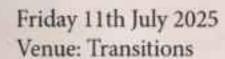
# Faustina Nag Amakuma Takja TACKITE



Mc: Beverly Naa Aku Addo

#### Order of Service

Guest arrival

Opening prayer

Welcoming of the guests

Song ministration - Mr. Terry Johnson

Biography - Mr. Frank Ivan Adama Tackie

Bible readings - Mrs. Trudy Naa Aku Addo

Tributes - Children

- Grand children
- Siblings

Hymns - Through all the changing scenes of life

- Rock of ages
- Guide me oh though great Jehovah
- Abide with me

Sermon - Bishop Francis Sarpong

Song ministration: Mrs Heavilyn Ohene-Akrasi

Prayer for family - Bishop Sarpong

Vote of Thanks: Family member

Closing prayer



Through all the changing scenes of life



Rock of Ages



Gulde me oh though great Jehovah



Abide with me

## Biography



austina Naa Amakuma Takia Tackie, affectionately known as "4.6", was born in 1959 to Mr. Emmanuel Charles Ago Tackie and Madam Florence Aku Addo, both of blessed memory. She was one of eighteen siblings, six of whom are still alive today.

Faustina's early years of education were spent in Tema Community 2, where she was lovingly raised by a close family friend of her father who was a teacher. It was in Tema that she received her primary and part of her secondary education at Otublohum Secondary School. She later continued her secondary school journey at Sanford Missionary College in Accra, attending from 1977 to 1979. She also attended Presby Vocational School where she decided to pursue a career in sewing.

It was after this time that she pursued vocational training at Majoja Vocational School, where she honed her skills in dressmaking. She went on to build a career in fashion, working alongside her close friend, Dorcas Walters, in Accra.

Following her studies, Faustina moved to Kumasi to live with her eldest brother, Mr. Ivan Tackie, from 1979 to 1981.

In 1981, Faustina met her then husband, Mr. Kwame Sasu Addo, at Penel Brotherhood Church in Kaneshie, a church her late mother and siblings attended. Their union was blessed with five beautiful children: she relocated to the United Kingdom in the midnineties to join Mr. Kwame Sasu where she spent the majority of her working life, building a career and raising her family.

After years of hard work, Faustina retired and returned home to Ghana, though she continued to visit the UK and USA occasionally. She remained devoted to her family, Church CCBC and friends, leaving behind a legacy of love, Faith, resilience, and kindness.



























My Rock, My Joy, My Guiding Light

Mummy,

Your love and guidance shaped the person I am today. You were not only my mother you were my rock, my confidant, my greatest teacher, and my best friend. Ours was a bond that went beyond family. It was rooted in trust, laughter, honesty, and unconditional love. Words cannot express how deeply I miss you.

You were the first person I called with exciting news, and the one I turned to when I needed comfort or clarity. Our friendship was effortless and true. We shared secrets, stories, and sacred moments that made life richer. You always made me feel heard, valued, and safe. With you, I could be fully myself.

Your smile, your laughter, your prayers, and your unwavering love are forever etched in my heart.

I miss our talks, our inside jokes, and the quiet understanding that didn't even need words.

Whenever life brought pain or uncertainty, you always knew what to say often starting with a Bible verse. You reminded me of the strength and faith passed down from your dear mother, Mama Zule of blessed memory.

You didn't just speak of God you walked with Him. You prayed over me, for me, and with me.

You lived by His Word, especially this one: "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding." You didn't just quote it you embodied it. In hardship, you trusted. In uncertainty, you believed. And in every moment, you leaned not on your strength, but on His.

You gave freely emotionally, spiritually, financially without ever keeping score. When I stumbled, you lifted me. When I soared, you celebrated louder than anyone. You were present in all the ways that truly mattered.

You worked with relentless commitment and quiet dignity rising early, staying late, doing what needed to be done. Never for praise, always out of love. Providing for your family and our friends wasn't just your duty it was your calling. You taught me that honoring God includes honoring our responsibilities, even when no one is watching.

But Mummy, if I could change one thing it would be this: I wish you had lived more for yourself. So much hurt and pain was sent your way, and you bore it all in silence. You deserved more joy, more laughter, more freedom to simply be.

