



1951 - 2025

Mrs Monica Abena Amoa Dakyiwaa Ampaw (Née Boison)



FOREVER IN ❤️ UR HEARTS



Mrs Monica Abena Amoa Dakyiwaa Ampaw (Née Boison)

1951 - 2025

Burial and Final Funeral Rites

Sunday, 25th May, 2025 | 7:00 – 18:00 hours

At Transitions, Asore Junction, Haatso Atomic Road, Accra

Officiating Ministers



Pr. Col. Peter Nyarko Kwabena Duodu

(Director, Army Religious Affairs (DARA) Army HQ. In-charge of all Chaplains and Imams, and all the SDA Churches (10), Union Director for Publishing and AMR)

Pr. Capt. Christenoph Nketia-Yamoah

(Chaplain at Army HQ, 5 Garrison SDA Church)

Pr. S/Lt. Isaac Kofi Duku

(Naval Logistics Command Chaplain)

Pr. Kwabena Twum

(Minister of the Seventh-day Adventist Church)

Pr. Isaac Apaw

(Chaplaincy Director, Pioneer Ghana Conference of SDA)

Pr. Emmanuel Asare Danso

(Com. and Youth Director, Meridian Ghana Conference of SDA, Madina District Pastor)

Pr. Benjamin Brew

(Dayspring SDA Church)

Pr. Hixson Sam

(Odorkor Official Town District Pastor)

Pr. Emmanuel Andzie-Walters

(Madina East SDA Church)

Order of Service



PART 1. (7:00 – 8:45)

1. Hymns - One Voice Choir GH
2. Coordinator / Prayer - Pr. Emmanuel Danso
3. Viewing
4. Hymn - SDAH 432 “Shall We Gather at the River”
5. Special Prayer - Pastors and Elders
6. Closure of Casket

PART 2. (9:00 – 11:00)

1. Welcome & Intro - Pr. Capt. Christenoph Nketia-Yamoah
2. Opening Hymn - SDAH 530 “When Peace, Like a River”
3. Opening Prayer - Pr. Isaac Apaw
4. Special Item - One Voice Choir GH
5. Biography - Emanuela Brefo-Mensah
6. Tributes
 - i. Church
 - ii. Siblings
 - iii. In-laws
 - iv. Grandchildren
 - v. Children
 - vi. Widower

7. The Holy Bible Reading - Pr. Isaac Apaw
8. Special Song - The Ampaws
9. Sermonette - Pr. Col. Peter Nyarko Kwabena Duodu
10. Prayer for the Family - Pr. Kwabena Twum
11. Appreciation/Announcements
12. Closing Hymn - SDAH 473 “Nearer, My God, to Thee”
13. Benediction - Pr. Benjamin Brew
14. Recession - Casket, Family, Ministers, & Congregation

LUNCH – 11:30 TO 12:30

COMMITTAL SERVICE (PRIVATE) - 11:30 TO 13:00

1. Coordinator - Pr. Capt. Christenoph Nketia-Yamoah
2. Hymn - SDAH 538 “Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah”
3. Prayer - Pr. Hixson Sam
4. Committal - Pr. Col. Peter Nyarko Kwabena Duodu
5. Laying of Wreaths - Pr. S/Lt. Isaac Kofi Duku
6. Gratitude
7. Hymn - SDAH 428 “Sweet By and By”
8. Benediction - Pr. Isaac Apaw



FINAL FUNERAL RITES – 13:00 to 18:00 hours

- 1. Musical Prelude - DJ**
- 2. Welcome/Introduction - MCs**
- 3. Opening Prayer - Eld. SWOI Emmanuel Kwame Brown**
- 4. Music/Testimonials - MCs**
- 5. Donations and Announcements - MCs**
- 6. Vote of Thanks - WOI Theodora Arku Dzadey**
- 7. Closing Prayer**

