

BURIAL SERVICE & FINAL FUNERAL RITES

For The Late



**MRS. PATIENCE
ARKU - NELSON**

BURIAL SERVICE & FINAL FUNERAL RITES



The Late

**Mrs Patience Arku-Nelson
(Nee Aidoo)**

Aged: 64

June 29th 2024

Transitions Funeral Home, Haatso

10.30am to 12pm



Order of Service



OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Reverend Dr. J. N. N. Ocquaye

Reverend Eric Aidoo

Procession	Rev. Eric Aidoo
Welcome and Opening Prayer	Rev. Dr. J. Ocquaye
First Hymn	Great is Thy Faithfulness
Solo	Joshua Ampene, Goodness of God
Scripture Readings (Psalm 23)	Mr. Michael Aidoo
Scripture Readings (John 14, 1-6)...	Ms. Deborah Arku-Nelson
Second Hymn	In Christ Alone My Hope Is Found
Reflection/Biography	Rev. Eric Aidoo
Tributes (Mother)	Mrs. Vida Guinn
Tributes (Siblings)	Ms. Patricia Aidoo
Song Ministration		
Tributes (Children)	Ms. Eunice Arku-Nelson
Tributes (Cousins)	Mr Chris Kaley
Third Hymn	The Lord Is My Shepherd
SERMON	Rev. Dr. J. Ocquaye
Instrumental/All Hail King Jesus/Amazing Grace:		Pastor Adjei
Scripture Reading (1 Thess 4:16-18)	Rev Kofi Poku
Solo	Mrs Vida Guinn; Ms Gifty Aidoo
PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY	Prophet Atsu Manasseh
Fourth Hymn	O God Our Help In Ages Past
Notices		
BLESSINGS/COMMENDATION	Rev. Dr. J. Ocquaye

BIOGRAPHY OF MRS PATIENCE ARKU-NELSON



Patience Ama Boampomaa Aidoo was born on the 7th of November 1959 to the Late Mr. John Adoo and Madam Margaret Opoku in Accra, Ghana. She is the second born in a family of seven children.

Her father was at the time of his death the Administrative and Personnel Manager for the Loyalty Industries Ltd. in Accra, Ghana. Patience had her primary education at the Armed Forces Experimental School, now the Garrison Primary School in Burma Camp, Accra. After successfully completing her Common Entrance Examination in 1972, she gained admission at the St. Roses Secondary School in Akwatia, Ghana. Upon successful completion of her secondary education in 1977, she went on to Accra Polytechnic to study Institutional Management, where she obtained a Diploma in that field of study. Thereafter she gained employment and served as Matron at the Winneba School of Music for a few years. Growing up with a mother who was a member

of the Ghana Manufacturers Association (GMA) in the late seventies, and owned a garment manufacturing enterprise, Patience found her niche in catering and hospitality.

Sis Pat as she was affectionately called grew up under the influence of parents who were industrious and enterprising. This developed in her a desire to explore her own creative potential. She found catering and the hospitality enterprise quite appealing. After serving as Matron of the Winneba School of Music for a few years, she began her own entrepreneurial adventure by preparing meat pies and few other pastries, which she supplied to workers of companies and government agencies at different locations in Accra, during their lunch breaks. Patience grew up in an environment and home shaped by Christian principles. This was reflected in her world view and manner of life. Later on in her life she got married to Mr. Patrick Arku-Nelson. Their union was blessed with three children, Deborah, Eunice and David. Patience enjoyed reminiscing of the past with a good sense of humor, whenever she was in the good company of her siblings and close friends. She was resilient and resourceful.

In her own gentle way, she faced life's adversities and health issues with remarkable hope and faith. She found ways to keep holding on, as expressed in the words of the song writer; 'to the old rugged cross', to exchange it someday for a crown.

Through all the changing seasons of her life, she held on to her faith. She truly modelled a life of faith before us. She will be greatly missed. We thank God for her life which was spent and shared with us. Her legacy and the precious memories we hold will be always close to our hearts. A great soul whose footprints have been etched on our memory.

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Tribute to My Daughter
Obaapaynin Akua Safoaa (aka Aunty Maggie)
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***Boampomaa
– Nyame nfa wo
nsie.***

Ama Patience, as I fondly called her, brought joy and light into our lives, because her father, John Aidoo and I were not sure how long we had to wait to have a daughter. We named her Patience, though she wasn't a very patient child. She was a curious, energetic, and bubbly child and would always show eagerness to explore and learn new things. Ama was hardworking and supported me in my sewing business, Maret Fashions Industry - helping with pattern design, cutting, finishing, and sales. When I shifted my career to the bakery enterprise, she provided innovative ideas with the recipes, as well as with marketing, budgetary control, and financial management. She was always keen to provide catering services during family and community events – a skill at which she excelled.