In your death, I've come to realize that not everyone deserves my time, my energy, or access to my heart.

I will love as Christ has asked but I will now be guided by wisdom. Your passing, so sudden and unexpected, has opened my eyes

to the true realities of life. From this moment on, I will walk more carefully, choose more wisely, and guard my peace with discernment. Your life has taught me to give freely but your death has taught me to protect my spirit.

And oh, how you loved life. You had music in your soul. You danced like joy lived in your bones and sang with the kind of freedom only faith can give. Whether it was gospel hymns or old-school classics, music was your celebration, your praise, your therapy. I can still hear your voice in the hallways of my heart. Still see you sway with a smile that lit up every room.

You were the most present, devoted grandmother to my children. You didn't just love them you poured yourself into them. You celebrated every milestone, embraced every moment, and created memories that will live in their hearts forever. You were their cheerleader, storyteller, protector, and gentle guide. The way they lit up around you was proof of the special bond you nurtured with them. Your legacy of love and faith is already growing in them, just as it grew in me.

Our friendship was one of the greatest gifts of my life. You were the person I laughed with the most, cried with the hardest, and trusted with everything. That connection lives on, deep within me, and I will carry your wisdom, humor, and love into every chapter still to come.

Thank you, Mummy, for being everything I needed and more. For loving me fiercely, teaching me deeply, believing in me always.

And for loving my children with the same joy and presence you gave me.

Please send a guardian angel when I feel lost. Keep guiding me from afar. I promise to carry your love forward and live a life that would make you proud.

Until we meet again, in Heaven's eternal peace.

With all my heart, Nana Antwiwaa

#### Tribute by Abena Aso Wendy

Her children arise and call her blessed... Proverbs 31:28



n the quiet moments when the world seems to stand still, I find myself reflecting on the incredible woman who shaped my life. To the outside world, I may appear brave, wearing a mask of strength, but beneath it lies a heart that aches with the weight of loss. Here I am, trying to hold back the pain, but I suppose it feels different when it involves a parent. It's hard to keep it all inside, and I often find myself crying unexpectedly. If only she could see how soft as clay her 'hard rock' girl is today, molded by the love and lessons she imparted.

I can still hear the melodies she hummed in the hospital just 5 days before she left us, and now, those same songs bring a bittersweet ache to my heart. They remind me of the tender moments we shared, like the times she would get emotional when she hears the songs I sang as a child on admission at the Korle bu Teaching Hospital. This reflected the love and bond we shared. I prayed fervently for her healing, pouring my heart into every word, yet I faced the harsh reality of unanswered prayers. It feels as though a gap has formed between me and God, but I hold on to hope. I believe that one day, the reasons behind her suffering will reveal themselves, for it seems too cruel that every time we booked a flight to take her back to the UK, she would get sick.

The desire to succeed and make her proud feels empty without her to share in those achievements. Yet, I Ah Mummy. Mɛni ofeo ni owoɔ mi he gbeyei nɛkɛ? Meni? Oshe gbeyei? Bo ni ohinmei shishi wa nɛ?

strive to carry forward the legacy of her spirit.

When I think of my mother, I think of peace, gratitude, and the power of letting go. I am thankful for the invaluable lessons I learned during her final months in and out of the hospital; lessons that will guide me as I navigate this world without her.

Her remarkable ability to forgive, regardless of the wrongs done to her, continues to inspire me. I pray for the strength to show her grace and kindness, to forgive as she did, and to approach life with an open heart.

My mother was the epitome of hard work and dedication. Balancing three jobs, she taught me the value of perseverance and independence. I remember her early mornings, bustling from job to job, making sacrifices for our family. After work, she would take the bus 115 and 330 to the Upton Park market to shop for the home, return by bus 330 to cook and clean up afterwards while we slept. Naturally, she would complain about us not assisting her or meeting her halfway from the market; but her determination to take the bus from the market, choosing to save money for our meals instead of taking a cab, exemplified her selflessness and resourcefulness. She did everything for us, often without complaint, and I regret not expressing my gratitude more often.