- **MCs** - Pr. Emmanuel Andzie-Walters & Diana Serwaa Agyeman
- **Keyboardists/Organists** - Mr Yaw Bamfo-Debrah & Mr Maurice Adjei-Baah
- **DJ** - Transitions
- **Decorator** - Transitions
- **Photographer** - Tamakloe Cinematography & Kingsman Photography
- **Event Coordinators** - Eld. Frank Aning / Transitions



Hymns

SDAH: 432

Shall We Gather at the River

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Refrain

*Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.*

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

SDAH: 530

When Peace, Like a River

When peace, like a river, attendeth my
way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to
say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Refrain

*It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.*

My sin—oh, the joy of this glorious
thought—
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no
more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my
soul!

And, Lord, haste the day when my faith
shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord
shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.

SDAH: 473

Nearer My God to Thee

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, my God, to Thee, nearer to
Thee!

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, my God, to Thee, Nearer to
Thee!

There let the way appear, Steps unto
heaven;
All that Thou sendest me, In mercy
given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to
Thee!

Continue on next page →

Hymns

SDAH: 538

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

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, my God, to Thee, Nearer to
Thee!

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

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, bread of heaven,
feed me till I want no more;
feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through.
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
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.

SDAH: 428

Sweet By and By

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Refrain

*In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;*

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer a tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our
days.

Biography

of the Late Mrs. Monica Abena Amoa Dakyiwaa Ampaw

Early Life

Mrs. Monica Abena Amoa Dakyiwaa Ampaw was born on Tuesday, 21st August 1951 in Wurakese in the Central Region of Ghana to **Opanin Yaw Boison** and **Obaapanin Ama Ketewa**, both of blessed memory. She was raised in a devout Christian home, where **faith, hard work, and moral discipline** were deeply cherished. She had her primary education at the Wurakese-Akropong Methodist Primary School and took a break to work for a couple of years due to financial constraints, before proceeding to Brakwa Presbyterian Middle School where she successfully passed her Middle School Leaving Certificate Examination in 1969.

As the first of 9 children, Sister assumed leadership roles at a very tender age, nurturing her younger siblings and many others; a role she continued to play over the years. She carried the strength and steady hands of a firstborn daughter, **protecting her siblings fiercely, and bearing family expectations with** calm confidence. Indeed, she was a leader par excellence, a dependable big sister whose maturity, wisdom, hard work, love and dexterity grounded the family as her siblings took turns in living under her tutelage. Her admirable appreciation of her duty of care to her siblings and neighbours endeared her to many who joined in calling her "Sister", as she was affectionately called by her siblings and children.



"Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, before you were born I set you apart." Jeremiah 1:5

Family and Marriage

In adulthood, *Sister* entered a God-ordained union with Ex WO1 Stephen Kwadwo Konagye Ampaw. Their marriage, like many others had its ups and downs, but most importantly, was one blessed with shared faith, enduring love, and healthy expectations. Together, they raised 7 children. *Sister* was a devoted wife and caring mother who worked tirelessly to create a safe haven filled with love, reverence, and resilience. She forfeited all her personal desires and poured herself into her family, raising not only her biological children but also many others who were drawn to her warmth and grace. Her tenacity and hardiness as wife to a soldier who was mostly out on peacekeeping missions greatly contributed to the successful education and nurturing of her children. For this reason,

"Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her."
Proverbs 31:28

Christian Life and Devotion

Sister was a member of the Seventh-day Adventist (SDA) Church and worshipped at the 5 Garrison SDA Church, Burma Camp, Accra. Her faith was not just a belief system but a lived experience. She was prayerful and unwavering in her commitment to God. Whether through Women's Ministries, the deaconry, or church singing, she lived out her spiritual values with dignity and sincerity. She was a woman of prayer, often interceding for her children and community in secret. Her favorite hymns echoed in the corridors of her home and in the hearts of her children.

