

# Celebration Of Life



Madam  
**THEODORA**

ADWOA KORANTEMAA DARKWA

1933 - 2025



Theodora Adwoa Korantemaa Darkwa

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# ORDER OF SERVICE

## OFFICIATING MINISTERS

1. Rev. R. C. Amane-Sarpong
2. Rev. Prof. Nicholas Israel Nii-Trebi
3. Rev. Francis Yaw Boamah
4. Rev. Dr. Julius Duah Coomsom
5. Rev. Ibrahim Baidoo
6. Rev. Dr. Henry Mills
7. Apostle Dr. John Kpikpi
8. Apostle Awurafua Agyare
9. Catechist Sampson Adomako
10. Catechist Zac Obeng- Hinneh (Rtd)

## PART ONE (Pre-Burial Service)

1. Scripture Sentence
2. Hymn - PH 518:1-3
3. Prayer
4. Exhortation
5. Tributes and Solo Performance
6. Filling Past (General/Family/Pastors)
7. Closing of Casket

## PART TWO (Burial Service)

1. Call to worship
2. Processional Hymn - PH 557
3. Scripture Sentence
4. Hymn - PH 789:1-2
5. Adoration and Praise\*
6. Prayer
7. Song Ministration
8. Biography
9. Piano Recital
10. Offertory
11. Tributes - Family/Children/Church
12. Hymn - PH 545:1-2
13. Scripture Reading
14. Hymn - PH 791:1-2
15. Sermon/Creed
16. Christian Charity
17. Prayer of Dedication

18. Announcement
19. Vote of Thanks
20. Prayer and benediction
21. Recessional Hymn - PHB 518/824

## PART THREE (At the Grave Side)

1. Scripture Sentence
2. Hymn - PH 787:1-2
3. Exhortation/Prayer
4. The Committal
5. Hymn - PH 805:1-2
6. Benediction

- Sermon:** Rev. R.C Amane-Sarpong (Minister-in-charge PCG, Salem congregation)
- Piano Recital:** Dr. Kyoung Ok Kim
- Church Choir:** PCG, Salem congregation, Taifa
- Solo Performance:** Mrs. Maana Ampa-Sowa



# BIOGRAPHY OF THEODORA ADWOA KORANTEMAA DARKWA

Theodora Adwoa Korantemaa Darkwa, affectionately known as Mama, was born on 17th July 1933 in Kyebi, to Evans Kwame Ntow and Maame Akua Gyasiwaa, both of blessed memory. She was the first of seven children of the couple and was given the name "Korantemaa" (particularly of Akwampim etymology) by her father Ntow, in honour of his mother, a native of Aburi. Mama's paternal grandmother Korantemaa was assertive & independent-minded. Mama inherited those qualities: strong willed, high emotional intelligence, athletic and curious.

Sadly, Mama had only minimal formal education. When she was 10 years old, in Primary School Class 4 and doing well, she was pulled out of school by her father. Her mother had at last given birth to a son her father had long wished for. To help her mother care for the child, she had to stay home to handle domestic chores. She never returned to school, something she never came to terms with.

When Mama was 18 years old, her favourite uncle, Wofa Kwame Danquah, introduced her to his best friend and paternal cousin, Kwadwo Ampom-Darkwa, both of whom were from the house of Okyehene Sir Nana Ofori Atta I. A real Cinderella story, as far as she was concerned, took place, and they

lived happily for 54 years of marriage. Soon after their marriage, she happily relocated from Kyebi to join her husband in Accra, where they stayed at the Okyehene Palace in Adabraka. Her husband soon gained employment at the then University College Achimota (now University of Ghana). In Accra, Mama was tutored in dressmaking and knitting by Mabel Danquah (wife of Dr. J.B. Danquah) and trained by Naa Morkor Busia (wife of Dr. K.A. Busia).



Mama was resilient, overcoming adversity time and again. After she had the first five of her children, her husband, Kwadwo Ampom-Darkwa, suddenly had to leave the country for political exile. Mama moved with her infant children to Suhum, where her father, Evans Ntow, lived and worked. For about seven months she engaged in petty trading, selling rice at Suhum market. She had to abandon that enterprise to stay home and nurse her third child, Kwadwo.



Duah, who had suddenly been afflicted with serious chronic asthma that unfortunately became terminal in later years. When her father Evans retired to the family house in Kyebi, Mama was relocated once again. She returned with her children to Kyebi, facing the same difficulties she had known while growing up. She farmed and did volunteer work at the pantry of Kyebi Hospital to get food for her children. In later years, she also spent time working in the kitchen of Achimota Primary School.

After about six years, when the political conditions of the country became amendable and more conducive, her husband Kwadwo Ampom-Darkwa, returned home to Ghana. Mama's family was reunited in Accra, where she had two more boys who brought her immense joy. After their children grew up and most had left home, she retired with her husband and some of their grandchildren to the family home in Taifa. She devoted the same attention, nurture, care and love she gave her children, to all her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, as well as to her siblings who occasionally lived with her.

Mama was a devout Christian and fellowshiped with the Presbyterian Church congregation no matter where she lived. While living in Achimota, she served as an usher at the Logos Presby Church. Upon relocation to Taifa, she joined the Salem Congregation. She was a dedicated member of the Women's fellowship during her time at both churches, until she passed on to glory.

God did extremely well for Mama. God supported and answered her prayers as she bore the difficult situations of each of her children.

Mama was preceded in death by her husband. She also suffered devastating loss and deep sorrow from the sudden death of her third-born, Kwadwo Duah. Even before and after the death of her husband, Mama received great support and care from Kwadwo and his wife Sarah. His loss impacted her deeply. As always, her resilience and faith in God stood her in good stead. It came as no surprise that the happiest event before her passing was the wedding of Kwadwo's daughter, Asantewaa. She danced a ton and with gusto that belied her 90-plus years in age. In retrospect, it appeared that it was her farewell dance. Not too long after the event, she was stricken by illness which saw her in and out of hospital and which led to her passage into glory on 9th September 2025.

Mama loved, respected and enjoyed the company of all her in-laws. She was grateful to all of them – Alan, Sarah, Esi, Adriana, and Livinia – for the affection and support they always lavished on her. Mama loved people and always perked up in the company of others. All who know her can attest to her jovial and loving disposition.

Mama is greatly missed. The love she gave, the sacrifices she made, and the joy she shared will never be forgotten. Ecclesiastes 7:1 reads "A good name is better than precious ointment" Your name and memory live on, Mama. Da yie.

# TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN TO OUR BELOVED MOTHER

## **Eulogy to Mama by Kwaku Boakye Danquah**

Good morning, dear family, friends and loved ones.

My name is Kwaku Boakye Danquah. It is both my deepest honour and my greatest challenge to stand before you today, to speak about my mother Theodora Adwoa Korantemaa Darkwa (Mama).

I feel challenged, even intimidated, by the eyes of all you august personalities directed towards me. I hope not to falter. I pray not to buckle under the weight of my deep sorrow. It is hard. Incredibly difficult!

I used to scoff and say 'How hard can it be for them to stay composed. Their loved ones were old enough, well into their 80's and 90's. What's there to moan about?'. Now, I know how overwhelming and gut-wrenching the loss and void can feel. But you are here to support me and my family. I know that I can rely upon your empathy and indulgence to sustain and steady me. I hope to get through this ordeal, unscathed and in one piece.

Mama was 92 years old. I had the privilege of knowing her all my life. Everybody I know calls her "Mama". Today, we gather not to mourn her loss alone, but to celebrate the extraordinary life she lived - one filled with endurance, kindness and unshakable optimism.

Mama's story began humbly in ordinary circumstances, as most of ours were, but with grace. She was born in 1933, in Kyebi. She was touted as naturally intelligent, mobile and very athletic. However, her formal education came to an end in grade four. At age 10, she was pulled out of school by her parents, to assist her mother in caring for the son her father had long desired.

Anyone who knew her could tell you that, she possessed a depth of wisdom and intelligence, that far surpassed any classroom. Notwithstanding her removal from school and being virtually prohibited from holding or even scanning the notebooks of her friends and contemporaries, she continued to inquire about what they were learning in class, to keep up with them. She always believed her father would allow her to go back to school. However, the birth of another son to her parents when she was 13 years old, put away her hope that "one day" she would return to school. She always remained curious and determined to improve her lot. Despite her sparse opportunities growing up, Mama, as an adult, could read and write Twi as well as English.

Marrying our father changed the course of her life entirely.

Together they embarked on a journey that took her from rural simplicity to the bustling capital of Accra in the 1950s - a transformation that she welcomed with grace and excitement. Electricity, running water and all the new conveniences of city life delighted her. But more than that, she found joy in learning, growing and creating a warm loving home for her family.

At the heart of our family's story, however, lies our mother's endurance.

When our father was forced to relocate abroad due to political persecution, she was left with five children, scarce resources, and no information about his whereabouts. For most people, those circumstances would have been crushing. Her own father urged her to remarry; he was convinced that her husband would never return. But her faith and optimism were steadfast. She never faltered, she believed - against all odds - that he would come back and six years later, he did.

That period of her life defined her resilience. In those years, her quiet fortitude, her determined hope, and her selfless love carried us all. When our father returned, our home once again was filled with laughter, light and relief.

Mama went on to have two more children, completing a family of seven. The boys grew into strapping men. With humour and pride, she often joked that the last two boys were taller, more handsome, and more intelligent - that better nutrition after Papa's return had clearly worked

miracles. Then she would wink mischievously.

Our mother was a skilled and creative dressmaker. She made garments that were as beautiful as they were precise. She could also knit; her intricate patterns were marvellous. And in the kitchen - oh, she was unmatched. One of my uncles, who had travelled the world, insisted that no one could make chicken light soup like her. She was as adept a chef as she was as a home maker, raising 7 well-rounded and educated children.

"If I had continued beyond 4th grade", she would muse light-heartedly, "I could have been anything: a teacher, a nurse, maybe a doctor even. But oh no, not a lawyer please, not a lawyer. They talk too much, and people say they lie too much too. About that, I don't know. I would rather I'm not buried flat on my face like it's done to lawyers". Then, she would look at me cheekily and smile.

She always reminded me that everything worked out exactly as it should. She wouldn't trade her life or her family for any other.

Mama amazed us that at 91 years old, she could still read her Bible daily without glasses. Her mind was clear and sharp too, with almost total recall. She remained steadfast in her Presbyterian faith, an assiduous congregant at her church in Taifa, where she lived with her second daughter and some of her grandchildren and great grandchildren.

She was warm, tolerant, endlessly patient,

and deeply caring. She taught us humility and optimism, and compassion for ourselves and for others. She used to say that the world, indeed, is a small place, we are all interconnected fellow travellers and bound by one fate. I learned how to use and reinforce her convictions as my own.

As I stand here in your presence, on this heavy and momentous occasion, my mother, here before you all in quiet and peaceful repose, and I, would agree with the English metaphysical poet John Donne that:

"No man is an island,  
Entire of itself,  
Every man is a piece of the continent,  
A part of the main.  
Any man's (suffering) and any man's death diminishes me,  
Because I am involved in mankind,  
And therefore, never send to know  
for whom the bell tolls;  
it tolls for you"...

and for me too. So let us all be concerned for each other, and be welcoming of each other; and be humane to each other. We must try to satisfy the felt needs of our fellow human beings, as much as we can. We must try to mitigate existential suffering. We must try to assuage pain.

After all, whether you are a king, or a street sweeper; a "kaya yoo" or pauper; death is the shared common denominator. The bell tolls for every man.

I will miss Mama's voice, her gentle laughter; her unmatched sense of calm and good humour and the way she remembered every single birthday. Did I mention that she loved to dance? As we bid farewell, I hold on to gratitude - for her love, for her faith, for the extraordinary mother she was to all of us. With that, I leave you with a short poem, inspired by her enduring light.

"She lived not loud, but full of grace,  
Her hands built warmth in every place.  
Through storm and sun, her heart stood true,  
And every path led home - to you.  
Rest now, sweet soul your work is done,  
You shine forever, in God's gentle sun."

May Mama's soul rest peacefully in the eternal embrace of the Lord that she has served so faithfully, and may her legacy of love, endurance and optimism live on in all of us who were blessed to call her our mother. May her gentle soul rest in perfect peace.



### **Tribute by Matilda Duthie**

Mama was a woman who was calculatedly humorous, whose brain and eyes God kept very alive until her last moment on earth. She could read the Bible very fast at age 92, without any aid or glasses.

Mama had room for people in her life and in her home. Each of her siblings spent some time living with her. Mama loved and lived for her children, and everyone associated with her children.

She raised five strong boys and two girls, all close in age. From the time her children were babies until she was 90 years old, Mama had a beautiful ritual: when she cooked, she would spread out the plates and bowls, and everyone—children, grandchildren, relatives—had food served in separate plates. And she had the last portion, the surplus, so to speak. Even at 92, any time I was about to go out of the house, Mama would say, "Bra na menwhe wo"—meaning, "Come and let me look at you." She would happily give her approval or suggest changes. I could write a fat book about Mama.

