



BURIAL SERVICE FOR
**MRS. DORIS AMA AYAW
OWUSU-POKU**

1945 - 2020

SATURDAY, 1ST AUGUST, 2020
TRANSITIONS, HAATSO
10:00AM





Those We Love Don't Go Away;
They Walk Beside Us Everyday.



Unseen, Unheard But Always Near;
Still Loved, Still Missed, And Very Dear.



Wishing Us Hope In The Midst Of Sorrow;
Offering Comfort In The Midst Of Pain,
Both Today And Tomorrow.

Burial Service For
Mrs. Doris Ama Ayaw Owusu-Poku





OFFICIATING MINISTERS

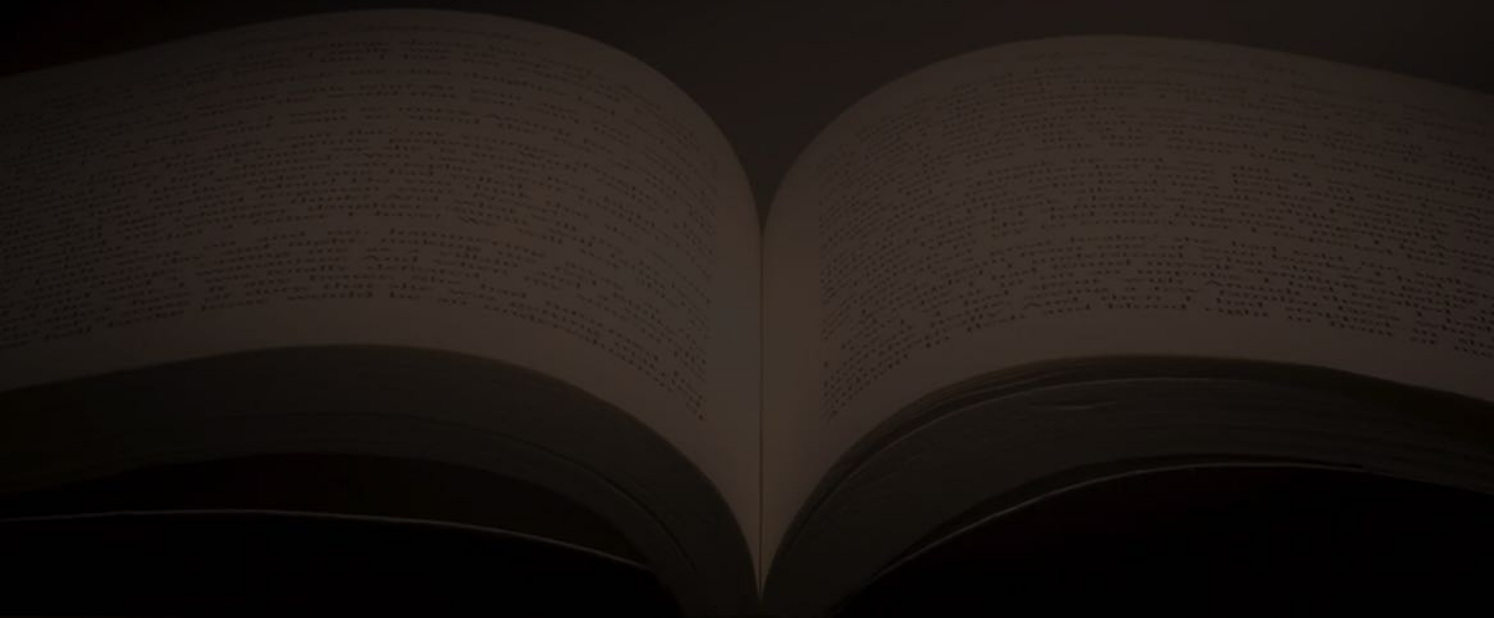
Rev. Dr. Ernest Adu-Gyamfi
Executive President (Ghana Baptist Convention)