"...be faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life." Revelation 2:10b

Character and Daily Life

Those who knew *Sister* personally will remember her for her affable nature, strength and profound wisdom. Like a lioness, she led with quiet authority and unwavering devotion—resolute in protecting her own, yet graceful in nurturing peace and unity. Like a female eagle, she possessed rare clarity of vision, offering counsel with discernment and lifting others to see beyond their present struggles. Despite her humble beginnings, she persevered and ensured that all her





children received a higher education. Through her teaching of moral truths and life lessons, she became a beloved mother figure to many—far beyond her immediate family.

"She opens her mouth with wisdom, and the teaching of kindness is on her tongue."
Proverbs 31:26

Peaceful Transition

After a life of faith, sacrifice, and service, Mrs. Monica Abena Amoa Dakyiwaa Ampaw was called to eternal rest on Sunday, 30th March 2025. Though her passing brought sorrow to her family and many others, it was peaceful—surrounded by love, hope, gratitude, and prayer. She has fought the good fight, finished the race, and kept the faith.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on... they will rest from their labor, for their deeds will follow them." Revelation 14:13

Legacy and Impact

Sister leaves behind not just a family, but a legacy. Her life was a blessing, her memory a treasure. She lives on in the generations she lovingly nurtured. She also leaves behind an extended family and community of church members, neighbours, and children whose lives she touched with her wisdom, kindness, and God-fearing spirit.

"The memory of the righteous is blessed..." Proverbs 10:7a

A Final Word

Sister's life was a song of grace, a prayer of devotion, and a gift to all who knew her. She was a true Proverbs 31 woman—a wife of noble character, a mother of wisdom, and a daughter of the Most High. Her legacy is not in monuments, but in people—in the values she passed down, the love she gave freely, and the faith she held firmly to the end. We pray the good Lord says to her on the resurrection morning,

"Well done, good and faithful servant... enter into the joy of your Lord." Matthew 25:23

Amen!!!



Tribute

By 5 Garrison SDA Church

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." – Psalm 116:15

With hearts full of sorrow yet gratitude, the 5 Garrison Seventh-day Adventist Church pays this tribute to our beloved mother, sister, and friend, Mrs. Monica Abena Amoa Dakyiwa Ampaw, affectionately known as Sister. Her passing on 30th March 2025 has left a vacuum that will be difficult to fill.

Monica, one of the founding members of our church, was a pillar of strength and a beacon of faith. She was baptized into the fellowship of the 5 Garrison Seventh-day Adventist Church on May 11, 1985, by Pastor E.O. Abbey at Burma Camp. From that day forward, her faith burned bright and unwavering like the wise virgins in Matthew 25, always ready, her lamp trimmed with oil.

She was a committed servant of God who gave her all to the work of the Lord. Sister Ampaw served faithfully in the Women's Ministries Department, nurturing, mentoring, and empowering women of the church with wisdom and grace. As a deaconess, she displayed humility and devotion, tending to the sanctuary of the Lord and ministering to the needs of the church family.

Her life was a practical sermon. As Proverbs 31:28 declares, "Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her." Indeed, we rise today with voices of praise and thanksgiving for the gift of her life. Sister Monica was a mother to many, always available with a word of encouragement, a helping hand, and a prayerful spirit. Like Dorcas in Acts 9:36, she was full of good works and acts of charity. Her hands were ever busy with love, her heart ever fixed on Jesus, her Savior.

Though her physical presence is no longer with us, we are consoled by the words of 1 Thessalonians 4:13-14: "But we do not want you to be uninformed, brothers and sisters, about those who are asleep, so that you will not grieve as indeed the rest of mankind do, who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose from the dead, so also God will bring with Him those who have fallen asleep through Jesus."

We are confident that when the trumpet shall sound and the dead in Christ shall rise first, our beloved Sister Monica

will rise in glory (1 Thessalonians 4:16-17). Until then, we hold on to the blessed hope and the rich memories of a woman who lived well and served faithfully.