Mama is already greatly missed. Our consolation is that she is sleeping in Paradise and has no more pain or worry. We thank God for the great grace and mercy He showed Mama. Mama, sleep well.

### **Tribute by Eric Yaw Amoah**

Our mother, Mama, is the most tolerant and loving person I have ever met. I am her son who lived with her from my birth to her death, and I know her very well. She coped with all the noises and stubbornness of her children and grandchildren in the house with such grace. In fact, I owe my mother a salute.

Mama never quarrelled with anybody in the house or neighbourhood. She was very tolerant and patient with everyone. Among my fondest childhood memories, I remember how she took me to the Presbyterian church at Kyebl, and her joy and pride when I acted in plays, sometimes as Lazarus or Jesus.

Mama, your home in Taifa greatly misses your presence. Your warmth, your food, your love. Our comfort is knowing you are sleeping peacefully in paradise, and that we will all be together again in blissful heaven.

Mama, thank you. Da yie ooo.

### **Tribute by Dorothy Darkwa.**

Mama, thank you so much for everything you did for me. Though I miss you deeply, I know you are resting peacefully in God's arms. Rest in peace Mama. Da yie.

### **Tribute by Kwame Darkwa.**

My mum was a blessing to us all and lived a truly blessed life.

"Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children, and peace upon Israel." — Psalm 128:5

Mum was prayerful and resilient, with an unshakeable resolve. She was kind-hearted, funny, reliable, empathetic, and my greatest cheerleader. Her advice was gentle yet profound, and her memory of events seemed limitless.

Some of my fondest childhood memories are of snuggling between Papa and Mama at night, claiming I was afraid of the dark. The comfort of being protected by both is forever etched in my mind. I carried those lessons into my own parenting, with her voice, wit, and wisdom guiding my decisions even now.

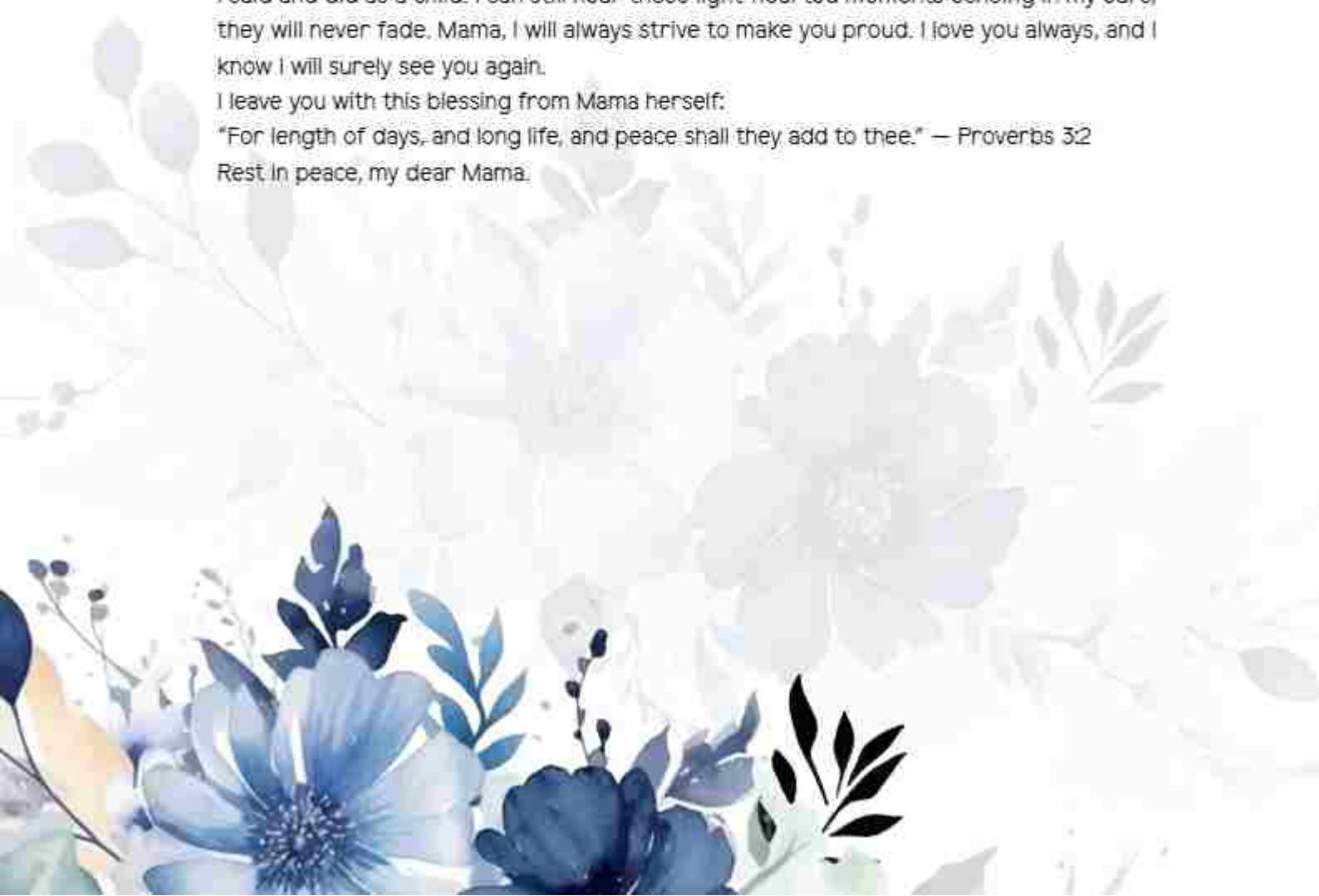
Mama led by example. Her sharp memory never faded, and she always kept up with current events. She continued to care for everyone around her, and she taught us to be content with what we have, always expressing gratitude for even the smallest blessings in her life. She taught us the importance of respecting all people and trusting God wholeheartedly, reminding us that in all things we should give thanks, for all things work together for good to them that love God.

As she grew older, she became my best friend. She would often remind me of the silly things I said and did as a child. I can still hear those light-hearted moments echoing in my ears, they will never fade. Mama, I will always strive to make you proud. I love you always, and I know I will surely see you again.

I leave you with this blessing from Mama herself:

"For length of days, and long life, and peace shall they add to thee." — Proverbs 3:2

Rest in peace, my dear Mama.