Though she may no longer be physically present, her spirit lives on in my heart. I will carry her lessons, her love, and her unwavering strength with me always.

Thank you, Mum, for everything. You are forever my guiding light, and I will honor your memory by striving to be the person you raised me to be.

#### Tribute by Sharron Naa Aku Shika

Unconditional. Resilient. Graceful. Joyful. Kind. Forgiving. Loving.

That was my mother.



She was my friend, my confidant, my travel buddy — a woman with the purest heart and the calmest soul. She lived a life full of kindness, gentleness, forgiveness, and selflessness — a life that positively touched everyone she encountered, leaving an indelible imprint.

A mother who worked tirelessly to make sure my siblings and I were okay. Every minute of her life was devoted to us. Whatever she had, she gave. Whatever she couldn't get or do for herself, she made sure her children and grandchildren received. She put us first—always. With grace. With kindness. With love.

You were my hero, my strength through so many obstacles. I watched you pray for those who hurt you. I sat with you through silent cries and dark moments, and when fear tried to cripple you, you always called on Jesus. Even in pain, you rose—and showed up for others. My example of God's strength made perfect in our weaknesses.

A one-of-a-kind woman, for whom I am beyond grateful to God that I got to call you my mother. I will never forget you, and my children will know you, not just through stories, but through the love and strength you gave me. You will not be forgotten. Not now. Not ever.

My teacher, who taught me unconditional love. You once said, "Sharr, don't do anything expecting to get it back in the same way—and you will be at peace." Those words saved me, and I will carry them. I will pass them on.

You always thought of me, to the extent of opening a separate account just to save for my wedding day. Though it is yet to happen, I smile at how thoughtful you were. And if you could do me one more favor—please tell God to tell the aunties to relax a little—respectfully. My time will come.

God's ways are not ours. But I know He's workingbecause of you.

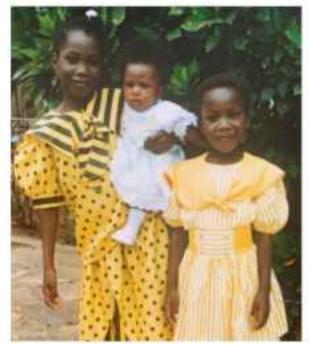
In your final years, you had dreams—dreams of Ghana, of rest. But you stayed for us. Always for us. "I'll go when you're ready," you said. You finally chose yourself—and I'm glad you got to experience that joy, even if briefly.

I cherish our last phone calls. You were always full of joy—getting your nails done, counting your money. "Sika yε dε ooo!" You were thriving.

You had plans, Mum. And I had so many plans with you. But God had a different one. I'm jealous...because now He has you to Himself. But He knows best, and I know you are blissfully at rest.

This isn't goodbye. It's "I love you." It's "I miss you." It's "Rest well." And it's "See you soon," in God's perfect time.

Your loving daughter, Sharron Naa Aku Shika (Your personal Lawyer)











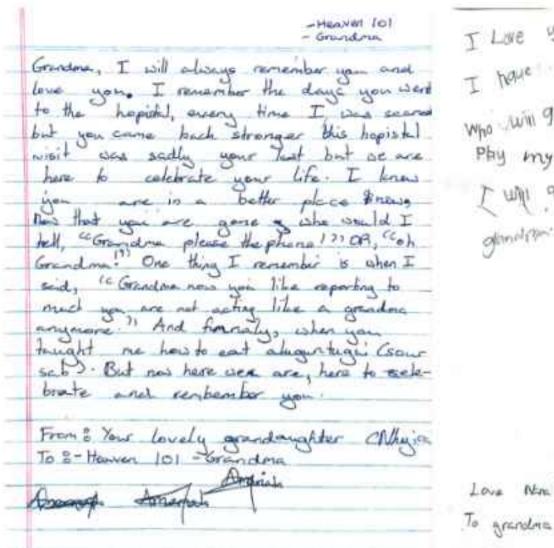






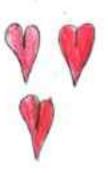


## Tribute by Grand childrem



I have miss you granding
I have miss you granding
Who will give me be phone to
Phy my grands.