"Well done, good and faithful servant... Enter into the joy of your Lord." – Matthew 25:21

Sleep on, dear Sister, in the sure hope of the resurrection. You fought a good fight, you kept the faith, and now, a crown of righteousness awaits you (2 Timothy 4:7-8).

Your legacy lives on in the heart of 5 Garrison SDA Church.

Forever in our hearts.

Rest in Perfect Peace.



Tribute

By Siblings

1 Thessalonians 5:18 says, in everything give thanks, for this is the will of God.

Everything in this world is temporary. Life changes; people come and go. Seasons never last always. Remember that your present situation is not your final destination.

Our late Mrs Ampaw, affectionately called “SISTER”, our most senior sister (sister panin), was our pillar. She stood behind us in case of any eventuality. Even as adults, each time we had differences in our marriages, she was the only one we turned to; and she always supported us to the latter.

Sister, your demise has left us speechless. Although death is inevitable, we did not expect it at this time.

We shall always miss your kind-heartedness. Let the Ampaws, Mintas, Doudus and Boisons be bound together as one productive and lovely family.

May your soul rest in perfect peace.

Sister, da yie. Onyame mfa wo nsie yie. Amen!!!



Madam Adwoa
Agyciwaa Boison



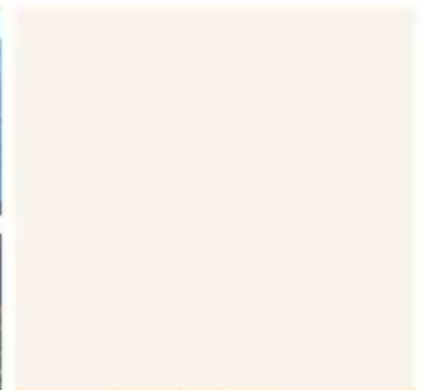
Mr Kwasi
Boison



Okyeame Kwaku
Boadi Boison



Mr Kwame
Anthony Boison



Auntie Efua
Rose

Tribute

By In-Laws

It is with a deep sense of grief that I stand on behalf of the in-laws to reflect on the memories of our mother-in-law, Mrs Monica Abena Amoa Dakyiwaa Ampaw.

Ma, as we often called her, welcomed us into her home and family with open arms. Without discrimination, she accepted us as her children and treated us kindly. She had a way of making us, the in-laws feel welcome. She was a mother to us all.

As a mother, she nurtured and guided her family with selfless devotion and care. Her influence shaped our partners into the amazing persons they are today.

Indeed, Ma, was kind, generous, and candid. Her love, wisdom, discipline and generosity touched countless lives, including ours. Her selflessness, kindness, and unwavering support inspired us all.

Ma was selfless and supported us all immeasurably in all our endeavours whenever the need arose. She played the grandma role to our children so well that we had some rest during vacations when the grandchildren spent time in her home. We were very appreciative of that.

One after the other, she spoke to all of us with smiles and assurances; engaging us in fruitful conversations. One of her favourite phrases, "Nyame ne Hene" emphasised her reverence and absolute dependence on her maker. That phrase has become so ingrained in us to the extent that, in all spheres of our lives when faced with challenges, we never forget the supremacy of God. Ma's transition has created a vacuum in our hearts due to her recent conversations which were filled with hope and assurances in anticipation of many happier moments for us to share.

What a way to leave us, Ma! Tears cannot express our loss. However, we are comforted by your favourite phrase and can only re-echo Nyame ne Hene. We just wish you had stayed longer, but our Lord knows best.

Mrs Monica Abena Amoa Dakyiwaa Ampaw, we are grateful for your presence in our lives. You are forever in our hearts.

Fare thee well, with love and appreciation.