## Tribute by Nana Yaw Darkwa

Our dear mother, Theodora Adwoa Korantemaa Darkwa (Mama), embodies the Scripture in Proverbs 31:28: "Her children arise and call her blessed..." When she passed, I called a friend and shared my grief, saying, "I had a gone too soon, we had lost our precious mother." He gently corrected me, reminding me that at 92, her departure was a celebration of a long, fulfilled life.

As the last of her seven children, I had the privilege of being raised under her guidance, protection, and discipline. Mama's love was unwavering, her standards high, and her expectations clear. Through her, we learned the value of hard work, responsibility, and respect. She shaped us with firmness and tenderness, always grounding us in morality and integrity.

I remember vividly my first day in preschool: during playtime, I threw another child's slipper onto the roof and ran home, followed by shouting children and a teacher determined to report me. Mama sent me back with a long stick so I could retrieve the slipper myself. I braced for a scolding, but instead she taught me a lesson that has stayed with me all my life—that actions have consequences and that responsibility is non-negotiable. Her love was often tough, but always purposeful. She pushed me to exceed my limits, to aim high, and to persevere. Her words still echo in my heart, guiding me whenever life becomes uncertain.

I am deeply grateful for the sacrifices she made for our family. Her generosity, kindness, and selflessness inspired us to become better people. She supported my family through the birth and early years of my children, loving them deeply. Her joy at fulfilling her dream of travelling to meet her grandchildren abroad was unforgettable; she never stopped thanking God for that blessing.

One of my most powerful memories is the day we told her about the sudden passing of our brother KD. I will never forget the shock, the grief, and the overwhelming sorrow that washed over her. And yet, even in her pain, she thought of us—comforting us, holding us together. That moment showed her strength, her love, and her unbreakable bond with her children.

Mama, though you are no longer with us in body, your legacy of love, faith, and resilience continues to guide us. I will miss you more than words can express. Your departure has created a deep void, but we are strengthened by the knowledge that your spirit lives on in all of us. You were our rock, our light, and our constant source of support. We will miss you dearly, but we rest in the hope of eternal life and the promise that we will one day be reunited.

Rest peacefully, dear Mama. Your love and legacy will forever be honoured and cherished.

# TRIBUTE FROM IN-LAWS

## **Tribute from Esi Danquah**

Mama, it is with a heavy heart and profound sense of loss that I say goodbye to you. Thank you for raising the man I love and for the incredible strength and kindness you instilled in him. You welcomed me into your family not as a daughter-in-law, but as one of your own. I will always cherish your unconditional love and your warm, radiant smiles. I will forever remember your constant phone calls, always checking in on the family, and how you never failed to be the very first to wish Kwaku a happy birthday. Your resilience, kindness, and generosity touched everyone around you.

You were a woman of exceptional humility and a true pillar of strength for your family. You will be deeply missed. May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace.

## **Tribute from Sarah Opoku Duku**

Dear Mama, as you rest in heavenly peace, your love continues to shower down like gentle rain, nurturing the seeds of beautiful memories in our hearts.

Mama, thank you for welcoming me into your cherished family and for caring for me so deeply when we lost your son, Henry Kwadwo Duah, my loving husband, in June 2009. In my darkest moment, you embraced me not just as a daughter-in-law, but as your own child. Your comfort, your prayers, and your gentle words carried me through a season of unimaginable pain. I will never forget the compassion you showed me — it was a true reflection of your pure and generous heart.

You always called me "me wuraa," meaning "my lady," a name that showed how much you valued me and how truly you loved me as your daughter-in-law. I will forever treasure the moments we shared, your stories, your humour, and the way your jokes could fill the room with laughter.

Immanuel, Asantewaa, Kelvin, and I miss you more than words can express, but we choose to smile because we had the blessing and joy of knowing you. We are comforted by the memories of your gentle voice, your warm embrace, and the countless moments of love shared with us.

Sleep well, Mama, and rest in Perfect Peace.

### **Tribute from Yaa Pokua (Livinia)**

Today, we honour Mama, a woman whose love, warmth, and wisdom touched every part of our lives. From the very beginning, she embraced me not as an in-law, but as her own child. She had a special name for me – Pokua m'ahwennes papa bia me ngroho (my precious beads I don't joke with) a name that made me feel cherished, treasured, and held close to her heart.

Our final conversation remains etched in my spirit. With her gentle, loving voice, she said, "Me Dofo, ma bse. Ma me nkoda" (My love, I'm tired. Let me go and sleep). Even in her last moments, her words carried tenderness, peace, and a graceful farewell.

Mama was a pillar of kindness and strength – a woman who loved deeply, gave generously, and guided us with quiet wisdom. Though she has gone to rest, the love she poured into us lives on, shining brightly through the memories we carry and the bond we shared.

Mama will be deeply missed, but her spirit, her compassion, and her beautiful heart will stay with us forever. May her gentle soul rest in perfect peace.

### **Tribute from Adriana Darkwa**

Theodora Adwoa Korantemaa was my mother-in-law, yes, but to me, and to so many of us, she was simply Mama.

From the very beginning, Mama welcomed me with open arms and an open heart. I remember the first time I met her; she welcomed me with a big smile and a hug and asked me about my family. When I was leaving, she said: "Kyea wo maame ne abusuafooo nyinaa ma me." This was Mama, warm, friendly, and kind, the kind of person who made you feel like family from the moment you met her.

She was deeply family oriented. Mama didn't just love her children and grandchildren, she lived for them. She visited regularly, often spending the weekend just to be close. She had nicknames for each of her grandchildren, and until her passing, anytime we communicated over the phone, she would ask of them using the nicknames. Mama's memory remained intact until her passing and remembered everyone. I was always amazed how she would ask of various members of my family and friends by their names. She never missed anyone. And every visit came with gifts, ripe plantains, oranges, smoked fish, always something in hand, always something from the heart. I remember after giving birth, Mama would make 'eto' with groundnuts and encourage me to eat, to regain my strength. She cared for me the way a mother would. And those Friday evenings when she would come to stay the weekend, they brought so much joy. The weekends would turn into little celebrations.

During school holidays, when the girls were home, Mama would stay longer – sometimes a whole week. She never wanted to miss a moment with them. When it was time to go, she'd say, "I need to check on my people in Taifa." Because that was Mama – always thinking of

others, always connected, always caring. When Mama had something, she would say: "I am keeping this to share." It was never just about her; her heart was always looking outward. Each time she arrived home, children from the neighbourhood would run out to meet her. They knew Mama had arrived. And of course — sweets and biscuits would be shared. She didn't just belong to us. She belonged to everyone. Everyone called her Mama, and everyone meant it.

