

IN LOVING ♥
Memory
JUNE 2026

BURIAL AND
MEMORIAL
SERVICE

PASTOR MRS.
AGNES COLE

1946 - 2026





V E N U E :

Transitions, Haatso, Atomic
Kwabehya main road, Ga East



*And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."
(Revelation 14:13)*



Order Of Service

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Archbishop P.B. Igein - Prov. Head Gh (Church of the Lord)

Archbishop B. Gbogboade - Pro. Head U.K (Church of the Lord)

Bishop E. G. O. James - Central Diocese Head (Church of the Lord)

Ven. Ebenezer Tei - Acting West Diocese Head (Church of the Lord)

Rev Adu Asare

Apostle Dr Robert Mensah

Bishop Kwaku Sompa Osei

Rev Romeo Siaw-Mensah

Rev Bertinus Baalu

Rev William Armah

Rev Charles Marfo

Rev Kenneth Appiah

Lady Pastor Naomi Oblitey

Pastor Jonathan Afladey

Pastor Emmanuel Osei Kofi

Pastor Bright Odonkor-Tetteh



PART ONE

Pre-burial Service and Filing Past

1. Short opening prayer
2. Hymn C.L 460 - Jesus, lover of my soul
3. Opening of Casket
4. Solos and Choruses
5. Concluding prayers / Closing of Casket

PART TWO

Burial and Memorial Service

1. Short opening prayer
2. Hymn C.L. 436 – Pleasant are thy courts above
3. Scripture reading: Psalm 90:1-12
4. Music by choir – When peace like a river attendeth my way - It is well with my soul
5. Scripture reading: I Corinthians 15:50-58
6. Biography and tributes
7. Hymn C.L. 402 – Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine
8. Sermon
9. Hymn C.L. 166 – How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
10. Announcements
11. Choruses with offering
12. Closing Hymn C.L. 655 – To God be the glory great things He hath done
13. Closing prayer
14. Grace & Benediction

PART THREE

Grave Side

I. **Funeral Response to the graveside**

Minister - The power of death ends

Response - Hallelujah

Minister - The power of Satan ends

Response - Hallelujah

Minister - The power of witches and wizards ends

Response- Hallelujah

Minister- The power of sickness ends

Response - Hallelujah

Minister - The power of earth is brought to nought

Response - Hallelujah

Minister - It is finished; what shall I eat?

What shall I drink? It is finished

Response- Hallelujah

Minister- Rest and joy for the weary

Response- Hallelujah

2. Hymn C.L. 574 – Now the laborer’s task is o’er

3. Short prayer with Psalm 23

4. Hymn C.L. 268 – The strife o’er, the battle done

5. Lowering of the casket

6. Internment

7. Hymn C.L. 455 – Nearer, my God to thee, nearer to thee

8. Closing prayer

9. Doxology Hymn C.L. 49 – Abide with me: fast falls the eventide

10. Grace and Benediction

PART FOUR

Thanksgiving Service

SUNDAY 28TH JUNE – 9am

AT THE DECEASED'S RESIDENCE

1. Opening prayer
2. Hymn C.L. 459 – Through the love of God our Saviour all will be well
3. Scripture reading: Revelation 7:9-17
4. Hymn C.L. 166 - How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
5. Sermon
6. Hymn C.L. 655 – To God be the glory great things He hath done
7. Thanksgiving
8. Roll call
9. Prayer for the children & the family
10. Vote of thanks
11. Closing hymn C.L. 96 – Now thank we all our God
12. Closing prayer with Ps. 67
13. Grace & Benediction



MRS AGNES COLE (1946 - 2026)

B I O G R A P H Y

Biography Of The Late Ps. Mrs. Agnes Cole



*For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.
(Romans 14:7-8)*

EARLY LIFE AND CHRISTIAN FOUNDATION

In the image and likeness of God, Mrs Agnes Cole (formerly Agnes Akorkor Akwei Awah) was born a twin on 23rd April 1946 to Emmanuel Kwadjo Awah and Mrs Theresa Adokarley Awah all of blessed memory at Koforidua.

From the very beginning of her life, she was nurtured in the Christian faith. On 11th August 1946, she was baptised into the Catholic Church by the late Father J. O. Bowers at Holy Trinity Catholic Church, Agormenya.

At the tender age of six, Agnes was sent to live with her father's elderly sister, affectionately



MRS AGNES COLE (1946 - 2026)

known as "Antie," at Mangoase. Under her care, Agnes received guidance, discipline, and training in good manners and responsible living, values that would remain evident throughout her life.