I will always love and miss you
ghandran.



Love Mrs. Warne # N/k To granders

As you all know we are here to celebrate the life of an incredible woman who some of you may know as a mother, auntie, close friend or mother figure. To us though she was our grandma, a smart, caring and willing woman we all admired. It is such a shame that a woman so deserving of a long, joyful life taken so quickly but we put our trust in God knowing that she is in a much better place now.

- Bella

We had many memories of grandma

When mum would drop us off at grandma's house in London, we knew that we would always be fed well. -Anaiah.

One of my greatest memories of grandma was when she used to cook Jollof for us after taking us on strolls in the park. Her Jollof was always amazing and always filled me up I miss her so much but I know shes in a better place right now.

-Adelyn

I've always loved you grandma you took care of us all the time. You were the best. I watched you come home stronger each time from the hospital, a fighter. Because of your strength, I was never worried. I love how you were even when someone made you angry, still so kind. I know you are in a better place I will always. Love you.

-Amariah Nhyira

Grandma,

To me, you were more than just a grandmother. You were like a superhero not the kind who flew through the skies, but the kind who healed hearts with love, kindness, and wisdom. You saved my heart more times than I can count.

When I heard you were gone, I couldn't believe it. I thought they were joking, But they weren't. And when the truth hit me, I cried and cried. The pain was deep, because losing you felt like losing a part of myself. But then, in the middle of my tears, I remembered something that brought peace to my heart. You are in a good place now.

A place without pain, without worry. That thought comforted me. And as I sat with my memories of you, I smiled because you gave me so many reasons to smile. I'm sorry I didn't visit as much as I should have. If I could turn back time, I would have been by your side more often. But I believe in my heart that we will meet again, when the Lord calls each of us home. You may have passed away in the hospital, but truly, you left us through our hearts because that's where you lived. That's where your love will always stay.

- Kwabena





ur dear sister, Faustina Naa Amakuma Takie Tackie—
affectionately known as 4.6—was a true embodiment of love, unity, and selflessness. As siblings, we shared a deep bond forged in the values our family was raised with: Godliness, love, sacrifice, and togetherness. 4.6 stood out as one who lived those values every day.

She was warm-hearted, generous, and always ready to give of herself. Growing up, we learned to make the most of the little we had. We shared everything—food, household supplies, responsibilities—and this built in us a deep sense of unity. 4.6

carried that spirit with her throughout her life. She never hesitated to lend a helping hand, whether it was running errands, offering advice, or simply being present when any of us needed her.

She had an extraordinary way of showing care. Her love wasn't loud, but it was constant, unwavering, and deeply felt. She made time for each of us and was genuinely interested in our well-being. Her strong support for her younger sister Lady Pastor Theresa Tackie (to whom she affectionately called Akosua Dompo), especially during her journey to settle abroad, was just one of many examples of how she put others before herself.

We spoke regularly. We confided in each other, stood by one another in both good times and bad, and were intentional about resolving misunderstandings quickly. 4.6 helped us all maintain that closeness. She was not only a sister, but also a friend, a confidente, and an advisor.

She was approachable and friendly to all—family, friends, and even strangers. She took a special interest in all our children and treated them as her own.

Her presence brought a sense of calm and connection to us all. Losing her has left a void, but we are comforted by the beautiful memories we shared, and by the example she set in living a life of compassion, generosity, and love.

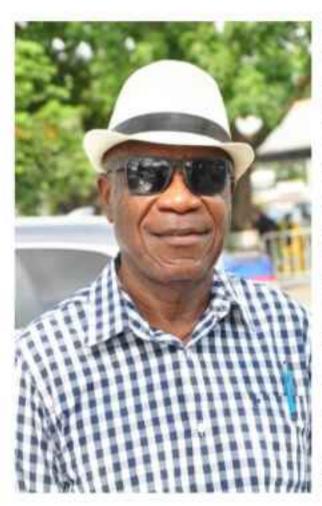
We will always remember her gentle smile, her kind words, and her endless willingness to support us.

Rest well, dear sister 4.6. You will forever remain in our hearts.