Mama was the heart of our family, a source of comfort, of joy, of tradition. Her presence was a blessing, her absence now, a deep loss. But her spirit remains, in our memories, in our laughter, in the conversations we have, in the food we eat, and especially in the way we love one another.

Thank you, Mama for loving me like your own, for giving so much of yourself, and for showing us what it truly means to be family.

Rest Peacefully, Mama. You may be gone from our sight, but you will never be gone from our hearts.



# TRIBUTE FROM GRANDCHILDREN TO OUR BELOVED GRANDMA

Mama lived her life with grace, compassion, and an unwavering love that made every one of us feel valued and cherished. She was a woman whose kindness, wisdom, and strength taught us the beauty of simplicity, the necessity of gratitude, and the power of faith.

Grandma was selfless—her door was always open. She showed us that family isn't just about blood; it's about who you choose to love and welcome into your life. She gave and gave and gave, never asking for anything in return. Even as her body grew tired and the years began to weigh on her, she did not stop. She kept giving, loving, and supporting us with blessings and words of encouragement.

Mama always covered us with her prayers and counsel—whether we were coming into her presence or departing from her sight. She was our giver, our anchor, our counsellor, and our greatest cheerleader.

She showed her love in her own little ways: cutting plantain from her little garden to make us meals, plucking fresh oranges from her tree for us, telling us stories and making us laugh. She never missed an opportunity to encourage us and bless us. Mama would call us by her sweet pet names—me broni tuntum, me broni kokoo, me dofo. She never hesitated to pick up the phone just to check in, offer a blessing, or simply hear our voices.

For many of us, we will deeply miss those calls and her cheerful, unmistakable "Bye bye dear!" at the end of every conversation. We will miss her voice, her little dance moves whenever she was excited, and the way she made every small moment special. We will continue to keep these memories in our hearts always.

As we look around this room, we are surrounded by people from far and wide, people whose lives were touched by our grandma in one way or another. Once you crossed her path, you became a part of her heart. Her heart was pure gold and brought so much laughter to many, leaving an everlasting mark.

We are truly grateful for the legacy of love, kindness, and strength that you have left behind. You have left us a beautiful path to follow. Rest well, Mama. Nante yie, Mama. We will miss you—and finally, "Bye bye dear."



### **Tribute from Kwabena**

Mama, when I wake up in the morning and you're not there, it makes me so sad. I've lived with you my whole life, and you've been so much more than just a grandmother to me—you've been my mother figure, the one who raised me, guided me, and loved me unconditionally. Every morning without you feels empty, like something essential is missing from my world. Mama da yie. Damirifa due!

### **Tribute from Nana Boakye**

Mama, your love was the foundation of our family. Your warmth, cheerfulness, and wise counsel will be sorely missed.

As you ascend to be with your Maker, in every remembrance we will keep a part of you alive. Fare thee well, Mama. Damirifa due.

### **Tribute from Kojo**

I did not know my grandmother as well as I should have, having only met her a handful of times in my life. Our conversations were short, but the gentleness, the mirth, and the kindness she carried were evident in her every word.

I wish that I had had a chance to develop a deeper relationship with my grandmother Theodora. They say that when my grandfather passed, a library was lost. With my grandmother's passing, a hearth has been extinguished. But her light, her flame, lives on in all of us. It is our duty to protect and nurture that flame so that others may feel the warmth of her presence. Rest in peace grandma.

### **Tribute from Asantewaa**

You will always be dear to me and forever close to my heart. I will truly miss our monthly visits and those spontaneous dashes to see you whenever I was in the neighbourhood. You were my advisor, my safe place, and you always knew exactly how to lift my spirit the moment I walked through your door.

Anytime I came to see you, my mood changed for the better. You gave so much of yourself so freely, even when it seemed so little, and for a long time I wondered why. Today, I understand. You loved deeply, you cared selflessly, and you wished everyone well.

Thank you for all your prayers, your laughter, and for always allowing me to take videos of you. Those videos are no longer just clips—they are precious memories I will treasure forever.

My princess, rest peacefully. Nante yie, Hwe yen so, na hyira yen. Until we meet again. Bye bye, dear !!

### **Tribute from Daniella**

Mama was not just our grandma; she was everyone's grandma. Her home was a place of comfort and laughter, where everyone was welcome. Whether you were family by blood or by circumstance, there was always a place for you at Mama's table. She made us all feel so loved and valued.

I cannot pretend this does not hurt, because I have lost someone so precious and irreplaceable. But even as my heart is breaking, I find comfort in knowing that you lived exactly as you wanted – showing love and being surrounded by it, spreading kindness and offering compassion to all who needed it.

Thank you for everything grandma. You were loved by all and will be missed more than words can ever express. I love you, rest peacefully

### **Tribute from Ann-Jusika**

Grandma, you lived a long, beautiful, and fulfilled life, and because of that, my heart is at peace. I know you are in a better place now, resting with God.

I'll always cherish your weekend visits, the way you would secretly slip money into my hand even when my parents wouldn't agree. You showed me how deeply you loved me through your actions and your comforting words. Your love was quiet but powerful, and even now, I still feel your presence with me. I will forever cherish every moment and every memory we shared.

Thank you for being my grandma, I love you and rest well. From your Dodo

### **Tribute from David**

Grandma, your love was quiet and powerful, you showed your love in its purest form. Your gentle spirit, hugs and unwavering kindness shaped our family and shaped me. I will always remember your words of wisdom and especially the way you called out, "David, how are youuu?" A simple greeting filled with so much warmth and love. It is a sound I will carry in my heart forever. I am deeply grateful to have been your grandson. Rest peacefully, Grandma

### **Tribute from Jasmine, Jordan, Jermaine and Josh.**

We will all miss you so much, grandma. Our hearts ache with the wish that we could have seen you one last time. You are forever in our hearts. We love you grandma and you will never be forgotten. Rest in perfect peace.

### **Tribute from Kwesi Koranteng**

I thank everyone gathered here today to mourn my beloved grandmother. She meant a whole lot to me in particular, she was like the mother I never had in my life. I pray that our dear Lord has placed her in a good place in the heavens, where she always wanted to be at. Though I am in deep pain, God knows best. Rest on, Mama.

### **Tribute from Ama Pokua**

I lost myself that night. Death scares me now because I never thought a day like this would come—that you would no longer be among the living. But I still feel your presence, Mama Baatanpa.

You raised me like your own, and aside from being my grandmother, I feel like you birthed me because of how you cared for me. Pokua Ahwenee—that's the name you gave me, and I'm keeping it forever.

