

CELEBRATING THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
GIFTY SMITH



Farewell, forever in our Hearts.





*“A great soul
serves everyone all the time.
A great soul never dies.
It brings us together
again and again”.*

By Maya Angelou



Welcome

to the Burial, Memorial and
Thanksgiving Service of

The late

MADAM GIFTY SMITH
(A.K.A. ESI NTSIAKOA)

Officiating Ministers

1. Very Rev. Joseph Odei - Afrifa
- Superintendent Minister,
New Aplaku Circuit
Methodist Church, Ghana

2. Very Rev. Dr. Matthias Forson
- Supernumerary Minister,
New Aplaku Circuit
Methodist Church, Ghana

3. Rev. Rose Aduful
- Circuit Minister,
New Aplaku Circuit,
Methodist Church, Ghana

4. Very Rev Dr. Adzika Agbemenya Vincent
New Aplaku Circuit,
Methodist Church, Ghana

5. Rev Banister Tay
New Aplaku Circuit,
Methodist Church, Ghana



MUSIC

Music - Engineers Choir

Organist - Edwin K. Amoah-Mensah

Order of Service

PART 1: PRE-MEMORIAL SERVICE

1. Procession
2. Opening Hymn - MHB 312
3. Hymns/Tributes - MHB 144
4. Filing Past Hymns - MHB 212
5. Covering of Casket - MHB 309
6. Songs - Choir

PART 2: MEMORIAL SERVICE

1. Sentences
2. Hymn - MHB 63
3. Prayers
4. Hymn - MHB 80
5. Biography
6. Tributes
7. Scripture Readings
8. Offertory - MHB 601
9. Hymn
10. Sermon
11. Apostle's Creed
12. Offertory - MHB 607
13. Hymn - MHB 412
14. Commemoration and Commendation
15. Concluding Prayers and the Lord's Prayer
16. Announcements
17. Vote of Thanks
18. Closing Hymn - MHB 24
19. Benediction
20. Recession

Biography OF THE LATE MADAM GIFTY SMITH (A.K.A. ESI NTSIAKOA)



The late Gifty Smith (aka Esi Ntsiakoa) was born on **12th January, 1969**, at Ajumako in the Central Region of Ghana. Her parents were Mr. John Henry Smith-Baidoo of the Asona Ebusua of Ajumako and Madam Faustina Abekah of the Anona (or Yoko) Ebusua, also of Ajumako, and all of blessed memory.

Esi was the third of five children, two of who predeceased her in their infancy. She was thus the eldest of the parents' surviving children.

She was also known as Esi David, because

of her birth at the 12 Apostles Church (Awoyo) where her parents had sought help to arrest the recurring deaths of their infant children.

She had her primary and middle school education at Ajumako. After completing her middle school at the Ajumako Methodist Middle School, she enrolled in Mancell's Vocational Training Institute in 1985. She undertook training in catering for three years, completing in 1988. No wonder her culinary skills were outstanding.

Esi employed her catering training in private enterprise, either taking up catering contracts or preparing and selling pastries, takeaways and other catering products on her own account.

In the course of time, Esi found this vocation less rewarding and soon yielded to the allure of trading. She traded mostly in children's wear and made quite a success of it.

Esi was not a petty trader. She was an ambitious entrepreneur who looked far beyond the local market for procurement of her merchandise. She was adventurous too.

This spirit of adventure made her travel as far as India, where she felt she would get to a more profitable source for her wares. This was in 2024.

Esi was a strong woman who seldom got ill, probably because of the care she exercised in the choice of food she ate. She was very passionate about organic products and mindful of her health. Esi was truly a woman of robust health.

However in the afternoon of Saturday, 12th July 2025, she was suddenly taken ill and was rushed to Finney Hospital, where she breathed her last at about 9.30pm. She was 56 years old and survived by her husband Paul, four children and three grandchildren.

May the Lord grant her peaceful repose.

Tribute by Widower

Today, I stand here with a heart full of love and gratitude to honour my beautiful wife, Gifty Smith, who I also called Esi, even through the pain of loss. Gifty, you have made me helpless and senseless. I never thought such a day would come so soon. My life will never be the same without you.

Esi, for more than four decades you were not only my wife but my sister and my greatest support. I will always remember you for your honesty, faithfulness and truthfulness. Your kindness to others will always be remembered!