Patience enjoyed frequent trips to her native town, Ashanti Bekwai, as a child and engaged and interacted well with her grandparents and extended families. She enjoyed her secondary school days at St Roses and built a good relationship with the Catholic nuns who managed the school – though in her own words “they were very strict”. She developed a strong Christian faith and enjoyed singing. At the age of 17, she encouraged me to join her in singing “How can I bear to leave thee” during her grandfather's funeral. We both cherished that special moment. Through life's challenges, her unwavering faith kept her going and she often reminded me to keep praying and entrust everything into God's able hands. When she had her children, Deborah, Eunice, and David, she instilled these Christian principles in them too.

I last saw Patience in 2018, when I spent over 3 months in Ghana. It was a joy to be able to go shopping with her, chat, eat together, and enjoy each other's company. I prepared to visit Ghana again in 2020 but could not fulfill that because of the Covid lockdown. We stayed in touch through video calls and phone chats, and I was aware of her health challenges, but knew she was responding well to treatment. I hoped her health would improve and she could come over to visit me and the rest of the family in England.

Her passing came as a shock to me, but I'm thankful for the memories we built over the last 64 years. Her spirit and legacy will live on in our hearts. She will be deeply missed, but we find comfort in knowing that her love and light will continue to guide us.



Tribute by Francis, Eric, Vida, Patricia, Michael, Priscilla



My Big Sister Patience always reminded us in conversations, I am the eldest, “me ni Panyin”, and we always gave her that respect as the eldest lady. Catering was her passion, and we were treated to tasty pastries and delicacies in our home. She had admirable financial skills and dabbled in trading in household items: groceries, pastries, and indeed any items she deemed saleable. In her role as matron at Winneba School of Music, she took pride in her baking and management skills. Sister Patience was a natural worrier and yet she had a good sense of humour. She loved teasing others and expected you to laugh along with her even if you didn’t feel up to it. Luckily, she always won. She was a good conversationalist who would always probe and ask question after question to get a better understanding of everything.

She enjoyed family life and was delighted to meet each of her nieces and nephews when they visited from abroad. She thought highly of close family and adored her children. When I last saw her in 2022, she was unwell but was very chatty and responding well to medical treatment. We did not expect to lose her so soon but will continue holding onto the memories we have of her. Big Sis, Rest well. When we were young, you used to make such special meat pies and pastries that we all enjoyed. It was such a treat we looked forward to. The last time we saw each other I recall that we were reminiscing with fondness, among other things, our early years at Armed Forces Experimental School, now Garrison Primary School. I was looking forward to seeing

you again and catching up with you on my recent visit but it was not to be.

When we heard the news of your passing on the 18th of March 2024, it appeared time stood still and the clock stopped for us. We couldn’t believe that you had left us so soon. We were hoping to have more time for sharing and reminiscing together, but we have been denied that. However, we thank God for the 60-plus years he gave you to us. We are thankful for your life and input. You will be greatly missed. Your steady faith in the Lord and your hope in His mercies and loving kindness brought you through some rather challenging times of life and poor health. You have fought the good fight and kept the faith. You faced life and adversity with a steady faith in God. You’ve modeled trust in God before us. Sleep and rest well, sweet princess, we shall see you on that glorious morning at the end of time. May the Lord’s perpetual light shine upon you, and may He safely keep you till we meet again in His Presence. Fare thee well. Blessed are those who die in the Lord from henceforth, that they may rest from their labours, and their works follow them. Revelation 14:13

Wow! So, it is true that you’re gone? My brain is still trying to comprehend this fact. As I sit to write this tribute, it still feels like a “film trick” to me that you’re gone. The girls Kuria, Horaios, Berakah and I are still in huge shock that you’ve transitioned into the world of our LORD and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is deeply saddening knowing I tried everything I could, Ama, to help, but it is our God in the end who truly knows best. I am at a loss for words because mere words


**Tribute by Francis, Eric, Vida,
Patricia, Michael, Priscilla**


fail to truly quantify the depth of what your life meant to me and the girls. I am ever so grateful to God that I was able, against all odds, to bring my girls to visit you in person in Ghana, after years of communication via phone, social media, and video calls! Kuria highlights that meeting you felt like a continuation of a relationship she had built with you over the years. Yes, you always referred to her as your namesake. It was such a wonderful experience to finally bring the girls to see you in the place where we grew up and now, we are laying you to rest. Oh, Sis Pat! Ama! May El Roi (the God who sees all things) continue to fight for you from beyond the grave. It is well... Thank you for all your intercession on behalf of Kuria, Horaios and Berakah during difficult times. Thank you for all the times we shared growing up, and even in our adult years. We now have fresh memories to cherish for a lifetime.