EDUCATION AND EARLY CAREER

In 1953, young Agnes affectionately called Akorkor as she was the younger twin began her primary education at the Roman Catholic School in Mangoase under the watchful supervision of Antie. She continued to grow both academically and spiritually. On 30th October 1958, she received her First Holy Communion at Oterkpolu Catholic Church under the benediction of the late Father Bernard Ato. Later, on 26th June 1960, she was confirmed at St. Joseph Catholic Church, Adwagyiri-Nsawam by the Late Bishop J. O. Bowers.

Her educational journey took her to St. Agnes Girls School, Koforidua, where she attended Forms One and Two from 1959 to 1961. She subsequently continued her studies at St. Theresa Girls Catholic School, Agormenya, from 1962 to 1964.

After completing middle school in 1964, Agnes joined the Workers Brigade at Okponglo, Accra, where she received training and worked as a driver. This achievement reflected her determination, courage, and willingness to embrace opportunities that were uncommon for many women of her generation.

LIFE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

In 1977, following an invitation from her friend Margaret, Agnes travelled to London in search of new opportunities. During her time in the United Kingdom, she met and married the love





of her life, the late Mr. George Ben Cole. Together, they built a home filled with warmth, love, and hospitality.

Auntie Aggie or Mrs Cole as many will call her in the Ghanaian community in Thamesmead London was widely known for her generosity and kindness. Her home became a welcoming place for family, friends, and many others who found comfort, support, and encouragement in her presence. She was always willing to lend a helping hand and share whatever she had with those in need.

FAITH, SERVICE, AND CHARACTER

Agnes was a woman of deep and unwavering faith who loved God wholeheartedly. For over forty years, she was a devoted member of the Church of the Lord Aladura in the United Kingdom. Throughout her years of service, she faithfully contributed to the growth of the church in various capacities, including the Children's Ministry, the Mary Band, as a Deaconess, and eventually as a Pastor.

Her life was characterised by purpose, determination, hard work, and perseverance. She demonstrated the importance of setting meaningful goals, working diligently towards them, and placing God at the centre of every endeavour. Her exemplary life served as an inspiration to many.

FINAL YEARS AND LEGACY

In January 2023, Agnes returned to Ghana to spend her later years with her close family. Surrounded by the love and care of her family, she continued to inspire those around her through her faith, wisdom, and generosity until her peaceful passing in April 2026.

Mama Agnes Cole leaves behind a rich legacy of faith, love, service, resilience, and compassion. She will be fondly remembered by her family, friends, church community, and all whose lives she touched. Her memory will continue to live on in the hearts of many, and her example will remain a guiding light for generations to come.

May her legacy live on and may her soul rest in perfect peace.



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Tribute

Tribute To A Sweet Mother Like No Other – By Rev. Duke Kofi Allotey



*The righteous perish, and no one takes it
to heart; the devout are taken away, and
no one understands that the righteous
are taken away to be spared from evil.*

*Those who walk uprightly enter into
peace; they find rest as they lie in death.*

(Isaiah 57:1-2)

I THANK GOD FOR A LIFE WELL LIVED.

Agnes Aggie, as I would affectionately call you—words, space, and time will never be enough to fully express the indelible mark you have left on my life.

You left the shores of Ghana for the United Kingdom when I was barely three years old. Yet, as destiny would have it, I joined you there almost two decades later. From the moment we reunited, it felt as though those twenty years had never existed. The love, bond, and connection we shared were immediate and genuine.



Like many others who passed through your home, I was blessed by your generosity and sacrifices. Under your roof, I qualified as a Chartered Accountant in England in record time because I did not have to worry about paying rent or taking on excessive work to survive. You created an environment where I could focus on my goals. We always had so much to talk about. My joy was your joy, and my pain was equally your pain. That was not an exaggeration—it was real, tangible, and evident in everything you did.

One of my fondest memories is our daily dinners together in London. Sharing meals from the same bowl was almost a sacred tradition. We took turns cooking depending on who was available. I can still vividly remember our special banku and pepper garnished with fried red salmon cut-offs from Brixton market. Those simple meals became some of life's greatest treasures.

I also remember the days when mobile phones were not commonplace. Whenever you were late returning from work, I would anxiously wait for you at the bus stop. The moment you arrived, I would ask, "Why are you late today?" and you would jokingly respond, "Eeih Papa, na meyε wo yere anaa?" ("Papa, am I your wife?"). We would both laugh and continue our short walk home.

The weekends I spent accompanying you to work at Belsize Park remain priceless memories. Those trips always came with a reward—a hearty English breakfast and delicious grilled spare ribs. Looking back, I now realise that the food was only a small part of the reward; the real blessing was the time we spent together.

