



CELEBRATING

A *Life* well
Lived



Madam Rose
Dedei Okine

1928-2025





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There are many qualities you have deposited in me, and I will always cherish them. Chiefly among them is the absolute need for me to never settle for the ordinary and, of course, your renowned culinary skills that have become so indelible in my personality.

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I write to honour my beloved mother, Rose Akanua Okine. My Imaa. When I think of her, I can't help but smile at the memories. I recall one particular evening when she accused my younger brother and I of stealing her stash of Milo and bread.

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Though we are saying goodbye, I know how blessed and honoured I have been to know you, and to have had you in my life. I will always cherish the beautiful memories and the unwavering support you provided, separately for your grandchildren.

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The food was a balm to tired feet, but the true gift was always time spent with you. On your generosity... it went extended to my school tuition, separate epicure gifts for them and a better one for me.

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Anthem	-	Church Choir
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Scripture Reading	-	
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Christian Charity with Hymn	-	Church Choir
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Closing Hymn	-	Ebenezer
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Host - John Henry Forde	-	Presiding Pastor ; Rev. Stanley Toddison

GRAVESIDE SERVICE

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Committal & Prayer	-	Rev. Stanley Toddison
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Hymn	-	PH: 833 (1-2)
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Guest Pastors

-	Rev. Albert Ocran Head Pastor ICGC New Wine Temple, East Legon.	Pastor Daniel Yaw Antwi Head Pastor and Founder of the Faithlife Church, Tema.
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Scripture Reading

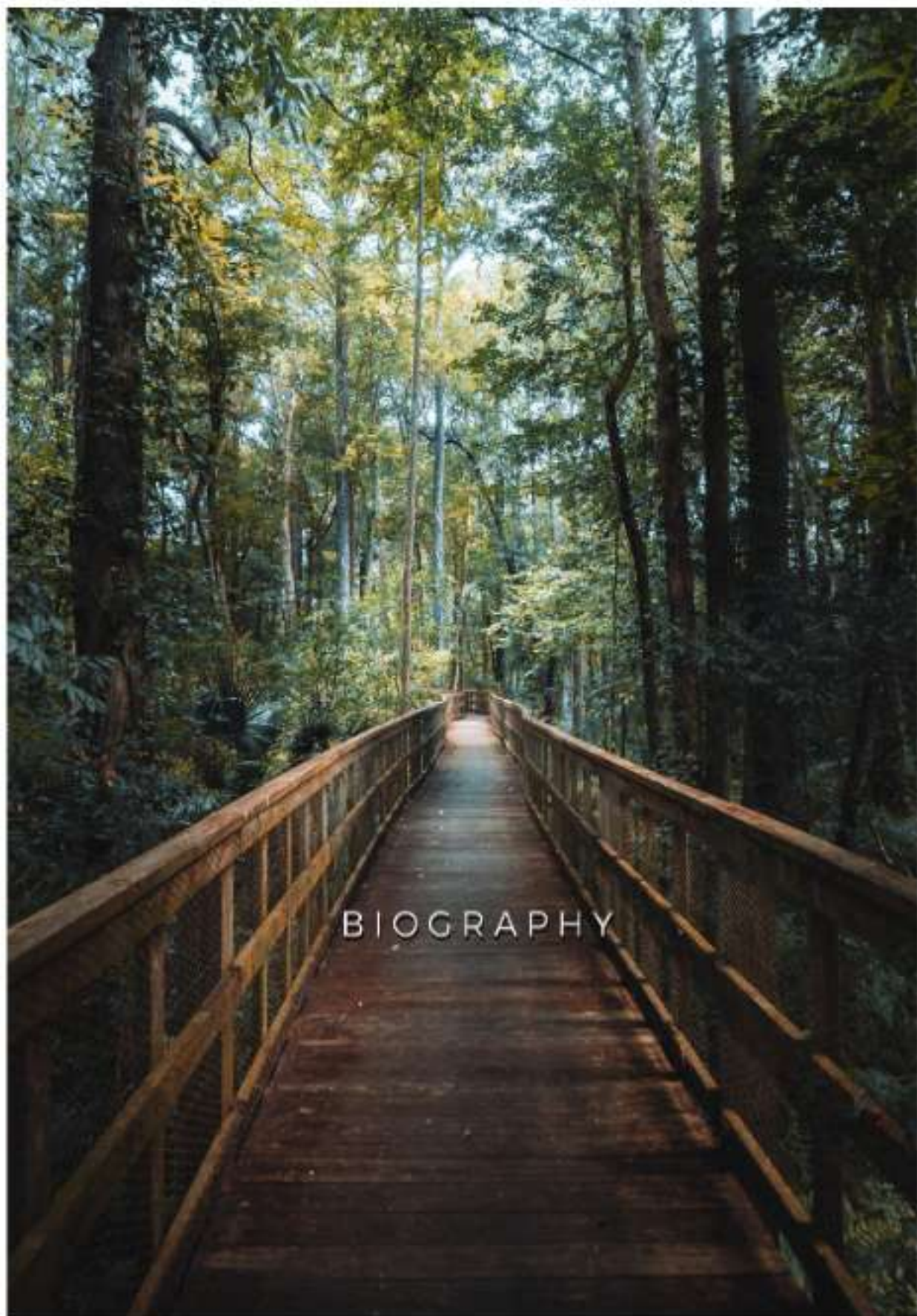
2 Timothy 4:7-8 (kjv)

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing".

1 Corinthians 15:53-55

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"





BIOGRAPHY



BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE

MADAM ROSE DEDEI AKANUA OKINE

Madam Rose Dedei Akanua Okine, affectionately known as Imaa, was born on 17th January 1928 in Accra, to Mr. Atram Okine and Madam Edith Kwarkor Quarkey, both of blessed memory. She was the second of five children, and from an early age, her strong personality and determination made her stand out among her siblings.



