

A T R E S T



Ms.
Delae Sowu



(1962 - 2023)





LAYING IN STATE AND FUNERAL SERVICE
OF THE LATE

Ms.
Delae Sowu



Friday, 3rd March 2023

6:30 am

Transitions Funeral Home, Haatso, Greater Accra

INTERMENT AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Saturday, 4th March 2023

Tegbi, Keta, Volta





Order of
SERVICE



Order of service

Opening prayer

Call of worship choir

Biography & tributes

1st Bible reading

Hymm: Let saints on earth in concert sing

Urantia Tribute

2nd Bible reading

Sermon

Offering

Hymm: Now The Laborer's Task Is O'er

Closing prayer

Vote thanks / announcement

Lifting and music





Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu



Biography of the late

Delae Elizabeth Adjo Sowu



Delae Elizabeth Adjo Sowu was born to Clendinning Mawuko Kwasi Sowu and Julia Henrietta Rogers on 24th September 1962 at the South London Hospital for Women. On November 1962, her father was commissioned into the Ghana Air Force and together with her elder brother and sister, we travelled by ship to the New Port of Tema, Ghana. We stayed in Ho till we acquired quarters at Dodowa Villas, Flagstaff House. We then moved with Delae and the other children to Labadi Villas in Burma Camp where we were later joined by Kobla and Michael.

After the coup of 1966, we travelled back to the UK as her father was to take a course at Cranfield University. We later returned to Ghana where we experienced several coups. Delae attended several schools, Ghana International, Services Primary-Burma Camp, and Mawuli Secondary School-Ho.

Her daughter, Delali, was born on 9th July 1982. In 1993, Delae married Dr. Earl Stewart, a Fulbright Scholar, and relocated to the USA in Santa Barbara, California. After the breakdown of her marriage, she went on to marry a pharmacist, Dr. Dennis Nwokoma Okwuadigbo, and lived in Las Vegas for about five years. Her father died on 4th December 2010 and her husband, Dennis, passed away a few months after on 7th March 2011. Delae worked as a manager at Kmart for many years. She continued working until she had an unfortunate heart attack, after which she relocated back to Ghana. She took a great interest in the garden and house. Her daughter Delali has three children, and happily in 2020, Delae was able to spend a year with her daughter and grandchildren in the US. She returned to Ghana in November 2021. Her health deteriorated from then on and she died in her mother's arms early Saturday, 7th January 2023.





Tribute by
MOTHER



Delae was born 24th September 1962 and never had I envisaged that I would have to write an obituary for one of my children. Having looked after her from birth through her school days, it is difficult to face that she is gone. She was healthy generally except for a severe case of chicken pox and shingles which left her partially paralyzed for a time; she did however recover. She gave birth to Delali and as she wanted to work to support herself, I looked after Delali as a small child. Delae trained and worked as a beautician and then went on to work at Kmart for many years, until unfortunately she suffered a heart attack and had to take an early retirement. She returned to Ghana and helped to make the garden productive. Her health gradually caused problems and it was a struggle towards

the end. Luckily, she spent the year before last with Delali and her grandchildren in the States where she became very close to them.

During the early hours of January 7th, things became worse, she sat on her bed, close to me and said, 'Goodbye Mummy, I love you,' then took a few breaths, and she was gone. Only one who has lost a child will know how I felt. It is hard to understand. Each person has a unique path and as my grandmother said, 'Everyone has their own cross to bear.' Delae, you always said you were not afraid to die, I hope you have reached the beautiful place you anticipated.

May Light Perpetual Shine upon You!

Your Loving Mother



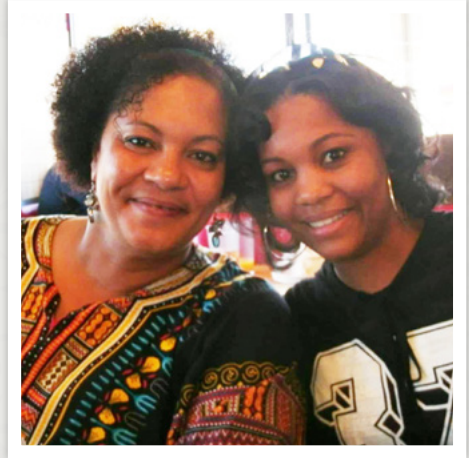
Tribute by
DAUGHTER



Delae is what I called you because I grew up with my grandmother whom I called Mummy. We worked hard on building our friendship and relationship over the years. You and I officially became best friends once your first grandchild was born. You were supportive in all the ways a mother should be. We formed a relationship which became unbreakable, and you became part of my routine.

Two years ago, you spent over a year with my family and omg did we have fun and played pranks on each other! You encouraged us to plant vegetables and flowers, you transformed my thinking about the afterlife, we went shopping together, laughed and always told each other how much we loved one another. You loved your grandchildren sooo much and they loved you as well, you were the coolest grandma, they jumped on your back, cooked with you and, most of all, your favorite, all the hugs and kisses they gave you constantly. You should see them now almost grown and so intelligent.

My heart was literally broken on the 6th of January 2023. I will never ever forget



that day. You and I had a three-hour conversation earlier. The last words you said to me were: "I love you" and "I am feeling dizzy" and then, I told you to turn off the lights and to put me on speed dial. The look on your face (since we always had our video on) was a look I can't get out of my head. And the feeling I got when I got off the phone now makes sense-a sadness came over me when I put the phone down. Hmmm... Two hours later, I get a call from your mother and she did not have to say the words as I already knew...The pain was so unbearable. I am still in terrible pain.

Whyyyyyyyyyyyyyy whyyyyy did this



happen to me? We had plans together, lots of plans. You were supposed to spend more time with Amaka, Amara and David. Breaking the news to them was so difficult. Amaka cries for you all the time and Amara says she sees you and talks to you, David stares up at the ceiling and I believe he feels your presence. My husband, Leo, keeps us together and misses you and, as for me, the pain is still hurting so badly. You leaving me is not fair, you were supposed to see your grandchildren in June and we were supposed to play more pranks on each other, love each other even more, and continue to build on the love you gave not only me but everyone you came in contact with.

You were my sunshine, the nickname my mother-in-law gave you. This tribute is soo hard to write because no one will understand the relationship and the

bond we shared together. You became my everything and I depended on you for everything but I will try to find comfort in the fact you transitioned in Mummy's arms. And while she held you tight and watched you cross over, I believed you had a smile on your face.

I went to Walmart the other day and when I saw the seeds aisle, I turned and walked away because the pain will not go away. I am miserable. You always said that one day you will be in one of the many mansions your creator has. So I beg you, whatever mansion of God you are enjoying, please comfort me... Delae, I will miss you soo badly and I promise to start my own garden with the kids.