When I got married to Anita and decided to move out, you were deeply saddened. You



insisted that I keep a key to your house so I could come in whenever I wished. Because of our closeness, I chose to live nearby, where I could literally see your house from my window and continue to keep an eye on you, as I always had.

There was hardly a day when we did not speak or exchange text messages. Your memory was remarkable. You never forgot the birthdays of those you loved. In fact, weeks before my birthday, you would already be talking about it and asking what I wanted for the occasion.

Mama, you were exceptionally hardworking, disciplined, goal-oriented, and prudent. Once you set your mind on accomplishing something, nothing could deter you. Your resilience and determination were truly remarkable.

One of your greatest desires was to honour the memory of your late father by constructing a building at Oterkpolu in his honour and unveiling it this year to mark forty years since his passing. After overcoming many obstacles and making several attempts, you eventually completed the project to the best of your ability. Though you did not live to witness its unveiling, your vision was fulfilled.

Above all, you were a lover of God and a woman of prayer. Midnight prayers were a regular part of your life. You rarely missed church services and never ceased to praise God for His goodness. Truly, His praise was continually in your mouth. You often testified that God had blessed you with good health and strength throughout your working life.

You were also a no-nonsense woman. At times, people misunderstood you because you confronted wrongdoing and stood firmly against injustice. Yet you never compromised the truth, regardless of the consequences.

Sweet Mama, as we prepare to lay you to rest in the manner you desired, my heart is



filled with many emotions. It is filled with gratitude for the privilege of being your chosen son, your darling boy, and the one you lovingly called "Medofo."

Thank you for your trust. Thank you for your encouragement and the confidence you instilled in me. Thank you for your sacrifices, your unwavering support, and your countless prayers.

My heart is also full of memories—memories that time can never erase. It carries the silent ache that comes from losing someone so precious and irreplaceable.

Mama, a few months have passed since you went to be with the Lord, yet that Saturday morning remains vivid in my mind—sharp, unquiet, and unforgettable. Sleep often comes in fragments, and grief returns without warning.

They say it gets easier with time. Some days, it almost does. Then suddenly, the ache returns.

You were my guide, my confidante, my counsellor, and my friend. Tell me, Mama, how do I continue without you, my Lady Pastor?

Yet even in your absence, you live on—in every lesson you taught, every kindness you showed, every life you touched, and every expression of love you left behind.

I will greatly miss your loud and infectious laughter that often ended with your famous "O lalaa!" I will miss our conversations, the stories, and the deep spiritual insights we shared.

Mama, with God's help, I promise to uphold every instruction you gave concerning preserving your legacy.

Until we meet again, keep resting peacefully in the bosom of your maker whom you loved to often refer to as "Me Nyame Obaatan pa".

Farewell, Sweet Mama.

You will forever remain in my heart.



"You rarely missed church services and never ceased to praise God for His goodness. Truly, His praise was continually in your mouth. You often testified that God had blessed you with good health and strength throughout your working life".



Tribute

A Tribute to My Sister – By Dr John Acquaye Awah

Seeing so many faces who loved Aggie means the world to our family. I want to thank you all for being here.

Summing up a whole person as Aggie is somehow daunting. She was my sister but we never shared a common childhood; we were almost 2 decades in age difference. But, one thing was for sure, we shared a lifetime of little moments; and this created a bond that justified our last name.

She was not just my sibling; she indeed played a significant role during my earlier life when I began to travel abroad to explore the world. She opened her home to me and to anyone I would introduce to her as a friend. Her home in London became the launching pad for many of us who assimilated in British society.

My first job in London as a Cleaner was through her effort, providing me with a work reference, pretending to be my employer in a cleaning business. I prepared for my British medical exam in the total comfort of her home. This allowed me to gain employment in Britain as a medical doctor.

She was principled in life; and in matters concerning family dynamics her principles could go to the extreme. This has, many times, led to unintended consequences but above all she was very magnanimous. She recently bought a car for her younger brother just because she did not like the state of his old car. She was fun to be with when you are in her good books; her jokes are very remarkable and her big laughs are infectious and irresistible.

Losing Aggie leaves a vacuum we cannot fill. Our world feels quieter. We are stunned by grief because we have so much love for you. You are a shining star in our family by virtue of the legacy you left behind. The Oterkpolu mansion you solely constructed, whilst glorifying the



name of our father, will be an icon that will benefit generations after us.

You taught us to be kinder, to laugh more, and to never let anyone tell us our dreams were too big. As we say our goodbyes, we promise to uphold your legacy, nurture it for the benefit of generations to come.

Until we meet again, we say rest in perfect peace.