We are extremely devastated that you are no longer with us, but we draw comfort from the LORD knowing that you are in a better place resting in the arms of our maker. It is hard to swallow, but we know that you remain forever in our hearts until we meet again. The girls and I pray that the God of all comfort will comfort those left behind. I never realised, nor imagined that I would have to write such a tribute at this stage of our lives! Yet here we are. Nevertheless, we are deeply grateful for the life God gave you and the blessing you were despite challenges with your health. Rest well, my big sister. Onyame 'dehye3, Da Yie!

In the quiet moments of the last three months, when I think of you, I feel shock, sadness, outrage, and gratitude all in one. It still feels

surreal that you're no longer with us. As I tear up while writing this tribute, I accept the reality that you are gone and yet I keep whispering to God, "Why so soon?" And so I go back and forth mourning your loss and celebrating the life that you lived.

You seemed to follow your own Northstar always negotiating this life on your terms, you were stubborn.

My bond with you was always centered around my love life, and it delighted you to no end that you were the only sibling who kept track of and in touch with all of my past girlfriends! You were determined to find me the "right" wife, and so this became your pastime till the end. I'm forever grateful for our relationship and the love you had for me, you will always be in my heart. And as the sun has set on your life, you remind us all to live a life filled with love and laughter and to embrace each moment with a joyous spirit. In my tears, I bid you farewell and look forward to seeing you again in God's kingdom!

As I reflect on the sad journey we've shared as a family, I am filled with immense gratitude for my late sister Patience Ama Boampomaa Aidoo (Mrs. Patience Arku- Nelson). Her presence in our lives has been a blessing and I want to take a moment to express my heartfelt gratitude for all that she was and how we have benefited from her wisdom, strength, and grace despite our differences. As we all gather here to pay tribute, my words fall short of capturing the depth of her influence and the profound impact she had on all of us.

We remember the aroma of her delicious



**Tribute by Francis, Eric, Vida,
Patricia, Michael, Priscilla**



meals waffling through the house, and that is a memory we will forever cherish. Through life's ups and downs, my sister remained a pillar of strength, demonstrating resilience and grace in the face of challenges. As we bid farewell to our sister, mother, aunty, and friend, Patience Arku-Nelson, we will hold onto the memories that bring smiles to our faces and warmth to our hearts. Sister Patience fare thee well. Da yie. Nyame nfa wo kra nsie yie!

I remember vividly where I was when I saw the message on our family platform "SISTER PAT IS DEAD" on March 18. What? How? Where? Who? What happened? This was such unexpected and painful news. I know you were battling some

health issues but I prayed and believed you that you will get better. I have questioned and queried in the early hours of the morning why this happened because it was too early but have come to understand that God knows best. You led a life of faith and trust in God in everything that you did. I am grateful for all the advice you gave me as your younger sister and I will hold on to them. You always looked out for me and wanted the best for me even though I didn't understand it then.

This is very difficult for us all but we are comforted knowing that you are resting peacefully in the arms of your maker. Rest well sister Pat until we meet again.

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Tribute by Husband
Rev. Patrick Arku-Nelson
— — — — —



While trying to eulogize you with this tribute it suddenly occurred to me that you were an icon to women who were in distress in marriage and needed a listening ear and a comforting and encouraging voice to help them with counsel.

Besides giving these women love, you shared your substance with them as much as you could and in some situations clothing for their children. Your usual chats with our children were often reminiscent of your school days at Saint Roses Girls and you constantly mentioned Sister Zeeta a German Roman Catholic Nun in the school who was a disciplinarian. Ama, your trademark singing of Hymns will not be forgotten. Also, your choice of some old gospel songs always drew applause to the Glory of God when you sang in church.