With Love to Infinity and Beyond,

Your daughter, Delali



Tribute by
Son-in-Law



To the best mother-in-law anyone can ask for. I call you mummy because that's who you are to me. You have transitioned to glory from this sinful world. I'll always cherish the time and beautiful memories of moments you spent with me, Delali, and your grandchildren. Thank you for your words of encouragement and support. You always had our backs when we needed you. Thank you for blessing and raising a wonderful daughter. I can say undoubtedly that you gave your all to everyone who knew you or came in contact with. You impacted my life beyond what words can express. Mummy, you will be missed in flesh, but your memories will live with us forever. Continue to rest gracefully in the bosom of our Lord Jesus Christ.



From your son-in-law,
Leo



Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu



Tribute by
Grandchildren



One day grandma died and I miss her so much. When you died my heart was broken and I am so sad. I love you! My mom wants me to do a tribute and I feel like I am walking on the clouds. My heart is pounding. my mom keeps crying and you are passed out. I am hoping for you to come back but Jesus said its time to go. Why did he do that? I want to tell you I have a gap in my teeth now just like you said I was going to and it's just like yours. I miss you so much. I love you and I want you to stay. I miss your kisses.

Amaka



Grandma I love you; you are the best. I hope you are praying for us. Please, let the angels bring you back. You are the best, you are the sweetest, the cutest, the roses of the world. I love you. Amen.

Amara

Love you
grandmaaaa

David





Tribute by Brothers



Delae is gone! I am sure for many of you this does not ring true. I am sure you miss Delae dearly as for many of you she was a constant in your lives.

When we were younger, much younger, I heard from Mummy that when Delae decided to fly the coop, she would later tell how the whole plan was like a military operation, everything was calculated, no surprises, just like her Dad. From how she had the ticket bought, how she had packed her stuff and hidden them in the garden, and like a great escape movie, was on a plane and off to Europe before you could say fly. Of course, I was jealous as she was the best. I had gone away from home only so far as the countryside. Now you would have thought this was more than Dad could take, but it worked out quite the opposite. In fact, Delae and Dad would form a special bond that would last till his passing to the point that Dad, Delae, and Auntie Mabel always seemed to be enjoying life together in the USA whenever he went to visit.

Delae came back home, again like the first journey out, planned with, I am sure, the same military precision

she did when she left. Her barrels of things arrived first, including a kitchen sink. Then, we clearly felt her presence again in the home in Ridge where, with her usual gusto, she set about trying everything she could to make a living here. I like to refer to that as homecoming one. As most of us know, after being fleeced by the taxi driver to whom she gave her car to run a taxi, and trying various other business ventures, once again Delae was gone.

She eventually landed a great job with a well know retail outfit rising to managerial position in both Santa Barbara and Las Vegas, where Cathy and I would visit on our trips to America, and where she was happy with Dennis who we sadly lost. I suspect his demise would cause her disenchantment with the American experiment, and so once again, Delae was back in Ghana. Once more, she brought everything she thought she might need to set up a home in East Lagon, down to seeds for the garden. These would be, I surmise, some of her happiest times, living and supporting Mummy and working on her beloved garden.



Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu

Friends, what can I say, every time I visited there would be an addition to her eclectic group of friends, from scholars of Vodou, to singers, musicians and all sorts of exciting people. Then there was her spirituality and her searching for truths, something she and Mummy shared. In fact, sometimes you could sense they spoke a different language, and I would tease them both that it was all hocus pocus. But I will say that I had a deep respect for her for sticking to her guns and not been swayed by any of my arguments.

So Delae is gone, I say, think of it as if “Delae is gone again”, and like the times before we will meet again. And until then, let’s share the memories we have of her.

So wherever you are, Delae, since we do not have the address and we cannot come visit like we often did, be sure that we are thinking of you.

Love,

Your brothers



Tribute by
Sisters

Catherine, Valentina and Patience



Excited cries and shrieks sounded across the many fields and farms located a hop skip and a jump from our home at 21 The Crescent and later 3 West Road, Cranfield. Many a day spent playing all day and then going home to tea, and then creeping back downstairs to watch Dr. Who and The Fugitive secretly from behind the sofa. We remember our flower print dresses which were often the worst for wear. Those were happy days, we had fun, and we had seasons in the sun. We grew up, we had homes in Ghana, the most memorable being 16 Third Avenue, Ridge. Life went on.

Children were born. Many happy days with our children at Riviera Beach especially, those were pleasant days, those were memorable days.

Your daughter’s wedding was a happy day, Valentina remembers, where there was a lot of Light and Laughter. Delae, you were often stubborn in your views but knew that when the chips were down Big Sis would always step up. We remember your delight when you found out that a special meal had been prepared for your 60th Birthday last year. We remember the Friday Night not long ago when you came and



complained about the terrible racket from the neighborhood church, you said you were going there, we stood before the Pastor outside the Church hall letting him know how aggrieved we were, it was only then you pointed out that Yawa was wearing a nightie, we laughed all the way back. Those were good days. This past Christmas, Michael was asked to bring the Christmas tree out of storage, to our surprise you went ahead to decorate it yourself beautifully, not something you had done before, we should have realized something was up.

We enjoyed Mother's birthday in November and Christmas and New

Year. Catherine's birthday followed and you organized the food. You went for a medical checkup. You just kept saying that you were advised to observe bed rest and take your meds. The night of 6th January 2023 was not a good night, even though mother said you had asked to be taken to the hospital, it was just too late. You were a firm believer in angels, Patience remembers, you have become one. Fly across heaven with them. You were loved, you lived a good life, and you always spoke of life beyond this earthly realm. We believe you have reached that place, no more tiredness, no more pain. Journey on in Peace and Light.



Tribute by
Nieces & Nephews



From Chello

Delaé,

I don't think I have ever cried this hard in my life than at the news of your passing (you know that deep, can't talk, panting, snotty crying). Don't be up there laughing oooo. Aside from being my aunt, you grew to become my confidant, my gossip partner and my susu keeper. As an aunt, you made it unbelievably comfortable and easy to talk to you openly about any issues I had. And no matter how painful those problems we discussed were,





Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu

particularly with our family and with you personally, you never judged, got angry (just frustrated) and always made me feel heard and loved. You gave me your undivided attention by taking your time to open up and explain issues and choices made in the past. This I profoundly appreciated and we always walked away from those challenging and painful conversations laughing, joking and most importantly having a positive outlook.

