skipped church and therefore knew Christ. "Auntie" or "Mama Akwatia" as affectionately called, loved her Methodist Hymns. Mama and Dad came on a short holiday in the UK and had a wonderful time together with their children and family based there.

Moving to Elmina

As mama aged, she moved to stay with her last born Harriet following her return from UK with her husband. Mama maintained her links with the Methodist Church at Elmina. And with support from her children, our sister Harriet and her husband provided excellent care till she was called to glory on the 1st March, 2024. Through the power of technology, we were with her as she took her final breath during the early hours of the morning.

Mama, we miss you and love you dearly. You and Dad will always be remembered in our own unique way. Today we celebrate you as one of the best and exceptional Mother, Grandma, Great Grandma, Sister, Auntie and a Friend.

Rest in perfect peace till we meet again



Tributes

BY CHILDREN

Dear Mum,

Farewell to the safe arms of the Lord. You were 1 in a million Mum. What a life well lived! You lived the Christ life, you showed the way to be a true Christian, you were a great mother and a mighty woman of God.

You indeed loved God Almighty with all your might and He rewarded you with a long and fruitful life.

You were a prayer warrior who NEVER gave up! An extraordinary worshipper of God Almighty.

You gave us a lots of love, care, and confidence. Your kindness and generosity were absolutely 1000% unmatched. You were exceptionally generous, giving even when you had nothing to give and you touched many lives Mum.

Thank you for your prayers and morning devotion, your advice, your constant desire to see that it was well for us, you gave your all and your best! And wow, your beautiful voice and knowledge of gospel songs which came so naturally to you, like 'Go and sound the 'Gon-Gon' through nations of the world, that the Prince of Peace is enthroned...', 'Fight the good fight with all thy might' etc. And you had great understanding of the Bible.

Mum You gave a lot and we appreciate you. Thank you for believing in hard work and education, so much so you enrolled me into boarding school at age 6! Though it didn't work for me as I only lasted 1 term, but you tried.

You were a great Entrepreneur setting up Marando Bakery and a great baker, feeding many people, you were a great inspiration.

Mum thank you so, so much for making room for me, especially during my youth and teenage years.



Although I caused you a lot of trouble and heartache, you never gave up on me. You believed in me that something good will come out of me one day. I am eternally grateful for your love and unwavering patience and prayers for me.

I remember how God answered one of your prayers in 20 seconds! When you were in the garden and prayed, "Lord, don't let Alfred come home from secondary school during school term" and, after that prayer, I was standing right beside you and said "Amen", you almost fell down!

Words can't express how I feel writing this, your prayers yielded great results in my life as God turned my life around right before your very eyes and called me into ministry and now I am a Reverend ministering to the glory of God!

Thank you for listening to my preaching messages and encouraging me to go on.

My family - Pat, the grandchildren and great-grandchildren love you dearly and will miss you terribly. But rest in the safe arms of the Lord Jesus, Mum.

By Rev. Alfred Agbemava Kpodo Jr



Today, I bid farewell to the most extraordinary woman I've ever known, my mother MRS MARIAN ARABA TWIBA KPODO. For years, I had the privilege of being your caregiver, and in that journey, I discovered the depth of your strength, your unwavering resilience, and your unrelenting love you showed to me and my family.

With every breath, you taught me the meaning of courage, grace, and surrender. You drew me closer to God and showed me the right path. Mama, your smile could light up a room, and your jokes and laughter were contagious. Your kindness and generosity inspired me to be a better person.

As your caregiver, I witnessed your bravery in the face of adversity, your determination to fight, and your acceptance of your fate with dignity. I held your hand through every step, every struggle, and every triumph. I cared and showed love to you until the end, when shingles took its toll on her body, and she slipped away in my arms. You taught me the right part and draw closer to God ...

Mama, in your final moments, I held you close, felt your last breath, and whispered my love and gratitude. Though you are gone, your legacy lives on in my heart. I will cherish every memory, every moment we shared, and every lesson you taught me. I will continue to honor your spirit by living the values you instilled in me that's the love, compassion, and kindness.

Mama, Rest in the bosom of the Lord. Your love will forever be my guiding light. I will miss you every day, but I know you're no longer in pain. Thank you for being my rock, my mentor, and my best friend. I love you more than words can express.

