



Don't Weep for Me

*Don't weep for me
For I've made it home
Through heavens gates
There I may roam.*

*Wipe your tears
And dry your eyes
I'm in a better place
With Heaven as my prize.*

*Don't weep for me
No tears and no sorrow
Live life for Jesus.*

*Bless the Lord, O my soul; And all that is
within me, bless His holy name!
- Psalm 103:1-*

Pumad Dezynes Press: 0244 789 417

IN LOVING MEMORY

OF THE LATE



OBAAPA
JANET PHILOMENA
OSEI KORANG

1945-2022







Janet Philomena
OSEI KORANG





ORDER OF SERVICE

FOR THE LATE
JANET PHILOMENA OSEI KORANG

THURSDAY 17TH NOVEMBER 2022
TRANSITIONS FUNERAL HOME, HAATSO, ACCRA
6AM -9AM

OFFICIATING MINISTERS:

1. **REV. DR. OTCHERE-BAFFOUR**, GENERAL OVERSEER
JESUS CHRIST INT. TEMPLE OF TESTIMONIES
2. **REV. K. O. AGYEMAN PREMPEH**, GENERAL OVERSEER
DESTINY CHAPEL GHANA
3. **PASTOR EMMANUEL GYABEN**
THE MISRAH FAMILY CHURCH INT.
4. **REV. DR. YAW TAKYI**
ROYAL WORLD MISSION

PART 1 : BURIAL SERVICE

1. OPENING PRAYER
2. WELCOME
3. FILE PAST
4. HYMN 1
5. BIOGRAPHY
6. TRIBUTES
7. HYMN 2 /SPECIAL SONG
8. SCRIPTURE READING
9. SERMON
10. OFFERING
11. PRAYER FOR FAMILY
12. PREPARE CASKET FOR DEPARTURE
13. MESSAGE OF THANKS
14. ANNOUNCEMENT/ORDER OF DEPARTURE
15. CLOSING PRAYER/DEPARTURE
16. PHOTOGRAPHY





Hymns

BLESSED ASSURANCE

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.

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the long,
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the long.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture not burst on my sight;
Angel descending, bring from above
Echoes of Mercy, whispers of love.

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior I am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, Lost in His love.

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2. My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4. My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5. Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

BIOGRAPHY

JANET PHILOMENA OSEI-KORANG

“One thing I ask from the Lord, this only do I seek: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to gaze on the beauty of the Lord and to seek him in his temple. For in the day of trouble he will keep me safe in the shelter of his sacred tent and set me high upon a rock” **Psalm 27:4-5**



Janet Osei-Korang was born on March 31, 1945, at Nkwatia-Kwahu to Opayin Emmanuel Kwadwo Osei and Madam Rose Afua Oforiwaah, both of blessed memory. At the early age of about five, by the arrangement of the parents, Janet was given to her stepmother, Madam Akua Ataah (of blessed memory), for her upbringing. So, Janet joined her other siblings in her stepmother's household. There, she was raised harmoniously with her siblings. They all assisted her stepmother in running a general trading store that she had opened right next to the Nkwatia marketplace. For Janet and her siblings, the store was literally their home, they cooked, bathed and undertook all their living activities there as they grew up into adulthood. Janet was respectful, obedient, humble, hard-working and remained the same throughout the years. These personal qualities endeared her to her stepmother, and they bonded closely. Janet served her lovingly and diligently.

Janet was not denied the opportunity to attend school. She joined her then all male siblings with her stepmother to be enrolled in school. In fact, she was the first of Opayin Emmanuel Kwadwo Osei's daughters to receive a formal education. Janet attended the Roman Catholic Primary and Middle Schools at Nkwatia. During her

middle school years, Janet was baptized into the Catholic Church in 1959. As was customary at baptism, she took the Christian name Philomena (patron saint of infants, babies and youth). This name, however, did not gain any traction and remained dormant. At the time, Janet was one of just a handful of girls who attended the Catholic school at Nkwatia, so she kept close friendship with her female classmates over years.

At the age of sixteen, Janet completed her middle school education and had grown to become a beautiful, smart, caring, and hard-working young girl. However, there was really no consideration by her parents to send her to a Secondary School to further her education. Rather, she was given the opportunity to acquire a business and office management skills and was enrolled at the McDjan's Secretarial School located at Mpraeso to learn typing, shorthand and general business office skills. Janet and two other female classmates commuted from Nkwatia to Mpraeso to attend classes. It was not easy as sometimes they had to walk the nearly four-mile distance to Mpraeso and back. Nevertheless, Janet took her classes seriously and continued to carry out her house duties at the store as usual after school.