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Tribute

Tribute to Sweet Auntie Aggie by Benedicta Norman

Madam Agnes Cole, whom I affectionately called Imami and Aggiesco, was a remarkable woman whose love, kindness, and generosity touched everyone who came into contact with her.

My earliest memories of Auntie Aggie are of a devout Christian, a peaceful soul, and a loving woman who embraced everyone without discrimination. She was an exceptional giver who found joy in sharing with others. No matter where she was, she never forgot me. Whenever someone was travelling to Ghana, she would send gifts for me. These thoughtful gestures reflected her loving and generous nature.

The first time I saw her again after many years, during one of her visits to Ghana, I had gone to collect a parcel she had sent. From a distance, I heard her excitedly calling my name. She could hardly contain her joy as she praised God for the woman I had become. That warm and heartfelt reception touched me deeply and encouraged me to visit her several times before she returned to London. Even after she left, we remained in close contact, and she continued to remember me with gifts and regular phone calls.

Auntie Aggie was a beautiful and elegant woman who took pride in neatness and orderliness. She could not tolerate untidiness and was always quick to point out anything that needed attention. She believed that everything should be done properly and was never afraid to insist on high standards.

I often called her Aggiesco whenever we shared moments of laughter and joy together. She had a wonderful sense of humour and would laugh uncontrollably at our jokes and playful conversations. Her warmth and cheerful spirit made every visit memorable. In fact, the reception she gave me whenever I visited was so special that it always made me look forward to the next visit.





Her home was a place of abundance and hospitality. She made sure her fridge and pantry were always well stocked so that anyone who visited would have something to eat, drink, and enjoy. She had a special gift for making people feel welcomed, valued, and cared for.

Beyond her generosity, Auntie Aggie was a woman of strong principles. She was kind-hearted, loving, and encouraging, yet she was also disciplined and straightforward. She had no room for nonsense, favouritism, or injustice. She always said things exactly as they were, whether people liked it or not. Her honesty and integrity earned her the respect of many.

When she finally returned to Ghana after completing her dream retirement home, our relationship grew even stronger. She would call me several times each week, asking me to visit because she missed me. Every visit was filled with meaningful conversations, laughter, surprises, and precious moments together. In fact, she often begged me to move in with her because she enjoyed our time together so much.

Life, however, can be unpredictable. I had promised to visit her on the Saturday she passed away. If I had known what was about to happen, I would have visited even earlier. It is a thought that still weighs heavily on my heart.

I was at work when I received a call informing me that Auntie Aggie was unwell and being rushed to the hospital. I immediately left work and took time off to be by her side. I held onto the hope that she would recover and that we would return home together. Then came that painful Saturday morning when we were told that she had little time left and that we should spend precious moments with her before she went to be with her Maker. No words can adequately describe the pain of being told that someone you dearly love is about to leave this world.

If it had been possible, we would have done anything to keep her with us longer. But God, in His infinite wisdom, called her home because her mission on earth had been beautifully accomplished.



Auntie Aggie, you worked hard, fought a good fight, and achieved so much in your lifetime. You accomplished things that many could only dream of achieving. I am proud whenever I reflect on your life and your many accomplishments. You left an indelible mark on my heart and on the lives of countless others.

Though it is painful to accept that you are gone, I remain grateful for the beautiful memories we shared. You were a beacon of light in our family, a source of unconditional love, and a woman whose presence can never be replaced.

If there were another life, I would still choose to be your niece, Aggiesco.

Thank you for your love, your wisdom, and your unwavering support. No one can fill the void your departure has created.

Rest on, my heroine.

Rest on, Auntie Aggie.

Adios.

Tribute

A Tribute to My Sweet Mother- in-Law By Mrs Anita Adoley Allotey

I first met Grandma Aggie in August 2002 when I visited the United Kingdom after becoming engaged to your grandson, Duke Kofi Allotey. Within those first few days, I quickly realised the special bond you shared with him. Many evenings, we would sit around the dining table chatting long into the night. Even when everyone was feeling sleepy, you would always have another story to tell. Those moments were precious, and I will forever treasure the warmth, laughter, and togetherness we shared.

Later that same year, in December 2002, Duke and I got married. Around that time, he informed you of his intention to move out because I would soon be joining him in the UK. You were deeply saddened by the news because of how close you were to him. To ensure we remained near you, we moved into a flat adjacent to yours. From our home, we could see your house across the street and often watched you returning from work. You loved having the family around, especially during festive seasons such as Christmas. Those family gatherings were filled with joy, love, and beautiful memories that I will cherish forever.

In 2013, when our family relocated from London to Ghana, you expressed how much you would miss us and how lonely you felt. We missed you too. Then, in 2022, you decided to return to Ghana permanently, and once again our family was reunited. Seeing you regularly brought us great joy, and we could always see how happy you were whenever we visited.