You deserve to be in God's arms, Mother. I can never forget my best friend, the one I couldn't sleep without checking on to see if your TV was off. You can imagine how it feels now that you are no more. It hurts.

It's me, your Pokua Ahwenee. Da yie ma me. I'll love you forever.

### **Tribute from Emily Appiah**

You may have passed on, but your memories will forever live within us.

Your presence filled our days with warmth. You were always doing the things you loved, always active and vibrant, always sharing kindness so effortlessly with everyone around you.

You had a beautiful way of bringing joy to everyone, always ready to brighten even the hardest of days. You were a true gem, rare and irreplaceable. Your love, your strength, and your gentle spirit left a lasting mark on every heart you encountered.

Grandma, your full and meaningful life touched so many people. Though we miss you deeply, we are grateful for every moment spent with you and every memory you gifted us. You will forever remain in our hearts. May you rest in peace.

### **Tribute from Gabriel Appiah**

We celebrate the life of a truly remarkable woman – a grandmother not only by family, but by heart. She welcomed everyone with open arms, offering kindness, comfort and love in ways that will remain with us forever. Her warmth, generosity and gentle spirit touched countless lives, leaving behind a legacy of love that lives on in us and in the stories that we will continue to share.

Though our hearts are heavy with loss, we are grateful for the time we were blessed to have with her.

You will always be remembered, deeply missed and forever cherished. Rest peacefully Grandma.

### **Tribute from Maame Serwaa**

To my beloved Granny, the old lady who always called me Maame Serwah medofo. It breaks my heart to say farewell. I still wonder why you left us so suddenly, but I trust that God knows best. I will never forget your voice saying, "I am waiting for my grandchildren oooo, before I go home."

Your soul may have said goodbye to your body, but your spirit will remain with us forever. Goodbye, Mama. Awurade mfa wo nsie.

# TRIBUTE TO THE LATE OBAAPANIN ADWOA KORANTEMAA BY THE FAMILY

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

It is with profound sorrow and heavy hearts that we pay this tribute to our beloved sister, mother, aunt, and grandmother, Obaapanin Adwoa Korantemaa, who transitioned to eternal rest in September 2025.

Known affectionately to many as Sisi Adwoa Korantemaa, she stood as the respected matriarch and the most senior among the cousins in the Ayoko family of Kyebi. She was the embodiment of loyalty, a woman of deep culture whose character and poise reflected the disciplined, virtuous "Basel woman".

Sisi Korantemaa was more than just a relative; she was a friend and a mother par excellence. She possessed a rare, forgiving spirit and a heart that harboured no malice. Whenever misunderstandings arose within the family, she was the steady hand that calmed the storm. Out of the blue, her gentle voice would emerge to settle the dust, saying:

"3ny3 hwee, nipa y3 gye de3n, mongyae ma 3nka na yen ntenase asomdwoe mu." (it is nothing; what do we gain from strife? Let it go, so we may live together in peace).

Oyoko ba, Piesie!

Opanin Kegya Nana!

Oheneyere Awo Ahya Nana!

Ofie Nana, you have finished your race.

The entire family will forever miss your presence, your wisdom, and your unwavering love.

Damirafa due. Due ne Owuo, Onyame nfa wo nse.

# INCANTATIONS & LAMENTATIONS FROM NANA ADANSI ABUAKWA TWUM BARIMA FRETETE, SANAAHENE OF OKYEMANUASI.

Ewlem aye tumm obirekyie asi, obi nko, obi mma, yankoton asi ne tiri ase no na cwo na sepedwo asaase aka akyerɛ no, Odumankoma akyerɛma, akasa, amaneɛ ne sen, amaneɛ ne se Ayokoo ba Adwoa Korantemaa da yia wan sore, Odumankoma wuo de n'apakan abɛ fa no kɔ ne saman kyirie, Ayokoo Gyasi ba damirifa, m'agya Ntow ba damirifa, owuo de dom bekɔ.

Okoo ba, Gyasi ba, m'agya Ntow ba, wo ye bi maa w'abusua, wo ye bi maa wo Ma, wo ye bi maa dodoɔ, abusua ma wo nante yle, Nana Aboagye Musu, Akyem Akakom hene ne Nana Aboagyewaa Domena, Akakom hemaa, ehyirɛ wo kose kose kose, Ayokoman hyira wo kose kose kose, Anuanom Ayokofoɔ a ewɔ Kyebi, Akakom ne Mampong ehyirɛ wo kose kose kose, damirifa due damirifa due akutonto.

Damirifa due, Damirifa due due, Onua papabi, se ekaa sika eñe dwete nkɔa ka w'abusua bekɔ agye wo, ka wo mma bekɔ agye wo, nso owuo kura adea mu a nkwa ntumi ngye, damirifa due due, damirifa due, damirifa due due, asaase mponyinamo, asaase a wɔ gye amu, asaase a wɔ gye nkɔrɔfɔ neema pa, asaase damirifa, se yɛ

ase a yɛ dan wo, se yɛ kɔ wuo mu nsoa yɛ dan wo, owuo de dom bekɔ, Obaapayin Adwoa Krantemaa, okopa no w'ako awie, Otwediampɔn Nyankopon fa wo nsie dwodwo, daakye yɛ be hyia blom, damirifa due ne amanehunu.



# TRIBUTE BY KOFI SAKYIAMA ANTIRI

Mama, as we all affectionately called her, was introduced to us, Charles Kwasi Ofori and myself by her plesie Mr. Kwaku Boakye Danquah in 1976, during our first year at the University of Ghana, Legon.

Our first impression of her was super, and after that, we felt so welcome at their home. We kept going there even after graduation.

She was a simple, honest, and down-to-earth kind of person. She had such a sharp brain, she always remembered whatever she discussed the last time we met. Why, I don't know, but she always called me Opanyin. Meanwhile, I was the youngest amongst the three.

Kwaku left the country, and Kwadwo of blessed memory filled his place. He also took me as a brother. It's sad to say Kwadwo and I got together quite often. Unfortunately, the only night he called and wanted us to meet, and I felt it was too late to meet, Kwadwo passed on. I had the unpleasant duty to read his biography at the ICGC at Adenta. That's how close I have been with the family.

I last met Mama at the marriage ceremony of Asantewaa. At 91 years of age, she was extremely active and sharp. She had such a retentive memory that I marvelled. Not long after this event, I was informed of Mama's ailing health. Shamefully, I couldn't visit her until she passed on.