#### Tribute by

#### "Bra Adama" to Faustie - more than a Sister



"Siki" – that was your pet name I used to call when I first set my eyes on you. You must have been 2-3 years by then and I was around 10 years old. I was then about exiting Rediamentary Preparatory School. We bonded instantly; always lifting you high-up like a toy and catching you again sky-up. Our bonding continued all the way through my secondary school days and my years at KNUST. I recollect my days of internship at TDC, Tema when I trekked with you to Tema for your Vocational Training. Upon my return from my post graduate studies in England in 1979 and upon resumption of my carrier at B.R.R I/KNUST, Kumasi I invited you to join me in Kumasi to continue with your Vocational Training. Unfortunately, my stay in Kumasi was short lived when I migrated to Nigeria then to Kenya for a rather long period of stay.

We happily reunited in 1989 upon my return to Ghana and I was reluctantly instrumental in your maiden trip to join your husbandin-waiting.

Your prolonged stay in London got us physically apart until in recent years that we resumed our bonding. How can I forget the moments we joyfully shared at the Homowo reunion at Nii Nokwei Tackie We at Korle Gonno. How can I forget your compassion and support during the funeral of our Late Brother Francis Nii Obeeku Tackie and of course the funeral of your Mother Madam Florence Addo of blessed memory.

You stood shoulder to shoulder with me when my beloved wife Nana Bema passed on. I always looked forward to your regular almost daily visits pre-burial, burial and post-burial periods. The sudden slack in your health was never anticipated even though you had personally intimated to me, your feelings of ill-health. Your ailment took to a critical stage at the most unexpected time, when our beloved big sister Takia had passed on and my focus was on her funeral. How can I forget the feedback I got from Takia (Konongo's) visit whereupon you requested her to bring you a meal of fufu. It all sounded like you were on the path to recovery and I was silently awaiting the good news of your imminent discharge from the hospital.

To my shock and utter disbelief the end was nigh. Your request for a visit with fufu turned to be a farewell gesture. We wanted you back to our fold but God had his own plans for your exit.

You lived a life of affection, peace and humility. You will forever be missed.

Rest in Peace.

#### Tribute by Nephews & Nieces

"Those who walk uprightly enter into peace; they find rest as they lie in death." - Isaiah 57:2

known to many of us as "Mummy"—was more than an aunt. She was a second mother, a confidant, a cheerleader, and a constant presence of love and light in our lives. Her impact was profound and far-reaching, touching each of us in unique yet familiar ways. While we often called our own mothers "auntie" or "sister". Auntie Faustie was, and always remained "Mummy" to us.



words can't quite express.

We will miss her voice—those long chats filled with stories, teasing, and motherly wisdom. Her daily check-ins, her excitement when she returned from

Mummy had a gift for making people feel seen and valued. She celebrated our victories, stood by us through life's challenges, and always believed in our potential. She was always present-offering support, wise counsel, and unwavering encouragement. She engaged with us deeply, asking about our lives, our dreams, our relationships, and our well-being. Her interest was never surface-level; she truly cared. With her playful sense of humor, she would remind us of our childhood antics-often the embarrassing ones-and tease us with a warmth that made us feel at home. She created a safe space for each of us—one filled with peace, acceptance, and grace. As Matthew 5:9 says, "God blesses those who work for peace, for they will be called the children of God." Mummy lived that truth every day.

To many of us, she was more than family—she was a best friend. Whether it was on the dance floor, challenging us with her energy and rhythm, or correcting our Fante with a smile, her presence always brought joy. Who will dance with us now? Who will bring that spark, that laughter, that playful teasing? The thought of never seeing her again on this side of life leaves an ache that

travel (never forgetting to bring our tic tac chocolates), and her genuine kindness are memories we will always cherish. She had a way of making everyone feel special, from Kumasi to Kaneshie, from London to Accra.

Her kindness was unmatched. She had a heart that thought of others constantly—cooking meals, inviting us over, checking in, making sure we were okay. Her home was a haven, her voice a comfort, and her smile, an invitation to joy.