In 1962 She got married to Mr. Samuel Kwadwo Darko (Sadasko) of Nkwatia before completion of her skills





training and moved to Accra to join him and helped him to manage his drugstore business at Accra Central. In spite of she being busy always with customers at the drugstore, Janet often found time to visit with family members, especially with her stepmother, who occasionally travelled to Accra to buy merchandise to restock her store at Nkwatia.

Over the years, Janet and her husband had five children (two girls and three boys) in addition to one daughter that Mr. Darko had in an earlier marriage. Shortly after her husband's elder brother died tragically in a road accident, Janet stayed home to care for five more children who entered into her husband's care.

In 1974, the marriage collapsed. Janet remained in Accra and later settled at Lapaz. She used the experience she had gained in the drug store business to establish a small shop at Malata Market where she dispensed and sold common medicines to the market

people. In a short time, she became the "resident pharmacist" at the market and many traders at the market got to know her. She maintained the shop up to 2012, when she retired. Later, when her health became a problem for her, her elder daughter took her in to live with her and her family. As her health worsened, she was in and out of the hospital many times, but through it all, her daughter devoted time, and gave her tender loving care.

On September 16, 2022, Janet was peacefully called to her Maker. She is survived by her five children and grandchildren. Janet will be remembered as a kind, generous and easy to know person; one who eschewed confrontation and always sought peace and harmony among family and all people. She will be dearly missed. We pray for her to rest in perfect peace with the Lord. Amen





TRIBUTE TO MAMA JANET OSEI KORANG

From MISRAH FAMILY CHURCH INTERNATIONAL

Our mother and grandmother Mama Janet Osei Korang affectionately called 'Auntie' by her biological children was a woman of a 'quiet and gentle spirit which was of great worth in God's sight' 1 Peter 3:4 as the scripture says. Consequently, she was the embodiment of the saying that 'still waters run deep'. She was a woman of deep emotions, passionate, caring, and compassionate over her biological and spiritual family. Mama Janet agonized over her children and grandchildren in the Church, and would call us up when she hadn't see us in Church after a while to enquire about us to find how we were faring, and also whether we were in the faith.

As a woman of faith, she could be classified as having stood and operated in the spiritual office of an Evangelist. Mama Janet embodied our Church Vision of 'Knowing Christ and making Him Known'. One of our Church leaders recounted sharing a bus trip with her to Church and how she regretted that she did not come to know the Lord early on in her life.

However, we are of the opinion that she made up for this lost time in her service to the Lord through her personal and community outreach evangelism. We were always struck by how anytime she gave a testimony it was about how she has come to know the Lord and grown in him through the spiritual encouragement, guidance, and teaching of her daughter our Resident Pastor Agnes Adomah Johnson and Head Pastor Rev Larry Johnson. She would testify as to how this had 'given her beauty for ashes' Isaiah 61:3, and had caused her to grow, rely, and trust in the Lord in all her ways.

Regarding her community outreach, she would testify how the Lord had used her to preach on buses on her way to her hometown and also through the use of the technology of a megaphone to preach in her local community in Kwaku.

She was indeed an inspiration in soul winning who 'has finished her race and kept her faith' 2 Timothy 4:7. We trust that she has joined the 'cloud of witnesses in heaven, urging us on so that we do not grow weary in running our race with perseverance' Hebrews 12: 1 – 3, and we are challenged by her life of witnessing. It is our prayer that we can emulate the testimony of her life of personal evangelism and community outreach.

Mama Janet rest in the arms of the Lord till we meet again!



Tribute by CHILDREN

By Kofi Darko

Our eyes are soaked with tears and grief has overwhelmed us as we stand before the mortal remains of our mother to testify of her unending love and tireless efforts in seeing to our wellbeing. We had moments of denial but how can we detest her passing since it is God Himself who planned it so. Ecclesiastes 3:1 says ... "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven"

Auntie Afua as we affectionately called her, had for the past 5 years been bedridden from an ailment that caught all of us off guard but our fervent prayer and wish was for our mother to bounce back to full health so we could continue to enjoy her calm demeanor, quiet spirit, and endless smiles. Rather, she moved on to glory on Friday, September 16, 2022. Although we knew the day of separation will eventually come, we always prayed it away. Even though our hearts continue to ache, we have found reason to thank the Almighty God for the many years He allowed our mother to share her life with us`

Although, we did not have the privilege of staying with auntie under the same roof at the very tender ages of our lives, she cultivated the habit of instilling a sense of discipline, hard work and cleanliness in us when some us eventually lived with her. She was resolute in ensuring that we stayed on the path of discipline and good morals. I remember how auntie will take off her slippers and walk bare footed on the corridors of the house and when she felt dirt under her feet, she will insist that the house be swept again to our chargin.