Gifty was the heart of our home, a woman of quiet strength and endless kindness. Her love for me, the children and everyone around her did not need to be spoken loudly, it was felt in everything she did.

During the years I spent working away in Germany, Gifty raised our four children as though I was with her physically; she carried the family with such grace and strength.



She took care of our children with love and unwavering dedication, nurturing them into the wonderful people they are today.

Esi faced every day with unwavering courage and scarcely a word of complaint. Even though my heart aches knowing she is no longer beside me, I take comfort in the countless memories we shared the laughter, the quiet talks, and the simple moments that became treasures.

Her love will remain with me always, and her spirit will continue to live on in our children, our family, and everyone whose lives she touched.

Gifty, my love, you were my home. Thank you for loving me, for believing in me, and for building a beautiful life with me. You were the best part of my world, and though I miss you deeply, I know your light will never fade.

Rest peacefully, my dear wife, until we meet again.

Tribute to Our Beloved Mother

From your children: Philip, Philbert, Jessica, and Jacqueline

Today, we have the honor of celebrating the life of our dear mother, a woman whose love, strength, and faith shaped who we are. Mom was truly an amazing woman.

She had the biggest heart and the warmest hands, always making sure we were fine, healthy, and cared for in every possible way. She constantly put our needs before her own, and her love could be felt in everything she did.

Philip:

As the eldest, I had the privilege of watching Mom's strength up close. She wasn't the most patient person; she was straightforward, firm, and expected things to be done right. But that was part of what made her who she was.

Her strength wasn't just in endurance but in action. She worked hard for everything she had and made sure we never lacked anything.

Mom was an incredible cook, and her meals always carried that special touch only she had; full of flavor, care, and love. She had a giving heart and was always willing to share, even when she didn't have much.

You could always count on her to show up, to give, and to help in her own way.

She taught me the value of hard work, responsibility, and independence. She didn't just talk about sacrifice; she lived it. Her example shaped how I approach life: with focus, strength, and the determination to push through no matter what.

Mom may not have been soft-spoken, but her love was real, her efforts were constant, and her presence was powerful. She was a woman of action, and everything she did came from the heart. I will always be proud to call her my mother.

Philbert:

I will never forget her cooking. My mum could cook so well! Every meal she made was filled with love, flavor, and comfort. Her food wasn't just delicious; it was a reflection of her care, her creativity, and the joy she brought into our lives.

She was more than a mother; she was a friend, a teacher, and our greatest supporter.

Her love shaped who I am today, and though I will miss her deeply, I know her spirit will always live on in my heart, in my memories, and in every recipe she ever made with love.

Jessica:

Mom was the kind of woman who embodied quiet strength and endless grace. She could be both firm and gentle, disciplined yet joyful. She faced life's challenges with courage and faith, teaching us that true strength is not in avoiding pain but in rising above it with dignity.

She had such a beautiful spirit, kind, funny, and full of warmth. Her laughter filled our home, and her words of encouragement carried us through every storm. She made everyone who met her feel loved and valued.

I remember watching her work tirelessly, yet never hearing her complain. She taught us discipline, not through force, but by example, by showing up, by being patient, and by giving her best in everything she did. Her consistency, her resilience, and her faith, continue to inspire us every day.

Her food, her laughter, her words, and her prayers, are all part of us now. Her legacy lives in our hearts, in the values she instilled in us, and in the love she shared so freely.

Jacqueline:

Some of my most cherished memories with Mom were the times we spent together in the kitchen, especially during Christmas.

We would bake, laugh, and try out new recipes, turning simple moments into lasting memories. Even when I was away at boarding school, she always found a way to make me feel close to home.

She would travel long distances just to see me, staying up late to cook and pack everything I might need; food, provisions, and even a little money, just to make sure I was comfortable.

That was who she was: selfless, thoughtful, and full of love. She was so easy to talk to, always ready to listen, and her strength amazed me. No matter what she went through, she never let it break her spirit. Her love and resilience will always inspire me to be strong, kind, and giving, just like her.

Mom, we thank you for your strength, your guidance, and your unwavering love. You showed us what it means to care, to endure, to give, and to love without limits. Though our hearts ache with loss, we celebrate the incredible gift of having been your children.