Your kindness in every manner towards me felt deeply undeserved. When I broke my ankle in June last year, you were so kind to say, “Michelle I don’t have much but let’s split what I have (which was only 200ghs) to help with your bill”. I never told you but that gesture brought me to tears as it was one of the most loving and thoughtful gestures anyone had ever made towards me in a time where I felt deeply alone coupled with the fact that I know you didn’t have much. You are one of

the most thoughtful people I know and I pray God gives me divine grace to bless and serve others like you did. Most importantly, you made it easy to say I love you in a family where this is foreign. On every call with you, you ended it with that statement and even when I didn’t answer your calls you will hound me with a loving message which always made me feel guilty for not answering. The kindness and love you taught me, I shall carry on by continuing to nurture these sentiments within myself and help instill them in your grandkids. I miss you is an understatement but I know you are here with me.

I love you, Delae, and all I do is picture you smiling and dancing in the living room.

Rest in Pure Peace in the Bosom of the Most High.

Your niece,
Chello x

From Casper Mensah

My dearest aunt,

I struggle to find the words to express how much you meant to me and the incredible impact you had on my life. Your unwavering devotion to God was evident in everything you did, from your daily prayers to your selfless acts of kindness towards others. Your unwavering faith inspired me to develop my own relationship with the divine.

You were always there for me, offering words of comfort and encouragement during difficult times. Your words of wisdom and guidance gave me the strength to face life’s challenges with a renewed sense of hope and purpose. You had a gift for knowing just what to say, and your advice was always grounded in love and compassion.

Your spirituality was not limited to your own personal beliefs; it extended to



your interactions with others. You saw the divine in everyone you met and treated them with respect, kindness, and compassion. Your example taught me the importance of living a life of service to others, and I strive to follow in your footsteps.

Your love for God was infectious, and you shared it freely with those around you. You touched the lives of countless people, and your legacy will continue to inspire and uplift others for generations to come.

Although I will miss you terribly, I take comfort in knowing that you are now with the divine, experiencing the fullness of joy and peace that comes with being in the presence of the Almighty. Thank you, dear aunt, for showing me what it means to be truly spiritual and for



being a constant source of love and inspiration in my life. You will always hold a special place in my heart, and I will forever cherish the memories we shared together.

From Sorigha

Aunty D,

I will never forget the day I got a message on Facebook saying, "I think you are my niece." From the very start of that new-found relationship, you showed me nothing but kindness, loyalty, honesty and love. We may not have seen each other as much as we would have liked... or even spoken as much as we would have liked but every interaction was genuine and conversation was never forced, it was like we had known each other all our lives. Last time we spoke

was less than a week before you passed and we spoke of all the things we would do when I next came to Ghana, we were both so excited!

I may not have grown up with you in my life, but you definitely grew in my heart, and I can honestly say that you will always be firmly planted there.

I get a message from you every year on my birthday, so it seems fitting that I share this day with you now. Rest well and I pray we meet again one day.

With nothing but love and respect, your niece (confirmed now lol)



Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu



Tribute by
Auntie Mabel



I shared a lot of memories and time with Delae over the years, especially in the last 40 years. One of the first treasured memories I have of her is her being amongst the family seeing me off at the airport when I first left Ghana for the United States. In 1982 she and I had our daughters six weeks apart and I had the honor of bringing them to Ghana six months later.

Over the span of our 40 years of friendship and sisterhood, I watched Delae grow and reinvent herself on numerous occasions and always with a joyful and fearless spirit. Whether practicing cosmetology, running her honey or taxi business, or working for a Fortune 500 company, you could count on Delae to fully embrace whatever she did and give it her all.

Her adventurous spirit and love of travel resulted in her spending time not only in the US but in various parts of Europe. Prior to relocating permanently to Ghana, she opted for another adventure in the form of a cross country trip from Las Vegas to New Jersey, during which she stopped at numerous landmarks along the way.

We shared many laughs on different occasions, including the many humorous interactions we had. One stands out where Delae's yoga prowess was put to the test



when I challenged her to do Crow Pose. She accepted the challenge, and promptly faceplanted into the carpet and we all immediately began to laugh.

In our many discussions, she always referred to herself as a seeker of knowledge. To that end, you would often find her reading a book, magazine, or articles which would result in long discussions over the various concepts she'd just read about. I will miss her physical presence and our long talks, but I am also grateful for all the moments that we shared together.

She was a free spirit who flowed with life, loved people, and had a strong desire for peace. May her compassionate spirit rest in peace.

Thank you,
Mabel



Tribute by
Mother-in-law



Ever since I came across Delaë, we connected instantly, and she became a good friend. She was just like my biological sister, and we got along so well. Her passing is very painful. She was such a lively and pleasant lady with such a liberal mind. Sometimes she would tell me that I'm a mother and that I have to call my son and daughter in-law even if they don't call as often as I would want. I miss her so much already. My only joy is that I had the opportunity to have a long talk with her before she died.

I had called the previous Tuesday and she told me that she was pained as her heart had given her some more challenges. I told her that she should try to come to the US for doctors to check her. I could not have known that this would be the last time that we would speak with each other. I pray that our Lord Jesus Christ will continue to guide her aged mother and her family, including my son's wife. Adieu Delaë.

Love,
Evergreen





Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu



Tribute from Friends



From Dr. Claudine Michel

My sister Delae,

On Jan 2, 2023, we spoke for a long time as we often did. My phone log indicated that the call lasted 1 hour and 1 minute. It was one of our usual deep conversations where we discussed everything, where nothing was off limits. We spoke about our beloved daughters, Delali and Kyrarah, and the joy our grandchildren brought us. We spoke about our late fathers and their complicated lives, about our mothers and family in general, about our gardens, about politics in Ghana and Haiti, about the senseless violence in the US and in the world. We spoke about what brought us joy, about the need to maintain balance in our lives, about having reverence for the universe and those forces beyond what can be readily apprehended. We spoke from our hearts. As always, our souls connected. We prayed for more love for all.

We also spoke about health, my health, your health. Your health was challenging at the moment. Your heart was failing. You knew it was a matter of time. “I am



not afraid of dying,” you told me as you had said on a few prior occasions. My sister, Delae, you were also clear about not wanting to be operated on in the US. It was your sense that your heart would sustain you as long as it needed to. Your home was in Ghana, you told me, and this is where you wanted to be, near Mommy, continuing to be there for her, cultivating your garden and staying close to your roots.

My husband Douglas, with whom you



had many affinities, told me that night, I am sensing something is shifting with Delae. We must go see Delae in Ghana soon. Maybe as early as February. Beloved, it was, indeed, at home where you took your last breath in the early hours on January 7, just 5 days after we had spoken, in Ghana, at the family home, in your room (Daddy's old room), in his bed/now your bed, and in your mother's arms. You took your last breath in the awesome presence of the one who had witnessed your first breath. This was at once a gift for your cherished mother, but also perhaps one of the hardest moments of her life.