Auntie always spurred us on to good works, applauded us for our good deeds but never fell short of correcting us in love and with meaning when we faltered.

It is not difficult for us to speak of Auntie's work ethics considering how passionate she was with her work. Growing up, we observed how auntie worked tirelessly in her chemical shop at the Mallam Atta market earning her the name "Maame Drug store" by the market women. Even when she was sick, auntie will insist on going to open the shop to serve her patrons with the excuse that they depended on her for their primary health care needs. The only time auntie will miss mallata market was when she was out of town or when she was joining other faithfuls of the Abeka Presby church in their Wednesday time of prayer and waiting on the Lord. She won the hearts of many through her selfless service and gained a lot of accolades in the market. God rewarded her hardwork and effort with good success both financially and socially. She will not relent in making provision for our upkeep and well-being. Whenever we were going to school, auntie will make sure our bags were filled with all the provisions we needed to make our lives comfortable. On visiting days auntie will prepare homemade food, which was always a delicacy, pack some more provisions and travel all the way to Achimota Primary and John Teye Preparatory to visit us in turns. It was always a joy seeing auntie from a distance with her basket on top of her head. I remember how I used to run to embrace her without recourse to the basket of food on her head. But for her, life in school would have been

almost impossible. Auntie was extremely kind, and her generosity extended to all and sundry. She took most of her siblings into her matrimonial home to take care of them. Even when her marriage fell apart, she continued with her benevolence by ensuring that some of her nieces and nephews completed their schooling and enrolled them in apprenticeships of their choice. Auntie opened her home to everyone, and it never mattered whether they were her biological children or not. On Sundays when relatives visited her at her home in Abeka Lapaz unannounced, Auntie will insist that everyone partakes in the food she had prepared leaving nothing for herself at times. I remember how we used to quarrel with her that she wanted to love others more than herself especially when we did not get enough to eat. Indeed, Auntie was a mother to all. Even when people took advantage of her, she never gave up on attending to their needs. Auntie bonded so well with our friends that they became her children too, we are not surprised at all at the numerous testimonies of her love, kindness, patience, honesty, calmness, from all over.

Auntie was a woman of faith who brought us up in the Lord. Her love for the things of the lord was unparalleled and she understood the importance of participating actively in church. Although we didn't live together during our formative years, she found ways to imbue this virtue in us. Auntie will never miss her morning devotion and bible studies. She never left home without her reading glasses and bible in her bag. One distinct

feature of the "To God Be the Glory" Chemical shop was her opened bible on the counter. Whenever the shop was not filled with patrons, Auntie will always take advantage of not serving a client to read her bible. Auntie was a true soldier in the lord's army. She was so passionate about preaching God's word that she purchased a megaphone to embark on a daily dawn broadcast. Even when she was getting old and frail. she never compromised on her passion for souls. The people of Abeka Lapaz new market will remember her soft voice bleating through the megaphone at dawn calling on people to give their lives to Christ. I remember how our neighbours whenever they met us will give positive reviews of Auntie's exploits in the things of the Lord. Auntie will carry her megaphone with her whenever she was travelling to Kwahu because she had to preach the word at dawn to the people of Nkwatia. Her drive for the things of the Lord was anchored on her favourite scripture "I must do the works of Him that sent me whilst it is day, the night cometh when no man can work" John 9;4

Auntie, you led a selfless life for us to have meaning to our lives. Your work is done here on earth, and we will forever remain grateful to you. Rest peacefully in the bosom of your Maker.

Auntie da yie ooo, Onyame ma wo ahomepa.

May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace.

Tribute by IN-LAWS

From: Rev Larry Johnson (Son in- Law)

I first met Md.Janet Osei Korang my mother in-law in 1987 thereabouts. I had heard so much about her from her daughter Agnes who I had proposed marriage to.