Your spirit will always be with us in the way we live, in the way we love, and in every meal we share that reminds us of home.

Rest well, Mama.

Your love will forever be the light that guides us.



Philip



Philbert



Jessica



Jacqueline

Tribute By Grandchildren

From Jayden, Janae, Javion, Ohemaa, and Jojo

Today, we stand together not just as her grandchildren, but as the precious group she lovingly gathered under her wings. To us, Grandma was more than a grandmother, she was our comfort, our teacher, our safe place, and our greatest cheerleader.

She nurtured us in ways only a grandmother's heart could. With every gentle word, every prayer she whispered over us, and every plate of food she lovingly set before us, she made us feel treasured and deeply loved.

Grandma's cooking wasn't just food it was her love served warm. We will forever remember how we rushed to her table, knowing that whatever she prepared was made with care and intention.



She knew each of our favorites and delighted in seeing our faces light up after the first bite. In her home,



there was always enough food, enough laughter, and most importantly, enough love.

She taught us kindness not through words, but through her actions. She showed us what it meant to care for others, to put family first, and to walk in love and humility. She had a way of making each one of us feel like we were her favorite, because to her we truly were.

Although our hearts are heavy, we are also grateful. Grateful that God chose us to be her grandchildren. Grateful for the memories that will continue to shape who we are. Grateful for the love she poured into us, a love that will never fade.

Grandma, we promise to carry your legacy in our hearts. We will remember your words, your recipes, your prayers, and most of all, your love. Thank you for nurturing us, for believing in us, and for giving us a place where we always felt at home.

We love you forever, Grandma. Rest peacefully, knowing your love lives on in each of us.

Tribute By Siblings

Esther Asantewaa Mensah (aka Queen B) and Joe Smith Baidoo

Esther Asantewaa Mensah

Today we gather here to honor Gifty Smith; AKA Mama Gee, sister Esi, a mother, a friend and most importantly my confidant, my gossip partner and my only sister. Sister Esi's passing on the 12th of July, 2025, left us heartbroken, especially me.

To my brother Joe and me, she was more than a sister, she was our guide, our protector, and sometimes our second mother. Being the big sister, sister Esi took that role seriously. Sister Esi was practical, protective, and always there when we needed her.

Her love was steady, her words were honest, and her strength was unmatched. She was funny and full of life. Her laughter could light up any space, and her presence always brought a sense of warmth and belonging.

Nonetheless, Sister Esi was firm when she needed to be. We always knew where we stood with her because she told the truth exactly as it was, never out of harshness, but out of love. She was generous and caring, always putting others before herself, sometimes to a fault.

Even when she didn't have much, she found a way to give; whether it was through her food, her time, or her words

of advice. She was wise about everything, especially when it came to spending and planning. She wanted us all to live responsibly and to take care of what truly mattered.

In sum, Sister Esi was the glue that held our family together, the one we all looked up to for guidance, comfort, and strength, especially after the loss of both our parents.

As the only sister, I have shared a special bond with sister Esi that words can barely describe. I miss how she would go overboard every time I was in the country, bringing foodstuffs, cooking my favorite dishes, and making sure I was well taken care of.

That was her way of showing love; through giving, through service, through simple but deeply thoughtful acts. She never did anything halfway.

Even though her absence leaves an emptiness we can never fill, we take comfort in knowing that her love still surrounds us in the lessons she taught us, in the laughter we shared, and in the way we now care for one another because of her example.

Rest well, dear sister. You lived fully, you loved deeply, and you gave selflessly. Your memory will forever remain in our hearts.



Joe Smith Baidoo

To me, as her younger brother, Sister Esi was my shield and my defender. Throughout our childhood and even as adults, any time I found myself in trouble, she was the one who came to my rescue.

She stood in the gap for me more times than I can count, never allowing anyone to take advantage of me or speak down to me. If I made mistakes, she corrected me with love, but she also protected me fiercely from the world.

Sister Esi was strong and resilient;

no matter what life brought her way, she faced it with courage and determination. Her strength gave me strength. Knowing she was there gave me confidence. She fought many silent battles of her own, yet she still made room to carry mine.

Even now, I still feel her presence guiding me, reminding me of the things she used to say, the way she wanted me to live, and the man she believed I could become.