What terrible news we all awakened to that morning! Delae had made her transition! In California, where I live, it was still evening. My daughter called to say that Delali had just called and that she had been trying to reach me. "Manman, Auntie Delae passed," she said. My heart dropped. Tears ran down my face like a river that overflowed.

We have biological families. We also have chosen families—the families of our hearts. We have chosen soul-sisters who know our deepest secrets, who know our pains, our longings, our fears. Sisters who understand who we are, what we are about, and what kind of mark we want to leave on this earth during our earthly passage. We have sisters who walk with us, sisters who are always at our sides despite physical distance. We have sisters who are our

rocks, sisters who bring light into our lives, sisters who enhance the meaning of our existence.

Delae was one such sister to me. Since we met in 1993 in Santa Barbara, California, we have been soul-sisters. That was 30 years ago.

A West African woman and a Caribbean woman who had so much in common had found themselves in each other. A Ghanaian woman and a Haitian woman who had found each other in an otherwise predominantly white and privileged enclave on the West Coast of the United States. Foreign we were. Foreign we remain. But we had each other, and this made it bearable. We talked almost daily then, we exchanged colorful clothes, we did hair, we laughed, joked and poured our hearts out. We ate together so often—ground nut soup, garifoto, and rice and beans were our staples. We both loved to chew on bones. This reminded us of our homes, those sunny and warm places we had left behind and which continued to make our hearts vibrate.

At this time in the 1990s, Delali was with Mommy and Daddy in Ghana as you did not want your precious daughter to lose her African roots and values. Delae's heart was in pain with her only daughter so far away but she also wanted Delali to remain African. She succeeded. Delali is an extraordinary successful and responsible professional, a dedicated



Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu

mother of three lovely children, a loyal partner to Leo, and someone who knows her Ghanaian roots, heritage and culture. Your sacrifice was not in vain, my sister Delae. We know that you will continue to watch over Delali, Leo, and the grandchildren whom you adored, Amaka, Amara (Sena), and David. You will always be with them and Ghana and Nigeria will always be in their hearts. You did your job!

I know that others will speak of all your special qualities—your intelligence, your wisdom, your language skills, your generosity, your kind heart, your embrace of the lesser than, those less liked, those less fortunate. Some will speak about how worldly you were and

will rave about the fine cultural taste you had. Others may speak about your entrepreneurship, your business know-how, your passion for customer service that you embraced as your career of choice.

I speak of you as an awesome presence, then and now.

I love you, Delae. I miss you but I also take comfort in knowing that the ancestors have welcomed you home. Rest in peace, in power, and in infinite wisdom. As we lay you to rest, I say after Johari Jabir, “May Love have the final word, always!”

Your soul-sister,
Claudine

From Dr. Kyrah Daniels

For my Dearest Auntie Delae,

Recently, my mom came across one of her favorite photos of you and me. We are standing in the front of my childhood home in Goleta, CA. You are wearing a beautiful Ghanaian textile with an elegant headwrap, looking positively regal in your purple dress. I am wearing a dress that you had brought back for me, bright blue, and I can tell I was trying to mirror your poise and grace. But my hand rests on my hip in a sassy 7-year-old pose, and I know you were chuckling, having encouraged this free-spirited stance.

Auntie Delae, your big bear hugs and warm, knowing smile could brighten any





day. Spending time with you as a little girl, I learned that you were far away from home in Accra, Ghana and that you missed your daughter Delali immensely. So it made sense to me that you connected as much as you did with my mom, who was also far from her home in Haiti and missed her family.

This was why the two of you would make magic in the kitchen, cooking delicious smelling ground nut stew and chicken in sauce as the two of you reveled in your memories.

I loved when we all visited together at each other's homes. You would discuss history and politics with my dad, and I would watch you and my mom laugh long and hard, tears streaming down your face. You would teach me about the power of spirit and meditation, helping me to cultivate an inner spiritual strength. My mother missed you to no end when you left Santa Barbara for Las Vegas, and then returned to Accra. But we knew that after so many years of being in the U.S., it was time for you to return home. And no matter the distance, you two remained sisters at your core.

In 2016, mom and I were invited to attend big sister Delali's magnificent wedding in Accra. Ever the gracious host, you welcomed us to stay in the family home. We got our hair braided, purchased exquisite fabrics, listened to Ghanaian music, and would speak long

into the night. You and my mom shared your wishes for me and Delali and how you saw your daughters manifesting our dreams. You helped me practice driving stick shift and took me to Tegbi for an unforgettable visit to the ancestral family land. Together, you and I spoke about the power of spirit, reincarnation, and how many different ways humans connect with the divine.

Auntie Delae, thank you for sharing your luminous, generous spirit with us. We honor your bright legacy and love you always.

Love, your niece,
Kyras





Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu

From Kofi Adu

I met Delae at an early age and she has been a soul mate and a dear loved one to me. If life could be purchased or death could be substituted, I would be first in line to save her. But what should be is not known. I, Kofi Adu, will forever miss her infectious smile and our daily chats. Indeed, she accorded every human being respect, honor, and dignity. The loss of Delae has left a vacuum in the family and for whoever knew or met Her.

Rest in peace, my Darling. You will always be on my mind. God bless.



From Geoff Teague

I still cannot believe it! So full of life and taken from us so suddenly. I'll miss your morning calls to check on me and put me in a good mood with your bright, enthusiastic start to the day. I'll miss our coffee sessions and long chats about life, the universe and what was beyond all of this. I guess now you know for sure and I bet you are rocking it wherever you are.

You are truly a special and unique soul and you are going to be missed by a lot of people. People you were always ready to reach out to and help when they were down. You never asked for anything in return except that we "pass on the love". I will always remember you as an unconditional loving soul.

You accepted people for who they are, always slow to judge your fellow human

beings and dwelling on peoples' good side rather than their flaws. Not a common trait these days.

I loved the way your face would light up when you talked about your grandchildren and when Delali's name came up. The sheer joy when you were tending your garden and making plans for it. Difficult to imagine that I'll never see that again, so I've decided that you've travelled. That is easier to deal with. We all have friends who left town and we haven't seen for decades but we think of them fondly and hope that they are ok. I'll just do that till we meet again. It's easier to bear and that way there is no void to fill, just time to pass.

Rest well my friend.