*Continue
to rest
peacefully.*



Tribute to Mrs. Patience Arku-Nelson



We gather here today to honour and remember our beloved sister in Christ, Mrs. Patience Arku-Nelson, the wife of one of ours, Pastor Patrick Arku-Nelson. She was a cherished mother and faithful member of the church. Her presence among us was a blessing in countless ways, and she leaves behind a legacy of faith, love, and joyful memories. Auntie Pat was regular at our services and activities, faithfully participating in the life of our church. She enriched our gatherings with her beautiful voice and her love for old gospel songs that carried profound testimonies and inspiration. Her unique taste in music and her joyful singing brought warmth and encouragement to many.

Fondly remembered for her delightful sense of humour, Auntie Pat enjoyed engaging in conversations and sharing light-hearted jokes with fellow members. She often brought smiles to our faces with her backdoor jokes about her Alma Mater, Saint Roses Senior High School. Even as illness took its toll and she was unable to attend services and activities, her faith remained unwavering. We would cherish those moments we visited; moments of connection and support, until the Lord called her home.

In reflecting on her life, we take comfort in the words of Scripture: “Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his faithful servants.” - Psalm 116:15

Rest well Aunty Pat, until we meet again in glory. With love and remembrance,
The Faith Encounter International Ministries Family



Tribute to our Dear Mum Debora, Eunice & David



Dear Mum, we are so hurt about your passing. We think about you day and night. We haven't been able to deal with the pain we feel after your departure. You and David had a good mother-and-son bond. You were so close to him, spending pleasant times laughing and chatting. You were a loving mother to us. You would wake up early in the morning and begin to sing your favorite hymns and songs. You would come into the room to wake us up to go and sweep the compound. This was done to instill discipline in us. You would prepare breakfast for us. One of your favorite quotes was a good cook cleans while cooking. We remember when we would help you with selling in front of the house and you would bring us lunch. Then you would help with packing the things to the store and we will go home together for dinner.

You taught us how to wake up early and do chores. You showed care, love, and responsibility, making sure the three of us were always good and okay. We appreciated your efforts in providing for us. We write all these words to express our gratitude and feelings to you, sweet Mum. When your illness began, you couldn't do much, so we had to help take care of you. We saw you fight a brave recovery. Mum, you were a warrior and a fighter. We remember when we would go to the market together to buy items for the home and the ones for your store. We remember how during our days in senior high school you would bring us supplies and food. Who will ask us if we

have had a meal? Who will continue to boost our morale in moments of discouragement? Or have inside jokes with David where you burst into peals of laughter while the rest of us were left wondering what both of you were talking about? Mum your passing has ruffled us. We miss you so much.

Debbie will miss telling you the pets extend their greetings and you making funny remarks, asking not to be bothered by such and yet laughing all the same. It's rather unfortunate you have been called home to your Maker. Mama Legge as Debbie sometimes called you jokingly, the news of your passing left us in utter shock as it was so sudden. It was difficult to accept, for how could you leave without telling us? Without saying goodbye? We have many questions with no one to answer them. However, we are reminded and comforted by God's Word in 1Thessalonians 4: 13-18 which says that "we do not mourn as the heathen do, as those without hope but rather with the consciousness that those in Christ who are asleep will be caught up with Him on the day of His coming." Herein lies our hope as your offspring.

Though we know that we will not hear your laughter or the jokes you used to tell anymore, we know you have no more pain where you are so we say fare thee well Mum. We will surely not forget you, and we will continue to hold on to the pleasant memories you have made with us over the years. Continue to rest in the Lord.



Cousins' Tribute to Sister Pat



As we sit here with a heavy heart, grappling with the reality of your absence, we find solace in the cherished memories we shared and the indelible mark you left on our lives. Your departure has left a void that can never be filled, but your spirit continues to live on in the hearts of all who were blessed to know you.

Sis Pat (as we affectionately called her) lived a life marked by grace and perseverance. Through the changing scenes of life, she remained steadfast in her commitment to her family and her faith. Her love knew no bounds, enveloping her husband, children, and extended family in a warm embrace that brought solace in even difficult times.

As a mother, Patience poured her heart and soul into nurturing her three children (Deborah, Eunice and David), instilling in them values of kindness, integrity, and compassion. Her legacy lives on in their lives. As a devoted Christian, Patience exemplified the virtues of patience, forgiveness, and humility. Her kindness was boundless, her laughter infectious, and her love unconditional. In times of trial, she turned to prayer, finding strength in her relationship with our Dear Lord.