I am forever grateful to God for giving me a sister who was not only my blood, but my protector, my teacher, and my inspiration.

Rest well, Sister Esi. Your little brother will carry your strength and love in his heart forever.

Tribute By Nieces and Nephew

from Mrs. Priscilla Addai Owusu

For we don't live for ourselves or die for ourselves. If we live, it's to honor the Lord. And if we die, it's to honor the Lord. So whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord. Romans 14:7-8. (New Living Translation)

"I came to live with you from Cape Coast at a very young age, and from that moment on, you cared for me as if I were your own. There was never any distinction between me and your biological children; your love was complete, unconditional, and unwavering. You were a second mother, a mentor, and a quiet, powerful example of what it means to be a woman of grace."

Mama G had a gift: a rare, beautiful ability to make those around her feel at home. Her kitchen was the heart of every gathering, filled with the comforting aroma of meals prepared with skill, patience, and care.

Many of my fondest memories are wrapped in the warmth of her meals and the laughter that came with them.

But beyond her culinary talents, Mama G taught me some of the most valuable lessons I carry in life. She gently, yet consistently, showed me what it meant to be a great mother and a devoted wife through her words, and more importantly, through her actions.



In every lesson she shared from the kitchen to conversations about life, she left pieces of her heart with me.

Those lessons have shaped the woman I am becoming, and I will carry them forward with pride and gratitude.

Though her physical presence may be gone, Mama G's spirit lives on in the meals I cook, in the love I give to my family, and in every small act of kindness inspired by her example.

G Mama, Maa G, Mama G



Minerva-Grace Smith Baidoo

I'm deeply grateful for my Auntie and all the ways she provided for me. I really appreciate all the lessons I received for life from her which has helped shaped my life.

I'm truly thankful for everything she did for me during my years living with her. I honor her memory with love, respect,



and gratitude. Rest well, Mama G.

Prosper Smith-Baidoo

I may not have known my auntie (**Mama G**) personally, but I honor her life with love and respect, and I pray that she rests in peace and love.

Da pia, Nɛame nfa wo kra nsie pia. Amon.

Tribute By Aunt

**To My Niece, Esi Awer Ntsiakoa - From Her Loving Aunt
(the only paternal aunt)**

Ordinarily, saying goodbye to a friend is hard enough.

You can therefore imagine the deep sorrow I feel today as I bid my final farewell to my dear niece, Esi Awer Ntsiakoa. Esi was a special child from the very beginning.

As the first surviving child of her parents, after they had lost two sons, Esi became a source of deep joy and hope for the family. Maame Dorcas, her grandmother of blessed memory, protected her fiercely, nurturing her with unwavering love until her parents finally settled in Efiakuma, Sekondi-Takoradi.

Much has already been shared about her

education and married life; but I knew Esi in the everyday moments that revealed her true spirit. When she moved to settle down in Accra, specifically, Amanfrom, from Ajumako, my home in Sakaman quickly became her second home.

She never hesitated to go the extra mile for the demands of the entire family. I remember how she would ensure my trips to Makola for my late husband's essential care items were taken care of, always with quiet efficiency and love.

Esi approached everything she did with purpose and thoughtfulness. Her eating habits reflected her deep care for health and well-being.



She insisted on organic produce, carrots, cabbage, and other wholesome foods, and never fed her family anything from the roadside. Her discipline and mindfulness were admirable. She also had a flair for fashion.

Esi was effortlessly stylish, with an eye for beautiful fabrics and a love for dressing well. Her fashion sense was not just about appearance, it was an expression of her vibrant personality and appreciation for beauty.

As I reflect on her life, I am reminded of the words from MHB 498, stanza 4, a hymn that speaks to the peace and hope we hold onto in moments like this:

While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee. Esi has drawn her final breath, and her eyes have closed in peace.

But I believe she now soars to worlds unknown, hidden in the Rock of Ages, embraced by the eternal love of her Maker. Farewell, my dear Esi.

You were more than a niece, you were a daughter, a friend, and a blessing. Your memory will live on in my heart and in the hearts of all who knew you. Rest well in the Lord. Dayie. Damirifa due.