Geoff Teague



From Vivian

Oh Delae, it's almost a month since I had been jolted out of sleep by our daughter Delali with the unbearable news of your passing. Delae, I still have no words to describe what a wonderful person you are. I have always told you that you are an angel. Since we met many years ago, we have been together in all things, in everything, you never let go of me. Our bond grew stronger with the marriage of Leo and our daughter Delali. This bond that you took time to grow and nurture between us, grew much stronger and tighter with the arrival of Amaka, Amara, and David, our grandchildren. I will miss the times we spent when you will connect me on the internet to watch David in school and chat with Amaka and Amara. Oh yes you were a super grandma, you never missed updating me on their videos and pictures and you also made sure I drew closer to your mom and Michelle. You never let go of me, making sure I participated in almost all your family activities. You have always had my back my soul-sister. Oh, i wish i could just have one more chance to embrace and tell you how much I love you. The pain is not gone, and I figure it will take several



years to go away slowly, I will hold onto your memories.

I pray to God to keep you safe with him. Believing one day we shall embrace each other again, when God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying nor pain. For the former things shall pass away.

Thank you for giving me such a wonderful family and grandchildren. I will continue to love and cherish them, as you always did. Goodbye, dear bosom, best friend. I will miss you so much. I love you.

Soul-sister Vivian

From Ada

Delae is an embodiment of light-heartedness and deep spiritual way of life. She ardently understands that nothing is really bad in itself rather it is

only flawed thinking and faulty motives that corrupt human actions.

I write about Delae in the present tense because there is only one life and Delae is actually continuing on her journey.



From Bibie

Beautiful Delae,
We Spied the Skies and the Eyes of Es,
talking through many nights about
what was right. Every moment shared
with you over these years has been
very special, unique. Inspired, we often
read insightful books peeking into
the universe with curious fascination.

Continue your fabulous travels, dear
friend. Your eyes must be lighting up in
awe to the splendour surrounding you.
Indeed, Love is your true Power. Keep
rising, highly favoured and free till we
meet again.

Love,
Bibie

From Maureen Brimite

Dear Aunty Delae,

Honestly, I don't know where to start or
how to even write this because I was not
expecting to do this. So, my apologies if
it's all over the place.

But here we go. Back in 2002, I was
brand new to the USA and met my sis
who introduced me to her mama who I
eventually called Miss Delae or aunty. I
remember meeting you and you asking
me questions about my family and
eventually meeting my family, and at
that time, we all became family. We had
many dinners together and you would
always bring a bottle of wine, either at
our apartment or wherever I would visit
you. I tried my first ever African meal that
you cooked over on Hacienda; it was
a fish dish for which I can't remember
the name, but I know it was delicious.
I tried my very first Hookah with you
when we went to a Lounge in Town
Square, this was a spontaneous night

out. You joined my mom at the Reggae
Fest, you've seen and met my kids and
you've seen them grow up from babies
to teenagers. You have seen ME grow up
from teenager to adult. I wish you could
have met my 3 younger ones.

We celebrated your birthday together,
you've celebrated mine also. Even in
sad times, you were there and vice
versa. It is hard to accept that this time
I am writing a tribute for you, I hear you
say "Eh? And then the laugh that would
follow clear as day.

I pray you are happy now and not
suffering anymore. Now, when I see
a Red Geo Metro I smile because it
reminds me of you. When I drive and
see the street name Rochelle, it reminds
me of you. I will forever cherish the
memories we made together.

Rest In Eternal Peace, Aunty Delae,

Love always and Forever.



From Danny Gwira

Delaë, Delaë, Delaë.

Your death came as a shock to me and to all the students who knew you. We will never forget that you have been a loyal supporter and student of African Goju ever since the Community Centre training days in the late eighties and you were instrumental in organising our first video interview with Channel Four UK in 1990. The last time I saw you was at the African Goju Awards Ceremony at the Bukom Arena in July last year,

where you were recognized for your contribution to our history. I will always cherish the long conversations we had about everything from the state of the world economy, to corruption in Africa, to climate change and the meaning of life and God. It looks like you may now have the answers in your next transition. I will always miss you; but I will cling on to the hope that we will meet again.

Rest in peace, Delaë.

Love always.

From Yasmeen Helwani

The pain of losing you has been staggering. We became really close and shared so many precious moments together. Although you were my aunt, it felt more like we were best buddies. We had so much in common! You always made the effort to find me, even when I couldn't find myself. You cared for me when it felt like no one else cared. You proved without a doubt that you were my biggest fan. So many of my shows were lit just by your smile in the front row. You always made me feel so warmly and deeply loved. You brought the light!

Thank you, Aunty Delaë, for being present in my life and blessing me with pure and unconditional love. Thanks for the numerous chats, for all the gifts to me, Malcolm and the kids, and all your time spent with us. One of our favorite topics was spirituality, and we

discussed passing on so many times. I just wasn't prepared for such an early curtain call. Though I know you live on, I am heartbroken without your physical presence here. I just wish you could have stayed a little while longer. Journey on my beautiful and beloved one. Free of earthly pains and sorrows. There's nothing really left unsaid between us. We always told each other how much we loved and adored each other. No one will ever fill this void you have left behind, but I guess it's time for you to fly free into the heavens my "big sis", my "daaarrrring", "planet earth person", fellow gardening enthusiast, fellow music enthusiast,.. I knew how to make Delaë laugh, and we always laughed so much whenever we were together. I'm going to miss that gap! Oh Delaë. My aunt, confidante, best friend. All I can say is THANK YOU. Until we meet again.



Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu

Kofi Morny and family

I first met Delae in the late seventies. The first thing that struck me was her warm smile, exposing her beautiful diastema. We became exceptionally good friends over the years, becoming flat mates in New York, Virginia and London. Delae became an honorary family member over the years and we shared happy times and tribulations together.

My dearest friend Delae was a candid woman, she stuck to her principles and her point of view. I learned very early not to engage her in a discussion

or argument, I knew I would never win. Nevertheless, Delae was a humble woman who had a friendly and generous heart, and always looked out for other folks, she'd go out of her way to help a friend.

Delae, even though you are gone, your presence will remain in the shadows forever. We are going to miss you very much, but we shall treasure the memories you left us with. Rest in everlasting peace my dearest friend and sister. Till we meet again someday.

From BenJerry

I met Delae in London. In fact she was in the company of our friend and brother, Kofi Adu. I didn't see her again until I came back to Ghana in 1983. We became close friends because we were living quite close to each other. She was in Ridge and me in Ringway Estate.

Delae as I found out over the years was a very kind, loving, honest, and generous person who had the wellbeing of all friends and relatives at heart. I used to call her an angel because of all her good attributes. Whenever I called her an angel she'll go on and on about not being an angel and that angels have wings and live in heaven. She didn't have wings and did not live in heaven

so how could I address her as an Angel. Well we always laughed it off.