Beyond her roles within the family, Patience was also a businesswoman. Her entrepreneurial spirit was exemplary, demonstrating diligence and perseverance. Though Patience faced illness with unwavering courage, her spirit remained unbroken. Even in her final days, she radiated grace and peace, a testament to her enduring strength of character. As she peacefully passed into eternity, she left behind a legacy of love and resilience that will continue to inspire generations to come.

As we bid you farewell, know that you will be deeply missed and eternally cherished. Let us celebrate a life well-lived, a heart full of love, and a spirit that will forever shine brightly in our hearts. Though she may no longer walk beside us, her presence will be felt in every moment of kindness, every act of love, and every prayer whispered in her memory.

Rest in peace, our dear Sis Pat.

Your journey may have ended, but your legacy will live on in the hearts of all who were blessed to know you.

Onyame 3nfa wokra ensie yie.



St Rose's Secondary School Tribute Mrs. Paulina Kumah



Pat was at St. Rose's Secondary School from 1972-77. She was a member of the Scripture Union; well-behaved and very faithful. She enjoyed teasing people a lot. She read Home Science. She always had a sharp memory and could recall lots of her mates' escapades with Sisters Solamen and Zita. Pat always had a word of encouragement to share.

Thankfully, she held on to her faith in Christ, even while treading life's difficult alleys. It is well. She is at rest -- no more pain. All glory to King Jesus. We shall meet to rejoice evermore on the resurrection morning. Me nua, da yie!



Tribute to a dear friend like a sister Sister Christie



Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me- Ps 23: 4.

Patience Ama Arku-Nelson (Née Aidoo) a.k.a Madam English and I have been sisters from day one when we met at the State House in July 1979 to do our practical attachment. I personally called her Ama Ata Aidoo because of her command over the English Language so I always likened her to the late writer Mad. Ama Ata Aidoo hence my calling her so. Ama, you were a blessing that filled my heart with love and flew with me through life like a dove.

Hmmm Ama, we were partners who could share our sentiments: whether going through good or bad times.

We always assisted each with a grin and never frowned at each other. Ama Ata Aidoo hmm for all these 45 years we never talked about separation between us or even death, but this is inevitable and will happen when our assignment is done so my dear sister, Ama, Pat, the value can never be the same; something has changed somewhere. Rest well and peacefully till we all meet again for "surely, we shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever and ever. Amen







Hymns



GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS

Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father
There is no shadow of turning with Thee

Thou changest not, Thy compassions,
they fail not As Thou hast been, Thou
forever will be

Great is Thy faithfulness Great is Thy
faithfulness

Morning by morning new mercies I see
All I have needed Thy hand hath provid-
ed Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto
me

Summer and winter and springtime and
harvest Sun, moon and stars in their
courses above
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love

Great is Thy faithfulness Great is Thy
faithfulness

Morning by morning new mercies I see
All I have needed Thy hand hath provid-
ed Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto
me

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to
guide Strength for today and bright hope

for tomorrow

Blessings all mine with 10, 000 beside

Great is Thy faithfulness Great is Thy
faithfulness

Morning by morning new mercies I see
All I have needed Thy hand hath provid-
ed Great is Thy faithfulness

Great is Thy faithfulness

Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me

IN CHRIST ALONE MY HOPE IS FOUND

In Christ alone, my hope is found He is
my light, my strength, my song This Cor-
nerstone, this solid ground

Firm through the fiercest drought and
storm What heights of love, what depths
of peace When fears are stilled, when
strivings cease My Comforter, my All in
All

Here in the love of Christ I stand

In Christ alone, who took on flesh Full-
ness of God in helpless babe This gift of
love and righteousness Scorned by the
ones He came to save 'Til on that cross as
Jesus died

The wrath of God was satisfied For every
sin on Him was laid

Here in the death of Christ I live, I live



Hymns



There in the ground His body lay
Light of the world by darkness slain
Then bursting forth in glorious Day
Up from the grave He rose again
And as He stands in victory
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me
For I am His and He is mine
Bought with the precious blood of Christ

No guilt in life, no fear in death
This is the power of Christ in me
From life's first cry to final breath
Jesus commands my destiny
No power of hell, no scheme of man
Can ever pluck me from His hand
Till He returns or calls me home
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.
Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;

My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the opening day

O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

THE FAMILY OF THE LATE

Patience Arku Nelson

*Wishes to express their gratitude
and appreciation to the relatives,
friends, loved ones and well
wishers for their prayers, kindness
and thoughtful expressions of
sympathy and encouragement
during this difficult time.*

God Richly Bless You All.