Farewell by Cousins

TO ESI NTSIAKOA

Today, we gather to celebrate the life of our beloved Esi Ntsiakoa, a shining light in our lives. Your passing leaves a void that can never be filled, but we, your family, are comforted by the memories of your love, kindness, and generosity.

We will always remember how you meticulously selected the best gifts for our children from your mother care shop, ensuring they felt loved and special.

Whether it was toys, clothes, or books, your thoughtfulness knew no bounds; you always put others first.

Your culinary skills were legendary. We eagerly looked forward to the special meals you prepared and sent to us when we returned home from abroad. The aroma of your cooking would fill our homes, and the taste would transport us to a place of comfort and love.



Your fashion sense was truly infectious! We vividly remember how you showcased your latest fashion finds, inspiring us with your impeccable style and encouraging us to upgrade our wardrobes. Your enthusiasm was contagious, and we often found ourselves drawn to the trends you so effortlessly flaunted.

Your dedication to family was unwavering. You rarely missed a family event, always arriving with a smile and a gift. Even when circumstances kept you away,

your thoughtful contributions would precede you, reminding us of your enduring love and care.

Esi, you were more than a cousin, you were a guardian angel, always looking out for us. Your kindness, empathy, and generosity inspired us to be better versions of ourselves. We will miss your laughter, your stories, and your unwavering support.



As we bid you farewell once more, we take comfort in the promise of John 14:1-3:

"Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in me. My Father's house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am."

We know you are now in a place prepared just for you,

resting in the arms of our loving Father. As we bid you farewell, we are filled with the hope of the resurrection, where we shall see you again in the presence of our Lord. We take comfort in the promise that death is not the end, but a transition to eternal life.

When you arrive in heaven, please extend our love and greetings to Aunt/ Nana (Grandma), Uncle Kwesi Badu, Uncle Nana, and all those who have gone before us. We are confident that you are now in their loving presence, basking in the glory of God.

Photo Gallery





















MHB 63:
The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want

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 forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.*

MHB 80:
Thee Will I Praise with All My Heart

1.
*Thee will I praise with all my heart,
And tell mankind how good thou art,
How marvelous thy works of grace;
Thy name I will in songs record,
And joy and glory in my Lord,
Extolled above all thanks and praise.*

2.
*The Lord will save his people here;
In times of need their Help is near,
To all by sin and hell oppressed;
And they that know thy name will trust
In thee, who to thy promise just
Hast never left a soul distressed.*

3.
*The Lord is by his judgments known;
He helps his poor afflicted one,
His sorrows all he bears in mind;
The mourner shall not always weep,
Who sows in tears in joy shall reap,
With grief who seeks with joy shall find.*

4.
*A helpless soul that looks to thee
Is sure at last thy face to see,
And all thy goodness to partake;
The sinner who for thee doth grieve,
And longs, and labours to believe,
Thou never, never wilt forsake.*

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*A helpless soul that looks to thee
Is sure at last thy face to see,
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The sinner who for thee doth grieve,
And longs, and labours to believe,
Thou never, never wilt forsake.*

MHB 607:
O God of Bethel, by Whose Hand

1.
*O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.*

2.
*Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.*

3.
*Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.*

4.
*O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.*

5.
*Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.*

MHB 608:
Captain of Israel's Host, and Guide

1.
*Captain of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy
Word;*

2.
*Our end, the glory of the Lord.
By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
The light of life around us shed,
By night and day our constant stay;
In Thee we trust, and we rejoice;
Thy providence our only choice.*

MHB 651:
Hark! Hark, My Soul! Angelic Songs Are Swelling

1.

Hark! hark,
my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed
strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no
more.

Refrain:

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night.

2.

Onward we go,
for still we hear them singing:
"Come, weary souls,
for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark,
its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Refrain:

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night.

3.

Far, far away,
like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly
stealing,
Kind Shepherd,
turn their weary steps to Thee.

Refrain:

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night.

4.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches
keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of
weeping,
And life's long shadows break in
cloudless love.

Refrain:

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night.

MHB 679:
Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above

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 fairs
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



Appreciation

The entire family of
MADAM GIFTY SMITH
wishes to express our heartfelt gratitude
for the outpouring of love & support
during our time of bereavement.
May God's blessings and grace
be upon you, shining His face
upon your life & filling your
heart with peace.

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