Mummy, Aunty Faustie, our 4.6, our sister, our mother, our friend—thank you. Thank you for being everything you were to each of us. You were one in a million. Your absence leaves a space that cannot be filled, but your memory, your lessons, and your love will continue to live on in our hearts.

Rest well, Mummy. We love you deeply, and we always will.



## Tribute by Son-In-Law

oday, I rise with both sorrow and gratitude in my heart — sorrow for the loss of a remarkable woman, and gratitude for the time we shared and the love she gave.

My mother-in-law was more than a parent by marriage

— she was a true blessing in my life. She was kind,
compassionate, and filled with quiet strength. Her
love knew no bounds, and her arms were always open

— welcoming, comforting, and strong.

She treated me like her son, never with distance or formality, but with genuine warmth and care. In many ways, she became a second mother to me — offering guidance, wisdom, and unwavering support. Her presence brought peace, and her words brought comfort. I will always remember our chats during our Sunday fufu which were our personal times to catch up on issues.



She was a woman of dignity and grace, rooted in her faith, and rich in wisdom. Whether in the kitchen, around the family table, or in quiet conversation, she made every moment feel like home. Her love for her family was fierce and unconditional — a love that will continue to surround us even in her absence.

Though we grieve today, we also celebrate her beautiful life — a life that touched so many and left behind a legacy of kindness, generosity, and strength.

Thank you, Mummy, for the love you shared, the lessons you taught, and the memories we now hold dear. You may no longer be with us in body, but your spirit will forever live on in our hearts.

Rest peacefully Mummy.

#### Tribute by The Adus

ommy, also lovingly known as Auntie Fausti, lived her life in the present — in the now. She understood that each day is a gift from God, and she embraced every moment with grace, love, and purpose.

Many of us live as though we have all the time in the world to make a difference. But true significance often lies in the small, everyday acts of kindness and love — the gentle words, warm gestures, and selfless service that touch lives deeply. That was who Mommy was.

I live in Los Angeles, and when my children were little, she came all the way from London to help me care



for them. At the time, we hadn't known each other long, but that didn't matter to her. She volunteered without hesitation. That generous act of love — her willingness to step in and serve — is something I will cherish forever.

She treated me like her own daughter. Every one of my friends who met her would say the same: she was warm, full of life, and radiated a beautiful spirit. Whether it was offering a compliment on a tough day, cooking a favorite meal, or making us laugh with her jokes, her presence always lifted people up.

Mommy had an unwaveringly positive outlook. She wasn't swayed by material things. She cared about what truly mattered — doing what was right, loving people well, and

staying grounded in her faith. She was God-fearing, always turning to Him before making decisions that would affect her walk with Christ. She lived for Him.

She gave what she had — selflessly. She owed no one anything but love and kindness. And through that love, she made a lasting impact on so many, especially on me and my family.

As believers, we know that death is not the end but a passage to eternal victory. As the apostle Paul wrote, "To live is Christ, and to die is gain." We have gained an angel in heaven. Though our hearts are heavy, we rejoice because her life was well lived — not measured by wealth or possessions, but by the imprint she left on the souls she touched.

May Almighty God accept your beautiful soul, Mommy. Please continue to watch over your loved ones. We will miss you deeply. We love you endlessly. Rest in eternal peace.

Though we mourn, we do not mourn as those without hope. You lived a life of service, of joy, and of deep love. I smile every time I think of you — because you always smiled, no matter the circumstance.



#### Tribute by Bishop Francis Sarpong

A great woman has left us unannounced. A humble soul has departed far too soon.

met Mama Faustina over 20 years ago, then a young mother raising her three beautiful daughters. Our paths crossed through her children, and I became especially close to the youngest, Sharron, who was a regular in my home, always playing with my own three daughters.

That connection blossomed into a lasting friendship with Mama Faustie. Upon discovering my love for shito, she took it upon herself to be my lifelong supplier—never once asking for anything in return. For over two decades, she made sure I was never without. Even after moving to Ghana, she continued the tradition. Whenever she visited London, she brought enough shito to keep me going for months.

When she fell ill, I made it a point to visit her in the hospital—at odd hours, even when it wasn't visiting time. I told myself, I cannot leave Ghana without seeing her. With Wendy's passionate plea to the nurses, I was granted a brief but meaningful moment with her. Even in that state, she spoke of making more shito for me. I told her gently, Your health is what matters most—get well first.