One of my fondest memories is how excited you became whenever we called to tell you we were coming. Sometimes, by the time we arrived, you would already be sitting outside,





patiently waiting for us. You always knew we would come bearing food, including many of your favourite meals. After eating, you would often call me and say, “Adoley, this food is out of this world!” Those words meant so much to me. How I miss cooking for you and hearing your voice on the other end of the phone.



My sweet in-law” was the affectionate name you always called me. Thank you for the love, kindness, and acceptance you showed me throughout the years. Thank you for making me feel like a true daughter. Thank you also for the many times you jokingly reminded me that your grandson had given my family beautiful children. Your humour, warmth, and loving spirit made every moment with you special.

Mama, your passing has left a void in our hearts. We looked forward to celebrating many more birthdays with you, sharing more meals, laughter, and precious moments together. Though we miss you deeply, we find comfort in knowing that you are resting in the presence of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

As the Apostle Paul declared in 2 Timothy 4:7,

“I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.”

These words truly reflect your life. You fought the good fight, finished your race, and remained steadfast in your faith.

Rest well, my sweet mother-in-law. You will forever remain in my heart.

Tribute

Tribute from Apostle. Dr. Robert Mensah



Mrs Agnes Cole, you were kind, caring and a loving mother to me.

I became part of Awah family through a family mother Mrs. Margaret Akoto Awah 35 years ago when I first travelled to the United Kingdom in 1990.

When I met Auntie Aggie, she was then living with her lovely husband Ben where they accommodated me for 1 Month until I relocated to the Netherlands.



In the year 2009. I relocated back to the UK where she allowed me stay in her house for 3 months without rent payment.

During the 2020 pandemic, I lost my house and quickly Auntie Aggie housed me for 5 Months.

You were very committed and a fanatic Christian who spent most of her time in church. I remember you preferred going to church every Sunday from work rather than proceeding to the house which was unusual practice in the UK.

*Blessed is the one who died in the Lord-
Rev.14:13.*

You will forever be in my heart.

Tribute to Mama Agnes – By Caroline London

MRS AGNES COLE (1946 - 2026)

Mama Agnes, was authentically the epitome of a mother. She loved, cared, nurtured and above all lived by example. Mama Agnes was full of life, love and laughter with which she will light up every room lucky enough to have her presence. We have lost an amazing human being in a woman with such strong and instinctive nature.

Mama Agnes was kind, a great listener, engaging and a woman with great faith. Mama Agnes, we will miss you greatly and may your soul rest in perfect peace



T r i b u t e

Tribute To Pastor Mrs Agnes Cole From The Church of the Lord (Worldwide) Province of Europe, America & Oceania

With gratitude to God for a life well spent in His service, we honour the blessed memory of Pastor Mrs. Agnes Awah Cole, a devoted and highly committed member of The Church of the Lord (Worldwide), Surrey Square, London Headquarters.

Mama joined the Church in the early 1980s and remained steadfast in her faith and service for decades. She was deeply involved in several arms of the Church, including the Ladies Praying Union, the Mothers' Union (Diocese of Europe), and the Mary Band, where she served both as a faithful member and a leader.

Her passion for nurturing the next generation was evident in her role as a Sunday School Teacher in the Children's Department for over 15 years. She had a special love for children and was committed





to their spiritual growth. She also organised prayer vigils for women, demonstrating her deep burden for intercession and spiritual revival.



Pastor Mrs. Cole was known to be deeply spiritual, prayerful, and God fearing. She was gifted with insight and the spirit of revelation, a committed tither, and a strong supporter of God's servants, always caring for the welfare of ministers. She was also a dedicated soul winner, passionate about bringing others to Christ.





Her life reflected generosity, humility, and integrity. She gave quietly, often without recognition, stood for the voiceless, and contributed willingly to the welfare of both the Church and its members. She was affable, warm, and blessed with a lovely sense of humour that endeared her to many.