Mama, you have lived a fulfilling life, one every child of yours should be proud of. Rest well, Mama, in the bosom of the Almighty God, you so loved and worshipped with all your heart.  
Mama da yie

# TRIBUTE BY THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF GHANA, SALEM CONGREGATION, TAIFA

*"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." — Psalm 116:15*

With deep sorrow yet with unwavering faith in the resurrection Glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Presbyterian Church of Ghana, Salem Congregation, Taifa District, pays this heartfelt tribute to our beloved mother, sister, and fellow servant of Christ, Theodora Adwoa Korantemaa Darkwa.

Mama Theodora was not only a member of the Salem congregation; she was part of its very foundation. By the grace of God, she played a significant role in the establishment of the Salem Congregation. Her sacrifices, prayers, dedication, and unwavering commitment helped lay the spiritual and structural pillars upon which we stand today.

As one of the early members, she served with humility, diligence, and joy. Whether in worship, communal labour, prayer meetings, or outreach activities, she distinguished herself as a dependable and faithful worker in the vineyard of the Lord. Her quiet strength, gentle spirit, and deep love for the things of God inspired many within the congregation.

Mama Theodora was among the first

members in the formation of the Salem Women's fellowship. Sister Theodora, as she was affectionately called in fellowship, did not relent in her dedication to service and responsibilities as a member. Her welcoming persona was one of the gifts that helped hold the Fellowship in its continuous growth till date.

She was a member in good standing, who lived out her faith not only in church activities but also in her daily life. She encouraged others, supported the growth of the fellowship, and contributed to building a strong Christian community. Her devotion to Christ and His Church will remain a legacy within Salem Congregation.

Whenever the Minister in-charge, together with some Presbyters, went on invalid visitations, her constant concern for the welfare of the Church proved her shepherding heart. She was always full of joy, encouraging us and joining us in singing some of her favourite Presbyterian Hymns, despite her ill health.

Though our hearts are heavy, we take comfort in the assurance that she has finished her race and kept the faith. We believe she now rests in the bosom of her

Maker, where there is no pain, no sorrow, and no night, only everlasting peace. To the family, we extend our deepest condolences. May the Lord who comforts the broken-hearted grant you strength, peace, and hope in this difficult time. Know that your loss is deeply felt by the entire Salem Congregation.

As a church, we celebrate a friend, a mother, a matriarch, a servant and a life well-lived in service to God and humanity. Her memory will forever remain a blessing to us. We love you and thank you for your service.

Fare thee well, beloved mother.

Rest peacefully in the Lord until we meet again on the resurrection morning.



# TRIBUTE BY THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF GHANA, SALEM WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP

*Se atemmudo kese no bedu a,  
Yesu, mo minhu wo se m'Agyenkwa  
Ma menhwehwe wo wo wiase ha  
Na eda kese no antu me koma  
PHB 824 vr 1*

It is with great and deep sorrow that we pay this tribute to the memory of our beloved sister and mother, Theodora Adwoa Darkwa.

Mama Theodora joined the Salem Presbyterian Women's Fellowship at the inception of the fellowship. She was an active member, honored all her obligations to the women's fellowship until a few years back when old age prevented her from attending meetings regularly.

Mama Theodora was a woman full of life, joy and laughter. Her jovial nature warmed every heart, and her love for acting was a gift she shared freely with others. She was a natural actress who could take on any role and perform it to perfection, effortlessly bringing smiles to those around her. One unforgettable day, during a women's fellowship pick and act session or meeting, Mama chose the story of how David defeated Goliath. With confidence, passion and her unique sense of humor, she brought

the story to life in a way that filled the room with laughter and joy. Her expression, creativity and action touched every soul present, putting smiles on all faces and lighting every heart.

Mama's activeness and commitment were truly inspiring. Her dedication encouraged many women to join the women's fellowship. Her presence was always felt because she was consistently punctual and ever ready to serve. Mama's life was a reflection of joy, dedication and love.

Mama served faithfully, lived joyfully and touched many lives. Her memories will forever remain in our hearts. We believe that Mama is resting in the bosom of her maker.

Mama Theodora, we, the women's fellowship of Salem local, say, REST IN PEACE. Onuabea, Nyame mfa wo nsie asomdwoe mu, Nantew yie. Amen.

# GALLERY





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# Hymns

**PH 518**

1: Beso me nsa gyigye me,  
M'agyenka pa,  
Wo m'asetra mu nnε yl  
Ne daa nyinaa.  
Mere se metra wo nkyen,  
Minnyaw wo da;  
Nea wode m'bækø ho ho  
Mere ara.

2: Fa dom ne ahcumbo  
Kyεs me kwan.  
Ma memfa dø ne gyidi  
Minni w'akyi.  
M'anigye m'amanem  
Ma menyε koma.  
Mebre a, ma me ho nnwo  
Wo wo kokom.

3: Memε bri bi mahu da  
Se wo nkutoo.  
Me kwan so duru sum a,  
Me hann ne wo,  
Na enti beso me nsa:  
Na ma yenkø!  
Ma minnu soro ho a  
Metra ho daa

**PH 789:1-2**

1: Ohwεfo wul dua ho  
N'ode ayi yen bone;  
Enti se ne nnuan wu a,  
Na wobu nɔwobu a

2: Wonsuro wεredifo;  
Wote se akofo a  
Woawie ko na wɔada.

**PH 824**

1: Se atemmuda kεse no bedu a,  
Iesu ma minhu wo se m'agyenka.  
Ma menhwehwe wo wo wiase ha,  
Na eda kεse no antu me koma

**PH 557**

1: Mede m'ahyenka ho gyidi  
Menam soro kwan no so.  
Midi me hwefo pa akyi;  
Odi m'anim hwe me so.

2: Mitu me kwan se sareso;  
Nnipa pii kyikyin ho kwa.  
Me kwankyerεfo ka me ho,  
Mehwε no a, menyera,

3: Atamfo pii resiane me,  
Ma woasum me afiri;  
Mamso me gyefo pere me,  
ɔmma wonnya nea wɔde.

4: Midi n'akyi, na menhwehwe  
Adefunum anigye;  
Na mmom, nea mehwε ne se  
Yesu bewie me nkwa gye.

5: Yesu, me gyefo ne wo.  
Mereba wo nwini mu;  
ɔpɔ asɔkye nebo  
Na asɔre wa me so.  
Fa me sie, m'agyenka,  
Kosi se egypte huru;  
Hwε me so wo m'asetenam,  
Na se to twa a, gye me kra!

# Hymns

6: Wo nko ne hintabea a  
 Mede me kra meto ho;  
 Wo nko so na m'ani da,  
 Wo nko ne me boafô.  
 Mesre wo se, nnyaw me nko,  
 Kata m'adagyaw no so,  
 Gyigye me kyere me kwan,  
 Fa me sie wo nwini mu!