Raised in a devout Christian home, Imaa imbibed strong Christian values that shaped her character and outlook on life. She worshipped with the Presbyterian Church of Resurrection and later at the Ebenezer Presbyterian Church, Abossey Okai, where she served faithfully in various departments and built lasting friendships.

Though she desired to pursue formal education, opportunities for girls were limited at the time, and she was unable to continue beyond primary school. Nonetheless, her intelligence, creativity, and industrious spirit shone through. She developed exceptional skills in home-making, commerce, and dressmaking, taking lessons in tailoring that became the foundation of her lifelong entrepreneurial journey.



She developed exceptional skills in home-making, commerce, and dressmaking, taking lessons in tailoring that became the foundation of her lifelong entrepreneurial journey.

Imaa began her professional life assisting in her family's trading business at Gow-Lane, where she quickly became a vital force in expanding the enterprise. Her dedication and business acumen later inspired her to establish her own trading ventures, operating from prime commercial centres in Accra such as Makola Number One (now Rawlings Park) and Gow-Lane.

BIOGRAPHY

MADAM ROSE DEDEI AKANUA OKINE (AUNTIE AKANUA, IMAA)

A visionary trader, she was adaptable and astute in business, shifting focus from the provisions trade to wax prints and textiles. From the 1960s to the early 1980s, she was one of the notable female traders maintaining multiple retail Passbooks with prestigious suppliers such as G.B. Olivant, U.A.C., U.I.C., C.F.A.O., G.N.I.C., P.Z., and S.D. Karam.

The political upheaval of 1979, led by former President Jerry John Rawlings, significantly affected her thriving business. Yet, true to her resilient nature, Imaa diversified into the fishing net and equipment trade, successfully rebuilding her livelihood. Unfortunately, the 1981 political disruptions and subsequent government requisitions once again wiped out her investments. Ever law abiding and respectful of authority, she complied with government directives, even at great personal cost.

Despite these challenges, Imaa's unyielding resilience saw her rise again when the fishing net industry reopened. Her perseverance and mental fortitude became guiding principles for her children—proof that setbacks could be transformed into new beginnings through faith, discipline, and hard work.



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MADAM ROSE DEDEI AKANUA OKINE



BIOGRAPHY

MADAM ROSE DEDEI AKANUA OKINE (AUNTIE AKANUA, IMAA)

Throughout her life, Imaa balanced her business and family responsibilities with grace and strength. Married twice, she was blessed with nine children, whom she nurtured and supported through her enterprise. Her business became a training ground for her children and grandchildren, instilling in them the values of diligence, integrity, and legacy building. After many fruitful decades in trade, she gracefully retired and fulfilled her lifelong dream of travelling abroad. In the early 2000s, she relocated to the United States of America to be with her children. During her stay, she immersed herself in new cultures, continuing to impart wisdom, adaptability, and life lessons to her children, grandchildren, and in-laws. When she felt her purpose there was complete, she returned home to Ghana, resuming her cherished role as the matriarch of the family.



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BIOGRAPHY

MADAM ROSE DEDEI AKANUA OKINE (AUNTIE AKANUA, IMAA)

In her later years, Imaa was ever-present at family gatherings and celebrations, always occupying the place of honour. She shared generously — offering gifts, advice, and encouragement to the newly married, new parents, and anyone embarking on life's milestones. When there were no family events, she created her own—hosting lavish cooking gatherings where friends and family delighted in her famous culinary creations.

Imaa had a deep appreciation for beauty and elegance. Always impeccably dressed in fine fabrics and adorned with exquisite jewellery, she was admired for her poise and charm. She affectionately referred to well-groomed young women as “mi blofo nyo” (meaning “my white lady”), showering them with gifts and friendship.

Her vibrant life continued gracefully until the evening of 8th August 2025, when she peacefully transitioned to the Lord's bosom.



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Madam Rose Dedei Akanua Okine is survived by her beloved children: Mr. Jonathan Solomon (UK), Mrs. Rebecca Solomon-Addo, Mrs. Elizabeth Solomon-Anyidoho, Miss Rosemary Solomon, Mr. Maxwell Sowah (U.S.A), Mr. Abraham Apeku, Miss Vida Apeku, Miss Mercy Apeku (U.S.A), and Mr. Isaac Apeku (U.S.A); 58 grandchildren, and 90 great-grandchildren.

Her guiding spirit will continue to watch over her family and all who were blessed to know her. The joy, wisdom, and love she shared remain indelibly etched in our hearts.

**Auntie Akanua, "Yaa wo odjogbaa."
Rest well, Inmaa.**

**Your life was a blessing, your memory
a treasure, and your legacy eternal.**





MADAM ROSE DEDEI AKANUA OKINE (AUNTIE AKANUA, IMAA)

TRIBUTE BY

CHILDREN

"Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her: 'Many women do noble things, but you surpass them all.'" Proverbs 31:28-29 (NIV)

Thank you all so much for being here today to celebrate the remarkable life of Madam Rose Dedei Akanua Okine — lovingly known to many as Auntie Akanua or simply Imaa.

When she departed this world, it felt as though a mighty golden umbrella had been lifted from above our heads, and the great golden tree that sheltered and protected us was uprooted. We were left exposed — to grief, to silence, and to the deep ache of her absence.

Imaa was more than a mother; she was our comforter, our compass, our foundation. She embodied tough love — the kind that shaped you, strengthened you, and, in the end, made you better. Her presence was a treasure and her strength, legendary. She lived with grace, spoke with courage, and loved with her whole heart.

Growing up under her care was a mix of discipline, delight, and occasional drama — all seasoned with love. Christmas in our home was a grand affair. She would go the extra mile to make sure everyone had something special — from elegant dresses to perfectly tailored suits. Those memories remain priceless and forever etched in our hearts.