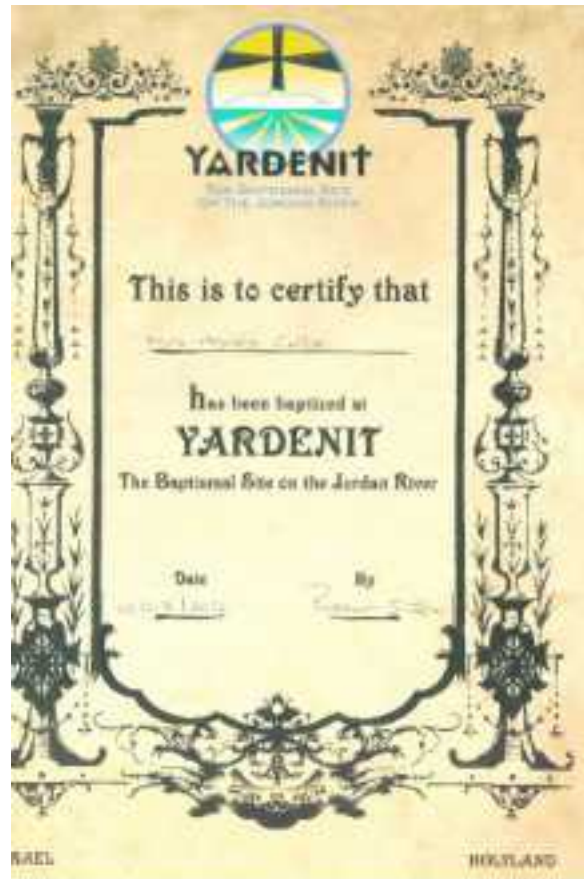
By God's grace, as a laity, she rose to the position of a pastor before her relocation to her home country, Ghana—an evidence of her faithfulness and dedication in the vineyard of the Lord.

We are comforted by the Word of God in Romans 6:8–10:

“Now if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him: knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. For in that he died, he died unto sin once: but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God.”

We pray that the Lord will grant her eternal rest and that the light of His countenance will shine upon her.

We extend our deepest sympathy and heartfelt condolences to her beloved family. May God comfort and strengthen you all in this time of loss.





T r i b u t e

In Loving Memory of Agnes Cole - A Tribute from the Ghanaian Fellowship Group (UK)

We all hope, at some point in our lives, to know a Mother, Auntie, Sister or Friend who is kind, loving, and genuine. Agnes Cole was all of that and more. To us, she was affectionately known as *Aunty Aggie*—a woman whose life was defined by faith, service, generosity, and unwavering love for both God and people.

Aunty Aggie was a pillar of the Ghanaian fellowship group and a foundational presence within it. Her passing leaves a profound void, and many of us are left wondering how to move forward without her wise counsel, warm laughter, and steady encouragement. We will dearly miss her infectious humour, her generosity of spirit, and her ability to make everyone feel welcome and cared for.

A WOMAN OF PURPOSE AND HARD WORK

She lived her life with purpose and determination. Through years of hard work and perseverance, Aunty Aggie built her retirement homes in Ghana, teaching us by example the importance of setting goals, working diligently towards them, and always placing God at the center of our aspirations. She showed us that faith and hard work must walk hand in hand.

Many fond memories were made during gatherings of the Ghanaian fellowship group at her home and favourite restaurant. Aunty Aggie made it her mission to ensure that everyone was well fed—often insisting on generous portions and takeaway containers for later. Never one to keep quiet, she would not hesitate to speak up if the food was “too small” or something was not up to standard, always with humour and affection that endeared her to everyone.

FAITHFUL SERVICE TO GOD AND THE CHURCH

Above all, Auntie Aggie was a woman of deep and unwavering faith. She was a devoted member of the Church of the Lord Aladura (UK) for over 40 years. During this time, she served wholeheartedly in many capacities, including Children's Ministry, member of Mary Band, Deaconess, and later as a Pastor.

Her love for God's work and her concern for fellow church members were evident in all she did. Even when she was unable to attend a service, she would call to ask about the worship and when others were not present, she would check on those who were absent, ensuring they were safe and well. Her commitment to the body of Christ was steadfast and sincere.

Her calling home came as a great shock to us all. Auntie Aggie, your labour of love will not go unrewarded. You have run your race faithfully, and you will be deeply missed by all whose lives you touched. May her soul rest in perfect peace in the house of the Lord.

Until we meet again,

Rest in the Lord

“Her passing leaves a profound void, and many of us are left wondering how to move forward without her wise counsel, warm laughter, and steady encouragement. We will dearly miss her infectious humour, her generosity of spirit, and her ability to make everyone feel welcome and cared for



T r i b u t e

Tribute from Nana
Martha and friends of
Thamesmead -
Ghanaians Association-
UK; To our dear sister
the late Mrs Agnes Cole

*And God shall wipe away all tears from
their eyes and there shall be no more
death, neither sorrow, nor crying,
neither shall there be any more pain, for
the former things are passed away.
(Revelations 21:4)*

Oh sister Aggie, why now, my heart is heavy with grief and my eyes are soaked in tears as I write this tribute.

Your death came as a shock when Kofi Allotey called to inform me of your passing away.