7: Wo na wo ho hia me,  
 Wo mu na minya me ho;  
 Meda fam a, ma me so,  
 Sa me yare, hye me den.  
 Wo ho tew, woye kronkron,  
 Na me de, mente e kora a,  
 Na mens e w' ahoto krom,  
 Bone na ahye me ma.

## PH 545:1-2

1: Yesu ne me Botantim,  
 mede wo mewaw m'ani.  
 wo mfe mu mogya ne nsu  
 ne me bone ho ad'rû;  
 en' na edwira me ho  
 gye me bone tumi mu.

2: Me nsam yenya biala  
 rentumi ns w'ani da.  
 se mebo mmoden se dan  
 na me nusu sen se dan,  
 bone de, eempopa,  
 gye wo nko ne Gyefo pa.

## PH 791:1-2

1: Ohoho ne mamfrani  
 na meye wo fam ha  
 M'asase mmen ha baabi,  
 Minni fi pa wo ha.  
 Ohaw, obre, amane  
 na yede tu ha kwan;  
 n'osoro ho na  
 Nyame bema mahome sann.

2: So mamfi me mmofraase  
 manhyia haw ne bre,  
 ahoguan ne amane,  
 oko ne opere?  
 Manhyia nea me kô dô,  
 m'ni anwie gye;  
 enti mema m'anan so  
 na mentra ha menkye.

## PH 787:1-2

1: Gyidifo tenabea pa  
 Wo nea wô Agyenkwa a  
 Wô anî da no so wo;  
 Wô fi pa wo soro ho.

2: Oyl kô, na oyl kô  
 Kohyen soro man mu ho;  
 Wommisa yen ansa se  
 Wakô a, eye ana?

# Hymns

## PH 805:1-2

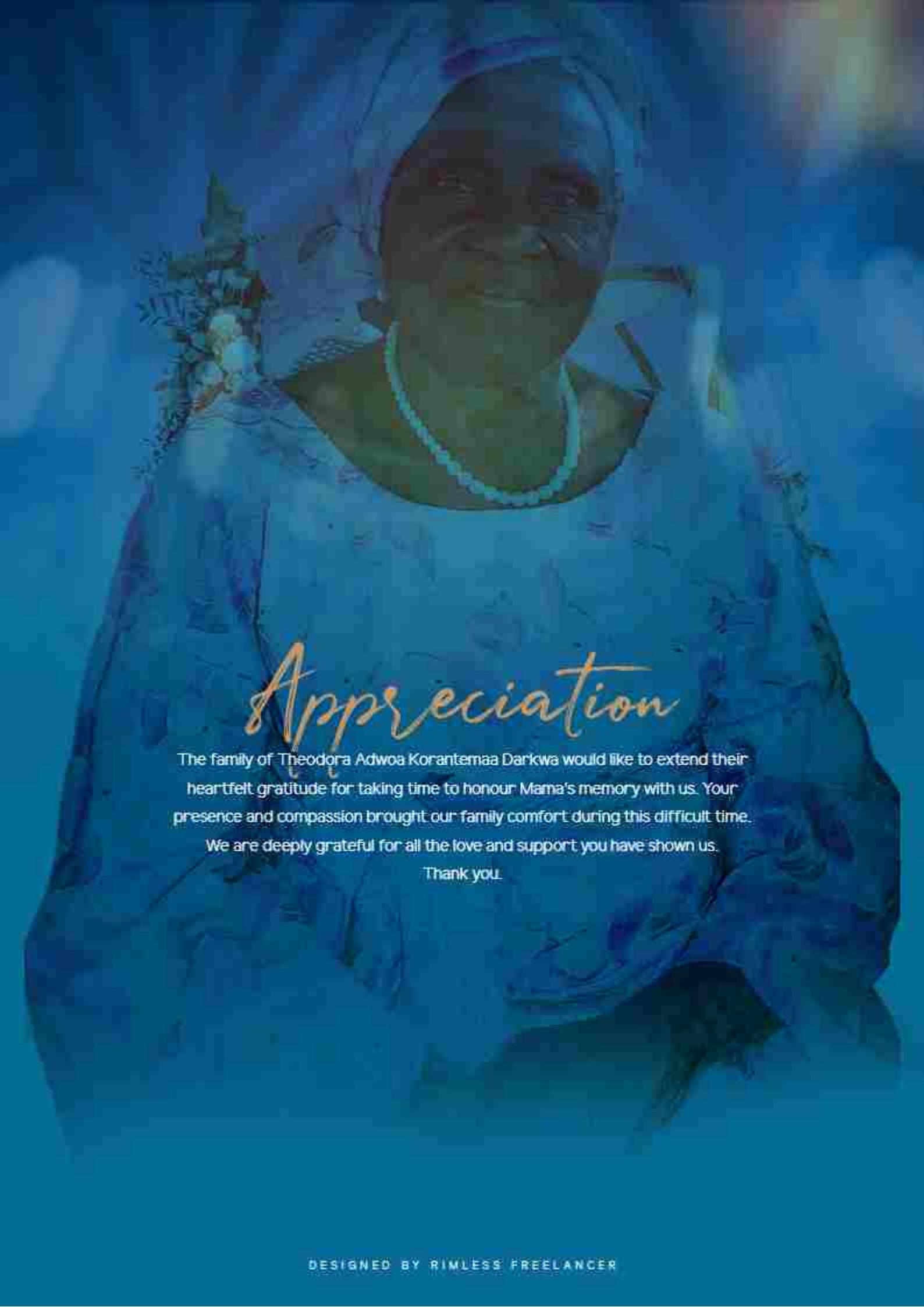
1: Nante yiye!

Nne waafre wo me ba,  
se bra osoro fil!

Yen de, yesu, wo wu yi ye yen yaw  
nanso Nyame pe nti,  
yensu na yenni nra so;  
na yede abotase ka se;  
Nante yiye!

2: Nante yiye!

wo Nyame ankasa n' ofre wo fi fam ha.  
Ode ne ba afem me ha kakra,  
n' afel wagye n' ade.  
Ende menham, na minsianka wo;  
wo ka besi yiye ama wo.  
Nante yiye!



# Appreciation

The family of Theodora Adwoa Korantemaa Darkwa would like to extend their heartfelt gratitude for taking time to honour Mama's memory with us. Your presence and compassion brought our family comfort during this difficult time.

We are deeply grateful for all the love and support you have shown us.

Thank you.