She was fearless and fiercely honest. If something needed saying, Imaa would say it — straight, clear, and with conviction. Sometimes that meant she ruffled a few feathers, but her intentions were always pure and her truth, unwavering. She had the rare gift of blending humour with wisdom. Her jokes weren't just jokes — they were life lessons disguised as punchlines. Whether she was commenting on someone's outfit or teasing us about our own, her humour filled the room and kept us grounded.



Christmas in our home was a grand affair. She would go the extra mile to make sure everyone had something special — from elegant dresses to perfectly tailored suits. Those memories remain priceless and forever etched in our hearts.



And oh, the famous “Doctor’s Office Chronicles!” Even well into our 30s, 40s, and 50s, she would accompany us to appointments, making sure we didn’t “forget” to mention our symptoms. By the time she finished briefing the doctor, the poor man would be asking, “Who is that woman?” We’d proudly reply, “That’s my mother.” Because even in her 90s, she never stopped being one. At family meetings, we often begged her to “just stay quiet this time.” Of course, she never did. Truth was her middle name — and diplomacy was not her strong suit. But her honesty, her integrity, and her willingness to defend the weak were the hallmarks of her life. She was a force — physically, emotionally, and spiritually.

Now, if there was a party, you could count on Auntie Akanua to be there — front row, shining bright. She never saw herself as old; in her mind, she was forever 25. Her love for fashion was unmatched — sparkling jewellery, colourful lace, perfectly polished nails, elegant shoes, and her signature Yoruba headgear. She was always the star of the show, and she knew it!

And the cooking — oh, the cooking! For her, it was both art and science. She trained all of us in her kitchen from the age of six, ensuring we could cook well enough never to “fall for someone just because of food,” as she put it. Every weekend, she cooked up a storm, especially for the Ga Homowo festival — sharing food with friends, family, and even strangers. For her, celebration was a ministry.

As we grew older, her greatest joy became our independence. She prayed for it — and when it finally came, she found herself missing the noise, the laughter, the chaos. We’d tease her, saying, “Mom, you can’t eat your cake and still have it! You raised us to fly — now we’re just doing what you taught us.” She’d laugh, even through her tears.

At 97, she remained sharp, funny, and full of life — the same woman who, decades earlier, taught us the power of love, laughter, and self-respect.

Writing this tribute has been no easy task because how do you summarize a woman so full of life in mere words? Imaa was joy personified — a teacher, a protector, a queen in every sense. Although our eyes are wet with tears and our hearts heavy with loss, we find peace in knowing that you, our dear mother, gave us your very best — every single day.

As Mahatma Gandhi said, “There are no goodbyes for us. Wherever you are, you will always be in our hearts.”

Rest well, Imaa. Yaa wo odjoghua.



At 97, she remained sharp, funny, and full of life — the same woman who, decades earlier, taught us the power of love, laughter, and self-respect.



IN-LAWS



MADAM ROSE AKANUA OKINE (AUNTE AKANUA, (MAM))

TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN

Jonathan Solomon

To my dearest Mum,

I'm not sure where to start, or how to end this. All I know is that my heart aches with a hollow, profound sadness I never knew possible. It simply wasn't supposed to be this way, the world feels muted now, I've been robbed of your vibrant, stubborn spirit.

Being your firstborn son meant I got to be the first to experience your fierce love, the first to test your patience, and the first to see the strength you held within. We had our moments, didn't we? Times where our wills collided, where frustration flared, where maybe we didn't see eye-to-eye. But even in those moments, beneath the surface of every disagreement, there was a truth we both knew: the bond between us was, and always will be, unbreakable. That connection—that mother-son thread of love—is the very fabric of who I am.

Thank you for everything you gave me, everything you taught me, and for the life you fought so hard to live. Rest now, Mum. Know that you are deeply, intensely loved, and that your absence leaves a space that can never be filled.

Rest in perfect peace



TRIBUTE BY

REBECCA SOLOMON

As the first daughter of Madam Rose Okine (Imaa), I have always cherished the special bond we shared. Many often remarked on the resemblance between us, and indeed, it was not only in appearance but also in spirit that I reflected her. Imaa's love was expressed in quiet yet profound ways. She gave generously — whether in the form of cloth, money, sound counsel, or life's essentials. She supported me in many endeavours, and her generosity was one of her most defining attributes. She gave of herself freely, joyfully, and completely, and her giving was truly wonderful to behold.

Upon my return from the United States after retirement, our relationship deepened even further. It was during this time that I came to better understand her concerns, her actions, and above all, her desires. Chief among them was her fervent wish that her children remain united, supporting one another, and extending this spirit of unity to her grandchildren. She longed for us to excel in life, to care for each other, and thereby uphold her legacy.



From my lovely Imaa, I learned the value of resilience and the strength of an unyielding spirit. She taught us to give without reservation, to extend love and care even in abundance, and to know our worth in life so that we would never succumb to the will of others.

Imaa was more than a mother; she was a guide, a provider, and a source of enduring strength. Her life remains a testimony of generosity, wisdom, and boundless love.

Rest peacefully, dearest Imaa. Your legacy will live on through us, and I will strive to honor you in unity and in love.

Rest peacefully, dearest Imaa. Your legacy will live on through us, and I will strive to honor you in unity and in love.

Yaa wo ojogbanj....





MADAM ROSE AKANUA OKINE (AUNTEAKANUA, IMAA)

TRIBUTE BY

Elizabeth Solomon

Imaa was a rare gem — loving, gentle, and full of wisdom. She cared deeply for everyone around her and always made us feel special. Imaa's warm smile, kind words, and delicious meals brought joy to our hearts and unity to our family.

She taught us the value of patience, respect, and love. Though Imaa is no longer with us, her memory will forever live on in our hearts. We will miss her dearly, but her legacy of kindness and strength will continue to guide us every day.