Rev. Dr. Joseph Adasi-Bekoe
Snr. Pastor (Charismatic Baptist, Taifa)

Rev. Dr. Daniel Yirenkyi-Larbi
Snr. Pastor (Living Streams Baptist, Atomic)

Rev. Joseph Agyemang-Duah
(Charismatic Baptist, Taifa)

Pastor Edwin Afari
(Charismatic Baptist, Taifa)





ORDER OF SERVICE



PART I - PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. Arrival/Musical Interlude
2. File Past



PART II - BURIAL SERVICE

1. Opening Prayer -
Rev. Dr. Joseph Adasi-Bekoe
2. Opening Hymn GBH 21 -
O God our Help
3. Welcome & Intro - Moderator
4. Biography & Tributes
5. Exhortation -
Rev. Dr. Ernest Adu-Gyamfi
6. Hymn GBH 84 -
Safe in the arms of Jesus
7. Committal - Rev. Daniel Yirenkyi-Larbi
8. Prayer for Family -
Rev. J. Agyemang-Duah
9. Announcements - Family Member
10. Closing Hymn GBH 254 -
Because He lives
11. Closing Prayer - Ps. Edwin Afari
12. Benediction -
Rev. Dr. Ernest Adu-Gyamfi



PART III - GRAVE SIDE

1. Hymn GBH 238 -
Nearer my God to Thee
2. Prayer
3. Committals - Rev. Dr. J. Adasi-Bekoe
4. Hymn GBH 81 -
God be with you till we meet again
5. Vote of Thanks - Family member
6. Closing Prayer/Benediction -
Rev. Dr. Joseph Adasi-Bekoe

Moderator: Rev. Dr. Joseph Adasi-Bekoe





BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE MRS. DORIS AMA AYAW OWUSU-POKU

Mrs. Doris Ama Ayaw Owusu-Poku, nee Owusu, popularly known as Auntie Ama Police or Sisi, was born on 13th July, 1945. Her parents were Mr. Seth Owusu Asamoah of Mamfe Akuapem and Madam Alice Georgina Sarkobea of Larteh Kubease, both of blessed memory. She was baptized at the Presbyterian Church on 25th December, 1945.

Auntie Ama started her formal education from 1952-1955 at the St. Augustine's Anglican Primary School, Larteh, while staying with her grandmother, the late Obaapanin Akosua Akotowaa, also known as Mama Tetekor. She proceeded to the Yaa Achiaa Girls L/A Girls Middle School from 1955-1961 after re-locating to Kumasi to join her father.

Upon completion, she had wished to further her education, but fate would not have it that way so she decided to work.

She got enlisted as a recruit into the Ghana Police Service; a job she truly loved, on 23rd May, 1964 and passed out as a Constable Class 2 on 23rd July, 1965. She rose through the ranks to become a Chief Inspector on 1st January, 1994, the rank she held until her retirement on 12th July, 2005.

She met and married the love of her life, Mr. Ernest Owusu-Poku, then a young

Assistant Superintendent of Police in 1966, and they were blessed with four (4) daughters: Emelia, Gladys, Lydia, and Gloria. However,

due to her non-discriminatory nature, she took in and nurtured many (from both her side and that of her husband's), who regarded her as their mother. Together with the husband and children, they traversed the length and breadth of the country due to the numerous transfers her husband had to undertake - from Accra to Sekondi, Bibiani, Tamale, Tema, Nkawkaw, Kumasi, Mampong and many others. As a dutiful wife, she followed him wherever his job took him, so the family could always be together. She was very proud of her children and instilled in them discipline and confidence to face the vicissitudes of life

Auntie Ama was very close to all her siblings, and as the eldest, due to the demise of her senior sister, she fostered unity among them. She was a strong pillar in the family and was always in constant touch to know everything that happened and to offer solutions. She also had a very strong personality and was firm and strong.