Mama Da yieeee

You will forever be missed

By Mrs. Harriet Sawyer.



Seeing you pass away Mom caused time to freeze for me. It took me at least three weeks to finally come to terms that you indeed gone to be with the Lord. You were a mother not only to your children but to your grandchildren, those that you brought up as your own children, your community and to strangers alike. We have sorely missed you Mom.

We remember the occasional times that we would come home, open the balcony door only to see a mad man sitting at the table enjoying a meal. We used to wonder where you found such people.

We remember how you fought to educate yourself, in spite of the challenges of not being able to continue with your Secondary School education. However, you travelled to Akwatia to be with your older sister Josephine and followed in her footsteps to train at the CAST Hospital as a nurse/mid-wife.

We admire the way you travelled to the United Kingdom with Dad and three others who all went on scholarships in 1958. However, you sponsored yourself, travelled along with them, studied well and passed all your courses within the time frame allowed to you all for the trip. We look back with pride as you came back to resume your services at CAST Hospital but this time at the Female Ward that was built for and awaited you upon your return from the UK, and there you dedicated your life and service to the Akwatia community as Matron and Mid-Wife, saving lives till your retirement in the 1990s. Looking back in hindsight, we can see the Divine Wisdom that was at work in you to make this strategic decision that put you in a better position to cater for all your children and others over the years.

You were a one-of-a-kind mother. We recall with pride and admiration how you demonstrated your entrepreneurial skills by establishing a thriving bakery - "Mariando's Bakery". You were so selfless in your generosity, especially as during the Christmas season, by baking a special cake with delivery for all your immediate neighbors.

We remember the early morning 4:00AM prayers that you led us each day. The memory verses that we had to learn, not for Children's Day at church, but verses you wanted us to learn, memorize and meditate on at home.

As a result of your selfless dedication to bring us up in the fear of the Lord Mom, you have among your children today, two Reverend Ministers, a Minister who has served for several decades in the Music Ministry, beginning with Joyway Way Inc., at the age of 14 years, and God-fearing sons and daughters serving the Lord in various capacities at their local churches.

There was one song that you always led us to sing during prayers, Today Mom, we would sing the first verse of that song as our final goodbye song to you. Song... Talking to Mom in Fante... Mom, from the deepest parts of our hearts, we bid you Farewell and leave you in the Arms of the Lord Rest in Peace Mama Rest in Peace in the Arms on the Lord

Mama Rest in Perfect Peace

Mama Bye Mom.

By Min Larry Kpodo





Tribute

To Our Wonderful Grandma

Your presence in our lives has made all the difference from the stories you've told us and the guidance and care you gave to us. A grandmother's love lasts forever. You shaped our lives in more ways that we can imagine.

We will try not to be sad because we know you are resting with the Lord. Not forgetting the relationship, we had together, early morning devotions, memorizing bible verses, singing hymns and playing games as well. Grandma you were the rock of our family, always there with a warm smile and wise words. You had a heart full of love and made everyone feel special. You were kind, compassionate, resilient and impacted it to our lives. Leticia will miss you dearly. You also made us responsible by coaching us through home chores and taking accountability for our mistakes. You were not only our Grandma, but a mother, auntie, sister for the entire Ashongmang Estate. You were loved and known by everyone in the estate.

We still can't believe you are gone. Even on your sick bed, when death was imminent, you fought through, but nature still had to take its course. I remember how troublesome my siblings and I were around you, but you still coached us appropriately, not forgetting the hearty meals you usually prepared for us. Grandma everything about you was full of life. You are with the Lord, and we will love and remember you as long as we live.

Goodbye Grandma

Goodbye Araba Twiba
Till we meet again.
We love you.

Tribute

From Christ Little Band

Indeed, it is with a heavy heart bleeding profusely with sorrow that we the members of Prof. K .A. D . Memorial Methodist Christ little band received the sad news pertaining to the demise of our dear sister Marian Kpodo as we affectionately called her.

Our cherished but departed Sister Marian Kpodo constituted the first set of congregants this noble church was initially blessed with.

She joined our band in the early 90's and soon occupied the prestigious seat of our vice-presidenship due to her resourceful experience, outstanding leadership qualities and a host of virtues.