TRIBUTE BY

ROSEMARY SOLOMON

My heart bleeds writing this tribute, as memories of a life so beautifully lived flood my mind. How do you summarise the irreplaceable presence of a good mother, one who gave so much and asked for nothing in return but your best? Imaa was a mother who embodied unconditional, maternal love, wrapping you tightly in its warmth. Yet, in that same loving embrace, she would scold you—a necessary discipline delivered with foresight—to ensure you grew to become a responsible adult with a legacy that lives on. Every action she took was measured by the hope of the woman she knew I could be.

The recollections of her tireless devotion are so vivid. I remember the early morning visits at the hospital, arriving even before the nurses and cleaners began their shifts, just to check on me. I remember the sumptuous meals prepared with love in our kitchen, each bite designed to put a smile on my face and comfort my soul. And the secret gifts—small, unexpected acts of generosity meant to make sure every difficult time was alleviated with a welcomed hope of tomorrow.

Since childhood, that welcome maternal love made sure I never left your side until the day I was married. You were my constant, my foundation, and my safe harbour. You raised me to become a virtuous woman, instilling in me a deep commitment to go the extra mile for the people I love, to care for my younger siblings and my own children with fierce protection, to love earnestly, give freely, and never to give up no matter what, always teaching me to forget the past and look to the future with hope.



There are many qualities you have deposited in me, and I will always cherish them. Chiefly among them is the absolute need for me to never settle for the ordinary and, of course, your renowned culinary skills—traits that have become so indelible in my personality.

You have supported me and my children in countless ways, offering guidance and comfort, and for that, I am eternally grateful. Your passing has left a void in my heart, one that cannot be filled by anyone. I pray God grants you eternal rest. You will be terribly missed. I take solace in the fact that you are now with the Maker, free from all pain.

Nye kpakpa yaa wo ye hejole mli....
Good mother, rest in peace.



MADAM ROSE DEDEI AKANUA OKINE (AUNTIE AKANUA, IMAA)

TRIBUTE BY

MAXWELL
SOWAH

It is with great sorrow and deep honour that I pay this tribute to the woman who made my life count — my mother, my everything. I would have given anything to render this honour on her hundredth birthday, not today. Yet I stand here, not to mourn, but to celebrate a life beautifully and fully lived to the end.

I remember, just a few days before she was called to glory, she worried about her knees. I told her, “Imaa, you are strong. The hundred years you wish for will come.” She smiled faintly and asked, “are you sure?” She tried sending me a message later — one of those small gestures that meant everything. That was her — always reaching out, always present, always caring. Imaa was not just a parent. She was my friend, my confidant, my guardian angel, my teacher, my doctor, my lawyer, my advocate, my investment bank, my protector, my prophetess — my very life. She gave of herself completely to make me whole, to shape me into a complete human being. There were no limits to her investment in my life — her love was boundless.

From primary school - Madam Fatia Nkrumah Day Nursery to Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology, she was the guiding force behind every milestone. Despite her minimal formal education, she was the first to mentioned “college” to me. I was barely twelve when she began insisting that I tell my father about my dream to attend college. She would not let the thought rest. “I have you told your father yet?” she would ask — and I thank her deeply for that persistence. Thank you, Auntie Akanua.



She loved to call me and pray for me — for my health, my work, my finances, and above all, my life. It became our little ritual until her last day on earth. And as was her way, after the prayers came her funny reminders: “Mi blofonyo, have you sent the slippers, the lice fabric, the nice colourful dresses — and the money?”

“

*She loved to call me and pray
for me for my health, my work,
my finances, and above all,
my life.*

I would tease, “Imaa, where are you going with all that? You’re scared of falling when you walk!” She would laugh and respond, “Okay, then just send the money. I don’t need to walk to have money in my bag!” We would laugh for minutes, and later, when the money arrived, she would call proudly to say, “Now, I can live for a long time.”



During my boarding school days, she made every weekend feel like home. She would cook and deliver food — sometimes in person — just to make sure I ate well. My friends loved her. Her deliveries were legendary: kokonte with peanut butter soup and okro, fufu with palm nut soup, omo-tuo. She built friendships with my teachers and made sure her children were never mistreated. If she heard of any abuse or unfair treatment, she would show up at the school to demand answers. She was a lioness — fearless when it came to protecting her own.

Even at the university, she remained deeply concerned about my education. During vacations, she would worry that I wasn't studying enough. I'd laugh and tell her, "Imaa, Kumasi Legon — as you call it — is not like UG. We're done for the semester". She would shake her head, as she's not conversant with the system, but always invested, always caring.

Then came that fateful day. My sister, K.K., called me — it was 8:00 a.m. US time — asking if I had heard from Ghana. I glanced at the CCTV and saw Mom sitting on her bed, trying to lift herself up to watch TV. A few hours later, she was called to glory — peacefully, gracefully, just as she had lived her life.

Imaa, yaa wo odjogbaa. Nyomo ahele oasutu-ma yi wala.

Rest well, my beloved mother. Your love built me, your prayers shielded me, your laughter still echoes in my heart. You lived well, you loved deeply, and you left us with an unbreakable legacy of strength, faith, and joy.

Forever in my heart,

“

During my boarding school days, she made every weekend feel like home. She would cook and deliver food- sometimes in person -just to make sure I ate well. My friends loved her.

MADAM ROSE DEDEI AKANUA OKINE (AUNTIE AKANUA, IMAA)

TRIBUTE BY

ABRAHAM
APEKU

It's with heavy hearts, but also with an immense love, to celebrate the life of my beautiful mother...Imaa. There are simply no words adequate to describe the hole her passing has left in my life. She wasn't just a mother to me; she was my first teacher, my truest confidante, and the greatest gift God ever gave me.

If you were lucky enough to know her, you knew her light. It shone so brightly in her eyes, in her warm, comforting touch, and in that wonderful, infectious laugh that could make any sorrow feel a little lighter. She had a rare, beautiful ability to make everyone in her orbit feel seen, special, and deeply loved.