When her husband was appointed as an Inspector General of Police (IGP), she automatically became the President of the Police Wives Association (POLWA), serving her members dutifully.

Auntie Ama loved the Lord and was a member of the Charismatic Baptist Church at Taifa. Over there, she became President of the Women's Missionary Union (WMU) in 2006, assisting to nurture the women in the Lord.



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BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE MRS. DORIS AMA AYAW OWUSU-POKU

Three (3) years after retiring from the Police Service, she suffered a stroke and for twelve (12) years, she battled this ailment until the 9th of May, 2020 when she was called home to be with the Lord.

She is survived by her husband, children and grandchildren.

Auntie Ama, Sisi, may the Lord keep you in perfect peace till we meet again.



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TO MY DEAR WIFE

The 7th Cadet Officers' Course ended at the Police College on 1st May, 1966. As is the tradition, postings of newly commissioned officers are announced after the parade. I was posted to Sekondi District in the Western Region and my colleague officers were surprised to hear that.

I could not understand them so naturally I asked for an explanation. The explanation was that in the Police Service then, even though it was not a laid down

be deployed to perform practical police work in the districts.

At that point in time, there were only three (3) graduates in the Service and all of them were stationed at the Police Crime laboratory as scientists. There were two (2) university graduates on the 7th Cadet Officers' course - the late I.G.P. (Rtd) Kwaku Kyei and myself.

Mr. Kyei was penciled for the Accra-Central District to understudy the

late Superintendent Abdulai Ali while I was penciled for Koforidua to understudy one late Superintendent Offei. The Police Administration realized later that Mr. Offei had less than one (1) year to retire so my posting was changed to Sekondi to understudy the late Superintendent S. T. Otu.



practice, it was generally agreed that Police personnel who had problems with discipline were usually posted to Sekondi to be purged of their indiscipline, so to speak. I then became equally surprised because I did not fit into that category of officers.

It turned out later that the then Police Administration had taken a policy decision to enlist more university graduates into the Police Service to

This meant that my posting to Sekondi had nothing to do with discipline; it was rather the Almighty God's way of influencing my future.

Towards the end of May 1966, I went to Sekondi where I knew nobody and had never been before. At Sekondi, I met a young woman - Doris Owusu, a Police Constable, whose mortal remains lie in the casket before us.



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TO MY DEAR WIFE

She was twenty-one (21) years and I was twenty-four (24) as a young Assistant Superintendent of Police. Not quite long, the two of us started seeing each other and towards the end of the year, we got married customarily. Infact, we were not surprised that we got married because the two of us were madly in love. We had our first child a year later.

After the birth of our third child in 1971, Mama developed a strange skin disease which covered her entire body, except the face.



We saw all qualified dermatologists in the country but all their efforts proved futile. She became very depressed as any young woman would.

We had our fourth child in 1973 - she was twenty eight (28) years old then and would have wished to have had more children, especially a male child, but the skin problem had a telling effect on her. She told me she would not have any more children because she felt embarrassed anytime she appeared before medical personnel over her skin problem. I agreed with her.

The skin problem never left Mama, not even after we had seen one of the best dermatologists in the world at the St. Thomas' Hospital in London.

She continued to have medications but was warned by the medical doctors that her continuous use of the prescribed drugs had side effects which could have serious negative effects on her health. She was however of the view that she could not stop taking the medications, which according to her, alleviated her symptoms.

In no time, the condition which the medical doctors feared would result, did happen.

In the year 2008, after she had retired from the Police Service, she had a stroke, and for twelve years (12) years, she lived with this condition until her death on 9th May, 2020 at the age of seventy-five (75).

One may ask, who was this woman who a school mate of mine called 'young lady', (which later became her pet name) when

we were posted to Bibiani in December 1966. She in turn called me 'young man'.

When the children started growing up, this turned to 'Mama' and when the grandchildren also begun appearing, we all called her 'Grandma'. This continued until she passed on.