Our dear and irreplaceable sister was characteristically very strict and punctual at our meetings in her active days and we also recall how she pleurably taught us numerous songs for our collection sessions.

We can not forget the invaluable wisdom and advice she freely heaped on us at any needful time.

Naturally, as she progressed in the cycle of life, she lost her youthful strength and battled a barrage of sicknesses but we least expected that death would lay its icy fingers on her.

As our hearts grieve and ache inevitably, we take consolation from the fact that our sister faithfully and passionately served God enough to merit a blissful and a peaceful place in heaven.

We sorely and endlessly miss you sister Marian Kpodo , rejoice in the bosom of our Lord Jesus Christ till we meet again someday.

Fare thee well.

Prof. K .A. D . Memorial Methodist Christ little band.







Tribute

By In-Laws

Remembering Our Beloved Mother-In-Law

In the garden of life, our mother-in-law was a vibrant flower who bloomed with grace, beauty, and strength. Her love was the sunshine that nourished our family, and her kindness was the gentle rain that soothed our souls.

Araba Twibaa as we affectionately call her was a mother for all... And we are so Grateful that we had the privilege of walking alongside her in her final journey. We saw firsthand her courage in the face of adversity, her resilience in the midst of pain, and her unwavering faith in the darkest of times.

Through her example, she taught us that life is precious, that love is powerful, and that family is everything. She showed us that even in the darkest moments, there is always hope, always a reason to smile, and always a chance to make a difference.

Though her flower may have wilted, its fragrance remains, and its beauty continues to inspire us. We will cherish the memories we made with her, the laughter we shared, and the lessons we learned from her.

Rest in peace, dear mother-in-law. Your love will forever be our guiding light, and your memory will continue to inspire us to live life to the fullest.

Ohh Araba Twibaa !!
Nante yieeee wate !!
Till we meet again.

Tribute

By Siblings

Beulah land

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

Chorus:

O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My Heav'n, my home forevermore!

Ow Auntie so k)!

Our dearly beloved sister and good old friend is gone! She is gone to be with the Lord. So we will not fret for we are at peace knowing that it was never in vain, our Christian heritage bestowed upon us by our devout parents yielded results because Marian never departed from it, she remained faithful until she gave up the ghost at dawn on that fateful Friday. We thank God for her salvation and for blessing us with the beautiful memories we are left with.

Growing up, Auntie was very jovial and energetic, a natural born composer who would never hesitate to craft makeshift songs purposely to taunt and to jeer at others or simply to entertain the household. Indeed, Auntie was a fiery spark full of life and determination. A chip of the old block, whose principles and standards she never compromised.

Her zeal and determination to excel were unmatched and her strength unbreakable. Without a doubt, Auntie was a tough woman and we believe that these predispositions influenced her ascent in her academic life (though she never attended secondary school) and the excellence demonstrated in her professional life. We her family are so proud of her accomplishments as a wonderful wife, a caring mother and an exceptional nurse. She epitomised everything we ever wanted in a sister!

Auntie!! Although you are no longer with us, we are thrilled that you are now a perpetual member of Christ's little band in heaven. Yours is a life worthy of emulation, yours was a life well lived.

Rest in perfect peace Auntie!

Good bye!!, Till we meet again!

****Marian affectionately called Auntie, was named after Auntie Tweba her Father's favourite aunt.*













Hymns

MHB 948

1. ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me

3. I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4.1 fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still. If Thou abide with me.

5. Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee
In life. In death, O Lord, abide with me

MHB 976

NOW the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.

**Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.**

2. There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

3. There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.

4. There the penitents who turn
To the Cross their dying eyes
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in paradise.

5. There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.

6. Earth to earth, and dust to dust
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.



Hymns

MHB 468

1. NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee
E'en though It be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee

2. Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee

3. There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5. Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee

MHB 878

1. O GOD, our help In ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :

2. Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence Is sure.

3. Before the hills In order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4. A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost In following years.

6. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7. O God, our help In ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.
Amen.



Hymns

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 powerful hand :
Bread of heaven! Feed me now and evermore.

2. 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 help and
shield.

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

God be with you till we meet again;

1 God be with you till we meet again;
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep in love enfold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

*Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.*

2 God be with you till we meet again!
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

3 God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again!

4 God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!