I have known sister Aggie (as well all call her) over 40 years. It was through sister Aggie that we formed Thamesmead Ghanaians Association when her husband Mr Cole died so as to help one another. Not only that, we used to get together during Christmas, Easter and summertime to enjoy ourselves with other friends and their families.

Sister Aggie, was a loving, kind-hearted person. She really loved everyone who came her way and would do anything to help them.

My sister and I visited you when we came to Ghana last year and we were so happy to see you. You were in the capable hands of Kofi Allotey as he was taking good care of you and it gave us so much pleasure.

Oh! Sister Aggie you promised to take me to your dad's village on my next visit but where are you?



Your death has caused so much pain to all our friends in Thamesmead: Namely Mrs Elizabeth Prah, Barbara and Ivor, Phoebe and Husband, Uncle John, Gladys and Mr Debrah, Margaret Antwi-Ahema, Eric and Juliana, my sister Helena, Mr Pepra and Akua Acheampomaa. (of course some of them you knew had passed on before you.)



Sister Aggie the moment you moved to Ghana we missed your company, chatting and especially your contagious laughter. It is gone forever.

We all wish you were here, but who are we to question God our maker.

God only takes the best away and everything happens for a reason.

We thank God for knowing you and being our friend and sister. It is our prayer that the good Lord will keep your gentle soul close to his bosom till we meet again.

Rest in eternal peace.

Da yie dɔfo pa sister Aggie.

Nyame abɔfoɔ inni wanim mfa wo nkɔ gyogyoo.