Mama was very unassuming and yet, behind that was a steely character which was discernible when one interacted with her. When she was convinced she was right, nothing would change her mind.

She was a very neat woman and would make sure that her kitchen, bathroom and cooking utensils were in tiptop shape.

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TO MY DEAR WIFE

Her Police uniforms and shoes were neatly arranged the day before work. Due to her neatness, she had very high standards and always had problems with anybody, especially her house-helpers, who could not meet those standards. They just could not last long. In their absence, she would take care of our children herself - washing their clothes, bathing, feeding and getting them ready for school. She just would not entrust the care of her precious children into the hands of anyone who did not meet her standards.

Flowing from that, she was also very fashion conscious, and in spite of her skin problem, dressed very well - modest but classy.

Mama was a very loving wife and I must state here that, the two (2) most precious things she cherished in life for the fifty-four (54) years we stayed together were her marriage and her children. In 1968, barely two years into our marriage, the Police Administration issued a directive that would compel all female junior officers who were married to senior officers to resign from the Service.

I was then outside the country on a course, so she tendered in her resignation at the expense of her career in my absence. However, this directive was quickly withdrawn by the Police Administration in the face of its unpopularity both within the Service and the general public.

She would not go to bed until I had returned from work or an outing. In discharging her marital obligations, she would make sure that early in the morning, my fufu would be ready before I left for work.

This was a routine and she never failed in that. And because she cherished her marriage, she would not brook any interference that would disturb it.

She did not really have many friends she confided in; majority of her friendships ended at the office level. I therefore became her confidante. Infact, she went with me on all my numerous transfers throughout our working lives, crisscrossing the length and breadth of the country from Bibiani, Tamale, Damongo, Takoradi, Accra, Kumasi, Koforidua, Mampong, Nkawkaw, to name but a few. This, I know, preserved our marriage and kept the family closely knit together.

Like every relationship, we did have misunderstandings from time to time, but we never appeared before any of our parents. Whatever misunderstandings we had - and they were petty; we resolved them on our own. I really enjoyed my life with her as a wife and friend and I know she did as well. I am therefore highly devastated by her death.

If indeed there is life after death, I know we will meet again and continue from where we have left off.

Mama, Da yie, Damirifa due, Di olo, Wur3!



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TO MAMA

*God saw you getting tired,
And a cure was not to be.
So he put His arms around you,
And whispered, "Come to me".*

*With tearful eyes we watched you,
As you slowly slipped away.
And though we loved you dearly,
We couldn't make you stay.*

*Your golden heart stopped beating,
Your tired hands put to rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us,
He only takes the best.*

(Frances & Kathleen Coelho)

Writing and reading a tribute in memory of Mama is one of the most difficult tasks we have ever had to perform. Mama, how did we get here?

You were always larger than life and instilled a lot of discipline in our lives which has shaped us to this day. One of the most important life lessons you taught us was that, we should never discriminate against anyone; and you lived it. You welcomed everybody into your home and treated all of us equally. Any first timer to your home could never distinguish between your own children, nieces and our friends. At any point in our growing lives, you had not less than ten (10) growing girls you were nurturing in your home, making our home a very happy one.

Mama, we remember your big buckets filled with water for our bathing times growing up. The bathing chore began with you checking our entire bodies to



ensure that we had no rashes on any part of our bodies; this was a daily ritual (twice in a day). Woe unto any dirt or rash found in the course of this body-examining process!

Mama, you always dressed us up in clothes that were always washed and neatly ironed. The words 'crumpled' and 'dirty' did not exist in your vocabulary and the earlier one accepted that, the better for one's peace of mind.

Your nose picked the slightest whiff of odour that other noses did not,

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TO MAMA

especially from our armpits during our adolescent years. All hell broke loose if one of us happened to be a culprit to this unpleasant smell. Anytime we finished bathing, you would inspect our armpits to ensure that we emitted the cleanest of smells. If we failed the test, you would utter your famous words 'and you call yourselves ladies'. We then got a serious spanking and another chance to take a supervised second or third shower amidst weeping.