Finally, my very dear friend Delae became an angel. She grew a pair of wings and flew away to heaven where she belongs.

Farewell Delae. You'll enjoy living there in heaven. You loved music and musicians. All your favorite artists who passed on earlier are there to entertain you. Talk about Coltrane, Miles Davis, Jimmy Hendrix, all the great singers, drummers and other instrumentalists. You'll have a ball.

Farewell my dear friend.



From Frank Kwame

Apparently, Delae Sowu had an adventurous spirit back in the late 1970s. Her love for Afro-Jazz music was like no other. The Afro-Jazz musical giants in Ghana at the time were the likes of the late Glenn Warren and Kiki Gyan among others. Her love for this sound made it cool and inspired some of us to follow. I wish those pioneers were still here to experience today's Afro-beats.

Though I saw you, at times, intermittently, I have known you since

my teenage years and I have had long interactions with the rest of your family at your childhood home since I lived across the street from your house. You were ahead of your time and traveled out of Ghana at a very early age. My last encounter with you was when I was about to travel out of Ghana to the United States and I remember your praises of my efforts. Despite the fact that we lost track of time and lost contact, your passing has brought back many good memories of your teenage days at the state house community. Farewell, Delae. May you Rest in Peace.

From Diana Perry

When I think of Delae I will always remember her as an inspiration and a shining light for those in need. We started out as coworkers but became good friends and I was there when she encountered many obstacles and trying times. She suffered through a lot: Death of loved ones, her own health problems, yet there she was showing her faith in God and never wavering in her beliefs. We had several conversations in the past few years where I was struggling myself and she would share her love with me. She said "I am a believer in God and I believe in the eternal journey of life. My

faith keeps me getting up each day as does the joy that my child and grand babies bring to my life. It is for them that I live. But my journey will not end here. I will be with my God one day." She then said, "to share my inspiring ideas with others is my way of sharing the love I have inside of me. And I'm sharing my love with you."

This was Delae, a kind and caring friend and although I will miss her, I am glad that she will be a shining star watching over each one of us until we meet again. Rest in eternal peace my beautiful friend. I love you dearly.



Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu

From Monica Haynes-Sisay

My dearest sister and friend Delae (as you were affectionately known to me),

What can I say?! I'm heartbroken! We last communicated on January 4th texting back and forth after I missed your call early that morning. And then on January 6th I received the devastating news that The Most High called you back to Him. We first met back in the 80s through my sister Selma (of blessed memory). She spoke about you all the time and you were a dear and loyal friend of hers right up until she left us four months ago. I remember Selma had a photograph of you taken in Ghana surrounded by local villagers. I loved that photo because it captured the real essence of you (a strong, caring & beautiful African woman). That photo still hangs proudly on my wall. The last time we actually saw each other was in 2015 when you were in New York and my husband and I were so happy and proud to have you as our witness the day we got married. You were so happy to be able to attend and we were so delighted to have you stand with us. I remember the fun we had later that summer when the 3 of us attended the West Indian Day Parade in Brooklyn. It

was your first time and you danced in the street to the cultural music.

My daughter, Farah, will always remember the time we went to Canarsie Pier with you just to hang out that evening. I appreciated your friendship through the years and will always treasure my fond memories of you.

There are special people in our lives who never leave us, even after they are gone. Delae, my dear sister and friend, you will never ever be forgotten. Your memory will live forever in my heart and mind. May the Most High be pleased with your works and may you sleep in eternal peace and rise in power.

My deepest condolences go out to your mother, to Delali, your granddaughters, your grandson, and all your family & friends who continue to mourn your passing. You were one in a million! Peace be onto you on your journey home.

P.S. Don't let Selma give you a hard time up there (smile)!

With all my love,
Monica Haynes-Sisay

From Yahya

I have a lot to talk about you, about your kind heart, your love for people, your sincere feelings, you were an angel on earth, and now you have gone to a forgiving God who knows very well

how you are. I will miss talking to you and telling you my secrets freely. Rest in peace! You are the most beautiful person I have ever known.

RIP Delae



From Yaw Kwakye

Today, we gather to honor the memory of a remarkable woman, Delaé. She was a woman of exceptional character who presented with grace, compassion, and care for everyone who came her way. Her impact on the world, particularly in the field of music, was immense, and she will always be remembered for her dedication to promoting African unity through music.

Delaé's influence and connection to Chanel good and compassion were evident in everything she did. She believed in using her talents to make a positive impact on the world, and her unwavering dedication to promoting African culture and unity through music was a testament to her commitment to this cause.

My father, Nana Danso Abiam, was fortunate enough to have met Delaé and experienced her incredible influence on his life and his quest to bring Africa together through music. Their shared love for Africa led them to take action and promote African unity through music. Delaé's guidance and support helped shape my father's vision of using music to connect people and foster understanding, resulting in the creation

of beautiful and powerful music that celebrated African culture and heritage.

Delaé's commitment to promoting African culture and unity through music was not limited to just talking about it. She used her influence and connection to channel good and compassion. Her unwavering dedication to the cause inspired others to join in the movement and make a positive impact on the world.

As the Bible says in Ecclesiastes 3:1, "To everything, there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." Delaé's passing is a reminder that our time on earth is finite, and we must make the most of every opportunity to make a positive impact on the world. We mourn the loss of such a beautiful soul who touched so many lives with her kindness and dedication.

Shame on death for taking such a beautiful soul from us. Delaé's presence will be missed, but her influence will endure. We must honor her legacy by continuing to promote African culture and unity through music, just as she did. May her memory be a blessing to all who knew her.

From Alpha

A word to characterize her: "Beautiful." Her actions: "Peaceful" *DELAÉ SOWU*... you make things calm even in unlikely

situations. Till we meet again, journey on my friend.



Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu

From Emma Acquah

A PIECE OF US IS GONE!!!

How can I put into words a tribute to such an amazing, beautiful, wonderful, free spirit woman like Delae Sowu.

Delae and I met in September 1974 on our 1st day at Mawuli Secondary School Ho when our parents dropped us off to begin a new chapter's in our lives. We were both assigned to the same house and dormitory. Missing home already, we had to depend on each other as the ordeal of BULLYING by the seniors had already started. In conversations that evening, we realized she attended Services Primary School and I Garrison Primary at Burma Camp. Our bond was instant and we became inseparable friends. She left for England before we could complete our G C E O'Level, and we lost touch with each other.

After over 30 years as fate would have it, thanks for technology and social media, I got a call and the voice on the phone said guess who you are talking with. I was clueless and jogging my mind which she could sense. Finally, after a few minutes she called out her name bursting with laughter. That laughter and smile still echo in my ear. My mouth went agape and I bet a fly could find its way through.