Amen







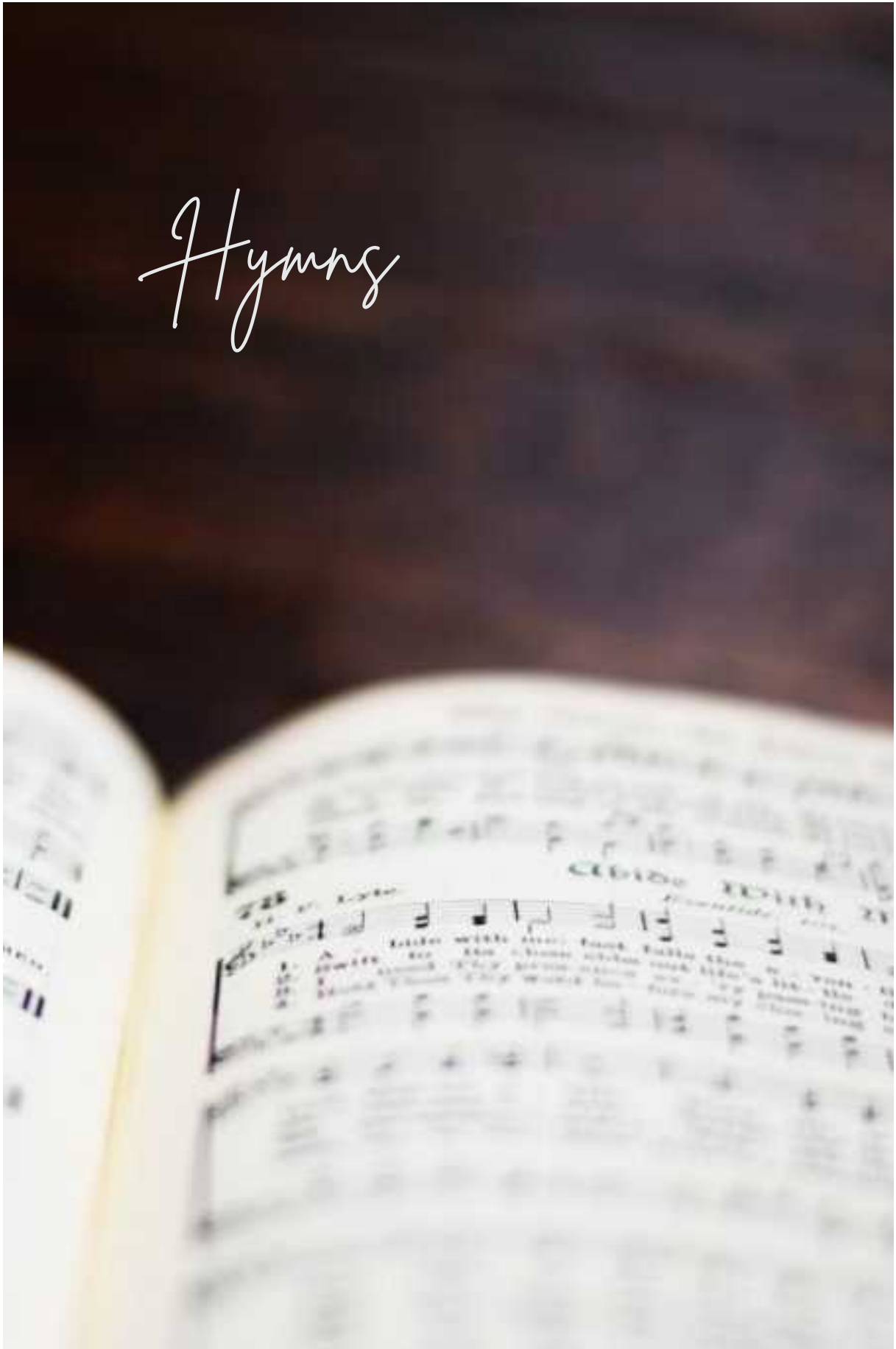








Hymns



C.L. 460

1. **Jesus, lover of my soul,**
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.
2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

C.L. 436

1. **Pleasant are Thy courts above**
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fullness, God of grace.
2. Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.
3. Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.
4. Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,

Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

WHEN PEACE LIKE A RIVER

1. **When peace like a river attendeth my way,**
when sorrows like sea billows roll;
whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul." [Refrain]

Refrain

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

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials
should come,
let this blest assurance control:
that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
and has shed his own blood for my soul.
[Refrain]
3. My sin oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
my sin, not in part, but the whole,
is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more;
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
[Refrain]

C.L. 402

1. **Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!**
O, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.
[Refrain]
Refrain:
This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long;
this is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long.
2. Perfect submission, perfect delight,
visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
angels descending, bring from above
echoes of mercy, whispers of love. [Refrain]
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest;
watching and waiting, looking above,
filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
[Refrain]

C.L. 166

1. **How sweet the name of Jesus sounds**
in a believer's ear!
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
and drives away our fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary, rest.

3. O Jesus, shepherd, guardian, friend,
my Prophet, Priest, and King,
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
accept the praise I bring.

4. How weak the effort of my heart,
how cold my warmest thought;
but when I see you as you are,
I'll praise you as I ought.

5. Till then I would your love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of your name
refresh my soul in death.

C.L. 655

1. **To God be the glory, great things He hath done,**
so loved He the world that He gave us His Son,
who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
and opened the life-gate that all may go in.
[Refrain]

Refrain:

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
let the earth hear His voice!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
let the people rejoice!
O come to the Father through Jesus the Son,
and give Him the glory, great things He hath done.

2. O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
to ev'ry believer the promise of God;
the vilest offender who truly believes,
that moment from Jesus a pardon receives.
[Refrain]

3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done,
and great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;
but purer, and higher, and greater will be
our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.
[Refrain]

C.L. 574

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. [Refrain]

Refrain:

Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

2. There the tears of earth are dried,
There its hidden things are clear,
There the work of life is tried
By a juster judge than here. [Refrain]

3. There the penitents, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At his feet in Paradise. [Refrain]

C.L. 268

1. **The strife is o'er, the battle done;**
the victory of life is won;
the song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!

2. The powers of death have done their worst,
but Christ their legions has dispersed.
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3. The three sad days are quickly sped;
he rises glorious from the dead.
All glory to our risen Head.
Alleluia!

C.L. 455

1. **Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!**
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
still all my song shall be,
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

2. Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
yet in my dreams I'd be
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

3. There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;
all that thou sendest me, in mercy given;
angels to beckon me
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

C.L. 49

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

2. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

C.L. 459

1. **Through the love of God our Saviour,**
all will be well.
Free and changeless is his favour,
all, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us,
perfect is the grace that sealed us,
strong the hand stretched forth to shield us,
all must be well.
2. Though we pass through tribulation,
all will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation,
all, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding,
fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
all must be well.
3. We expect a bright tomorrow,
all will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
'All, all is well.'
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
in our living, in our dying,
all must be well.

C.L. 96

1. **Now thank we all our God**
with heart and hands and voices,
who wondrous things has done,
in whom his world rejoices;
who from our mothers' arms
has blessed us on our way
with countless gifts of love,
and still is ours today.
2. O may this bounteous God
through all our life be near us,
with ever joyful hearts
and blessed peace to cheer us,
to keep us in his grace,
and guide us when perplexed,
and free us from all ills
of this world in the next.
3. All praise and thanks to God
the Father now be given,
the Son and Spirit blest,
who reign in highest heaven
the one eternal God,
whom heaven and earth adore;
for thus it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.





APPRECIATION

The entire family of Pastor Mrs Agnes Cole sincerely appreciate your prayers, presence, sympathy, generosity and expressions of love in diverse ways during our time of grief.

May The Good Lord Bless You Abundantly

PRODUCED BY
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