Mama, thanks to you, we now don't just call ourselves ladies, we are ladies and always appear neat, well dressed, and exuding confidence because you taught us the essence of cleanliness and how to walk as ladies -chest out with our stomachs tucked in, no slouching.

Mama, you were very happy when we called you 'Mrs. Owusu-Poku' because you were very proud of your husband and marriage and always advised us to make our husbands our friends. Everything you did was to please your husband and us. Your high sense of fashion ensured that you were always well and neatly dressed. Your silver-grey hair was your vanity; well-coiffed with a tinge of purple which always made you stand out in a crowd.

Our family was not a rich one but the quality of our lives was very rich. Which family wouldn't if they had Mama for a mother? You were a great homemaker in the truest sense of the word and set very high hygienic standards, ensuring that everything needed to make the home run was available and of course was the best.

You had eyes for detail and they never missed anything; unless you decided to gloss over them, and those times were few.



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Nobody went hungry at home regardless of whatever situation you and Dada found yourselves in. We remember in 1982/83 when Ghana went into food crisis, you devised ways and means for us to eat. You would bring unripe pawpaw home (in place of garden eggs) to be used for light soup so Dada could still enjoy his favourite fufu.

You also managed to bring home all manner of food stuffs - gari, beans, funny looking cassava (for dada's fufu, of course) and many others, just so we never went hungry, and you did succeed because as a family, we sailed through the crisis effortlessly. How you did it, we could never tell but they all point to a determined mother willing to go the extra mile for the sake of her family.

Mama, we remember all the things you taught us growing up; taking showers every night before going to bed, keeping a clean house, buying the best of foodstuffs in bulk and freezing them so we can use them later. We equally remember one of your favorite sayings; "common sense is not so common", by which you taught us that in life, we should always keep a broad view of situations and think through issues. This has become one of our favorite sayings too.



TO MAMA

Mama, when you suffered a stroke in 2008, our entire world crumbled; we just couldn't come to terms with the drastic changes (both physical and emotional) that it brought to our lives. Yet, you always believed in a full recovery, and waited expectantly to go to Church to offer your thanksgiving offering to the Lord. You even had the song you would sing, "Onyame do ne mma, na oyi won firi won haw mu", ready. Mama, that was not to be.

When Awura Ama visited in 2012 after being out of the country for a while, she cried when she saw you. But in your characteristic brave self, and in between your own sobs said, "Stop crying, what if you had to be taken to my grave instead of seeing me at home"? You were right, even though you were not feeling too well, you were still alive and kicking. You still talked and reprimanded as usual, and we could still see and touch you.

Now, Mama, we will be taking her to your grave site to visit you this time! We cannot see or touch you ever again on this side of heaven. But like the Apostle Paul stated in Philippians 1:21, "For to me, living means living for Christ, and dying is even better" (NLT).

Mama, you lived and fought a good fight. You are now in a better place. You will be missed!

FROM ALL YOUR GIRLS, WE SAY, REST PEACEFULLY! WE LOVE YOU, MAMA.



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TO GRANDMA

Death is inevitable, yet still we are never prepared for the sorrow and grief it visits upon us. Your sudden demise opened a wound in our hearts, a wound that we believe will only heal when we meet you again.

Grandma you have been a pillar in our lives, ever present from the day we each came into this world; nurturing and caring for us in ways only you could have. A strict disciplinarian as always, we knew that perfection was the bare minimum of what you expected from us in any endeavour we undertook under your watchful eyes. "Grandma is coming!" was the mantra that kept us all on our toes and we are very grateful for the training and discipline you instilled in us at our young ages that have shaped us into the people we are today.