I was introduced to her at her drug store shop in the Malata Market by a Christian brother friend of Aggie and I who, already knew her. [this is because Aggie was then out of the country studying in London]. Not knowing how she would welcome the young Pastor interested in marrying her first child, I was a bit nervous; but meeting her dispelled any anxieties I had. She had a calm welcoming personality and made me feel welcome.

After marriage to her daughter and becoming her son-law, she maintained her welcoming and supportive attitude towards me and our new home. Aunty, as we affectionately called her, never once gave me cause to be uptight relating to her.

The birth of our children, her grand children, brought her much joy, and she showed it by loving to have us all around her. We can never forget the sunday after church fufu meals at her Lapaz residence...which on several occasions included my mother. She and my mother got on very well and became good friends who stood in support of our church. I remember on more than one occasion my mother telling me, 'Aggie's mother..the woman is a good woman..'

One lasting memory of Aunty that will stay with me is the new and meaningful relationship she developed with Jesus after committing her life to Jesus. I remember she admiting on a number of occasions that she was thankful to

the Lord that as a result of her association with our church she now had a living relationship with Jesus..and was no longer just as a formal church goer..this relationship found expression in her desire to preach the Gospel to others. She took it upon herself to preach the Gospel open air in her community using the Church's megaphones.

She spent the last seven (7) years of her life on earth living with us; as her daughter Aggie thought it best to have her stay with us so she could better monitor her health and care for her as her health was gradually declining. They were difficult years for Aunty, but she and her care givers held on, making her life as comfortable as they could until she was called home by her God on the morning of 16th Sept. 2022.

Aunty I will never forget the one and only request you made of me...nor will I break it as God is my helper..its our 'secret'

You have gone to be with the Lord you came to know, love and serve. As you take your place in his presence, clothed in immortality I know all the issues and questions concerning your pilgrimage here on earth are answered, for now you see all things from God's perspective!

10 but when what is perfect comes, then what is partial will disappear. 12 What we see now is like a dim image in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. What I know now is only partial; then it will be complete — as complete as God's knowledge of me.

1 Corinthians 13:10, 12 GNBUK

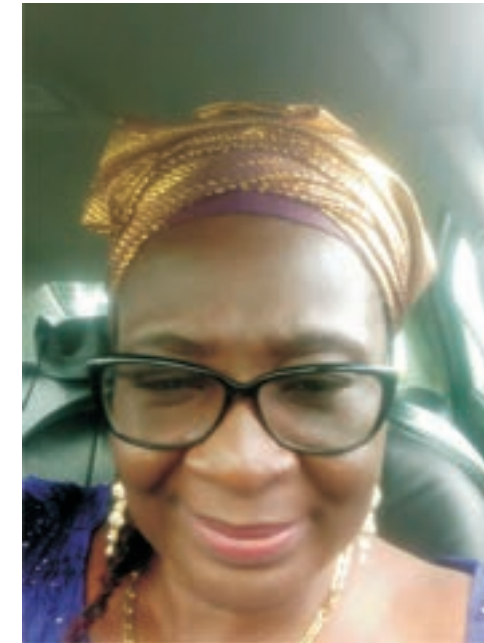
We Shall Meet Again.

TRIBUTE BY IN-LAWS



Tribute by CHILDREN

By Abena Awo Adoma Johnson



It was very late in my years that I came to realise why I call my mum 'auntie'. I understand that when my uncle, unfortunately, died early, through a motor accident, my dad took responsibility for all his eight children and brought six home to live with us his own small children then, these, plus other relatives who stopped in often to stay from time to time, called my mum 'auntie' and we her children followed suit. Auntie kept a large home preparing three meals a day for all and also kept a kiosk for petty trading as well without complaints, but now, I also understand why she would often lie down on the floor and ask me to tread her back.

Auntie suffered a divorce and left us before I reached age ten, however, she did not forget about us. She did her best for us; when I look back now, it looks funny to me how we defied restrictions and continued to sneak to her drugstore at Mallata market to visit.

For me, I will forever remember that even though she didn't live with us, she followed up to secure my admission to Ofori Panin secondary school for my sixth form course and contributed to paying for my ticket for my subsequent study in the UK. Later when I started work and had a family, she helped me with my weekly shopping at Malatta market and my young family enjoyed our Sunday afternoon visits to her home at Lapaz for special fufu.

Auntie is one of my souls won for the Lord from my family. She loved to share her faith with others and was always ready to share her thoughts in bible studies with other believers.