Imaa taught me everything that truly matters: the unshakable power of faith, the comfort of a life lived with integrity, and the simple, profound joy of family. Whenever the world felt too heavy, her kitchen table—her sacred space—was always waiting, ready with a warm embrace and the quiet assurance that everything would be okay.

It breaks my heart that I can no longer reach out and touch her hand or hear her voice telling me she loves me. But I believe, with every fibre of my being, that her spirit is not gone; it has simply been transformed. She has now found her eternal rest, wrapped in the endless grace of the Lord she served so faithfully.



We don't say goodbye today. Instead, we say thank you, Mom. Thank you for every sacrifice, every laugh, every prayer, and every moment of unconditional love. Your life was a masterpiece, painted in kindness. We will carry your love, your strength, and your beautiful memory with us, always. Until we meet again.



*We don't say goodbye today.
Instead, we say thank you,
Mom. Thank you for every
sacrifice, every laugh, every
prayer, and every moment of
unconditional love.*

TRIBUTE BY

VIDA APEKU

My mother was the truest definition of a remarkable woman. She was the epitome of kindness and generosity, always the first to offer help, comfort, or simply a non-judgmental ear. She approached every day with fierce determination; she was incredibly hardworking and possessed a strong, inspiring will that saw her through every challenge. Her determination wasn't loud, but it was absolute, and it was a source of great strength for our family.

I think everyone here knows that no tribute would be complete without mentioning her incredible gift as an excellent cook. Her kitchen was the true heart of our home, a place where food was more than sustenance—it was comfort, celebration, and love made tangible. Beyond the delicious meals and the comforting routine of the home she created, she taught me the most valuable lessons of my life.

She didn't just teach me cooking and homemaking skills; she taught me the deeper principles behind them: resilience, in getting back up after a failure, and adaptability, in facing whatever life threw at us with grace and pragmatism. She wasn't just my mother; she was my greatest friend, my unwavering confidant, and the most dedicated cheerleader a person could ever hope for.



She celebrated my smallest victories and held me through my biggest defeats, always ready with encouragement and belief. Her faith in me was boundless. Now, we face a world without her physical presence. To say I will truly miss her is an understatement that feels impossible to bear. There is a void in my life now, a space that is so vast and absolute it feels as though it can never be filled, except by the enduring grace and spirit of God.

Thank you, Mom, for everything you were, everything you taught, and everything you gave.

Rest in peace.



She celebrated my smallest victories and held me through my biggest defeats, always ready with encouragement and belief.



MADAM ROSE DEDEI AKANUA OKINE (AUNTIE AKANUA, IMAA)

TRIBUTE BY

MERCY
APEKU

I write to honour my beloved mother, Rose Akanua Okine—My “Imaa.” When I think of her, I can’t help but smile at the memories. I recall one particular evening when she accused my younger brother and I of stealing her stash of Milo and bread. Imaa spent the whole day and night chasing us, shouting, and even hanging saucepans to draw attention, accusing us of stealing from her room. Yet, the very next morning, she came into our rooms—smiling as though nothing had happened—calling us for freshly prepared hot chocolate and bread.

That was Imaa: quick to discipline, but even quicker to forgive, her love always outweighing her anger. She was my anchor during one of the most difficult periods of my life—my traumatic pregnancy and delivery. She never left my side, creating an atmosphere of hope, care, and warmth. Imaa had a way of sensing the pain of her children, and she would rise immediately to meet us at the point of our need. Her maternal instincts were unmatched—balancing discipline, care, and love with grace.

Imaa always found time to share nuggets of wisdom, encouragement, and praise. She delighted in affirming me, especially when I dressed well to represent her lineage. I can still hear her voice: “Aahh Korkor, *otale le sã bo waa*” or “*Ohe efefeo*”—“Your dress fits you well, you look beautiful.” She was my number one cheerleader.



Of course, with her strong personality, we sometimes quarrelled. But Imaa never allowed strife to linger. She would quickly pacify me with sumptuous food—because really, how can you stay angry when eating her cooked food? From her, I learned not only the art of preparing meals but also the greater art of nurturing a home while pursuing my career.

Imaa protected us fiercely, even if it meant chastising me in public. As a child, I didn’t always understand, but as a mother today, I do. She was one of a kind, and I will deeply, sincerely miss her. But though she has departed, I know she is never truly gone. She has deposited so much of herself in me—her wisdom, her love, her resilience. And for that, I say with all my heart: *Yaa wo mi nyẽ*.
Rest well, my beloved Imaa



TRIBUTE BY

ISAAC TETTEH APEKU

My heart full of gratitude and love as I pay tribute to my dear mother — our beloved Imaa. As the last of nine children, I was what you called “mikutson bi” — the “baby last.” And oh, did I enjoy every bit of it! I had the best of everything. I was spoiled rotten and specially protected from life’s distress or any form of ill-treatment by my siblings. Imaa always came to my defense, no matter what. Even when I was clearly in the wrong, she would still find a way to justify my actions — that was my mother. Her love and protection over me were unmatched. And even in my adulthood, she continued to treat me as her special baby. Imaa was an excellent cook — and if you know her, you know you didn’t say “no” to her food. If you delayed coming to eat, she would threaten that the food would still find you — even if it had to come by Okada! That was her way of showing love: feeding you until you had no choice but to surrender.

As a child, my mother made sure I lacked nothing. I had fast food waiting for me after school — Veko foods, which at the time was a real prestige. My friends even nicknamed me “Mama Bi”, meaning “Mama’s child,” because they believed I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth. And truly, my childhood was amazing. Even in my adult life, with children of my own, she still treated me like that same little boy. Her love knew no bounds — she would go to the highest of heights and the deepest of depths just to make sure I was okay.