Grandma, you lived a life full of loving deeds, forever thoughtful of our needs. Even though you were always the strict disciplinarian you had a soft spot for us, we remember one time when in reprimanding Atta around the time he was six years old, you told him he should quit behaving like a rascal and he replied, saying, "Grandma do you even know the meaning of the word 'rascal'?"

We all expected you to rain down fireworks on him per the status quo but contrary to that, you just burst out laughing and so did everyone who was there at the time.

There was never a dull moment when you were around; we longed to always visit and stay with you. Grandma now that you are gone, football matches involving your beloved Manchester United will never be the same again. No longer will we hear your screams during the football games. Your level of enthusiasm for your team was unmatched and we are glad that it brought you so much joy when the team was successful, unlike the team called Arsenal supported by Grandpa.



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TO GRANDMA



Till this day, the only thing his support for the team brings him, is sorrow but we are content with the fact that you will be happy wherever you are with their current predicament. We will sorely miss the banter you threw back and forth with Grandpa during these games.

Grandma, you were always a source of inspiration and joy to us when we were growing up. We thank you for all the times you bathed us, fed us, tucked us in our beds, cared for us when we were sick, took us to Church every Sunday and for being an integral part of our lives by being firmly present in it.

Grandma, we will always remember that special smile, that caring heart, that warm embrace, you always gave us. You being there for all of us through good and bad times, no matter what. We will always remember you, Grandma, because there will never be another one to replace you in our hearts...and the love we will always have for you.

Fare thee well, Grandma.



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BY SIBLINGS

*Leaves have their time to fall,
Flowers have their time to wither,
Stars have their time to set,
But death has no season.*

Why this time? This was the question most of us asked when the news of the death of our sister, Auntie Ama Police, as she is popularly known, was announced to us.

Cruel death has snatched our sister, our mother figure, counselor and our friend from us and has made us poorer by this loss.

She did not say a word to us before leaving for eternity and we deeply regret her death.

Auntie Ama Police was full of action such that, even in her old age, she still rebuked and corrected us when we went the wrong way.

As brothers and sisters, we saw her as a dynamic, strict disciplinarian and meticulous one who was prepared to defend her principles, no matter what. She was not a coward at all.

There was no partial love towards us by our big sister, and her determination to build in us a good character was sometimes misunderstood, but now she has been proven right.

As we grew older, we clearly understood all her principles.

Auntie Ama Police taught us to be law abiding and to love one another at all times.

Though loving and jovial, she disciplined us when we went astray, quoting Prov. 22:15. She would also say 'wo esi bi te wohare!!!' in the Larteh dialect, to wit, "Look at your face!!!"

She was least likely to say I give up even when she was sick.

Auntie Ama Police was very frank, free and encouraging. She would tell you the whole truth, and as we all know, truth sometimes hurts.

We loved her openness, honesty, determination of strength, character, her frankness, discipline, her faith, hope, love and above all, her Christian upbringing.

Sisi, we remain forever grateful to you.

Auntie Ama Police, Damirifa Due!!!





BY IN-LAWS

Death be not proud, though some have called thee

Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so

For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,

Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.....

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,

And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die

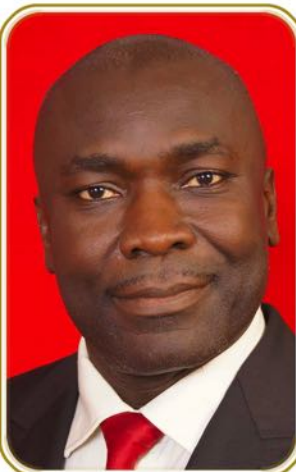
John Donne

Mama, as we affectionately called her, was a warm and friendly mother-figure to us. She always told us that we were the sons she never had, and therefore treated us with respect, which was reciprocal.

Through her unflinching love for her girls, she brought together all her in-laws as one big happy family, without any form of discrimination.

We are comforted that you died in the Lord. Though you are no more, you leave us with lots of fond memories.

Sleep well, Mama.