In-Laws



Mr Emmanuel
Asare Nyarko



Mrs Patience
Ampaw



Mrs Miriam
Ampaw



Lt Col Kofi Adu-Boahen
Sarkodie



Mrs Nana Ama
Ampaw

Tribute

By Grandchildren

It causes us deep remorse to learn of the passing of our beloved grandmother. Her absence will be greatly felt. She cared deeply for each of us, consistently calling to check on our wellbeing. She motivated us to be the best versions of ourselves—both in our academic pursuits and in our social lives.

She served as a role model, showing us that life is meant to be enjoyed. We always looked forward to her frequent calls, as they provided the perfect opportunity for us to practise our Twi. She would kindly correct us when we made mistakes in exchanging pleasantries and would go on to teach us something new each time.

After school, we often spent time speaking with her, during which she would joke about wanting us to send her food that we had cooked. She took a keen interest in our hobbies and day-to-day activities, and this only strengthened the bond we shared with her.

Though our time with her in person was limited, the many phone calls and conversations filled that gap. Some of our fondest memories came from the holidays we had the privilege to spend together.

It remains our fervent hope that we will see her again; for in John 11:25–26, Jesus said:

“I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in Me, though he may die, he shall live. And whoever lives and believes in Me shall never die.”

Therefore, although we mourn her passing, we still look forward to reuniting with her at the Second Coming of Christ, when we can once again talk and laugh together in heaven.

We miss her dearly.

Tribute

From her Children with Love, Honor, and Gratitude to our Dearest Mother

Maa... Sister...

How do we begin? How do we say goodbye when we really don't want to? Sister was our first and ever-present teacher, counselor, protector, friend, and most of all, our prayer warrior. She was all that and more, not only to us, but to many.

From birth, she wrapped each of us in a love too deep to measure. Our mum taught us to pray, to speak truth with humility, and to serve others with joy. She encouraged us to offer our gifts—whether to the church or our community—just as she did at every opportunity. Her generosity knew no bounds. She gave with joy and loved without condition.

Sister stressed unity—lifting each other up, caring for one another, and holding fast to our faith despite our different paths. She was not loud, but very powerful. With quiet strength and boundless patience, she shaped who we are. Sister lived by the Scriptures, and she lived them out. In line with Proverbs 22:6, Proverbs 13:24, and Ephesians 4:2, she corrected us with love and guided us with wisdom.

Maa disciplined with purpose, encouraged with vision, and believed in us even when we doubted ourselves. She prayed us through every exam, journey, and hardship. Her presence, even across distance, was always felt. Almost daily, she would call to check in, and if we voiced our struggles, she would often say, “Nyame bɛyɛ.” Oh, how we’ll miss that.

And oh, her famous line whenever we spotted money with you and came with requests:

“Wei yɛ Agyeiwaa koraa sika aa ɔse me mfa nto ho mma no”

(“This is Agyeiwaa's money that she asked me to hold for her.”)

To us, it seemed like she never had her own money—every note had an owner! We teased her about it, but we know she quietly sacrificed alongside dad to make sure we never lacked any good thing.

We will miss her voice. Her singing. Especially when she'd hum or sing “O Yesu ka yɛn ho” by Elder Mireku—a heartfelt plea for Jesus' presence and protection. We'll miss how she called each of us by our local names, Saying:

“Afia Serwaa, mo ho yɛ?”

“Kwadwo Asiedu, sɛ mo nyinaa mo ho yɛ?”

“Agya Adom, mo kurom hɔ bɔkɔɔ?”

“Akua Boatemaa, mo ho te sɛn?”

“Adwoa, na mo ho yɛ?”

“Kwadwo Ampaw, deɛn na ɛkɔ so, sɛ bɔkɔɔ deɛ?”

“Maame, ɛte sɛn? Adwuma mu te sɛn?”

To think we'll never hear those familiar sounds again breaks our hearts. We'll miss her warm food, hearty laughter, firm “NOs,” and the rare—but always deeply felt—“I LOVE YOUs.”