But Imaa wasn’t only a mother to her nine children — she was a mother to the entire community. A proper community’s mother. Her home was open to all. She made everyone — relatives or not — feel welcome and valued in her presence. She had a warm sense of humour, sometimes laced with a bit of sarcasm, but always in good faith and full of laughter.



Her love and protection over me were unmatched. And even in my adulthood, she continued to treat me as her special baby.



Although she never had formal teaching qualifications, Imaa was one of the greatest teachers I've ever known. Through her actions, she taught me the true values of life — how to cook, how to clean, how to provide, and most importantly, how to be a role model to others. She taught me patience and perseverance — and though she might not have always been the most patient person herself, she used her own life as a lesson for ours. That was her beauty — she was willing to stretch herself if it meant her children would grow better.

To me, Imaa was affable, caring, strong-willed, self-motivated, hardworking, compassionate, and deeply empathetic. She sacrificed everything to ensure her children and grandchildren got the best out of life.

I will miss our laughter.
I will miss the warmth of your embrace.
I will miss your wisdom — those gentle, grounding words that could calm any troubled mind.
I will miss your generosity — not just of material things, but of love, time, and spirit.

I am forever grateful that God lent you to us for this time on earth. And though it breaks my heart to say goodbye, I find peace in knowing that He has now called you home — to rest in His bosom.

Rest well, Imaa. You will forever remain in my heart.

“

To me, Imaa was affable, caring, strong-willed, self-motivated, hardworking, compassionate, and deeply empathetic. She sacrificed everything to ensure her children and grandchildren got the best out of life.

MADAM ROSE DEDEI AKANUA OKINE (AUNTIE AKANUA, IMAA)

TRIBUTE BY

GRAND CHILDREN

To Our Dearest Grandma...Imaa

1 Thessalonians 4:13-14 - "We do not want you to be uninformed about those who sleep in death, so that you do not grieve like the rest of mankind, who have no hope. For we believe that Jesus died and rose again, and so we believe that God will bring with Jesus those who have fallen asleep in him."

Imaa...It's hard to find the words to describe the immense love and gratitude we feel for you, but we wanted to speak them as if you were right here with us, as you've always been.

You are the very definition of selfless love. We will forever hold the memory of you, always willing to go the extra mile, even if it meant giving your last meal just to see a smile on our faces. Your generosity knew no bounds. You taught us that true wealth isn't in what you have, but in what you give. Every moment spent with you was a lesson in how to be loving, caring, and truly present for the people who matter most.

The resilience we carry is your legacy. You taught us what it means to be tenacious, to stand up and defend what's ours. We remember how you challenged schoolteachers for our sakes, how you fiercely warded off bad company from influencing us and how you gave customised Christmas gift for each of us.

That same passion and conviction was present in your joy, too, when you would excessively give to commend us for finding lifelong partners or during new additions to our families. You showed us that resilience isn't just about enduring hardship, but about fighting for those you love. Your wisdom, rooted in your deep faith, taught us to speak our minds in any circumstance. You showed us that our voices have power and that we should never be afraid to use them to stand up for what is right. As it is written, "She is clothed with strength and dignity; she can laugh at the days to come. She speaks with wisdom, and faithful instruction is on her tongue" (Proverbs 31:25-26). This verse is you, Grandma.



And oh, your hands! They had a magic that could transform simple ingredients into feasts. We will always cherish the taste of your freshly grilled tilapia, your rich soups, and your unforgettable jollof rice. The kitchen was your kingdom, and you ruled with a flavour that will forever be a comfort to us.

Grandma, we will miss your noble request right after your cooking calling us to sample and comment on your culinary inventions -

"niyeenii lē ṛṛṛ?" (Was the food delicious?), but we dare give a negative review as it will be followed by a scold... "mini ole, **jee jeme ni oye**" (shut up and eat)... then a lovely smile of affirmation. This thought us to be gracious and always see the positive in every situation, however dire.

You desire the best things in life therefore always encouraging us to strive for excellence in all we do to make you proud. We will uphold this and pass it on to the generations after us, ensuring that your legacy lives on.

“

*We will always cherish the taste
of your freshly grilled tilapia,
your rich soups, and your
unforgettable jollof rice.*

Poem

These moments, big and small,
are etched in our hearts.
You are the strength that built us,
The wisdom that guides us.
A love so pure, a soul so kind,
A legacy we'll forever find.

Your memory is a gentle grace,
Forever in time and space.
You are wonderful and your legacy
lives on.

Imaa yaa wo **ye hejole** mili...
Rest in perfect peace.







GREATGRAND CHILDREN

ALICE WELLWID



MADAM ROSE DEDEI AKANUA OKINE (AUNTIE AKANUA, IMAA)

TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

JACQUELINE NAA
AMERLEY APEKU

She fought the good fight with all her might; She ran life's race through God's good grace; And now, eternity is her crown and joy forever.

My mother-in-law was an inspiring soul, always there for me. She was the most loving, humble, compassionate, hardworking, and brave-hearted woman; one of the most beautiful earthly beings one could ever meet. Imaa, you always considered me your daughter. You were a precious gift from God — so much beauty, grace, and love personified. Your love, kindness, and support, your hospitality and guidance, made me acknowledge you as a “second mom” and a trusted friend. Your love still gives me strength and helps me navigate the vicissitudes and turbulence of life.

Not everyone is blessed with a real-world heroine in their lives, and for that, I will forever be filled with endless gratitude for the role you played for me. What I admired most about you was your quiet strength — you never sought recognition, yet your positive influence was always felt.



“

*I will forever be filled with
endless gratitude for the role
you played for me.*

Though we are saying goodbye, I know how blessed and honoured I have been to know you and to have had you in my life. I will always cherish the beautiful memories and the unwavering support you provided, especially for your grandchildren.

