

# ***ORDER OF SERVICE***

## ***PART ONE***

- Opening Prayer
- Hymn 1
- Introduction
- File past
- Hymn 2
- Scripture Readings
- Prayer of Thanks giving
- Biography
- Tributes
- Songs (*wo ye nyame a wo ni yen adi no yie*)
- Sermon
- Prayer
- Offertory (*Hymn 3*)
- Prayer for Bereaved Family
- Vote of Thanks
- Announcements
- Hymn 4

## ***PART TWO (GRAVE SIDE)***

- Procession to Cemetery
- Prayer
- Songs (*ayeresa aye wonsa ma*)
- Lowering of Casket
  
- Committal
- Closing Prayer
- Benediction

# ***HYMNS***

## ***HYMN 1***

When peace like a river, attended 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 well (it is well)  
With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, It is well with my soul

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come  
Let the blest assurance control  
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul  
It is well (It is well)  
With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, It is well with my soul

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought,  
My sin, not in part but the whole,  
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh my soul  
It is well (It is well)  
With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul  
It is well (it is well)  
With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul

## ***HYMN 2***

What a friend we have in Jesus  
All our sins and griefs to bear  
And what a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit  
Oh, what needless pain we bear  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer  
Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged  
Take it to the Lord in prayer  
Can we find a friend so faithful?  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

## ***HYMN 3***

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

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

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;  
And laden souls, by thousand meekly stealing,  
Kind shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Rest comes at length; though life belong and dreary,  
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;  
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will welcome at last.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

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

#### ***HYMN 4***

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross  
The emblem of suffering and shame  
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best  
For a world of lost sinners was slain

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross (rugged cross)  
Till my trophies at last I lay down  
I will cling to the old rugged cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown

Oh, that old rugged cross, so  
Despise by the world  
For the dear Lamb of God left  
His glory above,  
To bear it to dark Calvary  
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross (rugged cross)  
Till my trophies at last I lay down  
I will cling to the old rugged cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown  
In the old rugged cross,  
Stained with blood so divine  
A wondrous beauty I see;  
For 'twas on that old cross  
Jesus suffered and died,  
To pardon and sanctify me  
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross (rugged cross)  
Till my trophies at last I lay down  
I will cling to the old rugged cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true  
It's shame and reproach gladly bear  
Then he'll call me some day to my home far away  
Where his glory forever I'll share  
And I'll cherish the old rugged cross (rugged cross)  
Till my trophies at last I lay down  
And I will cling to the old rugged cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown  
I will cling to the old rugged cross  
And exchange it some day for a crown

# **LIFE HISTORY OF MADAM ELIZABTH ANAMAN**

*“Never again will they hunger; never again will they thirst. Neither will the Sun beat down on them, nor any scorching heat. For the Lamb at the center of the throne will be their shepherd and will lead them to springs of living waters and God will wipe away every tears from their eyes” (Revelation 7: 16-17)*

Elizabeth Anaman, popularly called Mama Betty, was the third child of Opanyin Ekow Anaman and Obaa Panyin Esi Kakraba (All of blessed memory) of Apam and Dwama Akyemfo. She had her elementary education at Saltpond Ahamadia School from 1947 to 1957. After her elementary education, she came to Accra to stay with her Auntie, Rahina, who used to work as a cooking assistant at the Flagstaff house and Burma Camp. She became a matron at the then Guinea Press Limited (now New Times Corporation) where she met and married Mr. John Vardis Atta Breboh, of the Engraving Department in 1964. She gave birth to Six Children - two males and four females. She loved to take care of children and as a result raised other children and grandchildren.

She was a hardworking, a self-dependent person and a woman of Substance. She was trading in clothing at Makola and Kaneshie, a Cook at several places including Mallam-Atta Market and she creditably plied several trades and undertook lot of jobs including imports and exports, just to ensure that her family was in good shape. Above all, Mama Betty successfully run her charismatic mission, had a prayer fellowship at her home (Obed-Edom Prayer Center), where many were helped spiritually. Their greetings was “Nyame ye kese” and the response was “Waye bi da”. She generously supported her husband in taking care of their children, other relatives and neighbours when need be.

Though she started off as a Moslem due to her schooling and relationship with her Aunties and Uncles, she became converted and joined the Church of Pentecost at the Kaneshie Assembly in 1965. She was baptized and accepted into full membership of the church. In 1983, she relocated to Kokomlemle and joined the Dr. Thomas Wyatt Assembly at Mallam- Atta/New Town. She was very prayerful

and love to fast and attend prayer meetings at any giving time. This took her to Gospel Light International Church in the early 1990's where her commitment to service in the Lord and her humility were exemplary to all who interacted with her. Her incessant prayerfulness and devotion to the work of God led her to become a Prophetess hence her name Maame Diifo.