Mama Faustina was more than a friend. She was a devoted wife, a loving mother, and an active, faithful member of the Church. In London, she was a proud member of Calvary, and when she moved to Ghana, she continued her commitment at the Calvary Adenta Branch. She was a true Calvarian to the very end.

We have lost a remarkable woman. A rare gem. A loyal friend. A pillar in our community.

I believe with all my heart that she now rests peacefully in Abraham's bosom.

May her beautiful soul rest in perfect peace.

#### Tribute by Rowan & Trudy

Lydy'. Growing up, I was one of your daughters and your girls were my sisters. My early memories of you include nights out to the cinema with Nana and Wendy in the early 90s and your presence at my open day sessions in Primary School. You and your late mum, Mde. Florence Addo opened your home and arms to Rowan, Daisy and I because of your entire family's friendship and sisterly bond with our Mum. Rev Florence Kotey. I am so thankful that our Elise Noa met you and you held her in your arms during your last visit while admonishing me on not resting enough.

Sleep well in the arms of the Lord and thank you for your relationship with my mum, Rowan and I, Trudy.



# Tribute by Addo's Korle Gonno

sister Faustie affectionately called 4-6 by some of us Addo children was a Sister to our Fathers and an Aunt to us all .

Our relationship with her moved beyond Ghana to the UK where she opened her home to a number of us during holiday trips. She was an integral part of our family functions and was present in our celebrations of key milestones.

She had a kind and big heart and was always so proud of our growth and accomplishments.

We will miss her presence, the joy she shows whenever she is with us and her consistent kind words.

Sleep well Sta Faustie in the bosom of the Lord . We will miss you .



#### The wind God gave me beneath my wings

met 4-6 as I affectionately call her about 17 years ago at CCBC Twi service branch in London, It was exhilarating meeting someone who speaks your language in a church community that is predominantly Twi speaking. Not only did we become close, but we also developed a strong mother-daughter relationship as a result and my children considered 4-6 a grandmother. Grandma 4-6 is what they called you. The enjoyed your visits, the times spent with them, taking them to the park, cooking them their meals. You had a special name for everyone- a testament of the special bond you shared with me and my family. I remember when "miss long hair" said to you: "Grandma 4-6, pleas tell the Ghana people we also need you here". You smiled and reassured her you will be back shortly.

During my wedding in the UK, you stood in the place of my mother and fulfilled all duties and responsibilities of a bride's mum on that day. A special relationship evolved, 4-6 became my UK mom. You treated me just like you would treat your biological children. Your actions, support and guidance were akin to what my biological mother did when I was in Ghana. You never made me lack the presence of a mother because you were there for me through thick and thin. I remember the call outs at 4am on a particular day in 2011 April to come to me to support me as I was dealing with a life changing emergency. You stood up to that call and it was that day you won a special place in my heart, and I knew that you would sacrifice for me just like you will do for your biological children.

You showed me no difference in how you treated me from your children. I remember during my last trip to Ghana in August 2024, you gave me a parcel for Nana and equally handed me one as well. We both burst out laughing knowing very well what the coded transaction was.

Your culinary skills were second to none and you transferred those skills to me in a unique way that surpassed your own expectations. You ensured that I was well equipped in that area. The special spice bag in my kitchen is a testament of your supplies of the special resources a Ghanaian kitchen needed in the UK. No wonder my okro soup, tsofi, banku and tilapia, waakye is always top notch when I make

them. The smile on your face when you taste them says it all. You told me it was your proud m o m m a moment.



You also taught me the basic nuggets of living: things pertaining to emotional intelligence, managing social relationships, budgeting, conflict resolution and a whole load of other things and this has shaped me to be the woman I am today - more matured, confident, resilient, empathetic and deeper relationship with God.