Thank you, to our mum, for her countless sacrifices—some we are only now beginning to comprehend. Thank you for enduring discomfort so we could enjoy comfort. For covering us in prayer through seasons we didn't know were storms. For showing us that character matters more than comfort, and truth more than applause.

“Her children rise up and call her blessed...” —Proverbs 31:28a

We have loved our mum in life and will love her always. Sister didn't just give us life—she gave us a map for living. And though our hearts are broken, we hold on to the hope that, by the grace of God, we shall meet again.

Until that resurrection morning when we shall sing the redemption song together—while angels stand in awe—we will hold fast to that blessed hope.

Have a good night, Abena Amoah.

Obaatanpa mu obaatanpa mo, w'abɔ bra pa!

Yɛ ma wo mo. Wayɛ bi! Da yie!

With deepest love and eternal gratitude,

Your children

Children



Mrs Mandola
Asare



Elder Maxwell
Ampaw



Wg Cdr Seth
Ampaw



Mrs Akua Boatemaa
Sarkodie



Ms Haggai
Ampaw



Dr Samuel
Ampaw



Ms Hilda
Ampaw

Tribute

In Gratitude and Eternal Love “To My Dearest Wife”



Finding the words that truly capture what she meant to me is hard. Abena Amoa was not just my wife, she was my companion, my counsellor, my financial steward, and my greatest joy. From the day we met, I knew there was something extraordinary about her. She was gracious and full of wisdom. Our love was not loud or boastful, but deeply rooted in trust and an enduring faith in God.

She held our home together with prayer and strength during the many times I was away on peacekeeping missions, and throughout my 17-plus continuous stay in the United States. For that, I am truly grateful. Through every high and low, she stood by my side, not as someone who followed, but as someone who walked with me. She understood me in ways no one else could. In her silence, she spoke volumes. In her patience, she healed wounds. In her faith, she covered us all.

I still remember the gentle way she always called my name, “Stephen”. I miss seeing how her eyes softened whenever we were together, and how she would often say, “Nyame w) h), Stephen”, even in difficult times, including those times when our supposed friends constantly mocked us for choosing our children's education over physical properties. Whenever our children sought answers or support, I knew they would find both in my wife, and so I sent them her way. She truly believed that life—no matter how uncertain—was safest when placed

in God's hands. Her strength was not in words but in her character. She taught me the power of grace, and how love is strongest when it is quiet and faithful.

"A wife of noble character who can find? She is worth far more than rubies." —Proverbs 31:10

She was the heart of our home. Monica raised our children with prayer, wisdom, courage, and consistency. In the past few years, she always reminded us, especially our children, that no matter what their differences, remaining united in love is a MUST. She made our home a safe haven—a place of prayer, songs, and laughter. And oh, how she loved to sing! I can still hear her humming those old hymns as she cooked, cleaned, or sat in meditation. Even in her final days, she was gracious. She always said she was well—just so her children and I wouldn't worry. She was at peace. She was ready. She taught me how to live and let go—with faith and hope, not fear.

Now, I find myself walking this uneasy road without her by my side. The bed feels too wide, the house once occupied by just sister and me is too quiet, and the days are too long. But I hold onto this hope: that we will meet again and that this separation is only temporary. She has fought the good fight, finished the race, and has kept the faith.

I thank her for choosing me and for the life we built together. For all her sacrifices and prayers said on my behalf, for every meal she cooked with love, and for every moment she made this journey worthwhile, I say thank you. Sleep well, my Love, until we meet again in the presence of our Savior. Da yie, Abena Amoa. Your loving husband, Stephen.









Appreciation

The family of the late

**Mrs Monica Abena Amoa
Dakyiwaa Ampaw (Née Boison)**

wishes to express their gratitude to all who in diverse ways
mourned with them. Your prayers, compassion, counsel,
encouragement, and various support are deeply appreciated.

God richly bless you, Amen