Although you are gone, our bond can never be broken nor weakened. May your strong yet gentle soul rest in perfect peace, and may eternal light perpetually shine upon you.

Rest in peace, Mom.
Rest in perfect peace, Imaa.
Imaa, yaa wo o jogan.



ALBERT BOTCHWAY

I know there is time for everything under the sun, and this should prepare us for moments such as these. But (maa, nothing prepared me for your passing.

Memories flood my mind like an unending stream—the good times we shared, the unique rhythm of our relationship that shifted quickly from playful quarrels to glorious laughter, and always, always, to that deep and unfathomable love that felt more like a mother and son than a grandmother and grandson.

You kept your promise to see me excel, to stand boldly by my side. I remember your fierce defence—whether against unfair teachers or life's daunting challenges—your words still ringing in my ears: "If I need to embarrass myself for you, I will." You stood as my shield, my cheerleader, my encourager when the stakes were highest. With your tender voice you would say, "mi hi owula miamo ohig," affirming my worth, showering me with gifts when I succeeded, and believing in me even when I doubted myself. I hear you still, calling out in the mornings—your unforgettable "Abertiä, Abertiä" echoing through the cheerful serenity of a new day.



Sometimes it was a call to scold me, other times to advise me, but more often than not, it led me to a meal prepared with love. No one cooked like you. Imaa—your tilapia 'fante fante' and kenkey after our long walks through Accra searching for bargains, savings and the best forex rates.

The food was a balm to tired feet, but the true gift was always time spent with you. Oo your generosity... It even extended to my school bullies, separate spicy shito for them and a better one for me.





Thank you for all the secret provisions for school and the compactly folded money that rolled of the tightly knotted cloth-end, it was a delight to behold.

Now, in your absence, the silence is deafening. The void is deep. Each memory of my recent visits—begin with our mock fights, ending in love, pride, and the joy of you showing me around to neighbours—brings both a smile and a tear.

When I look at myself today, I see you in me. Fearlessness, straight-talking, thoughtfulness, resilience, hard work, and cheerful generosity—these are the seeds you planted that now bear fruit in my life. That is your legacy, living on in me and in all who loved you.

I will miss you dearly, Imaa. The pain of goodbye is sharp, but I take solace in knowing you rest now in the Lord's bosom, where there is no more sorrow, no more struggle, only eternal peace.

“

Thank you for all the secret provisions for school and the compactly folded money that rolled of the tightly knotted cloth end, it was a delight to behold.

My Poem for Imaa

You called my name with morning light,
Sometimes to scold, sometimes to guide,
But always with a love so deep,
A bond no passing time can hide.

Your hands prepared both food and care,
Your voice gave courage when stakes were high,
Your spirit taught me how to dare,
To dream, to fight, to reach the sky.

Though silence lingers where you stood,
And absence carves its hollow space,
I carry you within my heart,
Your legacy, your love, your grace.

Rest well, Imaa, your journey done,
Your crown of glory, heaven-won.



Treasured Memories













Hymns

MADAM ROSE AKANUA OKINE (AUNTIE AKANUA, IMAA)

PH 549

1. Yesu toobii le eko ji mi,
ni minyaa hewo;
shi miná tookwelo kpakpa,
eleehe le ehi naakpa;
ele mi, es'moo mi;
eke migbei tsoo mi.

2 Ehejole tso shishi
maje kpo ni maba mli;
maná lernii ni gbo naakpa
ni mato ká nibii kpakpai;
ke kumai niye mi le,
le etsoo mi nubu gbe.

3 B'le mikaná miishee,
lo? mi ni ji oshade too!
Shi gbii feefji asee le
aawom' k'aatee mitse we le
ye mikwelo kpokoian

Amen! shi mimiishee fa!

PH 502

1. Be ni Nuntso Nyogmo aatso
Zion nom k'aaba ekog,
no le woofee tamo gbomo
mo ni laa ye wo mli nyog.
No mli womli aaafi wo,
woogmo ke wodaag obo,
ni wolilei aaawo eno.
Mo ni jie wo ni ekpo wo,

2. Oo Yehowa, naa wo mabo,
wo ohie naye wono!
Tse otsuji ni gbe shwa le
keba otse we ekog!
Gbe le, ejekte; ewa;
ha agbe wo'kaabe naa;
ni ke wowu ta jogbag le,
ha wo hu wobajoo wabe!

3. Woke nyamo aaakpa nii le
ni wodu ke yaafonui.
Haomo yibii tsu ye jamei,
Kunim akekere woofi.
Nyogmo ye esei le no,
le eeetso wonyomowo;
mei le fee ni ji eno le
aaanya amenyomowo he

4. Mai ni ji belatsemai le
esum' ni etsa ama;
mei ni nii yoo mabo fee le,
etar ama nyamime.

5. Eshafeeloi wuji tete,
ehere ama atuu;
egofa ama, ehere
ama fee yiwala hu.

6. Eke tooi ni Tse le ha le,
ni etsoo ama nywigbe;
ekpa enijii 'mli ekra:
"Nyebaa migoo, nye mai fee!"

7. Makula onaji anaa
suomo le eku mitsuij;
mafo ke dale ye ohie:

mihe ajom' ye omli.

PH 504

1. Mee anumnyam,
ke Kristo toobi otso
ni kwelo kpakpa le miikwe ono!
Shihile kpakpa be shikpon le fee
no
fe Yesu toobi ni ena le no.
No ni jey fee kwa nyeg aha
no ke ni too nee
ke ekwe lo kpakpa na.

2. Egoo le enaa leehei pii ke goomo,
ni daa ejee nubu hee ehaa.
Hiymai ko be ni shoo enyam
nokwemo.
Bo ni essa ena ye bie kwraa.
Shi bie anaa wala ye,
ni hio shi daa nee; anag afo see.