Later, after her seventieth birthday when I persuaded her to come and live with us, little did I know I will become her nurse soon afterwards. Progressively her health began to decline and our trips to hospitals became incessant. One time, as we walked past the palliative care unit on one such trips to the Ridge Hospital, I remember the pity, sadness and mental agony that gripped me for those in there but later I realised we were doing ours at home. It has been a traumatic journey but I still praise the Lord for the privilege and the opportunity for me to mature into Christ-likeness as I cared for Anti. When I consider that this is the main purpose of a man's life, I realise that Anti has served me well indeed.

Enjoy the presence of our Lord Jesus till we meet again, my dear Anti.

“For we know that when this tent we live in - our body here on earth - is torn down, God will have a house in heaven for us to live in, house he himself has made which will last for ever.”
2 Cor. 5:1 GNBUK

Tribute by Other Children

I am the resurrection of life, he who believes in me will live even though he dies and whoever lives and believes in me will never die John 11:25.

Auntie Afua!

As we affectionately called her was a mother, friend and a counsellor to us all, and her sense of humour was beyond imagination. The emptiness you have left cannot be filled.

We never ever imagined or thought that we will be writing a tribute to our dear 'mother' at this stage of our life.

You left without saying goodbye.

Most of our childhood memories were born with you.

Back then when we were young we went to her shop at mallam atta Market for lunch, afterwards she would supervised our homework and prepared our bags for school for the next day so that she will be able to go to work early while we went to school.

She will always check and reprimand us whenever necessary.

You gave us a home we could always come to Auntie Afua!

You will forever live in our hearts. You are a pillar of hope for us all. Your understanding of our generation was superb. Death why?

Why did you snatch our 'mother' from us?

A golden heart stopped beating. Hardworking hands at rest

God broke our hearts to prove to us that he only takes the best

Auntie Afua! May the good Lord grant you eternal rest. Till we meet again.

Damirifa due!

Auntie Afua - Rest in perfect peace.



Tribute by Grandchildren

Leonard Darko

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

I thought I had more time with you, but here I am, taking your remains to its final resting place.

You were a very loving woman who did your best to always bring the family together. I remember how we always used to gather at your home, all my siblings and cousins, after church on Sundays, to eat your delicious fufu and hang together. You lived a life of total devotion to God.

Grandma, that's what we all called you. You'll be greatly missed. I pray that until we meet again in the distant future, you will rest in the bosom of the Almighty God.

Rest in Peace Grandma.

Lucille Darko

When I was a little girl you'd take my brothers and I to church, bring us to your home, cook for us and chat with us till our father came for us in the evening. You've been an amazing woman to all, always trying to make everything perfect. I remember when I gained admission to a university in Russia and it was about time for me to leave. I was with you and my father in town trying to change money for my trip. You looked at me and blessed me and said to me that you were going to be in heaven by the time I came back because I was going to go for too long. I laughed and told you not to talk like that because I was going to come back and spend more time with you before you leave to watch over us in heaven. I came back and you had no memory of me sadly. You've left now to watch over us and make a place for us in heaven. Thank you so much for always guiding my brothers and I on the right path. Rest in the bosom of our Lord Auntie Afua. We will miss you dearly and remember you always.

Tributes from Grandchildren

From Maxwell, USA

She touched so many lives, especially with her smiles and the words of wisdom she gives whenever I went to greet Her after church. May the Lord comfort you and the family.



Tribute by Grandchildren

By Emmanuel Johnson

The love of a grandma is unique. God must have given grandmothers to us to liven up our lives, to make our lives complete and to make us better persons. Grandma played a big role in my childhood and I can remember the many times all the family will gather at her house on Sunday after church to have lunch. Those memories are truly precious to me. They have taught me a lot about love and the meaning of family.. you are not just 'my grandmother', but my guardian, my friend and my inspiration. Rest in Peace grandma. I will never forget you and I will always love you forever...

Sharon Johnson

Tribute to my beloved Grandma

My grandma, my Anti!

My earliest memories of you are attached to Sunday afternoons after church. Your home in Lapaz was the family's hangout place, where you lovingly made and served us with large portions of fufu and spicy soup. Even though the ride on the untarred road leading to your home was always bumpy and woke me up from my sleep, I always looked forward to visiting you. It was home away from home for me. I still remember very funny moments of you chasing one of us grandchildren with a tree branch or chiding us for doing something silly. I literally just burst out into laughter recalling one of such memories. I hated going grocery shopping at the busy Malam Atta market on Saturdays with my mum but the time I got to spend at your drugstore in the market made it somewhat of a fun.