We caught up with so much. I asked her which state she resided in. Her answer, I live in Las Vegas, Nevada. This

couldn't be any better as I responded that I would be in Las Vegas in a couple of weeks from New York to watch the finale of CHER CONCERT. So, I told her let's get together so we can see each other in person. Boy ooooh boy, what a lovely long night it was and I mean a really long night catching up on over 30 plus years of lost time!

We often talked about our children since we both had one child each, our aging parents, planning our daughters' wedding and, more recently, the joy of being grandparents. Anytime she visited the New York/New Jersey area, we spent a lot of time together until she decided to settle back home in Ghana and spend more time with her aging mother. She was in Texas a couple of years ago after the pandemic to do her grandma duties, which was a joy to her and our endless phone conversations continued about life in general, gardening which she loved, philosophical topics, and sometimes throw in politics.

We last spoke on December 19th. Because of the Christmas holiday coming up, I was going to be busy, and we decided to talk in the new year when she was going to give me feedback on information I was seeking. She sent my daughter GHC 200 cedis to get Christmas gifts for my grandkids. That's Delae for you! Little did I know it would



be the last time we'll talk or ever see each other again.

During her short life in this world, she left a big impact with her kindness, generosity, selflessness, and GENUINE LOVE for all those who came in contact with her.

From Wayne Collison

Delae,

It was a shock and a blow when I saw your Obituary poster on the platform of Urantia Book study group. I got scattered, and when I gathered myself I knew with a conviction that you are in a beautiful place. My encounter with this sweet soul was at BB Brew's house where we study the Urantia Book. I

SO LONG MY DEAR FRIEND, YOU WILL SURELY BE MISSED.

DELAE, SLEEP WELL AND REST ETERNALLY IN THE MAKER'S BOSOM.

realized she was a very deep thinker and smart-evolved soul. Her personal spirits are beautiful, full of love and power. Very respectful and a straightforward person, she always said it as it is and never misses her words to express her feelings.

Love you Sis.,
Your friend and a spiritual brother.

From Solomon Prana

I met Aunty Delae once at New Morning Arts, Tesano. She was a loving person and very friendly. This was my first impression about her. Check her exit number – 7 ! And it was a full moon day too! She transitioned at a time the moon was full, when there was more

light and higher cosmic energy. I have no doubt in my mind that this lady led a good life.

May God and the Higher Beings lift her to highest abode in the spiritual world.

Rise to higher glory, Aunty Delae.

From Ady Namaran

Delae radiated beauty and warmth all around her. She took her spiritual growth seriously and always urged

those around her to put their faith and spiritual insights to practical use.



Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu

From Michelle S. King

Mama Delae,

Your soul is so beautiful! You are full of wisdom and every time you came around I felt your warmth, love, and

peacefulness. I will miss your voice that brings comfort to everyone. So glad that I got to spend time with you on my birthday. You looked vibrant and at peace at the same time. I love you and will never forget you.

From Francis and Cynthia Amuah-Fuster and family

Delae: Our dearest friend and Sister, how does one begin to talk about someone who has been so special and given of herself in every positive way around us. Delae has had what I can only describe as a wonderful and positive life and I can well imagine her commanding us not to mourn her but to remember all the great times we shared together and to celebrate her life.

I do not recall precisely when we first met Delae; it seems to me I had always known her long long before we actually met her. Her love and understanding and patience for all forms of life—plants, pets, all kinds of animals and people— is a passion of hers that drew me very close to her. My family and I offer our deepest condolences. You have indeed lost a gem and a star but her memory will live on. Rest in perfect peace our dearest Delae.

From Maggie Champagne, Marsha, Symphony (Fifi), Miracle (Coco), and Elijah (Jah Jah)

My dear Delae,

You called me from the hospital after you had the stroke and I asked how you were doing. “No problem, I beat the stroke,” you answered. Now I am shocked. I can’t believe that I can’t call you and talk to you. I am sorry and sorry and sorry and sorry you don’t know how much I miss you. God does what God wants to do. Why? I don’t know.

Seven years ago, when our dear friend Claudine told me that she got this

woman she wanted me to meet and that you were nearby in New Jersey, we were having a hard time in my family. My mother Lola had Alzheimer’s and I felt like I could only leave the house for work. Claudine said that maybe you could spend a couple of days with us to help. We talked on the phone and you arrived one night. The next morning you were cooking. It was like you were someone who had gone away and came back home to us. I thought, “This is someone you need all the time in your corner.” You had come with all kinds of stuff, seasoned chicken, even bread and butter, like you were coming for a



year or two years. You fixed our fridge nice. You showed me how to make the peanut sauce. You showed me how to take leftover rice and fry it with egg for breakfast. You said, “Nothing goes to waste.” And you showed me pictures of how you could create a lot of stuff, how you could cut the wood and make chairs and a table for a dining room set.

When I was thinking about friends meeting the kids, I said to myself, “Some kids you can’t stand, some kids you love.” Everybody had a problem with my granddaughter Fifi who was 13 years old at the time but you were okay with everybody. You connected so nicely with my grandson Jah Jah whom you helped with homework and we gave you the same nickname he uses for me because you became so close to him. Lola could be difficult in her illness, especially with her loss of her memory. You would go talk to her, help me turn her in her bed, help me change her. At times she would ask, “Where you get this woman?” It was touching how you adored everyone. You loved my daughter Marsha who called you auntie

and my son-in-law who usually keeps to himself. My youngest daughter Coco was in fourth grade and very shy but she remembers you and details about your visit that I had forgotten. After a couple of weeks, you left because you had to return home. I cried.

You invited me to visit in you in Ghana for a month at a time I could not leave my mother for more than a day or two. And my biggest regret is that I did not attend Delali’s wedding. When I think about what your daughter is going through, I remember how my mother was in the hospital with the coronavirus and I wanted to hold her hand, talk to her, and be with her when she left this world. And things were so bad with the virus that I could not be with my mother the way I wanted to be with her. My family and I would like to continue to support your daughter as much as we can through this great loss. We will share the love we have for you with her.

You are a beautiful soul, a beautiful angel.

Love.



Tribute from

URANTIA ASSOCIATION INTERNATIONAL



In the past few years we've known Delae, our relationship has grown from a fellow reader of a book called the Urantia Book, to a fellow truth-seeker, a friend and more recently a sister. In all these experiences, what many of us can say about how she lived her life is characterized by these:

- Fearless
- Light-hearted and full of joy
- Original in expression of faith & belief

When you meet Delae, do you see a lady coiled-up within her shell, fear-bound from the shackles of the confusions and errors of our time? Not at all ! The Delae we know is an embodiment of courage, full of love and curious about life and the beyond. To everyone with whom she came into contact, she would disseminate the love and light of the universe.