3. Kwe bo ni gbele tete ji hejole,
ke too le ka ekwe lo mlishi le!
Ekwelo kpakpa eye gbele no pe;
ble gbele nyeg ewo ehe gbeyei.
Tse gbomotso le gbo moq, shi
esusuma le
gbon, ni efiten dogg

4. Shi too le hio ekwelo le mlishi,
tsebu le fee miye ehe seke.
klay kramakrama be ni heo le emi,
shi mo ni ehe eye le fe fee.
Elaajeg k'aatee naano fee
ni gbele mli egben ni eshen gbeyei
hu.

5. Shi nyamoi wuji anaastamo keke
ji enz, wosee naano nyamo baa;
no koni Toobi le aaale emei le
ye wala nu krogkrog le faa le naa.
No dani aaana ale fagg
no nyam ni Yesu ke etoobi aaawo le.



PH 150

1 Nyongmo wiemo ke ngomo
sa ake makane daa,
makwe Nuntso bleofoemo
ke mlihile krong ye mli.

2. Beni etse gbekebii le,
eke miishee kee ake:
"Mensemei le aba miqoo,
magtseyelqibii le ne!"

3. Eke suomo kwe ame no,
ni ewo enineno
ni eke e-Nyongmo joomo
joo ame faa kwa po.

4 Mei ni ji helatsemei le
esum' ni etsa ame;
mei ni nii yoo mobo fee le,
etse ame nyemimezi.

5. Eshafeeloi wuji tete,
ehere ame atuu;
eqofa ame, ehene
ame fee yiwala hu.

6. Ele tooi ni Tse le ha le,
ni etsoo ame nyweigbe;
ekpa enijii 'mli ekze:
"Nyebaa miqoo, nye mei fee!"

7. Makula onaji anaa
suomo le eku mitsuig;
mafo ke dole ye ohie:
mihe ajom' ye omli.

PH 792

1. Ha maya ::
ni mi-Yesu le mana!
Keji na mana le leelen,
bo ni manya ehe mahä!
Enyam sei le he mahi!

2. La ni ngoo ::
bo ji la ni gbeo dun!
Te be ni mana ngoomo,
no ni ji ohie ke suomo
ke heyeloi le hu fee!

3. Eye feo ::
bo ni bofoi jie eyi!
Ha mi fiji, ha mi fiji!
Mafiki ye joo ke goji
ano keya Zion goq.

4. Oo te tegq ::
keji mayabote man
Salem ke shika blohui le!

Nuntso, minyeg fee masusu
no tsuijuro ni yoo jei!

5. Eden trom ::
oyibii ke ngomo fee!
owalatsei ashishi le
wootamo mei ni laa lamoi!
ngoo wo, Nuntso, oto jei!

PH 787

1. Heyeloi le akpeehe
ji amejwetri ke tsui,
amejielo Yesu le,
amewala hilehe.

2. Dmene mo ko faa gbe,
wo mo kroko aatee jei;
ni abii hu akz bie
mo ko ahi lolo lo?

3. Ke wo-Nuntso nme wo gbe
Kule te wobaakee tegq?
Woofo woowo enijian
ake mo ne ame dä.

4. Nuntso le etoko p̃ eg;
No hewo le ke etsä

Mo ko le wofeo kpoo,
Wohejoo ye eqoo

5. Yeg, tsuii ni be bie dogq
Miido wo babao moq
Kē
le, suomo, ono kwraa
Ji wo ni bo pe ofa!

**PH 825**

1 Hiennokamo ye ha Nyongma bii
ye gbele sɛ tete!
Gbohiiashitee
kɛ naano wala hu ye
Halehuyaa!

2 Aaafu miheloo ni eetsɔ su,
shi eete shi ekogɔ!
Etamo wu ko
ni adu ye shikpɔɔ mli,
ebaate shi!

3 Nuntsɔ kpakpa kɛ miyawo le,
ni manu ogbee le;
ha mimli afim',
ni mana naano wala
ye hejolen!

PH 844

1 Yerusalem, mishia le!
Ogbei ni ɔɔ minaa!
Te be ni aaafɔ haomo sɛ
ye wala faai anaa!

2 Te be ni hɔmɛi nɛ aaana
Maɔ hee nɛ ni je ɔwei
Ke eshika blohui fiaa
Ke kolii agboi le?

PH 833

1 Wosɛ ko kɛ jɛɔ nii eta,
kɛ shikpɔɔ nɛ sha kɛ la,
beni ɔulamin egbee shi,
gɔɔ kɛ ɔaho efutu le:
No le nɛɛgbe ootee po,
he ni onɔɔ fitemo?
he ni onɔɔ fitemo?

2 Gɔɔ ko hio shi shweshweeshwe,
ekwo fe gɔɔ le fɛ:
Zion, he ni ɔwei maɔtɛ le saa
to le ni ehi jɛi.
ɔmɛɛ ba maɔtɛ le ɔɔ,
ni no gbi le eeele o!
ni no gbi le eeele o!



Annoucement

You are cordially
invited to join us for the burial and
final funeral rites of our beloved

**Madam Rose
Dedei Okine**
1928-2025

FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS

THERE WILL BE NO-WAKE KEEPING
LAYING IN STATE: Thursday, 23rd October, 2025 at 9:30am
BURIAL SERVICE :
INTERMENT: Private burial
FINAL FUNERAL RITES & RECEPTION: at Transition, Haatso
THANKSGIVING SERVICE: Sunday, 26th October, 2025
at ICGC New Wine Centre, East Legon at 9:30am
RECEPTION: after Church Service at Transition, Haatso

Attire: Black & White



Appreciation

The entire family of the late

Mad. Rose Dedei Akanua Okine

express our profound gratitude and appreciation to God for his lovingkindness and grace. To everyone who have helped in the funeral of our dearly beloved Rose Okine.

Thank you all for your support, kind words, substance and prayers.

God Richly Bless You

LEGACY LIVES ON...