BY THE CHARISMATIC BAPTIST CHURCH, TAIFA

*"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race; I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of the righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will award to me on that day - and not only to me, but also to all who have longed for is appearing".
(1 Timothy 3:7-8, NIV)*

The late Mrs. Doris Owusu-Poku, affectionately called Maame Police, joined the Charismatic Baptist Church in March, 1995 when she and her family relocated to settle in Taifa.

As a woman of principles, she was always punctual and consistent with the attendance of church programs: Sunday worship services, Wednesday teaching service, Friday prayer meetings, and Tuesday Auxiliary meetings. This gained her much respect among her fellow church members at the time. With punctuality as her hallmark, she displayed a lot of discipline in all she did and tried to instill same to others. This was as a result of her training in the Police Service. She was also well noted for her faithfulness in the payment of tithes and other funeral obligations to the Church.

Maame Police became the President of the Women's Missionary Union (WMU) in 2006, a position she held and faithfully executed to God's glory until her sudden ailment in April, 2008. Her position as the WMU President enabled her to serve the Church Council - the highest decision-

making body of the Church. A duty she faithfully executed.

She also served as a Teller of the Church during her active years and would often be seen with the offering basket, climbing the stairs to and fro after Sunday Church service, to the Accounts Office, then located upstairs of the church building.

During the time of her ailment, when she could not regularly attend church services, the Junior Pastors often visited her at home to serve her with the Lord's Supper, together with her husband, Mr. Owusu-Poku. At this stage, she could still engage church members who visited her with vibrant conversation as she would jokingly remark 'even though I am not well, my mouth is not sick'.

News of the demise of Maame Police on the 9th of May, 2020 sadly reached church members. Though the church is saddened by her loss, we know she is at rest with her Lord. Maame Police, CBC Taifa, 'salutes' you for your service and contributions to the Church and bids you farewell till we meet again.

Be at Peaceful Rest with the Lord.

Maame Police, Da Yie.

Rest, Rest, Rest well with your Maker!

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HYMNS

GBH 21 O GOD OUR HELP

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 thy arm alone,
And our defense is sure.*

3

*O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guide while life
shall last,
And our eternal home*

GBH 254 BECAUSE HE LIVES

1

*God sent His Son, they called Him Jesus,
He came to love, heal and forgive
He lived and died to buy my pardon
An empty grave is there to prove
My Saviour lives!*

Refrain

*Because He lives, I can face tomorrow,
Because He lives, all fear is gone
Because I know He holds the future,
And life is worth the living, just because
He lives!*

2

*And then one day, I'll cross the river,
I'll fight life's final war with pain,
And then, as death gives way to victory,
I'll see the lights of glory and I'll know He
lives!*

Refrain

*Because He lives, I can face tomorrow,
Because He lives, all fear is gone
Because I know He holds the future,
And life is worth the living, just because
He lives!*



GBH 84 - SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS

1

*Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast
There by His love o’ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! ‘tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory
Over the jasper sea.*

Chorus

*Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o’ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.*

GBH 28 NEARER MY GOD TO THEE

1

*Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to thee,
Even 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.*

2

*There let the way appear, Steps unto
heaven;
All that thou sendest me, in mercy giv’n;
Angels to beckon me, nearer my God to
thee
Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to thee.*

3

*Then with my waking tho’ts, 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.*

GBH 81 TILL WE MEET AGAIN

1

*God be with you till we meet again!
By His counsel’s guide, uphold you!
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again!*

Chorus

*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 loving arms around 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!*





*Perhaps you sent a lovely card,
Or sat quietly on a chair.
Perhaps you sent beautiful flowers,
If so, we saw them there.*

*Perhaps you sent or spoke the kindest words,
That anyone could say.
Perhaps, you were not there at all,
Just thought of us each day.*

*Whatever you did
To console our hearts, we
THANK YOU
so much, whatever the part.*

The Widower, Children and Family of
Mrs. Doris Ama Ayaw Owusu-Poku