You were a woman who embraced all irrespective of their creed, age, religion or social graces and gave your all to anyone who crossed paths with you. Thank you for being there for me through thick and thin, thank you for helping me regain confidence when things did not go well as planned, thank you for being a shoulder I could cry on at any time and a non-judgemental listening ear. Thank you for boosting me to achieve success and thank you for giving your all to me and my family. I am most grateful to you. We had plans for your return to the UK but alas God knew better, and he decided to take you away from us. Though painful at present, it will cease before long. Fare thee well my mummy. I miss you and you will always hold a special place in my heart.

Sleep well in the Lord.

- Naa Dei and family

# Tribute by Yaw Twum (Special Son)

The death of the righteous is a transition to peace and rest (Summary of Isaiah 57 1-2)



untie Faustie, your death has left a heartache which no drug can heal. Time they say heals all wounds but this wound has left a scar time can never take away. We are however consoled by this biblical passage "if we live, we live for the Lord and when we die, we die for the Lord, so wether we live or die we be belong to the lord

The summer of 2007 was my first time meeting Mr. Kwame Sasu and your beautiful self at your Carson Road address, I felt that motherly warmth and hospitality after a handshake that ensured my stay in the United kingdom. Your home was a welcoming space, a second home of tasty meals and meaningful conversations

Today I struggle with my selfish thoughts wanting you to stay and talk just like we do. Nevertheless comfort is found in these words by Rosemary Altea " no matter what the circumstances of our death, we overcome the horrors of our lives and find peace at last.

Your memory lives on as the love you so generously shared continues to live in our hearts forever. Yaa Wor jogbann , Da Yie Auntie Faustie



# Tribute by Angela Rebecca Tawiah Quartey

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Matthew 5:8

Growing up as family in the same vicinity, we shared not only space but a deep connection built on love, care, and understanding.

Sister Faustie, your younger sister Theresa, was my very good friend. We were like sisters. From our earliest days, you welcomed me with open arms, treating me as part of the family. Your warmth, kindness, and wisdom shaped so many moments in our lives.

You were more than a sister to Theresa. You were a guiding light to both of us. You spoke freely and lovingly, always offering words of encouragement, always advising Theresa and me, always ensuring we stayed on the right path.

You had a rare and gentle spirit, calm, caring, and full of love. I always admired the way you nurtured your family and how you extended that warmth beyond your blood ties to embrace me as well. You saw us as your own, and when Theresa needed guidance, you trusted me to help advise her because family mattered to you above all else.

When my sister passed, you stood strong in my absence, carrying the weight of our grief, holding the fort with the same love and devotion you had always shown.

We spoke often, sharing how life and time affected our bodies, advising one another, and supporting each other in ways that only family can.

I never imagined that you would leave us so soon. The shock of your passing is beyond words beyond comprehension. Sister Faustie, you were a pillar of love, of wisdom, of unwavering care, and the void you have left behind is immeasurable. But your love, your kindness, and the beautiful memories we shared will forever remain in my heart.

Rest peacefully, dear sister and friend. You will always be cherished.

### Tribute for Grandma.

The Sudden death of grandma has brought us to the understanding of what Paul Says in Philippians 1:21 that "for me to live is Christ and to die is goun! Grandma, we miss you so much. The space you have left in our lives is so deep it will be difficult to fill the vacuum you have left in our hearts.

Although we do not see you, we conside ourselves that because you lie in the bosom of the Lord, we shall see you again. Grandman, you were a wonderful hing experience. To us, you were not only a grandmather but also a mentor, a Counselor and a Pillar of support all rolled in one.

In Paying tribute to you grandma, we Sincerely wish to Praise the name of our Lord God Almighty for a world-erful grandma. We will remember your as a living. The vital Presence of your memory will always bring refreshment to our hearts.

REST IN PERFECT PEACE GRANDMA!!!

Abjacil and Yaa.













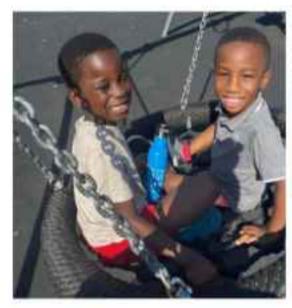








































































## Appreciation

Your friendship, presence, love, and support have given us strength during our deepest sadness.

We sincerely appreciate it and it will always be remembered.