Mama Betty was very Industrious, Affable and Peace loving. She was a Disciplinarian, Unifier, Advisor and a Counsellor who went to all lengths to settle disputes and misunderstandings. One thing that we will always remember her for is her willingness to fast and pray for any one that visits her home. Had passion of rearing animals and using herbs to cure ailments. She generously does charity, accepts our friends and had reached out to many in several forms. She was a peoples' mother. Anybody at all could be sure of a hearty welcome whenever he or she passed by her house. Her cooking skills and cuisine made her home the best place to be during holidays as relations far and near always came and made her home a place of preference during holidays and most especially on 1<sup>st</sup> of March, her birth days.

Auntie Nana at her early adult stage had the opportunity to travel to London and some few African countries with her Auntie Rahina. She was a "life woman". She loved to always look glamorous in her dressing, as a result she was at a point in time called "Steps"

Her death has been extremely shocking to us because news about her illness had just come to most of the family and before we could mobilize ourselves to pay her a visit she was gone.

She was survived by 6 children and 20 grandchildren. We loved her but God loves her more. Esi Nana will forever be remembered for a life well lived..."Eiiiiii Life woman"

Gone and never to return to be our Nana Asiedua; the warm, respectful and peace-loving Nana Asiedua that we are used to and could count on. Nevertheless, Auntie Nana, our hope is in the fact that having known and served Your Maker diligently till death, He has given you a peaceful place of rest in His bosom and we will surely meet you some day. We know, though it is difficult to accept, that we cannot enjoy your physical presence anymore but memories of you will never leave us.

Mama Betty fare thee well

Esi Nana nantew yie

Nana Asiedua Onyame nfa wo kra nsie

# TRIBUTE FROM CHILDREN TO OUR BELOVED MOTHER

*Death is only the Beginning.  
Death is not the end.  
Sleep well in the bosom of Our Lord Jesus Christ Till we meet again.  
Mum.... We Love You Now and Forever.*

*“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness or danger or sword?  
For your sake we face death all day long; we consider as sheep to be slaughtered.  
...No in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us.  
For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth nor anything else in all creation will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ  
Jesus Our Lord.”  
(Romans 8:35-39)*

So is it true Mama Betty is gone!!!

We are short of words... Aww Mama. The news of your demise was the saddest one we have ever heard in our lives. We as your children can't accept you are not on this earth. It was a big blow but what can we say and who can question God. Death, a necessary end will come when it will come.

The pain of waking up and knowing that we can't hear your joyful voice when you call us “eee Nana, nana m'ani agye de ma te wonka” is so hard mum.

Who will call us to say that mum? Why mum, why have you left us this way.

You cared, every time you called us, you will say; “Aww Nana didi ma me when we are sad. Nana fa nsu na me bɔ mpaεε ngu do. Aww Nana, me Papa, ma Uncle ...mafεε wo demaaa me nsa nkawu”.

Our dearest Mum, Auntie Nana, Obatampa, as we grew up calling her because that was what everybody called her was a very hard-working mum, very prayerful, very humble, very patient and very loving who always extended her kindness to anybody she got in contact with. As children, she taught us about prayers and Christ, respect for all and humility. We were to walk away from anything that is



not right and that which could put us into trouble and as a matter of fact, to flee from every evil. Mama did everything any loving mother would do for her children, sacrificing her life to make us live comfortably. We were well cared for, always had enough food to eat from her kitchen. Mama taught us as we were growing up, how hard work pays and always encourage us to work harder and become self-sufficient. She instantly punished and corrected us whenever we deviate from her orders. As we grew up, gradually, we realized that we had a very good upbringing.

Mama, we remember you in so many ways: your finger licking dishes, because you were such a good and an amazing cook; your morning devotions that have shaped us till date; your daily telephone calls to check on us and your grandchildren. We miss the following: my super Hero, my darling, my sweetheart. Mum we miss hearing that from you. Your voice still rings in our ears. You loved and cared for us so much and worked tirelessly to raise us up.

We know you fought a good fight till your last breath. You are our hero, our advisor, our comforter and our encourager. We know you are praying for us where you are mum. We never saw this coming so it is hard for us to accept ....Aww Mama, Aww mama, Aww Mama is what we all keep saying but who are we....owu kura adzea nkwa ntum ngye.

We are all bitterly hurt by your demise but we know you are resting peacefully in the bosom of God. We are sure you making everyone around you laugh just like you made us laugh “*and God shall wipe away all our tears from our eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain for the former things are passed away.*” (Rev.21:4)

Mum we hope you miss us just like we miss you. Mum we love you so much and we will never stop loving and thinking about you. Mere words can't express how we feel now.

Until we meet again someday, sometime, somewhere.

Mama due,  
Demerifaa Due  
Due nye amane hun

# TRIBUTE

## BY GRANDCHILDREN

“Grandchildren are the crown of the aged  
and the glory of children is their fathers.”  
(Proverbs 17:6)

There is no amount of words that can truly express our love, admiration, and respect for our Grandma. Many people have had the privilege of knowing their grandmother, but we have definitely exceeded that privilege. You had a unique bond with us individually and as a whole. Despite the popular believe that grandmothers spoil their grandchildren, you made sure that it never got that point but the opposite.