It was interesting to see how all your customers loved you and affectionately called you 'Anti-drugstore'. I remember the jollof-rice seller in the corner once sold me food for free, just because I was your granddaughter. Your generosity and selflessness towards all, made you admirable and cherished by everyone. You loved God, His work, and His people as well. You were not ashamed to talk about Jesus through dawn-broadcasts. Thank you, Anti, for leaving us great examples of selflessness and kindness to follow. May your legacy continue to live on!

Grandma, you will forever have a special place in my heart. The memories I have of you are dear and priceless. Till we meet again, continue to rest in perfect peace from all your labours!

Tribute by SIBLINGS TO OUR DEAR SISTER, JANET By Nana Safo Kantaka

"Tomorrow is a new moon and you will be missed, because your seat will be empty". (1 Sam 20:18).

It feels like years, but it has only been weeks; and yet that is still too long. It was joy unlimited when Janet (Philomena) Osei Korang was born on March 31, 1945 at Nkwatia-Kwahu in the Eastern Region of Ghana to Opanyin Emmanuel Osei Kwadwo (Chief Driver) and Obaa Panyin Rose Afua Oforiwaa. Our sister passed on September 16, 2022; and today we are preparing her to meet her Maker. We still love you the same as if you were still here with us laughing during good times and crying during bad ones. We miss being able to call you anytime and spending time talking about everything in life, especially discussing the teachings of good Old Man, Akora Osei. As children we were practically joined at the hip, but we grew up and grew apart as most siblings do.

We had our own set of friends and our own set of goals for our lives; but that still did not change the fact that we were siblings. There was nothing that we wouldn't do for you, and nothing that you wouldn't do for us either. We will always wish you were still here with us enjoying life; but we can understand why the good Lord would want you (such a beautiful angel) on his side from now till eternity. Just know that we love and miss you; and this is our tribute to you, Sweet Sister.

May God our Maker keep your soul. Fondly remembered by surviving siblings Akwasi, Lawrence, Gyeabour, Elizabeth, Daniel, Peter, Agnes, Margaret, Felix, Agnes, Sarah, Nana, Agnes and Alex.





GRANDCHILDREN

Tribute by Grandchildren

By Kweku Asiedu

Still, we can't believe my lovely Grandma has been taken away from us . We will miss our Grandmother, but her spirit and strength, lives on in each of us and in the lives that she touched. She lives on in me and in all those who have been touched by the love, strength, conviction, wisdom, and beauty of her soul. Love you grandma – You truly were a special, special woman! You may have passed on, but your memories would always live on within us. Thank you for your sacrifices, your care and concern, your love and everything that you have done for me. I know you are in a much better place. I will be forever grateful and thankful that you are my 'grandmother'. Rest in Peace Auntie Afua.

By Sandra Darko

Granny, you may have passed on, but your memories would always live on within me. Thank you for your sacrifices, your care and concern, your love and everything that you have done for me. When I heard you were sick I prayed for your recovery. You fought it and in the end lived many months until I was able to see you again. I believe it's for the best Granny. I know you are in a much better place. I will be the good grandchild you have raised me to be, I will never forget you, although the world may forget you in a short while. Because you influenced my life in a positive way. You instilled in me a sense of discipline, hard work and patience. I thought you were strict, tough and hard to please. But all was to make me the strong woman I am today. I will never forget our good memories watching movies together and laughing so hard. I will keep loving you, till we meet again on the other side of eternity. I am forever grateful and thankful that you are my 'Grandmother'. Sleep on.

Michael Johnson

'Grandma has passed away"
 These words felt like a dagger to my chest, knowing that you are gone. But, I know you will never be forgotten. I know for a fact that I will never forget you and how much you've impacted our lives.

I remember fondly all the times my siblings and i, with our cousins spent at your home after church every Sunday. It was so much fun. The stories you would tell me about the duck and the chicken, You had such a good heart, and always put the needs of others before yours; we thank you so much for your love and care grandma.

I know you are resting in heaven from all your great labours in the Lord . I remember how you would go out preaching at dawn with a megaphone, doing your part for the Kingdom of God. Truly you are an inspiration. God bless you Auntie Afua, and continue to rest in the bosom of our Lord, till we meet again.