If Delae was to say one more word to all of us gathered here, even now as we take a moment to have one last look at her material image and bid her farewell, what would it be? What would it sound

like? Well, we can tell you this:

“Have no fear. Believe in the light & truth that wells up within you. Don't hold back on the expressions of your fondest dreams & visions. Let go off your attachments that tie you down to this material existence.”

She exuded the truth and discovery we made together, resounding with conviction that soothes and refreshes the soul which thirsts for light and life, in the expression:

“Even now you should begin to find deliverance from the bondage of fear and doubt as you enter upon the living of the new life of faith and hope. And when the feelings of service for your fellow men arise within your soul, do not stifle them; when emotions of love for your neighbor well up within your heart, give expression to such urges of affection in intelligent ministry to the real needs of your fellows.” (Urantia Book 157:2:2)

Delae sojourned this planet with the love of truth gleaming in her eyes



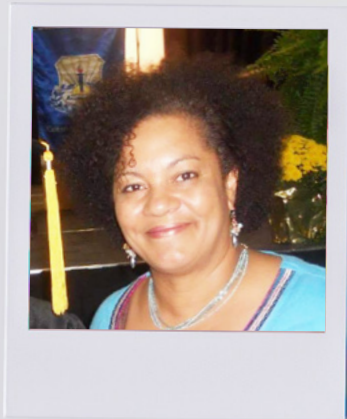
always, holding nothing back in expressing the universal light. She met life head-on and through it all, she never forgot to dance knowing that sooner or later bags will be packed, goodbyes said to loved ones and off she goes just like many who preceded us & those marking time presently.

So, it appears to us who have walked this path of discovery with her, that,

even now, it beholds us to see this moment not as a goodbye or farewell as normally thought of on earth, but more like: “Guys I take the lead to yonder; I’ll be fine out there you know!”

Till we meet again, Delae, dear sister of light, journey on to the Mansion Worlds and onwards to embrace the Universal Father.

Love from your Urantia fellow-travelers



Gallery







Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu

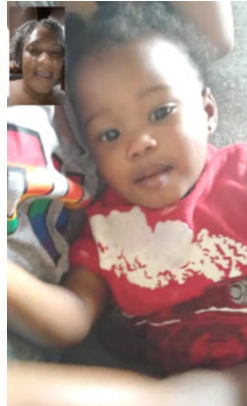
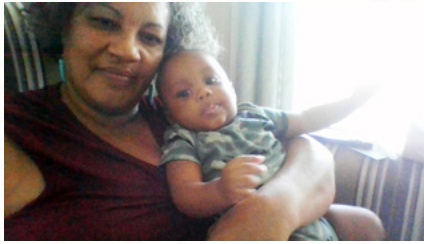






Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu

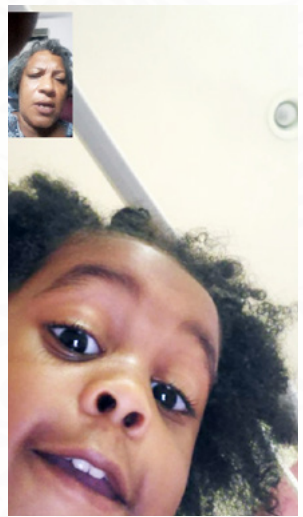






Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu

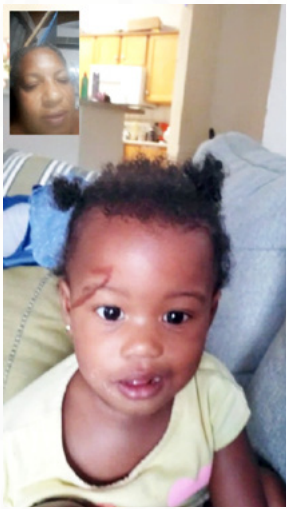
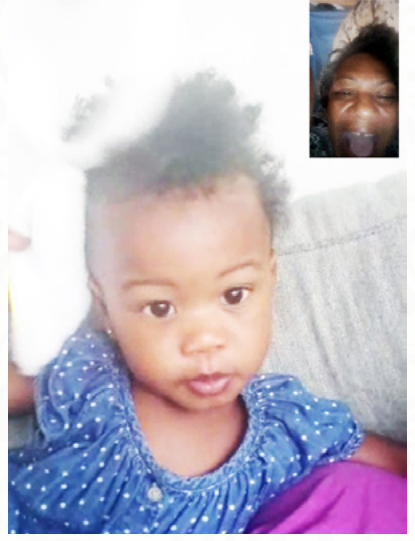






Rest in Peace
Delae Sowu







Hymns





Let saints on earth in concert sing

- 1) Let saints on earth in concert sing
with those whose work is done;
for all the servants of our King
in heaven and earth are one.
- 2) One family, we dwell in him,
one church, above, beneath;
though now divided by the stream,
the narrow stream of death.
- 3) One army of the living God,
to his command we bow:
part of the host have crossed the
flood,
and part are crossing now.
- 4) E'en now to their eternal home
there pass some spirits blest;
while others to the margin come,
waiting their call to rest.
- 5) Jesu, be thou our constant guide;
then, when the word is given,
bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
and bring us safe to heaven.
- 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. Father, in
Thy gracious keeping Leave we now
Thy servant sleeping.
- 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.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 4) There the penitents who turn To the
cross their dying eyes All the love of
Jesus learn At His feet in paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 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.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Now the Laborer's Task Is O'er

- 1) 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.
- 6) Earth to earth, and dust to dust!
Calmly now the words we say; Left
behind, we wait in trust For the
resurrection day. Father, in Thy
gracious keeping Leave we now Thy
servant sleeping. Amen.



DELAE

When we look at the sky, I will search for your star as I know that you are there in the immensity of the night.

When I put my hands and feet in the ocean, I will feel your energy, calming at times, and roaring at other times.

When I look at the sun, I will see your light that shone on so many, a light that guided many paths, a force that will continue to illuminate our lives.

When I touch the earth, I will feel your warmth. I will remember that we are dust and that we will return to Mother Earth as you now have.

I will remember that you loved your garden as a site of new growth, endless possibility, and eternal becoming.

Rest in peace, in power, and in infinite wisdom...

"May Love have the final word, always!"

Claudine Michel, 19/2/2023





Appreciation

To know how greatly loved and missed Delae will be, brings us comfort and the inner strength to carry on. It gives us the desire to live each day with the kindness and warmth that she shared with us all.

Thank you for reminding us of how loved Delae was at this time by showering us with love, prayers, gifts and most importantly your presence.

God richly bless you.



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