Grandma, on the occasion of our birthdays, you were the first person to call to wish us happy birthday. Are we going to miss the moments where you call us daily and say my super hero, my darling, sweetheart and pray for us, aww! Grandma. You tailored your love in a special way that today; we proudly say has become a garment of honour for us all. You hem the sleeves with a thread of discipline and taught us to always be hard working. You stitched the buttons with a thread of humility and warned us to never grow to be arrogant or the thread will tear and we won't ever fit in the garment again. You stitched the neck with a thread of favour and grace so that we can follow our dreams and always succeed. The most important element to this garment and the reason why today, we can wear it so proudly is the cloth, which is *the word of God*.

You made sure that we knew that God is greater than any other thing or person in our lives and it would behoove us to wrap ourselves with him day in and day out. Grandma, you were there for us when times were tough, you were always open to listen to us anytime we had problems. Surprisingly, your strict guidance and advice rather consoled and encouraged us than you could ever imagine.

Grandma, you have been vital in raising all of us. Your morals and values in life have a long way in making us who we are today. Even though children, you taught us that if we mix a bit of hard work and discipline with a lot of God's words, we will always be fine. Though you told us you will one day travel, we never expected

it this way because we were never prepared to say goodbye this soon. No matter how much we want to bring you back, we understand we must not be selfish.

You have fought the good fight, you have finished the race, and you have kept the faith. Now there is in store for you the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will award to you. We know the good Lord is rewarding you for all your hard work and diligence in serving Him all your life time.

*“God saw you getting tired and a cure was not to be,  
So He put His arms around you and whispered come to me.  
With tearful eyes we watched you and saw you passed away and although we loved  
you dearly, we could not make you stay.  
A golden heart stopped beating, hardworking hand at rest.  
God broke our hearts to prove to us He only takes the best.  
We can cry and close our mind;  
Be empty and turn our back or we can do what you would want;  
Smile, open our eyes, love and go on.”*

Thank you Grandma for everything you imparted unto us.  
Rest in Perfect peace Grandma, till we meet again,  
With love  
Your grand children

# TRIBUTE

**By Health First Consult and Recruitment Agency  
Jacqueline Tagoe, Mary Akorfa Bluie**

Then I heard a voice from Heaven say: “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on”. “Yes”, says the Spirit, “they will rest from their labour, for their deeds will follow them”. Revelation 14:13.

We came in as health workers to take care and discharge our nursing mandate but we were made family members instantly.

Grandma, as we affectionately called her, was a woman of Integrity, Love, Humility and so dear to our hearts. To us, she was an Advisor and a Comforter. She welcomed us the first day we stepped our foot into her home with big arms. Never did a day go by without her putting a smile on our faces. Her words of encouragement always motivated us in our daily lives.

For a number of months, we watched grandma fight her illness to live on with us; however, we say God knows best. Your lost is felt deeply by many and that signifies the life she lived; she purely loved everyone and we always said that if there was anyone who hasn't experienced love, let he/she just visit grandma. Grandma, we missed the way you always called Akorfa “Maa Afafa” and she would respond, “yes grandma” likewise Maame Esi “daada oo daada” and she would also respond, “yes grandma”. Your sense of humor was something to talk of and your memories will forever remain in our heart.

You were one in a kind among the number of patients we care for. Our prayer had always been that God would grant you long life, characterized with more strength so that we would spend more time with you but death has left an indelible mark of pain in our hearts. Who are we to complain? Who are we to question?

Our hope in Christ Jesus teaches us that you have been called home to eternal glory with our maker. We join hands to sing Hallelujah because His ways are higher than our ways. We love you but God loves you more.

Grandma, till we meet again,  
Rest in Perfect Peace  
Amen!

# **TRIBUTE**

## **BY IN-LAWS**

*“For none of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord and whether we die, we die unto the Lord, whether we live therefore or die we are the Lords”*

*(Romans 14:7-8)*

We stand here to mourn a woman of capabilities from whose womb the Lord blessed us with our life partners. She treated us not only as in-laws but also as her children and younger siblings. There had been times that she called and advise us on how to make our marriage life successful. Mama had the eyes of eagles. She saw from afar and monitored our progress.

Mama always opened her arms and extended love to us so much that an outsider would find it very difficult to identify who her biological children really were. The bond was truly great. She radiated love to our children too.

Anytime we visited her she saw to it that we are well fed, and our children were well sheltered. She always based her advice on biblical principles and encouraged us to press on in life regardless of what would befall us. She never discriminated and always laid her facts very bare. She always received us with prayers and parted with us same.

When we heard of your ill health, we were with you, we called you and prayed with you and visited you several times and wished you well with the hope of getting better, and little did we know that we would miss your comfortable hospitality.

Mama, our children, our families and friends all wish you safe journey to your maker.

Rest in ever perfect peace

## ***APPRECIATION***

The entire family of the late  
Madam Elizabeth Anaman  
Wish to convey their profound gratitude and  
appreciation to you for the  
various expressions of sympathy, support and love.  
May the Almighty God richly bless you all.